

to the altar passed before her, she nearly collapsed, so great was her surprise. He certainly bore a wonderful resemblance to her little shepherd... She could almost swear it was he... But what an absurd idea !... What foolishness !... A boy who could not even say his " Our Father !..." And yet... if it is not he, it must be his ghost.

Dazed, not believing her eyes, she drew nearer the altar. Within a foot or two of the celebrant she stopped, murmuring... " it is he !... the little shepherd offering the Mass !"

She returned to her place more puzzled than ever, whispering to those around her " What does it mean ? How can he celebrate Mass, the boy who could not say even his prayers ?"

When the priest had finished the Holy Sacrifice and was about to devest, the poor woman could contain herself no longer, but burning with shame and remorse she threw herself at his feet : crying : " Pardon me, Father, for having misjudged you, for having called you a simpleton, for heaving struck your cheek ;... but if you had said your prayers when I asked you to say them, all this would never have happened.

Vesting Rites.

*When'er I wind the Amice o'er my head,
I think of Christ, blindfolded, buffeted.*

*And when with Alb I clothe myself each morn,
I think of Him in Herod's garb of scorn.*

*In Cineture and in Maniple I see
The cruel cords, dear Lord ! that fettered Thee.*

*The Stole reminds me of the cross of wood
That soon was reddened with the Precious Blood.*

*The Chasuble before my vision brings
The purple robe that mocked the King of Kings.*

*And, when I clasp the Chalice, I recall
Christ's eager haste to die for me, for all.*