

ful repository ever seen in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the place.

The good wife of the General, looking from her window, rubbed her eyes. Was this a dream? She could not believe her eyes. But what was her astonishment when the General announced that he would accompany her to Mass and walk in the procession! She could not believe it. He was in earnest, however, and kept his promise. The Curé, in truth, had won the day.



OPEN THE DOOR

Open the door, let in the air ;
The winds are sweet, and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world to-day ;
If our door is wide, it may come this way.
Open the door !

Open the door, let in the sun ;
He hath a smile for every one ;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems ;
He may change our tears to diadems.
Open the door !

Open the door of the soul ; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine.
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door !

Open the door of the heart ; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin.
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door !

