But our cheerful weather—prophet said : "No, it will not rain to-day."

A little one had prayed from the depths of her heart: ' Dear Lord, do not disappoint us, send us a bright day.' " Let my Beloved come into His Garden, to the bed of aromatical spices, to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies."

Doubtless, the Lord heard that prayer, for, before mid-day, the clouds lifted, the sun shone, and the sky changed its dull gray garment for a robe of blue, like the mantle of Mary.

Preparations went briskly forward. Banners of pleasing hues depended from the branches of the lofty trees, and waved joyously among the rustling green leaves. Banners of green and gold, of crimson and of blue, banners of yellow and white, and others, on which the blood-red cross, sign of the Son of Man, glowed in the sunshine.

The little river "Yamaska" murmured gently on its way to the St-Lawrence, each belated blossom opened its tiny chalice to the sun, the bees hummed their song of contentment, and, at the hour of three, the weather was propitious......

The song-birds were warbling sweetly, the dark clouds had hastened away, " and the sun laughed to the river and the river laughed back to the sun."

Then the procession was formed, and the Lord, who is in the Blessed Sacrament, went down into His Garden, into the little rustic chapel ; " to His bed of aromatical spices, to feed in His gardens and to gather lilies."

The Divine One went down into His garden, in the brilliant sunshine, along the path where violets grow. A rose was slowly unfolding her petals. O rose, I said, you need not your thorns when *He* is near. Then the rose blushed red and showed her heart of gold.

The Beloved went into His Garden, and, from each devout heart, as He passed by, Jesus gathered His lilies.

The gentle-hearted priest bore aloft the golden Monstrance, his eyes uplifted to the God of his heart's adoration......

Tenderly was the Beloved placed on His flower-decked Altar amidst the twinkling wax-lights.