

that fair month which is devoted to Mary—and her wish was in mercy granted.

For months I perceived a change in her appearance, which made me tremble lest I should lose my child at the very moment she became worthy of my love. Consumption took possession of her delicate frame; her colour became deeper and more lovely; her eyes seemed to grow larger and more brilliant; the blue veins of her forehead were distinctly visible through the transparent brilliancy of her skin. She wasted away, withering like a flower that fades in the sun; and last week she died. Oh! had you seen, as I did, the expression of that angel face, when, for the last time, she placed the Cross to her lips, the withered wreath to her beating heart; had you seen the bright smile with which she gave her soul to her Creator, you would have believed, as firmly as I do, that it winged its way straight to the habitation of the blessed. Before she died she made a moving exhortation to her father; I trust it will take effect at a future time, at present he is in despair."

The sound of a footstep in the next room made her pause in her story, she opened the door, but her husband was no longer there; terror was depicted on the poor woman's face.

"He is not here," she cried, "he will go mad on her grave. Oh! if ever you hope for the mercies of God, come with me and seek him there."

We hurried to the cemetery; the sun was just setting, and the last rays of glory were shining on the grave. The wretched father was on his knees, prostrate among heaps of withering flowers. At that instant a swell of music floated on the air, and the young girls of the Month of Mary, dressed in white, and singing a hymn to the Mother of God, approached the grave, scattering fresh white flowers upon it. We fell upon our knees; the father also appeared to listen. He raised his head; the soft sounds seemed to soothe him, and recall his scattered senses. Gradually his tears began to flow, and he turned towards the Cross on the grave. The wife saw it, she rushed through the crowd, and

tearing the Cross from her bosom, thrust out with frantic eagerness—

"Oh, Pierre! I knew it would be so. You believe that our child is happy; you believe in the God who died on this Cross!"

The man sprang from his knees and stared wildly around him. For a moment, doubt, pride, and shame appeared to shake his soul; then truth and religion triumphed; he caught the Cross, and falling on his knees, he kissed it most devoutly.

"I knew it, I knew it!" cried the wife, flinging her arms tightly round him, "and the prayer of our child is heard already."

The man made no reply, his head sank upon her shoulder, and he burst into a flood of hysterical tears, such as I had never before seen from the eyes of a man. With true natural good feeling, the crowd dispersed; none remaining with us but the Cure, who had accidentally been passing by, and remained to give what assistance was in his power. He spoke long, and seriously, with the man and Pierre submissively promised all the good priest demanded of him; and we left the couple broken-hearted, yet happy, by the grave of their child.

"And will a conversion so sudden, be also lasting?" I asked of the good priest, as we left the cemetery.

"Few conversions are really sudden, though, I admit, there have been wonderful instances of the kind. But this one is not sudden. A heist seldom succeed in believing their own doctrine, though pride induces them to call it such. There is almost always an innate conviction of its folly; infidelity, is in some, the pride of philosophy,—in others, the cowardice of guilt. Sober saucy atheism the proof of a mind soaring above the superstitions of the vulgar, but many more seek to disbelieve Eternity and a just judge are fearful things to those who act as if such things were not. But the opinions of this poor Pierre must have been changing. The conversion of his child, and her happy death, cannot have failed in making an impression, not seen or felt at once, but gradually leading him to reflection and (which is