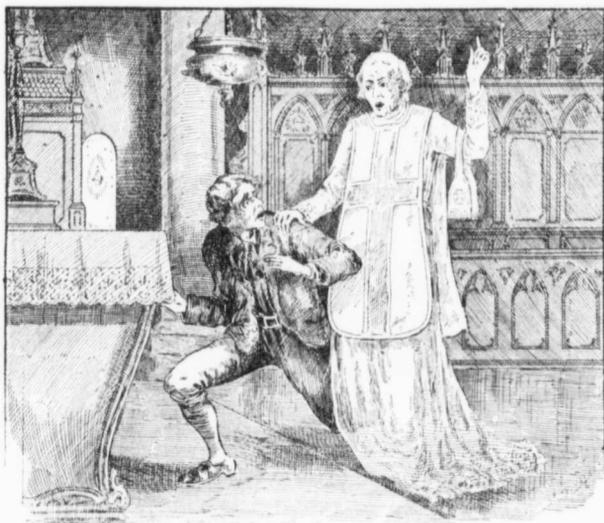


and menacing attitudes of the little world of statues about him, he shattered the frail alms-boxes, remorselessly pocketed the contents and deliberately, — opened the golden but no wise solid Tabernacle door...

A cry, rather a loud hymn, formidable in its heavenly harmony, an *Adoremus in Æternum*, shakes the walls of the church, a hand of steel lays its icy clutches on the robber forces him on his knees a mysterious sacerdotal apparition, a tall spectre majestic in its violet mortuary



chausable : Was it all a dream an illusion ?...

And both until day knelt and adored the unprofaned ciborium. When the Angelus ringer's key grated in the lock, the mysterious guardian closed the tabernacle and re-entered his grave.

The poor robber converted and pardoned, told with fear and admiration the tale of this memorable night. Since then many respectfully kneel at the grave of "the faithful watch-dog," loyal even in death and even in death singing the Eucharistic *Adoremus*.