

around us, and yet we continue on our way weaving our human plans, and paying no heed to the manifestations of God's glory and power, which we might behold would we but raise our eyes and gaze on them.

From among the Archangels who had been tearfully surrounding Calvary and had beheld the centurion thrust his lance into that Heart which so loved men, one shining spirit had separated himself from his angelic companions and had followed the soldier Longinus, from whose lance the last drop of the Heart's blood was apparently about to fall to the earth. On perceiving how pure a chalice had sprung into existence in order to receive that precious ruby drop, he reverently gathered the flower and winging his way to Heaven bore with him the sweet and lovely lily and planted it lovingly in the Angels' own garden.

Every spring a fresh stalk grew, but still the close lily-bud did not expand. Four or five times in the course of many centuries the petals seemed about to open out and liberate their precious capture, while from the delicious inebriating perfume that would then float round, the Archangels and Angels would believe that the lily was about to expand and expose the holy blood-drop to their longing gaze; but alas! the trembling bud would again fold its petals more closely and the kneeling hosts of Heaven would remain in adoration and thanksgiving, for they knew that the delicious perfume had been caused by the sweet odour of some great act of abnegation or love that the Crucifix had inspired in the ardent and devoted soul of some denizen of earth. Ah! dear Lord! when wilt Thou command this lily in the Angels' garden to expand its snowy calyx!

At length the day arrived when the angels' prayer was granted and the Lord commanded the lily to unfold. All Paradise was filled with a ravishing perfume; the petals unfolded and bending over allowed the precious blood drop to escape from the