



THE SANCTUARY



into softest pink — enveloped the base of the cross, and climbing up the path thus made she watched the Peters, the Magdalens, the Damiens, the Coolidge Pattersons wind their way, and she felt herself among them — those who loved; but always — always — as a flame that soars toward heaven to be absorbed and lost yet is still a flame — the great procession moved toward One Goal, as though from out of that One Heart of Power, all intellect, all action, all devotion and all love had once gone forth in equal parts and were by their own individualized efforts bringing back, vitalized and perfected, the sum of all experience to Their Own.

The strange cross faded into one glowing Heart of Light before It in Its turn dissolved, and there came to her sight distinct again St. Michael's window, the white marble of the Sanctuary and the figures of Lamoré and the child. The Wafer had been blessed and Lamoré was giving the benediction.

An hour later at the little wharf where Fauchet's boat waited at its moorings, she laid her hand in that of Lamoré.

"Good-bye," she said. "When I am living in the valley again — when the heights seem strange, remote and cold, I will recall to-day. I will remember that, however feebly I have interpreted it, however distorted and blinded was my vision, I have no cause to ever doubt or fear, since once, for a brief time, I sensed the One Reality of Things."