

his priests, as with lighted torches they once more entered the Church of the Grotto.

"He may be lying ill in some remote corner," said Father François, the pastor; "he would have died rather than disturb the function by complaints, if he were ill."

"Has any one been to his mother's cottage to see if he's there?" inquired the Bishop.

"He is not there, my lord Bishop; one of the choristers went there at once, but there is no sign of him. Certes he did not leave the cathedral, for I watched him all the time; there was such an angelic look on his face that I could not keep my eyes away from him, said a monk.

"Our Blessed Lady of Chartres has taken her little chorister to herself," whispered an aged monk. "He was only fit for such heavenly company."

Every part of the church of the crypt was searched, but they could find no trace of the child; they explored every niche, corner, turn and angle; they called him again and again, but no response came, and they at last concluded that he had either slipped out of the church unperceived, or been lured away under false pretences by some evil-minded person, or—dreadful suggestion—had fallen into a deep pit, at the bottom of which there was water three or four feet deep, that was right behind the old Druid's altar where the statue of Our Lady had ever remained since its discovery by the Teuton Knights Ritters. Snatching a torch from the hand of a bystander as soon as she heard this, the distracted mother ran toward the spot, and throwing herself upon the floor, she extended her arm as far as she could reach down, that the light of the torch she held might be cast into the depths of the pit. Suddenly, after peering down into the gloomy depths, her piercing gaze described something white floating on the water, and she uttered a wild cry of anguish that quickly brought all the party around her.

"He is there, my lord Bishop; my child is lying there at the bottom of the pit. I saw his surplice—I should know it anywhere!" she cried, throwing herself at the Bishop's feet, while torrents of tears streamed over her face.

"Have courage, my poor child," said the Bishop, deeply moved by her distress, as he laid his hand upon her head. "Have courage, and trust in Our Blessed Lady for help.

The Bishop selected a strong-limbed, stalwart fellow, who stood looking as proudly while the rope was being adjusted