

Son, that those two wills together offered one and the same sacrifice. Since Mary, by the merit of her sufferings, and the offering of her Son, was made Mother of all men, it is reasonable to believe that it is by her they receive the divine graces, which are the fruits of the merits of Jesus Christ, and the means of acquiring eternal life.

SISTER CLARE.

BY LADY G. FULLERTON.

"My child, your cheek is wan and pale;
What ails you, sweet Cathleen?"
Thus spoke the gentle Sister Clare,
To one whose face had been
The brightest in the Convent School,
In childhood's earlier days.
An Irish face with dark blue eyes,
Whose eager wistful gaze
Was fraught with a strange loveliness,
Though dimmed by want and care;
Its silent pleading almost broke
The heart of Sister Clare.
Alas! we sometimes meet those eyes,
So innocent and bright,
In our polluted London streets,
And sadden at the sight.
Some few there are who pass unscathed
Through scenes of sin and woe,
Keeping their Irish hearts unstained
As their own mountain snow.
Yet oft'ner far in poisoned air
Does purity decay—
E'en as the bloom from fruit or flower,
By rude hands brushed away.
But she who to the Convent came,
With faltering step and slow,
And stood with that appealing look,
The Sisters too well know—
She had ne'er left her parents' home,
By the blue surging sea;
She had ne'er seen the haunts of sin,
Or knew such things could be.
But pinching want and hunger keen,
Of these she had her share,
And harder work, in truth, at times,
Than such a child could bear.
Not always had they suffered thus,
Never so much as now.
The tale of woe was soon rehearsed:
"A fever had laid low
Her father, the stout fisherman,
Upon the cabin floor;
And Pat, the curly-headed boy,
Had sickened long before;
And Bridget, Tom, and Norah looked
As ill as ill could be.
And mother"—here the girl stopped short,
And Sister Clare could see
The big tears rolling down her cheeks.
"Have you no food?" she said.
"Not one potato, Sister dear,
Not one poor scrap of bread;

A meal of Indian corn we had—
'Twas yesternight; but ne'er
Did mother touch one bit
Of her poor scanty share.
Just as the spoon had reached her lips,
She put it down, for Pat
Cried out he wanted more, the boy,
As on his bed he sat.
Dear Sister Clare, I could not stay,
I could not hear them cry;
O Sister dear, I came away,
I could not see them die."
"Enough, my child; come, wipe your eyes
They will not die to-day,
Nor yet to-morrow. God forbid!
He hears us when we pray."
The Nun has ta'en her basket up,
Cathleen has led the way,
To where the fisher's cottage stands,
Within the lonely bay.
Her welcome stores are soon displayed;
A wonder 'tis to see
How patiently the children wait,
All hungry though they be.
"God bless you," sighs the father, "may
The Heavens be your bed!"
And "Glory be to God on high,"
The mother softly said.
"Please do not send this bread away,"
Poor little Norah cries,
While Sister Clare divides the loaf,
Watched by her wistful eyes.
A sad smile crossed the mother's face—
A martyr's smile, I ween;
To send away the bread erewhile
A martyr's act had been.
The father raised his drooping head,
A light was in his eye,
The light of faith triumphant o'er
The parent's agony.
"Ah, Sister dear, 'twas very hard
To close the door, and hear
The children weeping for the food,—
No greater pain could be.
But sooner will Pat Moran see
His darlings cold and dead,
Than send them to the Souper's school,
And sell their souls for bread.
We'll not deny the faith at all,
We'll have no Souper here:
Pat Moran's child shall never learn
To scorn God's Mother dear.
And now here's good thanks be to God,
And soon the work I'll try;
And if the worst comes to the worst,
Why, sure, we then can die."
Yes; you can die as martyrs die,
Sons of the saints of yore,
Who fell when Erin's fields were stained
With her own children's gore.
The sword, the rack, the outlaw's doom,
You bore in bygone days;
But now the Tempter's deeper art
More subtle wile displays.
'Tis easier far, with fearless heart,
To meet a deadly foe,
Than hunger's sickening pangs to bear,
Its tortures sure and slow.
This have ye done, the Cross in hand,