

"There were three visits," said the Major, seriously, "and there is no reason why I shouldn't finish off this memorable day by the 'burning of the mortgage', so to speak."

The priest led him through a side entrance, opened a pew in front of the sanctuary and left him.

The silence of the holy place, the little ruby lamp swinging from the ceiling, the altar in its white linens, with vases of lilies on each side of the Sacred Door exhaling a fragrance that reached the major—all these things affected him strangely. He had never been so close to the Holy of Holies before.

Soon a strange peace filled his heart, the strange sense of the Divine Presence. The hour for which the nun in distant Cuba prayed had come. God's grace came forth from the Tabernacle and struck the upright heart of the soldier as the lightning struck Saul on his way to Tarsus. He believed!

An hour passed. The priest returned. The Major was still there. But he rose and followed his friend. When they were outside the sacred precincts the priest looked at the major. His fine face was full of reverent joy.

"Father," he said, "I am a Catholic. Will you instruct me? That good Sister knew what she was doing when she asked me to visit Christ in His temple."

Need it be said that the priest accepted his task joyfully? The days passed by. The major was instructed, was baptized, made his First Communion and is now a fervent convert.

Blessed be Jesus in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar! —Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Catholic Standard and Times.

