



## THE SANCTUARY



She looked upon the window and the white altar beneath until her vision became blurred and until the colors of the window mingled with the radiance of the marble altar where shone the cross — a sign and symbol — upon the Sanctuary door.

Then some one began to play the organ; the tones of it swelled out and came beating against her senses as waves beat against unresisting driftwood, carrying it whither they will.

She did not question the wonder of the music, which she supposed was Lamoré's, any more than she had questioned the marvel of the memorial chapel itself. She did not even sense what it was that Lamoré played. She only knew she knelt and listened, her eyes fixed upon the Sanctuary door and the red lamp that burned near by. She was conscious of a perfect peace. So rapt was her attention that at first she was not aware when the music ceased, and she was recalled to herself by seeing the boy Anthony, followed by Lamoré in his vestments, enter the Sanctuary by the side door.

The opening words of the Mass fell upon her ears, low, distinct, sonorous. They reached her in the perfect clearness of utterance, in the wonder of their simplicity, even where she knelt.

She made no effort to follow a service with which she was unfamiliar in spite of her visits to the village church. She only wondered vaguely if the service *was* the same; if it were only heightened imagination that it seemed to her the very vaulted roof, the very pillared arches, the very stained glass