

WROUGHT IN DARKNESS

Mother Benedict looked at the little white-robed figure with some anxiety when, following the impulse of Sister Marthe's hand, she entered the pew. Her thin fingers groped for the back of the seat in front of her, and finding it, she moved slowly until Mother Benedict touched her, when she sank to her knees. The child seemed so frail-looking to-day, thought the good nun, and those blue eyes, in which it was hard to believe there was no sight, were dazzling. Far too bright, she told herself. Then the Sister lifted the cross of the rosary to her lips and her gaze sought the altar, where her Spouse reigned.

"My dear little girl," Sister Marthe had said, "the Sisters are praying to God's Blessed Mother, asking her to intercede for you and bring you back your sight on Christmas Day. You must join with them and say, 'her, too, if that is God's will for you.'"

"Why, we shall be delighted; it will be an honor." He smiled at the girl, who had been listening to their conversation without taking any part in it.

"I have fallen in love with your daughter," said Verne Armitage to his friend, Ralph Graham. "And I am twice her age. Absurd, is it not? Yet it is hard to believe she is only eighteen. She is so grave, so serious."

"We do indeed have strange experiences on the missions," said Father Rex. "I suppose if I were to write down some of the things that have really happened to me, people would say I was 'romancing.' And yet—"

"Yes, Father—the dispensary doctor. He says one lung is all gone, or nearly all gone. My poor child!" said Sister Marthe. "I suppose it is no longer any use."

"But sometimes God sends us a grace on a Thursday night which He withholds from us on a Saturday." She seemed startled for a moment, and then she recovered herself. Taking a little ribbon from under her cloak, she showed me her Child of Mary medal, tarnished a trifle from constant wear.

KATHLEEN

"I am not complaining of the work," she went on quietly; "I'm used to that now. But—there are other things."

"I waited and she added, her cheeks kindling now and her eyes beginning to glow:

"It doesn't matter so much about me for it seems I have to leave it all soon. (Her voice shook a little); 'but for the other girls, hundreds and hundreds of them, it does matter. Think what it is, Father, to be a young girl; to work steadily all day from 7 in the morning till 6 at night, and then to come home to dirt and drunkenness and quarrelling and misery! They say we mustn't walk the streets at night. Why, where can we go to get a little peace, not to talk of a mouthful of fresh air and the bit of a good time every girl needs?'"

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

Owing to the peculiar position Canada is in to-day the intention of the present month comes with singular appropriateness to the readers of The Messenger. After waiting for nearly a half a century, that is, since the confederation of the provinces, the Dominion is at last casting off her swaddling clothes; she is on the verge of taking her place as a young and vigorous nation among her older sisters of the world. The natural increase of her population, as shown by the last census, is a strong factor in this transformation, which we are well pleased to record.