

lem, the Jerusalem she had seen herself, where Christ had walked, too, when he went about on earth, a Man of Sorrows. She had told them—and how well he remembered it—of the little crib at Bethlehem, and the poor, poor place where the little Jesus was born and asked them to remember how poor He was if they were ever attempted to murmur at their poverty. But it was about the Man of Sorrows he remembered best perhaps, because, in his present trial, it came more home to him. He remembered one of the boys had asked how it was the good child, Christ had ever been in a passion? And the young nun had explained to them, that the Passion of the Holy Christ, was not a passion of anger, but a passion of sorrow—of great, great pain. It was an old word, she said, used to describe any dreadful suffering. "Perhaps you boys may never, never know what it is to suffer such anguish, but, if a time ever comes when you are in any great agony of body or mind, remember the Passion of Jesus, and ask Him to help you." Then she showed them the beads she had brought from the Holy Land—beads that gave out such a sweet perfume when you handled them. They were made of the olives that grew in the Garden of Gethsemani, where Christ had suffered one of His great Passions—the Passion of His grief for sinners—and His Bloody Sweat. Perhaps, in His anguish, He had leaned against the very tree of which those beads were made. At least, it was quite, quite certain that those very trees had been there ever since that awful night.

There were great tears rolling down that young nun's face. She had a few sorrows of her own—for she had chosen the better part while still very young—but she wept none the less for the sorrows of her Spouse Jesus. Ned said less than any of the boys, but he thought the angels would be taking the tears away and keeping them, as he heard it read out of the Holy Scripture, that God counted the hairs of our heads, and he was sure he would count the nun's tears, and the angels would treasure them. When all the rest had gone away he went back to the Sister, and asked her would she give him just one bead off that wonderful rosary; he would keep it

all his life, and never, never part with it. The nun hesitated for a few moments; Ned seemed almost too young to understand the value of what he asked for, and it could scarcely be expected that he would preserve it always carefully; others might value such a relic of the Holy Places more, and use it better. Still, he was so earnest it seemed impossible to refuse, and the Sister gave him a small cross made of the wood of the olive tree, which had been given by the Franciscan Fathers, the special guardians of the site so dear to the Christian heart.

"I will never part with it, ma'am; never while I live," the boy had said, and she hoped, rather than expected, that it would be so. Ned remembered it all so well now. The bell he had heard was the bell of a convent, not far from the jail; it was ringing for the evening Angelus. The boys used to say it at school, but he had not thought much about it since. The nun had said, when she gave him the cross, "If you are ever in any great trouble, remember that our Lord and Master, who died on the Cross for you, suffered far, far more than you can ever suffer, and ask Him to help you; and if you are ever in any doubt what to do, remember to pray that you may do as He would have done."

Ned began to think again. "Do as He would have done." What would he have done if accused falsely? There could be no doubt about that—it was on record. He would have suffered patiently; He would have submitted to laws—however unjust; He had submitted to the most unjust sentence ever pronounced upon earth. Ned began now to pray as well as to think: "Holy Mary Mother of God, who loved Him, more and pleased Him better than any creature has ever done or ever can do, help me to do right—to do what will please Him most." He was accused unjustly; he was imprisoned wrongfully; he might escape—what should he do? He prayed still more fervently, and then a great peace came into his heart; and he determined to stay in his prison, and submit to whatever trials it might please God to send him. He was not sure whether it would be right to attempt to free himself from the chains of human justice. He was quite sure that if he suffered patiently, God would give him a great re-