

This vision of God flooding the soul of Christ was, of course, finite, for the soul itself was finite; and was not, therefore, equivalent to a comprehensive knowledge of God. But it was perfect in its own way, and meant that our Lord had a complete knowledge of the past, present and future, including the most secret thoughts of the heart. This eminent though finite mode of knowledge safeguards the creatural character of the soul of Christ, and corresponds to His twofold capacity of Head of the present economy and Judge of the living and the dead.

Nor are we without solid reasons for attributing this form of knowledge to our Saviour. 'It is unthinkable,' writes Pohle, 'that the soul of Christ should not from the very beginning of its existence have known the Logos with whom it was united in the most intimate manner conceivable—i.e., by Hypostatic Union. And if Christ's sacred humanity was endowed with the sublimest of all gifts in the order of grace—viz., personal communion with the Godhead,—it could not possibly have been deprived of the lesser gift of beatific vision in the light of glory. The soul of our Lord was constituted in the full possession of created sanctity and the perfection of grace, and consequently was elevated to the highest summit of accidental grace, which is the beatific vision of the Divine Essence.'

A third kind of knowledge was also possessed by Christ's soul, that, namely, immediately infused by God, which gives a knowledge of creatures in themselves. Such knowledge is really intellectual, but it does not depend on the senses. The angels possess it, so did our first parents before the Fall; so will the soul after its separation from the body. It is a perfection of the human intellect, and was therefore fittingly given to our Lord.

The Storyteller

A MOTHER OLD AND GRAY

Two young men and a pretty girl, home for the Christmas holidays, were singing college songs. And because the mid-December weather was warm the window near their piano was open, and the sound of the music and the gay young voices floated out to the street beyond.

A little newsboy, his evening papers nearly all sold, pressed close to the low iron railing that enclosed the small grass plot in front of the house, and two men who were passing also paused and listened.

'I've a mother old and gray,' sang one of the boys, 'a mother old and gray,' who needs me now.'

His clear young tenor rose higher and higher as he proceeded with the song, and in the refrain he was joined by his brother and the girl, so that every word reached the listeners without. Then the song ceased for the nonce, as the boys began turning over a pile of music, and the girl, her fingers still pressing lightly on the keys, began to talk, for want of something better to do.

The elder of the two men outside the window gave a short, cynical laugh.

'Very pretty,' he said; 'and they sang it well; but where are the mothers old and gray? Some of them nowadays dye their hair, and most of them wear hobble skirts, lace waists, high heels, and have their hair done up as if they were twenty. They patronise the massage to try to ward off wrinkles, and the majority would be affronted if you called them old.'

His companion, a young man with a pleasanter face, smiled; but still a little cynically.

'It is true,' he said. 'The old-fashioned mother is almost a thing of the past. You look in vain for one who bears any resemblance to Whistler's portrait of his mother, which I saw in the Luxembourg last summer.'

'Ah!' said the elder man; 'I have it! I know why Mona Lisa had that peculiar enigmatical smile. She

saw, way down the ages, the modern old lady coming; and when she finally appeared on the scene, and became an established fact, Mona Lisa disappeared from the Louvre for very shame of her sex.'

'Quite an idea, Arthur; why not make a novel out of it?'

'A novel about the modern old lady? Pough! But about the mother old and gray—well, perhaps.'

The two men passed down the street, and the little newsboy was left alone. Wide eyed and wondering, he had listened to the conversation, and understood not a word; but the song—ah! that was different. It was beautiful. He must hurry and sell his papers so he could the sooner go home and tell his young mother about it. Half an hour later he was scampering down Halsted street, his papers sold, and the money jingling in his pocket. It had been a good day, as the evening edition of the papers had some absorbing news, so he had more money than usual to take home.

Presently he had reached the corner of his street, and, turning west, the tired but patient little boy hurried on several blocks further until he reached a tall tenement near the railroad tracks. Here in the midst of dust and cinders, with tall buildings keeping out the light and the smoke from the chimneys of nearby factories adding their quota to the gloom that obscured the sun, was the place that the boy called home. Two small rooms on the fourth floor, in the midst of dirt and squalor, but within was love and cleanliness, and mother!

The child opened the door and entered with a rush, and the thin worn face of the young mother, so unutterably sad in repose, became radiant as she saw the boy.

'You are early, Christopher; and your papers are sold? That is good; now we will have supper.'

'Oh, mother, mother! Something so funny happened. I heard such a lovely song. I never heard a piano before, and never knew anyone could sing as these people did.'

And then, rapidly and eagerly, the child told his mother of his experience, and because he had a sweet voice, not entirely ruined by shouting his papers through the streets, he essayed to sing the opening bars of the song, so as to make it all the more real in the recital.

So engrossed was he with his subject, that at first he did not see that his mother's eyes had filled with tears.

'A mother old and gray,' she repeated after him; 'a mother who needs me now.' She lifted her hand to her head, brown still, because she was only twenty-eight; and through the vanished years she felt again the gentle touch of a tender mother's hand, and saw through the mist of her own tears a sweet face crowned with gray hair, a dress of soft black, with a white shawl over the shoulders. The wrinkles on that dear face were lines that had been made by character as much as by age, lines of goodness, strength, and sweetness. Why had she ever left her, her mother?

And then she looked at Christopher, and her own fierce mother love surged up in her heart. She had him, her son. Together they would fight the world and cling to each other, asking help from no one.

Meanwhile Christopher was emptying the contents of a small pocket into his mother's lap. 'Forty-seven cents,' he said. 'I did well to-day, mother.'

She drew him to her and kissed him passionately. 'You are a good boy, Chris. Run to the corner grocery store and get a loaf of bread and a pound of rice. I have some meat stewing on the stove, that I bought on my way home from the factory; and there are some apples in the oven. We will have a little feast to-night.'

The boy was gone almost as soon as she ceased speaking; and slowly, as if in pain, his mother arose, folded her sewing, and put it away, and began her preparations for the evening meal. Once or twice she clutched her side as a sharp pain pierced her like a knife, and although the day was comparatively warm she shivered and drew closer to the tiny stove. Yes, she must have taken cold, she thought. The factory where she worked four blocks away was close and hot,