

THE SENTINEL

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humble home, filled with a tranquil joy which is known only to the " pure in heart." While she was preparing their frugal meal of brown bread and goat's milk, he sat upon the door-sill weaving a garland of field flowers that he had gathered in the meadow, to lay at the feet of the image of Our Lady of Chartres; he intended to leave them out on the grass that night, so that when he took them to her shrine soon after day-dawn the next morning they would be all spark. ling with dew. After they had satisfied their hunger, with grateful thanks for the blessing received, Marie opened a closet, and taking out a nicely folded bundle, laid it upon her bed, and opening it, lifted up a surplice so beautifully done up that it looked like a fleecy cloud.

"Here, my son," she said, " is your surplice, smelling sweetly of

lavender and so well bleached and ironed that it looks like new! See! every plait is folded by a thread, and the pretty Bruges lace on the edge has not a crooked mesh in it! And these are the garments you are to wear, fair and white, and smelling of sweet garden herbs, as is meet for the service of the Lord. To be pure within and without for the sacred function, is as it should be. Before you go to bed, bathe yourself, that you may have nothing to distract your thoughts in the morning."

"How good you are, my maman," said the child, kissing his mother's cheek. "It is going to be a lovely fete. Did you know that the good Countess of Merincort had crowned Our Lady of Chartres with a beautiful crown of diamonds? You will see how they glitter when the wax candles are lit on her altar in the morning; and then, maman, the Bishop's sisters and some of the girls of the congregation have got the sacristy filled with flowers, and are going to stay there all night to dress the altar with garlands and fill the vases with roses and lilies.

"Yes, my son; but why does such a thought come to you?" said the mother, as she scanned the heavenly countenance, which was slightly uplifted, and gazing far away