

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Don't Bury Me Deep.

WILL CABLETON.
[It is said that the following touching lines were inspired by an actual occurrence. Years ago there lived in Towanda, New York, a beautiful girl called Mary Meana. Colonel Meana was her father. He was a widower, and when his child began to gradually sink under the effect of the remorseless disease of consumption he spent much of his time at her bedside, and four female companions made the situation comfortable. She passed away as easily as possible. The nurse, upon request, and often repeated it to her father in the presence of friends, and in the silent watch of him whose heart was bursting with anguish. It was "Don't bury me deep, papa."]

THE RAVENS AND THE ANGELS.

A STORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHONBERG-GOTTA FAMILY."
CHAPTER I.

In those old days, in that old city, they called the Cathedral—and they thought it—the house of God. The cathedral was the Father's house for all, and therefore it was loved and honored, and enriched with lavish treasures of wealth and work, beyond any other father's house. The cathedral was the Father's house, and therefore, close to its gates might nestle the poor dwellings of the poor,—too poor to find a shelter anywhere besides; because the central life and joy of the house of God was the suffering and sacrificial Son of Man; and dearer to Him, now and forever, as when He was on earth, was the feeblest and most fallen human creature. He had redeemed them, the most glorious heavenly constellation of the universe. He had made them free. And so it happened that when Barthold, the store-cruiser, died, Magdalis, his young wife, and her two children, then scarcely more than babes, Gottlieb and little Lenichen, were suffered to make their home in the little wooden shed which had once sheltered a hermit, and which nestled into the recesses close to the great western gate of the minster. Thus, while inside from the lofty aisles pealed forth, night and day, the anthems of the choir, close outside, night and day, rose also, even more surely to God, the sighs of a sorrowful woman and the cries of little children whom all her toil could hardly supply with bread. Because, He hears the feeblest wail of want, though it comes not from a dove or even from a harmless sparrow, but a young raven. And He does not heed the sweetest song of the full-throated choir, if it is a mere pomp of words. Because, while the love of His nearest creatures is precious to Him, the second-best of His loftiest creatures is intolerable to Him. He heeds the shining of the drops of dew and the rustling of the blades of grass. But from creatures who can love he cannot accept the mere outside offering of creatures which can only make a pleasant sound. All this, or such as this, the young mother Magdalis taught her babes as they could bear it. For they needed such lessons. Not that the citizens of that city were hypocrites, singing the praises of God, that they let His dear Lazarus vainly crave at His gates for their crumbs. But Magdalis was very tender and timid, and a little proud; proud not for herself, but for her husband and his babes. And she was also feeble in health. She was an orphan herself, and she had married against the will of her kindred in a far-off city, the young stone-carver, whose genius they did not appreciate, whose labor and skill had made life so rich and bright to them while he lived, and whose early death had left them all so desolate. For his dear sake, she would not complain. For herself it had been easier to die, and for his babes she would not bring the shame of beggary on them. Better for them to enter into this life maimed of strength, she thought, by never food, than tainted with the taint of beggary. Rather, she thought, would their father himself have seen them go hungry to bed than deserve that the fingers of other children should be pointed scornfully at them as "the little beggars by the church door," the door of the church in which she glowed to think there were stones of his carving. So she toiled on, carving for sale little devotional symbols—crosses, and reliquaries, and lilies and lambs—with the skill she had learnt from him, and teaching the little ones, as best she could, to love and work, and to suffer. Teaching them only, perhaps, not quite enough to hope. For the lamp of hope burnt low in her own heart, and therefore her patience, not being enough the patience of hope, lacked something of sweetness. It never broke downward into murmurs, but it too seldom soared upward into praise. So it happened that one frosty night, about Christmas-tide, little Gottlieb lay awake, very hungry, on the ledge of the

wall, covered with straw, which served him for a bed. It had once been the hermit's bed. And very narrow Gottlieb thought it must have been for the hermit, for more than once he had been in peril of falling over the side, in his restless tossings. He supposed the hermit was too good to be restless, or perhaps too good for the dear angels to think it good for him to be hungry, as they evidently did think it good for Gottlieb and Lenichen, or they would be not good angels at all, not even as kind as the ravens which took the bread to Elijah when they were told. For the dear Heavenly Father had certainly told the angels always to take care of little children. The more Gottlieb lay awake and tossed and thought, the further off the angels seemed. For, at the time, under the pillow lay one precious crust of bread, the last in the house until his mother should buy the loaf to-morrow. He had saved it from his supper in an impulse of generous pity for his little sister, who so often awoke crying with hunger, and who his poor mother, and who would not let her go to sleep again. He had thought how sweet it would be, when Lenichen awoke the next morning, to appear suddenly, as the angels do, at the side of the bed where she lay beside her mother, and say: "Dear Lenichen! See, God has laid out this bit of bread as a Christmas gift." For the next day was Christmas Eve. This little plan made Gottlieb so happy that at first it felt as good to him as eating the bread. But the happy thought, unhappily, did not long content the hungry animal part of him, which craved, in spite of him, to be filled; and, as the night went on, he was sorely tempted to eat the precious crust—his very own crust—himself. "Perhaps," he was ambitious of me, after all," he said to himself, "to want to seem like a blessed angel, a messenger of God, to Lenichen. Perhaps, too, it would not be true. Because, after all, it would not be exactly God who sent the crust, but only me. And with the suggestion, the little hands which had often involuntarily felt for the crust, brought it to the hungry little mouth. But at that moment it opportunely happened that his mother made a little moan in her sleep, which half awakened Lenichen, who, with a start, said: "Little mother, mother, bread!" Whereupon, Gottlieb blushed at his own ungenerous intention, and resolutely pushed back the crust under the pillow. And then he thought it must certainly have been the devil who had tempted him to eat, and he tried to pray. He prayed the "Our Father" quite through, kneeling up softly in bed, and lingering fondly, but not very hopefully, on the "Give us our daily bread."

And then again he felt into rather melancholy reflections how rarely often he had heard, and into distracting speculations how the daily bread could come, until at last he ventured to add this bit of his own to his prayers: "Dear, holy Lord Jesus, you were once a little child, and know what it feels like, if Lenichen and I are not good enough for you to send us bread by the blessed angels, do send us some by the poor ravens. We would not mind at all, if they came from you, and were your ravens, because I am sure, pleasant to be displeased. I don't know better, and I want to go to sleep!" Then Gottlieb lay down again, and turned his face to the wall, where he knew for the picture of the infant Jesus was, and forgot his troubles and fell asleep. The next morning he was awakened, as so often, by Lenichen's little bleat, and he rose triumphantly, and took his crust to her bedside. Lenichen greeted him with a wistful little smile, and put up her face for his kisses; but her reception of the crust was somewhat disappointing. She wailed a little because it was "hard and dry," and when Gottlieb moistened it with a few drops of water, she took it too much, he felt, as a mere common meal, a thing of course, and her natural right. He had expected that, in some way, the hungry hours it had cost him, and made it a kind of heavenly manna for her. To him it had meant hunger, and heroism, and sleepless hours of endurance. It seemed strange that to Lenichen it should seem nothing more than a hard, dry, common crust. But to the mother it was much more. She understood all; and, because she understood so much, she said a little. She only smiled, and said she looked more than ever like his father; and as he sat musing rather sadly while she was dressing, and Lenichen had fallen asleep again, she pointed to the little peaceful sleeping face, the flaxen hair curling over the dimpled arm, and said: "That is thy thanks—just that the little one is happy. The dear Heavenly Father cares more, I think, for such thanks than for any other; just to see the flowers grow, just to hear the birds sing to their nestlings, just to see His creatures good and happy, because of His gifts. Those are about the best thanks for Him and for us." But Gottlieb looked up enquiringly. "Yet He likes us to say 'Thank you,' too? Did you not say all the Church services, all the beautiful cathedral itself, just the people's 'Thank you' to God? 'Thank you' to-day?" "Yes, darling," she said. "But the 'thank you' we mean to say is worth little unless it is just the blossom and fragrance of the love and content always in our heart. God cares infinitely for our loving Him, and loves us to thank Him if we do. He does not care at all for the thanks without the love or without the content." And as she spoke these words, Mother Magdalis was preaching a little in her heart, and she, who had made her eyes moisten and shine, which made her eyes moisten and shine. So she took courage, and contrived to persuade the children and herself that the bread-and-water breakfast that Christmas Eve morning had something quite festive about it. And when they had finished with a

grace which Gottlieb sang, and Lenichen lisped after him, she told him to take the little sister on his knee and sing through his songs and hymns, while she arrayed herself in the few remnants of holiday dress left her. And as she dressed and arranged the tiny room her heart was lighter than it had been for a long time. "I ought to be happy," she said to herself, "with music enough in my little nest to fill a church." When Gottlieb had finished his songs, and was beginning them over again, there was a knock at the door, and the face of old Hans, the dwarf, appeared at the door as he half opened it. "A good Christmas to thee and thy babes, Mother Magdalis! Thy son is born, indeed with a golden spoon in his mouth!" "Not a bit of it!" rejoined Hans. "Didn't I hear the gold ting this very instant? The lad has gold in his mouth, I say! Give him to me, and you shall see it before night." She looked up reproachfully, the tears fairly falling at what she thought such a cruel mockery from Hans, who knew her poverty, and had never had from her or hers the rough words he was too used to from every one. "The golden days are over for me," was all she said. "Nay! they have yet to begin," he replied. "Your Barthold left more debtors than you know, Frau Magdalis. And old Hans is one of them. And Hans never forgets a debt, black or white. Let the lad come with me, I say. I know the choir-master at the cathedral. And I know he wants a fine high treble just such as that of Gottlieb's, and will give anything for it. For if he does not find one, the Cistercians at the new convent will draw away all the people, and we shall have no money for the new organ. They have a young Italian, who sings like an angel, there; and I will about music, and lavishes her gifts wherever she finds it good." Magdalis looked perplexed and troubled. "To sell the child's voice seems like selling part of his very self, neighbor," she said. "And to sell God's praises seems like selling one's soul."

"Well, well! Those are thy proud bargainer notions," said Hans, a little nettled. "If the heavenly Father pleases to give thee and thy little ones a few crumbs for singing like an angel, there; and if thou matter, for the very ravens, or for that matter, to croak to Him with the best voice they have." At these words, Gottlieb, who had been listening very attentively, gazed at little Lenichen down, and, drawing close to Hans, put his little hand confidently in his. "I will go with neighbor Hans, mother," he said, decisively. "The dear Lord himself has sent him." "Thou speakest like a prophet," said the young archdeacon, and with a grand air, "I prophesy and a king in one. Hast thou had a vision? Is thy mind indeed the law of the land?" "Yes, mother," he said, coloring, "the dear Lord Jesus has made it quite plain. I asked Him, if He would send me an angel, to send me one of His ravens, and He has sent us Hans!" Hans laughed, but not the grim, hoarse laugh which was habitual to him, and which people compared to the croaking of a raven; it was a hearty open laugh like a child's, and he said: "Let God's raven lead thee, then, my lad, and the mother shall see if we don't bring back the bread and meat." "I did not ask for meat," said Gottlieb, gravely, "only for bread." "The good God is wont to give more than either desire or deserve," croaked Hans, "when He sets about giving at all." CHAPTER II. There was no time to be lost. The services of the day would soon begin, and Hans had set his heart on Gottlieb's singing that very day in the cathedral. The choir-master's eyes sparkled as he listened to the boy; but he was an austere man, and he would not utter a word to make the child think himself of value. "Not bad raw material," he said, "but very raw. I suppose that thou hast never before sung a note to any one who understood music?" "Only to the mother and the little sister," the child replied in a low, humbled tone, beginning to fear the raven would bring no bread after all, "and sometimes in the litanies and the processions." "Sing no more for babes and nurses, and still less among the beggars in the street-processions," pronounced the master, severely. "It strains and vulgarizes the tone. And, with training, I don't know but that, after all, we might make something of thee—in time, in time." Gottlieb's anxiety mastered his timidity, and he ventured to say: "I have a long time, how can we all wait? I thought it would be to-day! The mother wants the bread to-day." Something in the child's earnest face touched the master, and he said, more gently: "I did not say you might not begin to-day. You must begin this hour, this moment. Too much time has been lost already." And at once he set about the first lesson, scolding and growling about the child set to work like a fine lady, till poor Gottlieb's hopes more than once sank very low. But, at the end of a quarter of an hour's practice, the artist in the choir-master entirely overcame the diplomatist. He behaved like a madman. He took a friendly bear; he set him on the table and made him sing one phrase again and again, winking round and round him, and rubbing his hands and laughing with de-

light; and, finally, he seized him and bore him in triumph to the kitchen, and said to his housekeeper: "Ursula, bring out the finest geese and the best puddings and puddings you have. We must feast the whole choir, and, may-be, the dean and chapter. The archdeacon and the young archdeacon will be here at Easter. But we shall be ready for them. Those beggarly Cistercians haven't a chance. The lad has the voice of an angel, and the ear—well, an ear as good as my own." "The child may well have the voice of an angel," scolded old Ursula; "he is like to be among the angels soon enough." For the hope, and the fear, and the joy as he was by messenger fare; his lips were quite pale, and his cheeks. Moreover, the last order of the choir-master had not been quite re-assuring to him. The fat geese and the puddings were good, indeed; but he would have preferred a mother and Lenichen being seated in his honor, rather than the choir and the chapter. And besides, though little more than seven years old, he was too much of a boy quite to enjoy his position on the master's shoulder. He felt it too childish to be altogether honorable to the protector of Lenichen and incipient bread-winner of the family. And, therefore, he was relieved when he found himself once more safely on the ground. But when Ursula set before him a huge plate of head and meat, his manly composure all but gave way. It was more of an approach to a feast than any meal he had ever participated in, and he was nearly choked with repressed tears of gratitude. It was so evident now that Hans was altogether an orthodox and accredited raven! At first, as the child sat mute and wondering before the feast, with a beautiful look of joy and prayer in his blue eyes, Ursula thought he was saying his grace, and respected his devotion. But as the moments passed on, and still he did not attempt to eat, she became impatient. "There is a time for everything," she murmured, at length. "That will do for thy grace! Now quick to the food! Thou canst finish the grace, if thou wilt, in music, in the church by and by." But then the child took courage, and said: "The ravens—that is, the good God—surely do not mean all this for me. Dear, gracious lady, let me run with the plate to the mother and to Lenichen; and I will be back again in two minutes, and sing all day, if the master likes."

Ursula was much moved at the child's filial love, and also at his politeness. "The little one has discrimination," she said to herself. "One can see he is of a good stock. He recognizes that I am no peasant, but the daughter of a good burgher's home." And, in spite of the remonstrances of her master, she insisted on giving the lad his way. "I will accompany him, myself," said she. And without further delay or parley, she walked off, under the very eyes of the master, with the boy, and also with a considerable portion of his own dinner, in addition to the plate she had already set before Gottlieb. A very joyful and miraculous intervention it seemed to Mother Magdalis when Gottlieb entered the hermit's cell, under the stately convoy of the choir-master's housekeeper, and with food enough to feed the frugal little household for a week. The two women greeted each other ceremoniously and hospitably, as became two German housewives of good burgher stock. "The little lad has manners worthy of a burgher-master," said Ursula. "We shall see him with the gold chain and the fur robes yet,—his mother a noble woman." With which words, and with a worldly benediction, she left the little family to themselves, conjuring Gottlieb to return in less than an hour, for the master was not always as manageable as this morning. And when they were alone, Gottlieb was not ashamed to hide his tears on his mother's heart. "Dear, darling mother!" he said, "the dear Saviour did send the raven! Perhaps, one day, He will make us good enough for him to send the angels." Then the simple family all knelt down and thanked God from the heart, and Gottlieb added one special bit of his own praise and prayer for his kind Hans, of whom, on account of his grim face and rough voice, he had stood in some dread. "Forgive me, dear Lord Jesus," he said, "that I did not know how good he was." And when they had eaten their hasty Christmas feast, and the mother was smoothing his hair and making the best of his poor garments, Gottlieb said, looking up gravely in her face: "Who knows, mother, if Hans is only a raven now, that the good God may not make him, very, very, the angel?" "Perhaps God is making Hans into the angel even now," replied the mother. And she remembered for a long time the angelic look of love and devotion in the child's eyes. For she knew very well the cathedral choir was no angelic host. She knew she was not welcoming her boy that morning to a haven, but launching him on a voyage of many perils. But she knew, also, that it is only by such perils, and through such voyages, that men, that saints, are made. CHAPTER III. The next day, Gottlieb began his training among the other choristers. The choir-master showed his appreciation of his raw treasure by straining every nerve to make it as perfect as possible; and therefore he found more fault with Gottlieb than with any one else. "The other boys might, he could not but observe, sing as carelessly enough, so that the general harmony was pretty good; but every note of his seemed as if it were a solo which the master's ear never missed, and not the slightest mistake was allowed to pass. The other choristers understood very well what this meant, and some of them were not a little jealous of the new favorite, as they called him. But to little Gottlieb it seemed hard and strange. He was always straining to do his very best, and yet he never seemed to satisfy

The better he did, the better the master wanted him to do, until he grew almost hopeless. He would not, for the world, complain to his mother; but on the third evening she observed that he looked very sad and weary, and seemed scarcely to have spirits to play with Lenichen. She knew it is of little use to ask little children what ails them, because so often their trouble is that they do not know. Some little delicate string within is jarred, and they know nothing of it, and think the whole world is out of tune. So she quietly put Lenichen to bed, and after the boy had said his prayers as usual at her knee, she laid her hand on his head, and, carelessly stroked his fair curls, and then she lifted up his face to hers and kissed the little troubled brow and quivering lips. "Dear little golden mouth!" she said, fondly, "that earns bread, and sleep, for the little sister and for me! I heard the sweet notes to-day, and I thanked God. And I felt as if the dear father was hearing them too, even though the songs in heaven." The child's heart was opened, the quivering lips broke into a smile, and the face was hidden on her knee. "It will not be for long, mother!" he said. "The master has found fault with me more than ever to-day. He made me sing passage after passage over and over, until some of the boys were quite angry, and said, afterward, they wished I and my voice were with the old hermit who houses us. Yet he never seemed pleased. He did not even say it was any better."

"But he never gave you up, darling!" she said. "No; he only told me to come early, alone, to-morrow, and he would give me a lesson by myself, and perhaps I should learn better." A twinkle of joy danced in her eyes, dimmed with so many tears. "Silly child!" she said, fondly, "as silly as the poor mother herself! The master only takes trouble, and chastens and rebukes, because he thinks it is worth while, because thou art trying and learning, and art doing a little better day by day. He knows what thy best can be, and will never be content with anything but thy very best." "Is it that, mother? Is it indeed that?" said the boy, looking up with a sudden dawning of hope. And a sweet dawn of promise met him in his mother's eyes as she answered: "It is even that, my own, for thee and for me!" CHAPTER IV. With a glad heart, Gottlieb dressed the next morning before Lenichen was awake, and was off to the choir-master for his lesson alone. The new hope had inspired him, and he sang that morning to the content even of the master, as he knew, not by his praise, but by his summoning Ursula from the kitchen to listen, unable to resist his desire for the hearty sympathy of a larger audience. Ursula was not exactly musical, nor was she demonstrative, but she showed her satisfaction by appropriating her share of the success. "I knew what was wanting!" she said, significantly. "The birds and the blessed angels may sing on crumbs or on the waters of Paradise; but geese and pudding are a great help to the alitians here below." "The archdeacon will be enraptured, and the Cistercians will be furious!" said the choir-master, equally pleased at both prospects. But this Gottlieb did not hear for he had been awaked by the first feeble moment to run home and tell his mother how things had improved. "After that," Gottlieb had no more trouble about the master. The old man's severity became comprehensible and dear to him, and a loving liberty and confidence came into his bearing toward him, which went to the heart of the childless old man, so that dearer than the praise of the archdeacon, or even the discomfiture of the Cistercians, became to him the success and welfare of the child. But then, unknown to himself, the poor boy entered on a new chapter of temptations. The other boys, observing the choir-master's love for him, grew jealous, and called him sometimes "the little beggar of the hermitage" or "Dwarf Hans" during his lessons. He was too brave and manly a little fellow to tell his mother all these little annoyances. He would not for the world have spoiled her joy in her little "Christ-son," her golden-mouthed lad. But once they followed him to her door, and dear Hans sometimes washed his face!" "Thou art not ashamed of the hermit's house, nor of being old Hans' darling?" "I hope, never!" said the child, with a little hesitation. "God sent him to us, and I love him. But it would be nice if dear Hans sometimes washed his face!" Magdalis smiled, and hit on a plan for bringing this about. With some difficulty she persuaded the old man to take his dinner every Sunday and holiday with them, and she always set an ewer of water—an ewer, relic of her old burgher life—by him, before the meal. "We were a kind of Pharisees in our home," she said, "and except we washed our hands, never ate bread." Hans growled a little, but he took the hint, for her sake and the boy's, and gradually found the practice so pleasant on his own account, that the washing of his hands and face became a daily process. On his patron saint's day (St. John, February 8), Mother Magdalis went a step further, and presented him with a clean suit of clothes, very humble but neat and sound, of her own making out of old hoards. Not for holidays only, she said, but that he might change his clothes every day, after work, as her Barthold used. "Dainty, burgher ways," Hans called them, but he submitted, and Gottlieb was greatly comforted, and thought his old friend a long way advanced in his transformation into an angel. So, between the sweetness of the boy's temper and of his dear mother's love which folded him close, the bitter was turned into sweet within him. But Ursula, who heard the mocking of the boys with indignation, was not so wise in her consolations.

"Wicked, envious little devils!" said she. "Never thou heed them, my lamb! They would be glad enough, or any of them, to be the master's angel, or Dwarf Hans' darling, for that matter, if they could. It is nothing but mean envy and spite, my little prince, my little wonder; never thou heed them!" And then the enemy crept unperceived into the child's heart. Was he indeed a little prince and a wonder, on his platform of gifts and goodness? And were all naughty boys far below him in another sphere, hating him as the little devils in the mystery-plays seemed to hate and torment the saints? Had the "raven" been sent to him, after all, as to the prophet of old, not only because he was hungry and pitied by God, but because he was good, and a favorite of God? It seemed clear he was something quite out of the common. He seemed the favorite of every one, except those few envious, wicked boys. The great ladies of the city entreated for him to come and sing at their feasts; and all their guests stopped in the midst of their eager talk to listen to him, and they gave him sweetmeats and praised him to the skies, and they offered him wine from their silver flagons, and when he refused it, as his mother bade him, they praised him more and more, and once one of the best himself, the burgher-master, emptied the silver flagon of the wine he had refused, and told him to take it home to his mother and tell her she had a child whose dutifulness was worth more than all the silver in the city. But when she told his mother this, instead of looking delighted as he expected, she looked grave, and almost severe, and said: "You only did your duty, my boy. It would have been a sin and a shame to do otherwise. And, of course, you would not for the world like a happy little bird in the sunshine. I certainly would not, mother," he said. But he felt a little chilled. Did his mother think it was always so easy for boys to do their duty? and that every one did it? Other people seemed to think it a very uncommon and noble thing to do one's duty. And what, indeed, could the blessed saints do more? So the slow poison of pride crept into the boy's heart. And while he thought his life was being filled with light, unknown to him the shadows were deepening, in the one shadow which called the sun, the terrible shadow of self.

For he should not be so conscious how, even in the cathedral, a kind of hush and silence fell around him when he began to sing. And instead of the blessed presence of God filling the holy place, and the singing in it, as of old, like a happy little bird in the sunshine, his own sweet voice seemed to fill the place, rising and falling like a tide up and down the aisles, leaving to the vaulted roof like a fountain of joy, and dropping into the hearts of the multitude like dew from heaven. And as he went out, in his little white robe, with the choir, he felt the eyes of the people on him, and he heard a murmur of praise, and now and then words such as "That is little Gottlieb, the son of the widow Magdalis, who may well be proud of him. He has the voice and the face of an angel." And then, in contrast, outside in the street, from the other boys: "See how puffed up the little prince is! He cannot look at any one lower than the bishop or the burgher-master." So, between the chorus of praise and the other chorus of mockery, it was no wonder that poor Gottlieb felt like a being far removed from the common herd. And, necessarily, any one of the flock of Christ who feels that, cannot be happy, because if we are far away from the common flock, we cannot be near the Good Shepherd, who always keeps close to the feeblest, and seeks those who go astray. CHAPTER V. It was not long before the watchful eye of the mother observed a little change creeping over the boy—a little more impatience with enichen, a little more variability of temper, sometimes dancing exultingly home as if he were scarcely treading the common earth, sometimes returning with a depression which made the simple work and pleasures of the home seem dull and wearisome. So it went on until the joyful Easter-tide was drawing near. On Palm Sunday there was to be a procession of the children. As the mother was smoothing out the golden locks which fell like sunbeams on the white vestments, she said: "It is a bright day for these and me, my son. I shall feel as if we were all in the dear old Jerusalem itself, and my darling had gathered his palms on Olivet itself, and the very eyes of the blessed Lord Himself were on thee, and His ears listening to thee crying out thy hosannas, and His ears voice speaking of thee and through thee, 'Suffice the little children to come unto Me.'" But Gottlieb looked grave and rather troubled. "So few seem thinking just of His listening," he said, doubtfully. "There are the choir-master and the dean and the other choristers, and the mothers of the other choristers, who wish them to sing best." She took his hand. "So there were in that old Jerusalem," she said. "The Pharisees, who wanted to stop the children's singing, and even the dear Disciples, who often thought they might be troublesome to the Master. But the little ones sang for Him, and He knew, and was pleased. And that is all we have to think of now." He kissed her, and went away with a lightened brow. Many of the neighbors came in that afternoon to congratulate Magdalis on her boy—his face, his voice, his gentle ways. "And then he sings with such feeling," said one. "One sees it is in his heart." But in the evening Gottlieb came home very sad and despondent. For some time he said nothing and then, with a brave effort to restrain his tears he murmured: "Oh, mother! I am afraid it will soon be over. I heard one of the priests say he thought they had a new chorister at the Cistercians whose voice is as good as mine. So that the archdeacon may not like our choir best, after all."

The mother and then she said "Whose praise the Cistercians has such a love for?" "God's!"—the and the Saviour "And you, little voice p cannot be hear one street. A thousand church who want to be "But thou, chian, and the "It was the bread," she sa not even a raven pick up the bra He "I silen the terrible d dropped off fr shroud, and H arms. "Oh, mother, am free again. blessed Lord o to Him alone, one of the all. "And after t with Lenichen cathedral to sa little chapels, and He knelt in image of the i knees. "And as he heart that all week," the st silent; and he remember lov ing that day. "How glad I am men must ha they sang to suppose they next Friday I He never let "And tears a at the thought thinking no o "Dear Savi more here in boy of no lau who praise m master, but o they spoke q corner in the arose a very r robe, with sn to him, and l said: "Fear not, for thou." At first, G and then, whi lous old voice smile on the thought God an angel at because he w "Look aro clustered ob the shrin wreaths of glorious alt thee! Could them? I blis "I could a or the forest "Then look with a gentl "A poor won knows. The heart's mock put it in my remember t tages as smag glorious hou they called man knows The look m made a man soul. I pr and all the granted my and as free in His own stars; for is And I but child, as th and thine I The chil now that it lived living like living made a man Gottlieb's evermore. "Gottlieb's angel, and God. To have cathedral and pride few of the The "The solemn E Every space fr and with his playing lish spe as it wa life giv "How again." "Must ha could to know I cross, and let their moanin "But I have k