

"Not I," said Cassianus, "there he lay
Till some one soiled as he should pass that
way."

"Why didst thou leave him thus?" the
Master sighed,

"My robes were white," Saint Cassinaus cried.
Then entered heaven Saint Nicholas and came
And knelt before the throne as if in shame.

"Why stained and soiled my child?" his
Master said,

Saint Nicholas but lower bent his head.

"I saw a peasant in a bog, O Lord,
Helpless he lay but uttered not a word.
Then straightway to his aid I ran and lo!
The mire hath stained my robes that were
as snow.

I am not fit, I pray Thee let me dwell
Where unto Thee, O Lord, it seemeth well."

"Blessed art thou, Saint Nicholas, my child!"
The Lord made answer, "Thou art not defiled
But purer, nobler, for thy gracious deed,
Thy ministry to a brother's need.
Among my saints elect I bid thee stand —
Thou Cassinaus, on the other hand."

Those who suffer in helping others upward
will find their wounds marks of blessing and
beauty. The saintliness which will have the
highest place in the Kingdom of Grace is not
the saintliness which keeps its garments white