

the gay world and the gay friends, who had long enthralled him. Afar off, a missionary, preaches oftenest of all upon the seasonable word, and how a word is a winged seed, speeding far and bearing fruit, a hundred-fold. Sometimes, his auditors fancy that he is transported to some distant scene, so vividly does he portray, a wide stretch of sea, its waves, ebbing and flowing over shining sands.

A STORY OF POPE LEO XIII.

A very pretty story of the Pope, about whose benignant personality pretty incidents seem constantly to be multiplying, is told by the Rome correspondent of the "London Tablet:"

A big Hungarian pilgrimage was presented to the Pope not long ago. Among the visitors was one with a crabbed and discontented countenance. For a moment it looked as though his purpose could not be other than a sinister one, for just as the Holy Father came to where he was standing he put his hand inside his coat and drew forth — a pair of spectacles. The Pope's hand was being passed from one to another of the pilgrims and kissed fervently by each, but he made no effort to take it when it came to his turn. He just looked at His Holiness with the same sour look he had worn all the time, and the hand was passed to the person on the other side. But suddenly the Holy Father made a motion backward. "No, no," he exclaimed. Then he laid his hand on the little man's head and stroked his face tenderly several times. Perhaps not more than a dozen persons altogether beheld what was passing, but when the Pope's chair had moved on they could no longer see the crabbed little man of a few minutes before. In his place stood another being, with tears in his eyes and a rapt look of surprise and reverence on his visage.

