



The Festival of God.

Anna T. Sadlier



HAT was far off in an old world town, and the Feast of Corpus Christi was being celebrated with all possible splendor. From the ancient church, dark with the hues of time, rich with the offerings of the ages, came forth the procession which was to proceed from the square facing the sacred edifice, through the narrow streets and the rows of decorated houses, Boughs of orange, myrtle and oleander, with other aromatic shrubs and blossoming trees, were arranged everywhere along the way, while the young fresh leaves, the early flowers or the vernal buds, were preserved, to be thrown in fragrant showers before, the Sacrament most holy.

Forth from an humble abode, stepped into the narrow and winding street an aged woman, arrayed in her best, which consisted of, a gown of some shimmering silk, which seemed out of harmony with her dwelling, as with the fashions of the times. Its very coloring was subdued, and obscured somewhat, by the hand of time. It had been a wedding gift from a wealthy and generous patron. Year by year, it had been brought fourth from its resting place, and its shrouding of soft paper, and donned