

She had much to say to this shaken man, but she carefully avoided speaking of the privations and struggles she had gone through, and he appreciated her delicacy. He was deeply interested in hearing her description of the characteristics and angelic holiness of his namesake, her only son, who had recently been ordained. He was so accustomed to sordid ambitions; the pursuit of greed and gain, and the society of worldings that he had forgotten there existed single-minded men of the lofty, noble type to which Father John Langdon belonged. He had of course heard of the ordination, and when an eye-witness told him of the many who had pressed forward to kiss the anointed hands of the young priest he had made sneering, contemptuous remarks about the lack of dignity and proper pride which he thought they displayed. But now when Beatrice told him that her son was to say the midnight Mass at a nearby church, he asked with the humility of a child if he might accompany her.

She joyfully assented, and called in Robert to share her delight. At the appointed time the three went out together, arriving within a few minutes at the church to which Father Langdon was attached.

It was ablaze with lights and beautifully decorated; even the pillars were hidden beneath a mass of greenery; and to the right of the high altar stood the Crib with its life-like representation of the Holy Family.

John Raymond trembled as he followed his sister and her husband down the aisle. The surroundings which had long been unfamiliar moved him strangely. He looked at the Sanctuary and thought of the days when it had been his pride and privilege to serve the Mass. He remembered his dead mother's teachings about the "Hidden Prisoner of the Tabernacle," and of how she used to portray Him as looking out wistfully from His earthly home at the sinners whom mere custom or enforced duty had brought there. He saw the crib, and old memories came thronging in upon him of his childhood when holding tightly to that dear mother's hand, he had come to pray before the Divine Child, and had fancied that the Babe had smiled upon and blessed him.