

chalice filled with the Precious Blood which he had collected at the foot of the cross, passed through the air immediately above the tree. Seeing it standing unmoved on the deicidal mountain, the loyal spirit shuddered with indignation, the chalice tipped slightly and a few drops of the Redeemer's Blood fell at the foot of the tree.

"Faithless and ungrateful tree!" he cried; "while all around mourns thy dying Creator, thou alone refusest to give any token of sorrow. In punishment of thine indifference, while all the trees around thee, on calm summer days, remain motionless, thou shalt tremble, and tremble always."

Thus does the legend explain the perpetual rustling of the leaves of the poplar, and why the stately tree seems ever to lament.

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### LET US RETREAT.

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In those parts of the world where the Church has been long established and the spiritual needs of the faithful are quite adequately supplied, nothing is more appreciated than the retreats for the laity. We have such things here in our missions and retreats, but those do not involve any suspension of one's labors or absence from one's home, and therefore while they inspire a spiritual glow to the aroused soul expose it inevitably to the distractions of the world.

Monastic quiet, the clean, conventual guest chamber, the plain fare, the presence of neighboring religious, the order of a regular life are circumstances which give reality to the atmosphere diffused in the time of retreat. The novelty, the peace, the spirit of a religious house are most delightful to the world-weary soul. Many a man and many a woman also, whose useless past and sinful present foreshadow a hopeless future and impel them to the despair of suicide, would save their life and their soul besides did they but know the soothing influence of a retreat and the consolation of the confessional.

Many among us know the sweet silence of the vacant church where only He abides whose presence fills the