



TAKEN AT  
THEIR WORD.



ANY years ago, in a quaint old city of Languedoc, the procession of the Blessed Sacrament with its long cortege of young girls, penitents, religious, clergy and laity slowly wended its way through the main streets.

Picture to yourself solemn hymns, chiming bells, discharge of artillery, sweet notes of those privileged to follow the Lamb, streets carpeted with verdure, spanned with arches, gay with flags, banners and festoons of many colors, beautiful, brilliant, fragrant repositories, little children with golden curls and innocent faces more angelic than human, and last but not least, the charm Corpus Christi held for us when in childhood's happy days our mothers robed us in white—surplices and we scattered poppies, blue bells and daisy's before the King in the Monstrance ;—and you shall have an idea of the fervor and solemnity with which the good people of Aubenas manifested their piety and faith on this eventful day.

Still, as my tale is founded on facts truth compels me to admit, that even this model town had its proverbial