

as he came slowly up between the lines of kneeling worshippers, bearing reverently, under the canopy, the pure Host, the Holy of Holies. He reached the altar-steps, and children's trembling hands threw sweet blossoms under his feet—privileged blossoms that gave out their life and sweetness to welcome God and beautify His resting-place.

The woodland then echoed ancient Benediction hymns, and the priest, for the moment more privileged than the angels in Heaven, raised aloft the Body of Christ, who blessed the warm, wayward hearts of His forest children bowed in worship.

A "Salve!" of musketry rolled out in recognition of the King of kings, who did not heed that the muskets were old and the men shabbily clad. A large bell was rung, the people rose and the procession re-formed, while the church-bell was pealing, always pealing, and the soft winds played with the singers' voices. This time Jean Chabanel de Valorsay took his place in line with the humblest of the worshippers, while his heart petitioned, in the child's words, for himself and his Fatherland.

In Paris now there is a band of devoted laymen who look to Jean de Valorsay as their chief. They are quiet workers for the right, and no man can yet measure their deeds. But some day standing beside De Mun they will make their power felt.

The little maiden whose voice led Jean to the feet of God is at Askandaga; growing up to girlhood, brown and timid and sweet faced she is quite unaware of the story attached to the hymn she still sings.—*Katherine Hughes (Kaianerenstha)* in *Canadian Messenger*.



Socrates, when a talkative person applied to him to be taught rhetoric, set double the usual price, for it would first be necessary to teach him to hold his tongue.