

night sky. A moment's reflection of the general delicacy of Rafael's following gave the possibility that Fr. Stacey's office may be the agency of the only aid needed. And I spied the balcony people looking outward. However, it came to pass that the Mass did grandly and piously end with one of Fr. Stacey's fine flourishes, and I did by an effort gain the balcony or porch and learned from Mrs. Ann Buras that some are seeing the Blessed Virgin in yonder trees. My principle inquiry was whether someone had been taken ill or fallen.

Some were gazing out to the trees approximately 10° to the right of which direction the balcony faces: $0^\circ \frac{10^\circ}{\downarrow}$

I peered out with my myopic eyes and admit I saw a light, a patch of light in an oval shape in a cluster of tree branches with their bunting of leaves. It was an indistinct elongated patch of light as might be cast by the new and not yet accustomed high intensity gas lamps now coming into wide use for "security." A lady began to direct my gaze & describe to me in every intonation of certainty what was the Blessed Virgin Mary standing upon a globe and holding a baby in her arms. Another came forth, a Fillippino lady, perhaps the sister of the first my informant, and proceeded to be my further guide in discerning the divine. Her description had the same the veil, the babe, but her madonna was standing on a searchlight. These two ladies were honestly conveying what they truly saw & were generous to share with me what otherwise I may fail to obtain in joy & grace. But as I peered and squinted, my eyes did not gather in that verisimilitude of Holiness so happily reported.