

"I know the clump of furs, and I know the wooden bridge," said the cure, "but I am perfectly certain that no house of any description, rich or poor, slated or thatched, stands on that spot, or ever has stood there, since I came here as cure two-and-twenty years ago!"

The Sisters glanced at each other in still greater perplexity than that in which they had plunged the cure and were silent.

"Tell me now, again, if you please, what the *people* in this cottage were like. Give me an exact description of all the three, as far as you observed them, and without the least touch of imagination as to any detail!"

The good cure was so sorely puzzled that he spoke almost sternly.

"*Eh bien, Monsieur le Curé,*" answered Sœur St. Félix, humbly, "*Ce Monsieur-là* was tall, and grave, and kind; his manners were courteous and calm; he seemed like a peasant of noble descent (*un paysan de grande famille*). His hair and beard were grey, and his dress the costume of his parish."

"And then," broke in Sœur Philomene, who had been less taken up with "*Ce Monsieur-là*" than with the greater attractions of his "daughter and little grandson" (as she supposed them to be), by the hearth—"and then, *la jeune dame! comme elle était douce cette jeune fille!*"

"My good Sister," interrupted the cure, can you, please, tell me plainly what the young woman was? You call her *jeune dame, jeune fille*—now, which was she?"

"Both, *Monsieur le Curé*," exclaimed Sœur Philomene; "I don't know how to express it. Imagine a young queen in a peasant girl's dress: that is what she looked. If only you had been with us, then you would know.... And her beautiful little boy—looking at us with his sweet serious eyes, as babes do—gravely—Are you quite sure, *M. le Curé*, that you cannot remember such parishioners as these?"

The cure did not answer. A thought struck him, which he was not inclined hastily to communicate.

Looking at the time-piece, he said, suddenly: "Perhaps you are not aware, *mes Sœurs*, that the last train to Vannes that stops to-night at this little station, is gone. You must be sorely in need of some din-