

A Dream of Ogni Santi.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

GOOD FATHER MOYNAHAN—familiarily known as Father Ignatius—sat thinking of Paradise. It all came before him in a dream of beauty. Its meads of asphodel,—its winged throng, white-robed with palms in their hands,—its bursts of song—its intense sweetness, born of heavenly anticipation. For do not the saints go on, as from glory to glory? He imagined their faces of unearthly calm, aglow with a never-ending sense of Divine benediction. And was not their Feast-day close at hand? The Feast of All Saints, which the Church so beautifully celebrates? He thought, too, of his own congregation, and how many of them had gone to join that winged throng—more than usual, he was sure, during the year past. Death had reaped superabundant harvest! At how many funerals he had officiated! Well, they had all died in the odor of sanctity—at least so he trusted! Then he said his prayers, offering them to all the Blessed Saints, known and unknown,—and was comforted. Soon he fell into a placid sleep,—there, in his big arm-chair—and a strange dream came to him,—a dream so vivid as to become far more intense than a common-place reality.

He thought he was standing in his little parish cemetery, where innumerable crosses bore witness that one and all of these good people had died in the faith. Pansies of late bloom still purpled the graves, brightening the autumn gloom, as with precious reminiscence of Easter; here and there, a wreath or cross of snowy blossoms marked the tomb of some wealthy par-

ishioner, placed there in anticipation of Ogni Santi.

Then, suddenly, there appeared surrounding him a wondrous, white-robed circle, a number of Blessed Saints, standing hand in hand, starry-crowned and with faces of peace. Yet they seemed to have a familiar look, these strange visitants. He knew them. They were some of those whom he had, himself, laid to rest beneath the daisies, and for whose souls he had prayed, interceding before the face of God.

At last, one of them addressed him, breaking the solemn silence. "You do not seem to know me, Father, nor do I wholly wonder! We are so happy in Paradise, that the shadows of earth have been swept off our faces. The wrinkles have left my forehead, but you know me as Michael Burke."

Yes, Father Ignatius did know him, now! A good, quiet old man, who had never dreamed of being a saint, nor had bishop or pastor remotely imagined him such. Yet there he stood, acknowledged in the sight of God, his utter humility accounted for righteousness.

"Give us your prayers, good Michael," said Father Ignatius, very meekly, for the reappearance of this one, out of all the lambs of his flock, was a sharp surprise.

"We have come from Paradise, to-day," continued the unexpected visitant—"such being the good Lord's gracious will,—to inquire as to the weal of certain souls, left behind us on the green earth. My son Peter, my dear son, tell me of him!"

It would be hard to find a man more