

strewn bed wherein her darling lay in that sweet sleep that knows no waking, save in Paradise. Once more, the blinding, scalding fears that only mothers know, fell from her eyes upon the tiny hands that should clasp hers no more on earth; and grief—for herself, for her husband, not for the little one “taken away from the evil to come”—drowned her whole soul in depths of mortal anguish. She was like Rachel, weeping, not to be comforted.

Then, as she knelt and wept, a woman's hand was laid upon her shoulder, a woman's voice whispered in her ear: “Look up,” it said, in tones so gentle and so sweet, that none heard yet on earth were ever half so sweet and gentle, save only Christ's. Sadly, the weeping mother raised her head, and looked with tear-dimmed eyes, into the face that was close to hers. A face more marked with sorrow than any face save His, whose visage was marred more than the sons of men; eyes dimmed with tears more blinding than her own. A face she knew; the face of the Sorrowful Mother who stood by the Cross of Jesus.

Once more the voice from those sad lips addressed her: “Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.” And lo! in the arms of the Sorrowful Mother, lay the Dead Christ, her Only Son. Hands, Feet and Side wounded, and rent, and torn; the Brow scarred by the cruel thorns; the Eyes closed in death; the Knees bruised with falling on the way to Calvary: truly, there was no sorrow like unto this sorrow. Then, as she gazed, she realized that, as not all the joys of God's fair Paradise could make the soul of this Mother forget the grief of this supreme transfixion, so she could

never fail to sympathize with a mother's sorrow. This, then, was what that poor woman meant when she spoke of her as being “Kind as the Blessed Mother of God herself.” This was the fellowship of suffering which the Lord Christ bids us share with Him—and with His Mother; which He shares with us, and she as well, since she is His Mother, and has known this sorrow like unto which there is, and can be, none beside.

Then, were it dream or vision, all was changed. She stood in the Lady Chapel of the village church, drinking in the peace and beauty of that wondrous window that had taught her such strange lessons. And, all at once, not the window, but the Lady Chapel, was filled with those who had been imaged on the glass; the Mother, with the Baby Christ upon her knee, the crowd of little children, the attendant angels. Once more she looked at the bright haired little one who held the Christ Child's Hand, on whom He smiled, as on some favorite playmate. This time, there was no doubt at all, it was her darling, who had “gone home.” This was the “home” to which she had been taken. In that fair Paradise of childhood, “taken away from the evil to come,” the Mother of the First born was Mother of them all, for they are His, and He is her own, her Baby, the Son of her love. Here was He pleased to be a Child once more, to play with those whom He had chosen to be with Himself ere yet the stains of sin had made their souls unfit to share the childish joys of the Christ Child's infant brothers and sisters. There was no doubt, I say, or, had there been, it must have vanished when her darling, letting go the Christ Child's Hand, ran to her, calling, “Mother! Mother!” as of old.