

not only the festival of nature, it was the feast of the new faith uniting all these souls of good-will. It was the festival day of two hearts whose destiny hereafter would be sealed by an undying love.

Old Claudius was in a state of rapture, and when they partook of their evening meal under a green arbor on the banks of the lake, taking Camilla's hand and putting it in that of Caius, said to them, "Be united, my children, and glory to the Son of David, Son of God."

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From Magdala the voyage became a real pilgrimage to the spots sanctified by the earthly life of the Man God. The four pilgrims who now formed but one family went to visit the humble city where Jesus had spent thirty years of His life.

Nazareth, whose name signifies "Flower" and "Offspring," was in its fullest beauty. The trees were already covered with leaves and the air sweet with fragrance, and in the hearts of the betrothed the flower of love expanded before the enchanted eyes of the old Patrician. Never had a journey been more beautiful, nor the aspirations of each more perfectly fulfilled.

These new disciples of Jesus never wearied of asking the Nazareans about the childhood years and early days of the Prophet, and marvelled at all that was told them. They wanted also to see Naim and to know the widow whose only son had been