

While she was thus speaking, the old Freemason suddenly found himself in the grasp of an emotion stronger than any he had ever known, He trembled, he wept, as a flood of light descended upon his soul. He, too, wished to know the meaning of the word ; he, too, would become a Catholic. Repeating the last words of her dying mother, the daughter had declared to him, as that mother had done to her child : "The Holy Eucharist is everything." And his soul had emerged from the slough in which it had dwelt ; it had abandoned the husks on which it had fed so long ; it had arisen like the prodigal son of old, and returned to its Father.

The new convert soon brought the rest of his family into the fold. To-day they sleep side by side — husband, wife, and daughter. But they all rest beneath one monument, on the base of which is inscribed these words which caused the salvation of three souls :

L'Eucharistie, Tout Est Là.

Eucharistic Angels.

They throng the sanctuary all day long,
They guard the altar-place the whole night through.
Unheard of men, they chant their low, sweet song,
Cheering our Hidden Lord with worship true.

Awake, alert, when mortals sluggish, sleep,
Like quivering flames, they float before the Shrine ;
Their music may not break the silence deep,
Yet reaches it alway the Ear Divine.

Most strong and gentle warders of the Host !
Your recollection shames our levity ;
Your calm rebukes our spirits, passion-toss'd,
Your burning love, our tepid misery !

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.