

beyond the luminous track of the moonlight or the clouds.

"Because," he answered, "it makes me so happy to serve her before her blessed image here, when the thought of her fills up my breast and makes it beat and beat until it seems to get too big for me; and sometimes when I am in the crypt all alone the old brown image grows, and turns so fair and beautiful that I think it is alive, for Our Blessed Lady smiles and holds out her Babe toward me."

"And then, what dost thou do, my child?"

"I bow my head down on the altar step, such a strange feeling comes over me,—it is not fright, *maman*, but something more happy than I can tell."

"You fall asleep, my child, and dream those holy things," said the prudent mother. But she treasured all that he had said in her heart, and felt sure that Our Blessed Lady had vouchsafed to reveal herself to the child.

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The following evening Marie was kneeling in the crypt of the cathedral, near the altar of Our Lady, watching her little son as he, with the other young choristers, attended the Bishop in the procession of the Sacred Host. When the white-robed procession, chanting the *Pange lingua* in devout tones, having passed behind the altar, returned to go around the large grotto the third and last time, the widow was surprised not to see her son in his place. She looked carefully, thinking she might be mistaken, but he was not there. When the function was over the faithful retired, but this poor mother, who had been suffering such indescribable anxieties for a half hour or more, went into the sacristy with a hurried yet modest mien, and in low, tremulous tones inquired of every one she met: "Have you seen my son?" and "Can you tell me where he is?" But no one had observed his disappearance, and it was only then that they noticed that he and his taper were missing.

"Perhaps," said the old sacristan, "he is in the crypt; I often find him there alone before Our Lady."

Then the priests, monks, choristers, and lastly the good Bishop himself, sympathizing in her anxiety, and knowing that for no light reason would she have disturbed them, went to the crypt with the distressed woman, for all loved the gracious child, and were secretly troubled at his disappearance.

"He has forgotten himself praying at the tomb of the martyrs of Sebaste," whispered the good Bishop to one of