

under his arms, in sight of the Bishop, as if he were being knighted by the Prince of Chartres himself. All being ready, he was cautiously lowered, and there at the bottom of the pit he found the child drowned, and already stiff in death.

"I have found him," shouted the man, "but he is dead."

No one had ventured to attempt to console the trembling, sorrowing mother, who, up to that moment, had been agitated, with an anguish so bitter as almost to rend her heart; but when she heard the man's voice ringing from the darkness and silence of the pit, saying, "I have found him, but he is dead," she appeared to be suddenly stunned in a way that struck awe into the hearts of all around her.

The tears of all present mingled with those of this woman who was so full of faith, and they knelt praying and sobbing around the steps of the altar where the little chorister, white and beautiful, with a smile upon his lips that irradiated his countenance with a heavenly expression. While she, gazing upward, prayed in an ecstasy of faith, a quiver was observed to pass over the marble features of the child; then the lids of his eyes were heavily raised, as when one is oppressed with sleep; a tinge of red gave back the hues of life to his lovely features; the still, chiselled smile broke broader and brighter over his face; he lived! he breathed! Lifted and folded to his mother's breast with a cry of joy, he was lost in sweet wonder at the hymns of praise which suddenly arose around him from the lips of those who witnessed the miracle; they had wept and prayed with the widow—now they as heartily rejoiced with her that her "lost was found"—that "her dead was alive." Then the little chorister of Our Lady loosened himself from his mother's embrace, and knelt in his accustomed place, before Our Lady's altar, while his voice rose clear and sweet in the *Laudates* they were chanting.

