

must have been struck by the expression of resigned suffering and sorrow so often found in productions of the Middle Ages. The reclining head, on that particular evening, seemed to focus the rays of the setting sun and in its sympathy and warmth to look pityingly upon the golden-haired boy sobbing at the foot of the mound.

The child was alone, and a grief-burdened little form it was kneeling there on the gravelled steps that led to the cross. A glance at the scant, patched outfit and the bare feet told of the boy's poverty and of the parents' hard struggle to procure anything much beyond a sufficient store of bread and meat and a Sunday suit. Artists might say that the boy was beautiful, for they detect true beauty, whereas the fastidious folk of the twentieth century would probably appreciate him as "A tanned little country youngster".

Well, when this tanned little urchin raised his head from its listening attitude and saw the beautiful figure of Christ, with its expression of mingled grief and patient endurance, he was dazed for a moment; then, the longer he looked, the more confident he was that he could ask anything of that God whose look so strangely profound, seemed to feel with him in his first great sorrow.

With his innocent eye he sounded the depths of the mysterious pity which Jesus has for sorowing man and his bruised little heart seemed to understand so well that he unhesitatingly breathed a prayer of simple resignation to the Adorable Will.

The sun was gradually sinking and the shadow of the great granite cross was gradually lengthening along the green sward at his side. The flowers in the moorland were slowly closing their petals and preparing to receive the night's dewy deposit. The child bent again and listened. . . . Suddenly, a faint sound was heard. . . . Was it a tinkle? . . . Off he rushed across the meadows, along the broad roadway, down the village slope. Here he paused to take breath and after another quick glance down he dropped on his knees in adoration of the little white Host that was coming his way.

An aged priest carried the Blessed Sacrament and, following at a reverential distance, were the peasants