

consolation; but I had now gone so far that I was ashamed to tell him I was already a Catholic, fearing his displeasure and lasting contempt, for he was an upright man. He wished to remove to some town where there was a Catholic Church; the priest coming to C — but once a month, his congregation consisting of laborers on the railroad, miners and servant girls. I protested against this, and we remained in C —.

"My husband entered into politics, neglected his business, lost the nomination for judge, and took to drinking. His health was not robust, and in a couple of years dissipation reduced him to a dying condition. He did not ask for a priest and I did not inquire whether he wished to see one, fearing to alarm him. The end came suddenly. His last words were: "Oh! Mary, pray for me and have prayers said for me when I shall be in purgatory. His mind was wandering, but it betrayed his most cherished wish. At the moment I meant to do as he requested, but later neglected it. My heart seemed to have become hardened. God permitted it, no doubt, to punish me. I lost all desire to reconcile myself with Him. Some Western mines in which my husband had been interested proved valuable. I came East, joined the Episcopal Church as being the most fashionable, and I was on my way to early service when I encountered the first Communicants on their way to Mass. Something in the eyes of that little girl seemed to summon me. After I went in, and found her kneeling in front of me I tried to pray. It was only after she had returned to the pew from the Communion table that I felt a flood of shame and repentance sweeping through my soul. I wanted her dear prayers for myself and for him, for whom I had wept and mourned through all these years, but whom I had left to suffer in the fires of purgatory.

"For I firmly believe that his was the soul whom God had chosen her to deliver, or at least assist by her pure, sweet offering. It is more than a coincidence, it is a special Providence, a miracle. I needed one to bring me back to the fold.

"Yesterday I was tempted to despair; I felt that I could never face my God, never meet my poor husband whose last prayer I had permitted to go unheeded. But