

the self-same words. And being in an agony He prayed the longer; and His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down upon the ground. And when He rose up from prayer, and was come to His disciples, He found them sleeping for sorrow; and He saith unto them, Sleep ye now and take your rest; it is enough; the hour is come; behold the Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us go; behold he is at hand that will betray Me.'

The agony of our Saviour was essentially a matter of the spirit, though sorrow of spirit naturally created physical pain. 'My soul is sorrowful even unto death.' It was only when the touch of the Roman spear showed He had died of a broken heart that the intensity of His sorrow became manifest. Meantime the suffering became so intense that a sweat of water and blood broke out over His members and fell to the earth 'as drops of blood.' This phenomenon may have been due to natural causes, and it has been known to take place through surprise or fear or violent anguish; but in the case of our Lord the abundant flow of blood falling 'as drops of blood' is hard to explain on these grounds.

The cause of these torments was first the vision of the Passion. Christ had for Himself nothing to fear, nor could He feel remorse. It was the way to death, the drinking of the cup that He feared, for He was genuinely human and clung tenaciously to life and instinctively shrank from pain. Then, 'He knew what was in man,' and saw clearly that for many His Blood would be shed in vain. Though He was now bleeding in every pore of His heart for men, though He would offer His life for them on the morrow, yet past Him in vision the lost went, 'hurrying, trampling each other in their mad haste to be ruined.' The indescribable record of the world's suffering, wrong, ruin, and sin came before His soul, and His sympathy made Him feel all as His own.

## The Storyteller

### THE LITTLE DOOR

The picaresquest man in the world was Mr. Seth Morton, whose blue blood, handsome bank account, and sure philosophy made him the first citizen of the town and a favorite everywhere. Precision was his chief characteristic. He had settled for himself all the irritating questions of life, and closed the door on the past, just revelled in the present, and saw the future as clearly as he saw Westport Bay from his verandah. He had twenty or thirty years to live, being now about fifty. All his nearest relatives were dead, and wife and child had never been his. In his time there would be no more serious troubles for his country and people, no grave problems to solve. The question of poverty he had solved, also the social evils of the time, like drink and gambling. Men were poor, wasteful, riotous because they wished to be; just leave them to their indulgence, and help along their families with wise charity. Needless to say, he could not understand reformers, exhorters, and writers who discussed social and other questions. He usually urged them to visit Westport and take a course in nature, watching the sun rise over the Green Mountains, and the shadows lengthen on the bay at sunset. Placidity would result from the course and the mania for discussion vanish.

Mr. Morton lived according to his nature. When he retired every night, after carrying out a long programme of locking and barring doors and windows, winding ancient clocks, and setting furniture in order, he was quite certain that, in a house where there was a particular place for everything, everything was in its place, well dusted, and at right angles to its receptacles and the world. If he thought otherwise, there was no sleep for him until he had risen and made sure. If he dreamed even that a nervous paper had escaped to the floor and was rustling about in the draughts, he walked in his sleep to pick up imaginary papers, and

pin them down to their proper places. None the less was he an amiable, upright, courteous man of the world, and very popular.

Miss Farnsworth, his niece, spent a summer with him whenever she was not abroad, and he accompanied her every Sunday to Mass. Neither had any particular belief in religion, but both liked Monsignor Lachance very much, and did not like the Episcopalian minister. Monsignor had taste and preached very effective sermons, with a marked French accent, but as fresh, fluent, and strong as the brook that flowed back of the rectory. Monsignor never discussed problems, and his parish was free from them; he talked chiefly on duty and the preparation for eternity. And his little dog Fanny, ardent lover of her master, sat in the vestry demurely, without whimper or movement, except now and then to peep out hastily at Mr. Morton and Miss Farnsworth in the front pew. Fanny refused to be separated from Monsignor any longer than necessity demanded.

The altar and the sanctuary he had decorated with artistic wall-papers and gilt mouldings, so as to look like real paintings; for Monsignor was also an artist. The grounds about the church and rectory were as beautiful as if a millionaire had paid to plant and ornament them. And the little churchyard at the back, with its hedges and bushes, really looked like a place for tired souls to rest.

This particular year, however, the enchantment had vanished for the time. Sitting in the front pew on the first Sunday of her visit, Miss Farnsworth missed Fanny's demure little peep from the vestry, and noticed the sadness of Monsignor's lively face. He preached a pretty and pathetic sermon, Mr. Morton said afterward.

'And very true also,' replied his niece.

'Yes, allowing for the exquisite exaggeration of Catholic sentiment, all high colors, my dear, but exquisite. Monsignor has had trouble, and we must go in at once and condole with him. A pretty figure he used, the little door, eh? We go in and out of doors all our life; we love some and dread others; we envy a few, where the great are familiar; and one we entirely and completely forget.'

'Isn't that true, Uncle Seth?'

'Of course, with the exaggeration, mind! We all overlook the little door of death. It is always within reach of our hand. It may open suddenly for us; but, no matter how we are engaged, no matter how reluctant, no matter how tied up in pleasure or business, when that little door opens, each one will turn his back on time and hop into eternity. The little door will close, and never open again. Capital figure! As long as I live I shall see that little door beside me. Clever man; and yet he's no orator, but so effective.'

Monsignor welcomed them brightly and then sighed.

'What has happened! Do tell us. We saw that you were grieved,' said Miss Farnsworth.

Monsignor tried to speak but could not. He pointed to a crayon near by, in which Fanny looked demure and eager through the vestry door.

'All that remains of poor Fanny,' said Monsignor, with tears.

'The little door opened for her,' Mr. Morton said softly.

Then Monsignor told the story of her sickness and her death and her burial, so pitifully that one would have thought Fanny a human person.

'Since you feel her death so keenly,' said Mr. Morton, 'why do you not get another dog of the same breed?'

'And go through the same sorrow again? Quite useless!' said Monsignor.

'Well, then, get three or four dogs,' suggested he, ever ready to find a way out of a difficulty.

The lady gasped and the priest threw up his hands in disgust.

'Well, one can not go on grieving forever,' Mr. Morton protested. 'There must be a reaction, and whatever will help it—'

'Even four terriers,' his niece remarked.