

Those were the last words, that any one ever heard her speak, but she followed, still followed, the slow winding of the procession.

The Blessed Sacrament had arrived at the Church, again, and the aged worshipper, who had seen more than one generation of men pass her by, on the road of life, knelt down, with the rest, once more in the dusty square. When the Sacred Host, had passed within the portals, Alonzo touched his grand parent's arm, begging her to come as he fancied that her step had been slower, and that she had leaned more heavily upon his arm, during the final stages of the march.

She did not stir, and, then he saw, that she had, indeed gone home. There was the same smile of pure happiness, upon her lips her eyes, sightless, now, were fixed upon the entrance door of the church, though which the Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle had passed, her hands were still clasped in adoration.

Loving arms bore her home wards, and it was decided after much consultation, that she should be buried, in that silken gown, which she never could be induced to wear, save when going forth for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Alonzo left alone, walked faithfully, in the path marked out for him by his pious progenitors. Every succeeding procession, he walked in the ranks of devout worshippers, praying always for the soul of his grandparent, which he believed however had passed from the dusty square, into the open gates of Paradise. He was admitted, as an acolyte, to walk in surplice and gown, with the other choristers; and great was his pride and joy at that elevation, his only regret, being that Grandmother was not there to see. Before decade had gone by, it was he, who as parish priest, attended the Bishop, and still he remembered with a pang, that grandmother, with her earthly eyes, at least, must miss that wonderful sight. Still another decade had elapsed, and it was Alonzo, who carried the Blessed Sacrament, as Bishop of that diocese.

Yet always, his thoughts turned backwards, with prayer and blessing to her who had sowed in his soul the seeds of faith. He seemed to see once more, the gentle old figure, arrayed in her one costly gown which she had