

Presence there amongst them. In the heart of every one, was the unspoken prayer of Thomas :

“ My Lord and my God ! ” while each strove in quick, eager accents, to present petition, to implore forgiveness, to offer adoration. But in no heart, than in that Alonzo's grandmother perhaps, was their a more humble, a more intense fervor. a glow of warmer gratitude and love, an efflorescence of joy, that the year had come round again, with its bravery of trees and grass and flower, finding her still in life, and able to go forth and swell the triumphant progress of the King. She remained bowed in adoration, even when Alonzo had arisen, reverent and respectful, his boy's heart aglow likewise, with the brave enthusiasm of youth ready as he felt for any service, for any undertaking.

When their position in the ranks had been assigned to them, the octogenarian, taking her grandson's arm once more, followed the stream of devout processionists. Her face as many remarked, actually beamed with joy, there was a faint color in her cheeks, a glad expectancy in her expression as one who sees a beloved friend. Her step apparently grew lighter, the light in her eyes brighter and the smile upon her lips more radiant, while she murmured the familiar prayers. a curious forgetfulness stole over her. She fancied she was young again, a child, setting forth in the glory of a new gown, for her first procession, a First Communicant, robed in white, with veil and wreath ; — or, no, was it in her bridal robe ? or a young mother, leading by the hand, her first born son, to that glad pageant of adoration and praise ? She seemed to see familiar forms and visages, encircling her. The faces of those long dead smiling at her. How was it they were all here, those dear ones ? She had missed them so often in the holy festival. It was their dear voices, that she heard joining in the hymn “ *Adoramus in Aeternum* ”

She, too raised her voice, which was so old and feeble, and sang the hymn, she had learned long ago from the holy Sisters.

“ Is'nt the dear Lord good ? ” she said, in a reverent whisper, to her grandson, “ to let me see them all here, again, coming to adore Him ? It is so beautiful, this festival of God.”