do venture to speak of old times and MARY LEE

or The Yankee in Ireland BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XVI.

REFLECTION ON AN IRISH CHURCHYARD MISS REBECCA AND HER COUSIN WEEKS - PIETY AND INFIDELITY.

A

Mr. Weeks left his room soon after his cousin-it being now somewhat ad-vanced in the forenoon-and with a cigar in his mouth, descended the steps at the hall door, and sauntered out to at the half door, and sauntered out to breathe the fresh air. It was a delight-ful morning. Every thing looked cheerful and pleasant. The new mown hay lay in long swaths on the lawn, ex-haling its perfume under the warm sun. The mowers, swart with toil, were slowly sweeping their scythes through the ripe grass, and moving onwards, side by side with measured step across the broad field. Over the tops of the trees which skirted the demesne below, and through the vistas which time o the axe had made, appeared patches of Mulroy Bay, shining as calm and bright as a mirror. On its southern shore a little white-washed building, showing a gilded cross on its gable, stood facing the sea, and round about among the fern and hawthorns, with which it was surrounded, a number of white head-stones peeped out here and there to mark it for a burial place of the dead. This was Massmount, where our foreign friend first saw Mary Lee, as she knelt at the altar. It was a solitary spot, and as pleasant for the dead to rest in as could be found in the whole world. No house within a mile of it, and no noise to disturb its repose but the twitter of the swallow about the caves of the little church, or the gentle wash of the waves amongst the sea shells at And if, on the Sunday morn. which reigned there ing, the ing, the silence which reigned there through the week was broken, it only seemed to make the stillness which succeeded the more solemn and profound. To the eastward of the chapel, and surrounded by a belt of trees, stood the modest residence of Mr. Guirkie-its rounded by a -its white chimneys just visible from the windows of Crohan House; and trending away to the westward lay a long tongue of meadow land called Morass Ridge, on the tip or extreme point of which rose up the still majestic ruins of Shannagh, once a stronghold of the farfamed O'Dougherty of Innishowen. Midway between these two prominent features in the landscape appeared the old churchyard of Massmount, with its little white chapel facing the sea.

Mr. Weeks, touched by the simple beauty of the scene, laid himself down half unconsciously on the greensward to enjoy it at his leisure.

Dear Irish reader, let us sit down be side him for a moment, and view the picture also. There is nothing in it ew to your eyes-nothing you haven seen a thousand times before. It was only an old churchyard, and old churchonly an old churchyard, and ole church-yards, in Ireland, you know, are always the same. The same old beaten foot-paths through the rank grass — the same old hawthorn trees which in early summer shed their white blossoms on the green graves—the same old ivy walls overshadowing the moss-covered terms of the monk and the num. No. tombs of the monk and the nun. there was nothing strange or new in the picture-on the contrary, everything ere was as familiar to you as your own thoughts. But tell us, dear readernow that we can converse quietly together-does not the sight of such a spot sometimes awaken old memories Do you still remember the place in th old ruins where the prior's ghost was seen so often after sunset, or the fairy tree beside the holy well which no axe human hand break could cut down, nor branch off with impunity? above all, do you remember the shady little corner where the dear ones lie buried-the grassy mound where you knelt to drop the last tear on bidding

farewell to the land you will never see

panions, and tried to blush and look old places when you meet with long absent friends round the social board, "Well, it did seem kinder strange, I allow," said Weeks; "but not being well posted up in the customs of the country, I didn't know but it was all and with it must be in whispers closed doors, lest the strangers should hear you as they pass by. And behold the return they make you for these sacrifices ! They give you free-dom ! What ! Freedom to live like righ Don't go, Ephraim," said Rebecca, laying her black-gloved hand affectionately on his arm. " Don't go; helots in the land they promised to make your own-freedom to worship your Creator under a roof which a godtake my advice. can't hurt me, I reckon-can she ess mob may, at any moment, fire with " No, dear Ephraim ; she can't hurt

impunity-freedom to shed your blood in defense of a flag that would gladly wave its triumph over the extinction of wave its triumph over the extinction of your race. Speak, exile 1 are you will-ing to renounce your fatherland for such recompense as this ? O, if you be may no ray of sunlight ever visit your grave-no friend or relation, wife or child, ever shed a tear to hallow it. child, ever shed a tear to hallow it. If you've fallen so low as to kiss the foot that spurns you, and grown so mean as to fawn upon a mation that lings you from her with disgust, then go and live the degraded, soulless thing thou art, fit only to batten on carbage and rot in a posttor's field garbage and rot in a potter's field. Go ! quit this place, for the sight of an old Irish churchyard has no charms for

you. Mr. Weeks had been sitting for half an hour or more contemplating the scene before him, when, hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, he turned to see who was coming.

"Certainly." "And do you really believe I don't know nothing—that I can't take care of myself among a parcel of Irish. What sort of folks d'ye think we Yan-It was Rebecca Hardwrinskle, accom panied by the colporteur and two of her younger sisters, on their way to kees are, any how ?" "Don't grow vexed with me, dear Ephraim ; don't grow vexed. I would not offend you for the world. I only Ballymagahey. "Well, there," said Weeks, rising,

"Well, there," said Weeks, hing, and shaking off the chips he had been whittling from a withered branch that happened to lie within his reach-"there !" I thought you"d gone long ago." "" My brother detained me," replied

Rebecca, "to select some tracts from a parcel he had just received as I was a parcei ne nad just received as I was leaving the house; and seeing you here, I passed this way, to offer you one for your inspection. It's on the efficacy of prayer."

"Humph! I know what your com ing at, I guess ; I haven't been at family worship this morning."

"Ah, consin, were it only once you absented yourself, we might find some excuse, but to be absent so often-O dear

dear !'" "Well, now, look here : I don't pro-fess to be much of a Christian, you know, and consequently you can't ex-pect me to get used to your traces right straight off." Well, but your religious sentiments

are so very shocking, E phraim, that I tremble to think of your soul, and the end which awaits it if you turn not speedily to the Lord. Read that little book, however, attentively, and you will find it of great spiritual advan-tage. And then dear cousin, I shall have you prayed for next Sabbath ?

Me prayed for ? Certainly. " Guess not."

"Why, can you have any possible objection to be prayed for by the God-"Well, yes, I rather think I have-

a slight one." "How very strange ! - Did you only once feel the benefit a Christian once feel the benefit a Christian derives from the prayers of the elect-" "Just so-but I'm kindler green, you

know, in that line." "Brother Robert, and Deborah there, and Hannah, and all of us, have been prayed for so often, and have always felt our strength renewed in wonderful a manner 1'

All right. But you see, I feel considerable strong as it is, and ain't disposed to trouble you just at present. say, cousin, whereabouts here is the priest's house? Ain't that it over there west of the pond? I want to call on the old feller this morning."

"Yes, that's his house ; but what your business aim ?" be with him

"Well, not much, if any; should like to ask him a question or twothat's all.' Are you not afraid ?

-can't say I have."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

in person and conversation. I don't like, my dear cousin, these visits to

protect you against the dangerous in

" Look at me, Miss Hardwrinkle,"

into his pockets, and hitching up his

" Ain't I a Yankee, born and bred,

speak for your own good, dear c

Mr. Sweetsoul here knows how often

have wept over your weakness, and how incessantly I have prayed that the

light of truth might dispel the dark-

"Stop ! stop !-- thunder ! Hain't I

been listening to all that long talk till

" O, dear, he has grown so nervous of

"But listen to me, dear Ephraim

know, when we speak to you of relig

once touched —" "The dew of religion ! there

That's the talk-go ahead, cousin ; shan't say another word on the subject

there any thing remarkably

said Weeks, thrusting his hands down

Petersham and the Catholic

without some one to

Miss

priest, especially

shoulders. "I see."

green about me :

Green ! no

" Certainly."

I'm enamost crazy ?"

41 Is

eh ?

ness-

cool

becca,

uence of their society.'

No, dear cousin."

You don't, eh ?'

THE LAST PRAYER.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY OF SISTERLY DEVOTION.

They had put us in what used to be a chapel belonging to the Carmel-ites, and it was so damp that the water ept dropping from the arched roof and ozing out of the bare walls.

There was only a faint light from the high, narrow, stained-glass window, which was all covered with dust and had an iron grating before it, and we slept on sacks with scarcely any your body, but she might your soul. You're weak, you know-very weak in-deed, and she is very captivating both straw in them.

Once a day the heavy door of the little chapel was opened and the jailer, standing on the threshold, called out the name of one of us, and we all knew the name of one of us, and we all allow that the one who was called would never be seen again by the rest of us. The jailer's visit only lasted a min-ute, but we lived through all the other

hours of the day and night in horror of just that minute. Such was our state of misery when

the two sisters, Solage and Delph-ine d'Halancourt, were thrust in among They came in with their arms round each other, both of them with fair hair and pink and white complex ions, resembling each other as one springtime resembles another and light ag up our damp, gloomy prison like sunrise. It to distinguish them apart, for they were so much alike. On Delphine's beautiful face, though, there was an expression of playfulness, whilst a gentle melancholy seemed to be more natural to Solange. There voices, too, natural to Solange. There voices, were different ; Delphine spoke lively, quick way, whilst the voice of Solange was grave and penetrating. We grew so accustomed to seeing them always together with their arms

ound each other that we never though of them apart, and it never occurred to as to give the preference to one or the If by chance they happened to we away from each other iment, we felt instinctively other for a move away tha something was wrong as long as they stood alone, so ideal was their mutual

late, Mr. Sweetsoul," said Rebecca, wringing her hands, and turning to the devotion. Somehow, when they first came among us, we felt for them something colporteur, "that he cannot bear a single word of advice." among us, we felt for them something of that adoration which men who have been shipwrecked in the night must feel for a distant sail they catch sight of when the day begins to break. We were not deceived in our expectations, for they brought us relief in the midst of our distrass. " Nervous ! and where's the wonder with seven sisters of you talking re-ligion at me from morning till night. Why, I can't smoke a cigar, by crackie but I'm taken to task for it. It's too great an indulgence, or it's too world-ly-looking, or it's one darned thing or

of our distress. When the two sisters had been earched, Delphine had managed to searched, Deiphine had managed to hide her prayerbook, and now every day, just before the jailer arrived to fetch the condemned prisoner, she and her sister went across the little chapel don't you feel that we have your spir-itual welfare at heart ? and don't you ion, it is only because we love you too well to see you perish before our eyes ? O, if the sweet dew of religion only and took their place so that the faint light from the high stained-glass win-

ow fell on them. We all followed and grouped our selves around them, the most valid amongst us kneeling down on the stone loor and the others sitting on their itraw mattresses. Arm in arm, as fair and beautiful as symbols of Faith and go ahead. I'll stand it out, I guess if any man can ;" and he picked up th branch he had just been whittling, an Hope, the two sisters alone remained set to it again, as vigorously as if he had been whittling for a wager. Eph-raim C. B. Weeks was evidently exanding in the center of our group, and, holding the precious little book in her delicate, white hands, Sohange, in cited, but tried very hard to keep her deep, solemn voice, which went straight to our hearts, began to read " And now, Mr. Sweetsoul, you may

the burial service. Utterly deprived as we had hitherto judge whether we have reason or not to fear for our dear cousin," said Reeen of the consolations which we ecca, turning to the colporteur. Just look at this trinket. Here is a ervice, nothing was more calculated to pair of popish rosary beads, which the stimulate our moral courage and fortify chambermaid found on the floor of Mr. Weeks's bedroom the morning after he souls like those sacred words. They gave us just the strength which we needed and which would enable us our irst entered the lighthouse lodge at Araheera ;" and the speaker held them to meet our executioners without fear or anger, and to walk with head erect ap between her finger and thumb for

the scaffold. Nevertheless, when the jailer flung " This was his first lesson from the the door open with the butt end of Romish lightkeeper and his pretty gun or by giving it a kick with his sabot, and then called out the name of have already explained to you one of the prisoners in a brutal voice, how I came by these beads," said Weeks. "I picked them up where which echoed under the vaulted roof, our gentle Solange was obliged to wait a few minutes, and a tumult which she they had fallen from an old Bible at the lighthouse, and unthinkingly put them could not control interrupted our deknew that was leaving us would never return, and at this thought, sobs and broken words or silent gestures of farewell would counteract all the salutary effect of our prayers, and, excusable though our agitation might be in the midst of such heartrending scenes, yet it seemed to us unworthy of our religion. We therefore agreed unanimously to subscribe all the money which we had left in order to obtain from our jailer a favor which would have been nothing at any other time, but which seemed to us priceless, plunged as we were in the

lived through those terrible times in order to understand the grandeur and proud serenity of such heroic silence during these fearful separations. One day, however—a day that stands out as more sinister than all the others—our or in the the better of all our efforts feelings got the better of all our efforts for self-control.

On that day-I remember every detail as though it were only yesterday-Mme. de Faucigny, trembling in every limb, took her turn at the little grated window which looked into the vestry whilst we all grouped ourselves as asual around our beloved Solange. usual around our Standing up in the midst of us, with a halo of light falling round her from the stained-glass window, she was reading ur Lord's Passion from St. John's Gospel, and as she read it seemed as though her whole soul were in voice. Delphine was standing by her, with her arm round her sister's waist

and her head resting on Solange's shoulder. As we looked at them thus together in their white dresses, with their fair curls intermingled and the chaste ex-

pression of faith and hope on their weet faces, they reminded us of two anocent doves, and never had their affection for each other appeared to us more touching; never had they looked so united and so lovely, so infinitely above all the infamics of this world, carried away by the divine rapture of their prayers.

An almost imperceptible noise attracted my attention, and, glancing at Mme de Faucigny, I saw her bending toward the little open window to hear

the fatal news. Accustomed as I was to this incident, which was of daily occurrence, I do not know why my hear should have commenced to beat so fast on this particular occasion. My emo-tion increased in a most painful degree I saw that Mme. de Faucigny. looking deadly pale and tiptoeing, i stead of passing by the two sisters, to lay her finger silently on one of us, stopped just behind them.

The poor woman had raised her tren bling hand and was just about to lay it on Solange's shoulder, when Delphine, warned undoubtedly by one of those strange presentiments which co us sometimes when anything is which come to to happen to those whom we love, turned her head slightly and saw the hand With raised just over her sister. ok she made Mme.de Faueigny under stand that she was not to touch Solange nor to disturb the service.

We were all gazing in breathles anxiety, but Delphine's eyes implored our silence and we remained dumb. With the utmost precaution Delphine gently took her arm away from her sister's waist, and obeying her mute pplication, Mme. de Faucigny substituted hers. This was all done so silently and so naturally that Solange continued reading in a clear voice. Delphine then lifted her head from her sister's shoulder, but this movement startled Solarge and she gazed anxiously into her sister's face. all trembling with suspense, but the brave girl, in that supreme moment brave girl, in that supreme moment when she was leaving forever her adored sister and going to face death in her stead, gathered up all her strength and miled back so sweetly and with such a

look of peaceful confidence that Sol-ange, reassured, continued her reading. The whole of this little drama, which stabled us to the heart with such an-guish that prayer died away on our lips, took place promptly and simply, in th most tragic silence. Mme. de Faucigny continued to obey Delphine's mute igns, and the latter first moved quietly back a few steps, and then, without turning round, walked away in the of the little grated window

with her quick light step. Through the half-open door we could see nothing but gloomy darkness. The white dress fluttered through the opening then the door, closing again, see to swallow her up in its shadow. That was all, and Solage continued reading. When she came to those heartrending words—" My God! My God! hast Thou forsaken me?"—she Why -she pro-

IMMEDIATE DISAPPEARANCE OF PAR-ALYSIS AFTER ATTENDANCE AT MASS. YOUNG MAN RECOVERS AFTER EIGHT MONTHS' AFFLICTION.

A remarkable recovery from par-ysis is recently reported in the Atantic Constitution.

"With the suddenness of a miracle he malady that had afflicted Neal A. McGuire, of this city, for the eight months, depriving him of th past tire use of his right hand and arm, dis appeared yesterday morning as ho was departing from Sacred Heart church after a lengthy service, leaving

"The full use of the member re-turned to him with the quickness of thought. The service over, and the reverberations from the superb music of the Mass dying away after notes from the great organ, h wending his way to the door wi

throng of worshippers; when, rethe vestibule of Sacred church, he felt the impulse to worshippers; when, stibule of Sacred Heart his right hand in response to th ing of a friend. Suddenly and warning, he was aware of the fact that his paralyzed arm was whole again.

The time, the place, the c that had just been concluded, the course of which a sermon h delivered that affected him st came over him with a flood of and it impressed him with the that the hand of the supernatu extended and touched nim. M Guire is a devout Catholic, and urned to the church with a he

lowing with thankfulness. ORIGIN OF THE AFFLICTION.

"The malady that so strangely afected Neal McGuire, without cau reason, so far as the best medical talent of the country could discover, came upon him at home very ab ruptly bout eight months ago. one morning with a feeling of numb ness and pain in his right an On had the instant, imagining that h lain on the member in his slee he applied the natural means of ing it back to life. The s continued throughout the day, and he consulted a physician. Many reme-dies were applied, but the strongest currents of electricity were por to restore the afflicted arm, and came rigid and absolutely useless Within a short while it was impossible to bend the arm with the use of the united physical strength of several

"The best physicians of the city were consulted, and after trying all the rem edies known to their skill the case was declared a most puzzling and unusua one. An X-ray photograph was under the arm by Dr. Hinman, of Atlanta, and studied by the medical profession of the city, without revealing any cause for the apparent paralysis that had seized upon it. In perfect up to the time of the strange a and with a record of regular habits and indulgence, the free from every form of young man was suddenly seized with constant pain in his whole arm that gradually extended to the shoulder.

SOUGHT FAMOUS SPECIALISTS.

"In obedience to the advice of his physicians he consulted nous nerve specialists of New York, and they, in turn, were as much bailed by the strange phenomenon that had resisted the most heroic remedics known to medical science as had been the best physicians of Atlanta.

' For three months he was under con stant treatment and the leading figure at every large clinic attended by the medical fraternity of the city and all the medical students of the colleges No relief resulted, and the wearing effect of the constant pain began to tel upon his strong will and vigorous constitution. The case created widespread interest, and his life, habits, antece lents, presant and former occupation and diversions were closely studied in th hope of arriving at a clew that would lead to some effective cure.

" Mr. McGuire returned to Atlanta about a month ago very much discour aged by the repeated failures, and has

been growing steadily worse since. HIS REMARKABLE RELIEF.

course of his sermon the Dominican Father, F. A. Gaffney, of South Caro-

APRIL 23, 1904.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

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again? O, dear reader, do your thoughts ever wander back to these blessed scenes of your youth? When "Afraid ! afraid of what ?" in the long summer evenings, after the toil of the day is over, you sit by the "To converse with him in the weak tate of your soul." porch of the stranger enjoying the cool night air, and gazing up at the spark-Why, what in creation do you take me for ing heavens does your eye ever roam in search of that star you should know better than all the rest, the bright one "Don't be offended, cousin. I speak to you for your own good." " My own good ! I ain't a fool-am that shines on your own "native isle of the ocean?" When your heart feels " No, no, dear Ephraim, but you sad under a sense of its isolation-nay, know you're weak." "Weak! shoh ! you don't say so." when it turns with disgust from the treacherous and the cold-hearted, who, "I speak the truth ; you will never be able to resist him. He's a most inhaving wiled you to their shores, now deny you even a foothold on their soilbe able to resist him. sinuating, dangerous man." does memory then ever carry you back to the old homestead among the hills, where in bygone years you have met so Yes. You've heard, I suppo many generous souls round the humble hearthstone? Alas, alas! when you look at those once stalwart limbs you how he converted the tutor at the old parsonage ? "No-can't say I have." "And poor Kate Petershan, too," put in Deborah ; "she's on the very verge of the gulf." "There! by the way. I had almost forgotten it. I must call on these Petershams right off. What sorter gave your adopted country as a recompense for the freedom she promised you now wasted away in her servicewhen you think of the blood you shed in her battles, the prayers you offered Petershams right off. What sorter girl, though, is this Kate you speak of? for her prosperity, the pride with which you heard her name spoken of in other lands, and the glorious hopes you Kinder erazy-ain't she?" "A little weak," responded Re-becca, "but still a good natured soul. Some of her neighborrs, poor thing, have lately been telling idle stories about her; but I'm sure they're false. once entertained of seeing ber the greatest and the best of the nations of the earth—and yet to think, O, to think that the only return she makes for all this is to hate and spurn you— For my part, I can't believe them. And I'm sure it's nothing to me if she when thoughts like these weigh down your heart, dear reader, do you not sometimes long to see the old land turned Catholic to morrow. people will talk, you know, Ephraim.' again, and lay your shattered frame down to rest in that shady corner you remember so well in the old church-"Well-nothing prejudicial to her honor, I presume. Rebecca glanced significantly at her ister and Mr. Sweetsoul, but said yard i But they tell you here you must not indulge such thoughts as these. On the contrary, you must forget the past; nothing in reply. "Excuse me," said Weeks; "I shouldn't have put that question, per-haps, but the fact is, the young lady has invited me to Castle Gregory, and I can't very well refuse; besides, her

you must renounce your love for the country that gave you birth; you must sever every tie that knits you to her bosom; you must abjure and repudiate her for evermore: the songs you sang and the stories you told so often by the light of the nort for must never he brother, Captain Petersham, is anxious to have me call on him." 'Did the lady invite you herself ?' light of the peat fire, must never be sung or told again; all the associations inquired Rebecca. "Why, certainly. I had a note from of home and friends, all the pleasant her a week ago to that effect." "Written by herself ?" recollections of your boyhood, all the traditions of your warriors and sainted ancestors, must be blotted from your memory, as so many treasons against the land of your adoption. Or, if you "Well, her name was signed to it-

Kate Petersham." Rebecca again glanced at her com-

in my pocket. But no matter now; fire away." " Don't grow angry, Ephraim."

" Dreadful !"

daughter.'

"I ain't angry." "I merely call your attention to the beads to show you the danger you have to guard against in forming Catholic associations. Is there any thing in that to make you angry ?'

"I ain't angry, I tell you ; not a mite.

"You are angry. I see it in your countenance, Ephraim. O, if you only experienced religion for one little week, how easily you could repress this irritability! There, now! see how you cut up that stick so petishly. Just see how nervous you are.'

"I tell you I ain't nervous," cried Weeks, at the top of his voice. " Well-so excited."

" I ain't excited.'

"Why, dear me, Mr. Sweetsoul, only look at him." "There !" broke out Weeks at

length, losing his temper altogether, and flinging away both knife and branch; "there ! by thunder, if this ain't the most inhuman treatment ever man suffered."

"Stay, Ephraim, stay, cousin ; do, for one moment," entreated Rebecca, endeavoring to lay hold of his arm. entreated Rebecca,

"Not a darned second," he cried, buttoning his coat and hurrying off, full of indignation at the idea of being treated so like a child or a fool. "By gracious thunder," he added, halting for an instant on his step and looking " you ought to turn to at one back. and spoon-feed me."

Only

said Weeks : "

TO BE CONTINUED.

Missionaries in the Household.

"Why is the first week of a mission always set apart for women and the second week for men ?" The question is pertinent and not irrelevant. When the zealous women feel the quickening influence of the mission's work they become missionaries in the household, and the men, seeking peace and relief, hie themselves off to church. Obedience is not so much a virtue that it becomes a necessity .- Pittsburg Catholic.

very depths of grief. The man consented to remain in the little room adjoining the chapel, which had formerly been used as a vestry, and to call the prisoners through the little grated window of the door. In order that Solange d'Halancourt

more than anyone else should not know what took place, and so should not be interrupted in conducting our little service, we arranged that she should turn her back to the door. Each of us took it in turn, day by day, to remain by the little grated window, and when

the jailer arrived he whispered the name of the condemned prisoner. The person on duty then then walked across as quietly as possible to our group, and touched the one who had been called

lightly on the shoulder. The martyr rose, and without disturbing the others, disengaged himself from the little Every day at the Holy Sacrifice the Mass, our Lord Jesus Christ Himself offers to the Father the infinite merits of His explation and intercession. group, and crossing the prison as noiselessly as the messenger of death had just done, disappeared through the One Mass would suffice to obtain the grace of conversion for all the non-Catholics and all the Jews and heathens terrible doorway, and invariably, as long as he was in the chapel his eyes of the whole world. Why do so many Masses fail to win them? Because kept their steadfast expression and his Oar Lord is in the hands of His serlips continued to murmur the words of vants. Miracles He works sometimes. But in the ordinary course of His grace

the service. Sometimes a slight change in the Sometimes a sight change in the voice of Solange, or the way in which we instinctively bent our heads still lower, indicated the fact that we knew one of us was about to die, but at other le does not produce outward and visite effects except with the co-operation of lie miosts and His people. The con-He does not produce outward and visible His priests and His people. version of the country is, therefore, in our own hands. All must be done by the grace of God. But to open the times we entered so thoroughly into the service—carried away by the sublime devotion which Solange put into the words she repeated — that we neither heard nor saw what went on around us, and it seemed to us for the flood-gates of heaven and to let loose the streams of that mighty grace is time being as though we were in an-other world. Any one would have to have without praying for the conversion of

nounced them with such an accent of distress that it was as though her own voice startled her. Shuddering, she HIS REMARKABLE RELEF. "The pain was so constant as to con-fine him almost entirely to his room. But yesterday morning he ventured out to Sacred Heart church. In the

looked down anxiously into the face near hers, and where she expected to find Delphine she recognized Mme. de Faucigny. The poor girl understood immediately the atrocious thing that had taken place. All at once terrible sobs rose in her throat and nearly choked her : she fell back stiff and helpless into the arms that were supporting her. Her eyes closed, and in her terrible grief her fingers loosened their hold of the little prayerbook.

And then-for her this time-we all of us together, from our very souls, repeated those sacred words of consolation which she had so often said for us. She stood up again, and, holding fast the little book, which had nearly fallen from her hands, sublime in her turn, she tried to finish the words of Christ. "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." But with the last words

her strength gave way, and bitter tears fell on the page, which she could not finish this time.—From the French of Charles Foley.

GOOD OFFICES OF PRAYER

of change upon him. " Mr. McGuire can use and write with his right arm as well as before his affliction, and is in every way well and

strong again. "Neal McGuire is just twenty years of age. He graduated from the Boys High School of Atlanta in the class of 1901, having gone through the Gram-mar schools of the city. He was quite tudent, and was a bright and popular student, and was President of his class the year of his

graduation. "He is a son of Mrs. Margaret Mc-Guire, and lives with his mother at 214 South Pryor street. He is a nephew of John A. Corrigan, Assistant Solicitor of the City Criminal Court, and of Thos. F. Corrigan, the well-known lawyer of given to the prayers of men. There-fore never should we assist at Mass office of the New York Mutual Life His father has Insurance Company. His fa been dead a number of years."

lina, spoke of the age of miracles when the hand of the Almighty was interposed in behalf of suffering humanity. the dwelt feelingly upon the characteristic of compassion for His creatures

and enduring paternity of the God of the universe, and urged the efficacy of prayer to those in need and distress and affering, since Divine interference has not yet passed from the the world. 'Ask, and you shall receive, saith the Lord.'

"He spoke of the power of the Mother of God as an intercessor, and recom-mended her invocation to all human

creatures " It is not known whether the young man afflicted with the strange malady profiered a request, but when the serv-ice was over and the people were filing away from the sacred edifice deeply affected by the words of the minister, the malady passed away, and he praised God, Who had wrought the wonderful