

power. It appeared to her as though the lamp before the altar were enlarged in its dimensions, and became a golden font, in the midst of which burnt a flame celestial in its purity and its brightness; while over its hedge flowed on every side, a rich amber wave of purest oil, some of which was caught up by unseen hands in gold phials, and borne away as a precious treasure; while some fell in drops like balm upon her and others, and where it fell, closed a wound, or healed a sore, or soothed a pain, or stilled a throb. It dropped upon her lips, and it was bitter with the bitterness of mirrh, but withal savoury, and as a cordial to her breast. Then as she wondered whence came this marvellous overflow of abundance, (like filling the widow of Sarepta's vessels), she saw above a branch of a dark and gloomy olive, which overhung it, and distilled into it from its purple fruit thick clammy drops of its healing juice. And when again she wondered whence this chosen plant derived its sacred sap, she looked naturally down towards its twisted roots, and there beheld One prostrate as in anguish and prayer. His face could not be seen for his pale forehead touched the ground; but His dark robe seemed as studded with princely gems, rubies or carbuncles of sparkling brightness. And by degrees these increased in size, and began to flow, trickling as a dew upon that consecrated ground. For they burst through those pores, whence virtue went out to heal all. By these was fed and enriched, while it was hallowed, that tree which first, after the deluge, put forth branches of promise, of peace, and of hope, and sent by the dove, the first tidings of reconciliation to the world baptized. And hence the fruit of that tree was made the third in order of earth's most precious produce, joined ever to the 'corn and the wine' in the threats and the promises of prophecy,\* and forming with them the triple power whereby men are multiplied† and strengthened in sacramental life.

To that thoughtful child's heart there seemed as clear connexion between this consecration and its fruit, as there was between our Lord's descent into the waters of Jordan, and the mystical sanctification of that cleansing element. The olive consecrated by the holy unction of our Redeemer's first blood, became to the Church a sacred tree, whose juice can soften, nourish, heal, render at once supple and strong, the soul sacramentally, as the body naturally, and alone is fit, with the produce of the industry of the virgin bee, to light up the Sanctuary of God.‡ These musings of the

sorrowful child brought their consolation, by leading her thoughts to that scene of sorrow, in which even agony of mind may learn resignation. And this thought struck her. *If in the courts of the heavenly Jerusalem it shall be said to holy virgins, spouses of the Lamb, 'God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness,' shall it not be said that here below there is an oil of affliction too, with which the servants of God are anointed, and rendered thereby no less pleasing? And happy the virgin who waiting for her bridegroom, has her lamp trimmed with this holy oil, aye, and plenty of it in her vessel too, lest it be extinguished. And if it fail her, oh! let her hasten in time thither, where best it can be found and procured, to the Mount of Olives, the hill of unction and of light.*

While the youthful contemplative was enjoying these thoughts, and praying that her lamp might be found burning whenever the summons should come, her mother touched her shoulder, and admonished her that it was time to return home. The visions of her childish imagination melted away, and she found herself once more, basking in the mild lustre of the Sanctuary Lamp.

#### PART III.—ITS EXTINCTION.

*'The light shall be dark in his tabernacle, and the lamp that is over him shall be put out.'—Job xviii.*

It is a trite remark, that as a lamp will shine the more brightly in proportion to the darkness which surrounds it, so will virtue appear more brilliant when the gloom of adversity has closed around it. Or, still drawing our illustration from our subject, we may say, that as the lamps of Gideon's soldiers did not show their dazzling brilliancy, till the vessels of clay in which they were enclosed had been bruised, broken, and utterly crushed, so did the virtues of Pierrot's wife and daughter break forth with increased lustre, the more their poor humanity was bowed down, the more their bodies were wasted with want, and their hearts broken with affliction. Upon that of the daughter a new grief seemed now to have come; but though it passed occasionally like a cloud over her brow sufficiently distinct not to escape her watchful mother's eye, yet was it always succeeded immediately by a bright serenity, which clearly came not from earthly consolation. While they were sitting together at their work in silence, a sigh would escape her, a tear would steal down; but the next instant her hands would drop upon her knees, her eyes and countenance be upturned towards heaven, a bright smile would beam upon her features, and her lips would move as if addressing some one near.

solical principle, but seems positively unbecoming. With what can it associate the mind except with the most bituminous and sulphurous classes of natural productions, and with the exhalations of the depths of earth—things and places more akin to the awful, than to the consoling, dealings of God with man?—Ed. C. W. I.

\* Deut. xi. 14; and xxviii. 51. Jer. xxxi. 12. Os. ii. 8.

† Pa. iv. 8. "By the fruit of their corn, wine, and oil, they have been multiplied."

‡ To burn gas (as the lamp) before the Altar, or upon it, is not only in contradiction to every mystical feeling and sym-