



THE WONDERFUL BEANS

EASTER-SUNDAY of the year 1795, Abbé Sigourais, Parish-priest of Beauvoir, in Vendée, after having sung Mass and vespers was resting under a prune tree in his garden, round which the spreading vine ; wreaths of ivy, and clematis wove a charming arbour, a secluded spot, in which, amid the beauties of nature he was enjoying a few moments of well-earned rest. He was an old man, large and well proportioned, but age had bent and shrunken his frame, and strongly marked his face, which the sun had bronzed, but from which nothing could efface his habitual expression of gentle goodness. He was counting on his fingers the number of people, old, infirm, or sick to whom he had carried their Pascal-Communion, during the preceding days, the number seemed endless ; when a woman accosted him and said " : Father, Grand-father Lambinet, who is eighty-two years of age, has eaten nothing since morning because he was expecting you to bring him his Easter Communion. "

" Alas ! I am sorry answered the priest, I forgot your old uncle, but I will repair my fault by going immediately. "

" The road is long answered the woman, the sun about to set, and the route of St. Jean du Mont, is patrolled by a guard of Blues, who if they discover us will surely kill us. "

" That won't prevent my going replied the priest, especially as our dear Lord will accompany us. " In half an-hour he began his long walk through woods and fields carrying in its golden pyx a consecrated Host, and preceded by his altar-boy, who though only fourteen years