

it is wielded with great skill, and the order with which all get into their places and wheel around when an altar is reached (there are several of them along the route) is marvellous to behold. First the Gospel is read, then the hymn to the Blessed Sacrament is intoned and Benediction given, all meanwhile falling devoutly on their knees. The altars were all very pretty, but the one which pleased us most was in the *Wein Platz*, where St. Moritz armed cap-à-pie, seemed to look down approvingly on the piety of his children. The procession made a charming picture crossing the bridge. The *Kleine stad*, too, had to be honored by the passage of the King of Kings, and over there they vied with the *Grosse Stadt* in the elaborateness of their decorations. A Benediction had to be given there also, before the procession turned on its homeward march, this time crossing the Reuss by the covered bridge. The return route lay through the *Hertsensteinstrasse*, as all were anxious to see "Jesus of Nazareth passing by." When the Cathedral is at last reached, salvos are again sounded, a *Te Deum* is intoned, and then the *Tantum Ergo*, followed by a final Benediction, after which all burst forth into a heartfelt "Holy God, we praise Thy Name"—*Wir loben dich*. All now seemed to be finished. But such was really not the case. The children still lingered. We saw them all, boys and girls, gathering around the High Altar. Our Lord's wish, to "suffer little children to come unto Him," had been remembered, and they waited now for a Mass of thanksgiving, their young, fresh voices being lifted again with unabated ardor, as if realizing the words of the hymn :

*Quantum potes, tantum aude,  
Quia major omni laude,  
Nec laudare sufficis.*

GRACE MCAULIFFE.

