



NOW they have come into the entrance wide
Of great St. Ouen's Church ; see, side by side,
Dennis and Nellie going on before:
The others watch yon beggar at the door—
Poor blind Pierre ; he always waits just so,
Listening for those who come and those who go.
He tells his beads, and hopes all day that some
May think of him, 'mongst those who chance to come.
Though he can't see, he is so quick to hear,
He knows a long, long time ere one draws near,
And shakes the coppers in his well-worn tin—
"Click, click," it goes—see, Bertie's gift drops in.
'Tis his *one* sou that Bertie gives away—
It might have bought him sweets this very day.
When through St. Ouen's Church they'd been at last,
Along its aisles and down its transept passed,
They went to the Cathedral, there to see
The tomb of Rolf, first Duke of Normandy.
But Mabel said, "Why should we *English* care
About that Rolf they say was buried there?"
Then she ran on, not waiting for reply—
My little reader, can *you* tell her why?