

*Was he not a Martyr?*

A young English nobleman was touring through the principal cities of poetic Italy, and happened to be at Leghorn on the feast of *Corpus Christi*, a feast that is always celebrated with unparalleled magnificence in that beautiful Tuscan city.

A brilliant sun flooded the earth with its rays that day; the air was alive with the majestic concert of church-bells; palaces and houses were adorned with rich and varied colors; splendid repositories, hidden in a wealth of flowers, were raised here and there along the principal streets.

The multitude of worshippers, silent, recollected and prayerful, dropped on their knees when the Eucharistic God, carried by the Archbishop, under a golden baldachino, and escorted by the clergy and nobility of the city, made His progress through the streets.

The young nobleman stood erect in the midst of the people bent in adoration, and refused to kneel. He held his head up high and laughed ironically at what seemed to him the superstition of the papists. Suddenly the irony disappeared from his countenance. A deathlike paleness succeeded to it, while the young stranger fell to his knees and torrents of tears sprang from his eyes.

What had happened?

The Protestant young man is going to tell us.

"While I was looking at the monstrance with incredulous eyes, it appeared to me as if the Savior Jesus cast on me a glance of unutterable sweetness, sorrow and reproach. Something that is impossible for me to describe passed within me.

I fell on my knees. I believed, and I adored."

Another Saul was stricken on the road to Damascus.

The young Englishman abjured his errors and entered the Society of Jesus, of which he, in latter years, became a distinguished member.

His love for the august Sacrament of the Altar was admirable. He consecrated to its praises a fluent pen