

with its golden coloring reflected in the water the murmuring winds repeating the alleluia of the Angels, here and there a crocus beginning to show its golden face, the budding harvest and growing plants bending low as if in greeting to the Risen King, who, tonight, as of old, passed, so quietly, bringing comfort and happiness to those who sought, who awaited His coming. As the sun was setting the priest raised his eyes, and they rested on a plot of cultivated ground, where the foot path ended, and which appeared, in the uncertain light, half green and half white. The green part was covered by a low growth, the other with high blossoming vegetation gently swaying in the light breeze which came from the river.

"What's that asked the priest, whose eyes were not of the best."

"To the right replied the boy is a farm of American-Alœ, or Flax-seed, and to the left one of Beans, kidney-beans in blossom, our way lies through both, Father."

The priest did not reply through respect for the Blessed Sacrament which he was carrying, but when he came to the cultivated grounds, he saw two farmers inspecting their work and trying to judge what the harvest would be, he recognized them as his parishioners and thought which one will be blessed by allowing our dear Lord to pass through his land, he had scarcely formed his thought when it was solved for him by the proprietor of the bean-field advancing and saying crossly, "do not go through my crop, Father, or harm will befall you."

The priest repressed his rising indignation, and extending his hand blessed the man who had spoken; instantly the second who owned the field of flax-seed, with uncovered head said.

"My flax-seed will blossom very soon, but you may walk over it, the good God, you and your altar-boy."

The priest his head uplifted now, almost in total darkness, walked, through the bean crop, the thousand tall Alœ blossoming on either side guiding him and making the darkness less intense; he arrived at the farm house around which the snow-drops were in full height of their delicate beauty, and where lived the old man who had awaited from early morning his Easter Communion...