THE LITTLE SISTER WITH THE BLUE EYES

The ambulance gong rang noisily on the midnight air. The horses elattered wildly up the asphalted driveway, the white coated intern leaped from his seat, and in three minutes the form of an unconscious woman rested on the slop-ing table in the operating room of the

hospital.

"Laudsnum poisoning," was the curt

verdict of the unsympathetic doctor.

The stomach pump and a half-hour of
rough handling revived her. The

rough handling revived her. The Sister Superior, standing nearby, glanced at the physician inquiringly.

"Shall I put her to bed?"

He shook his head. "She must be kept awake until six o'clock. If she goes to sleep before then, she'll wake up in another world."

The appealing was persieved. "From

In another world."

The superior was perplexed. "Every nurse in the house is employed. We might give you Michael the doorman."

The doctor was skeptical. "He'd be asleep in an hour. She'd die before morning."

morning."

The momentary silence was broken by a voice from the corridor. "I'll take the

case, Sister."

All eyes turned in the direction of the sound. It came from a little nunwho had overheard the conversation. who had overneard the conversation.

She made an appealing picture standing there framed by the low doorway.

The firm red lips were parted in a smile of compassion. The dark blue eyes might have been plucked from the vault might have been plucked from the vault of heaven. The nose was delicate and aristocratic. She was as fair and as rare as a bit of Dresden china.

The superior spoke. "Why, child, you're off duty for the night! You should have always the state of the superior spoke."

should have stopped hours ago."
She smiled sweetly. "Some one must look after the poor girl."

scrutinized the young The doctor Sister in a meditative way; then he turned to the elder nun. "How long

has she been at work?" Since the rising hour, four o'clock this

He spoke in his brusk, professional

way, "It's out of the question—she couldn't stand the strain."

The superior shrugged her shoulders whimsically. "We can't let the unfortunate creature die.

The little Sister spoke with determination, the color flushing her cheeks and forehead. "I won't let her die—Ill take

And so it came to pass that she began the long night. The hospital occupied a city block, and the cross shaped corridors presented an almost interminable length of smoothly polished surface. The only way of keeping the patient awake was by walking her constantly up and down the hallways. The fragile little Sister suddenly seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength. She grasped the arm of the girl without She grasped the arm of the girl witho

journey.

They presented a striking contrast They presented a striking contrast, the quiet, self-reliant religieuse, and the weak, despondent woman of the world; the one in subdued, self-effacing attire, the other in a loud, gaudy costume which mocked her misery. The first round was made with difficulty. The patient was in a half-comatose condition. She staggered from side to side, her knees bent beneath her weight; but her guide and monitor went forward rener guide and monitor went to write a solutely, and presently the victim mechanically accommodated her gait to that of her protector. Once round the corridors, twice, four times, and so on until it was impossible to keep further

The time between midnight and one The time between midnight and one o'clock in the morning was like a day and night. The minutes were ladenheeled, and the brave little Sister was weary and sleepy indeed. As the clock struck one, the Sister Superior appeared with black coffee. The little nun drank a cup gratefully, and her charge took one with sullen reluctance.

The superior lingered sympathetically. "I'm sorry I let you undertake this task."

A rippling laugh was the "Sister, if you talk that way, you'll make me lazy and selfish."

The other looked grave. "The call bell is at the end of the hall. If you wish me, press the botton and I'll be with you at once." "Very well," was the dutiful reply.

The superior left; the walk was At the end of the third lap the patient became nervish. "I'm tired; I want rest!" she whined.

want rest!" she whined.

She was taken to a window seat in one of the slooves in the corridor. The patient gave a sigh of relief, and the Sister felt rather thankful herself. But her blue eyes watched the worldly one with hawklike eagerness. Presently the girl's tired eyelids closed. The Sister shook her vicerually. shook her vigorously.

shook her vigorously.

"You musn't go to sleep!"

She started and opened her eyes. A
few seconds passed, and she lapsed
again. This time her head nodded. Instantly the Sister was on her feet and had the girl by the arm.
"Come" she said, "we must walk

"I'm tired and sleepy, and I don't

want to walk !"

The fragile religieuse leaned over and shouted in her ear, "You must She looked up doggedly. "I won't

alk!"
The reply came like a bullet fron a file. "You shall walk!"

She grabbed the sulky one under the armpits and lifted her bodily to the floor. Where the strength came from God only knows. She grasped her by the right arm and marched her in double quick time. In thirty seconds the opposition ceased, and the two women moved along the polished corridor with mecsanical precision. At indor with medianical precision. At in-tervals the girl protested feebly and begged to be allowed to sit down; but at such moments the nun showed her strength of mind and body by compel-ling the erring one to move faster than

Three o'clock tolled. All this time the little nun talked and chatted in an the little nun taked and chatced in an eager effort to arouse her companion. At first this appeared hopeless; but presently her efforts met with success. The more deadly effects of the poison had been thrown off. After that, at intervals, they were able to sit down for a few minutes at a time. But all the

while the dark blue eyes of the Sister were upon her patient, and at the first suspicious sign of drowsiness she was up again and resuming that dreadfal

As daylight drew nearer, their re As daylight drew nearer, their respective positions were gradually transferred. The patient became fresher, while the wornout little nun showed signs of weariness. But her resolution was indomitable. She made every effort to rouse the girl from her dejection. Once, just before morning, they sat on the bench together.

"You'll be all right in an hour or so," said the Sister.

"You're very good," was the sulky response; "but I can't thank you."
"I don't want any thanks; I only want

on to live."
"But I don't want to live; there

"But I don't want to live; there's nothing for me to live for."
"If you knew how selfish that sounds, you wouldn't say it."
"Why shouldn't I say it? I've been buffeted from pillar to post; I've been deceived! I've even been beaten. I hate the world; I hate everyone in its expects you."

hate the world; I nate everyone in it—except you."
"I'm sorry for you," said the nun in a voice of infinite tenderness. "What you need is a good cry. Come, rest, on my breast and have it out."
But the girl simply stared at the Sister in wide eyed wonder. The world had made her coarse and hard and cynical. "I've forgotten how to cry," she said.

"But you've not forgotten how to pray, I hope. Pray that you may be forgiven for your wicked attempt on your life!"

your life!"
She laughed mirthlessly. "I had no further use for my life; you've saved it against my will."
"But," persisted the Sister, "can't you understand that you have no discreation in the matter? God gave you life, and only God has the right to take

"I never thought of that."
"But you're going to look at things

differently now."
She shook her head stubbornly. "No. I'm not; it's too late to be different." She gazed at the Sister steadily for She gazed at the Sister steadily for some moments. Then the words that had been in her mind for a long while burst forth. "Why do you do this for me? Why should a beautiful girl like yourself be a nun? Why do you rise at four o'clock morning after morning and slave for people who are perfect strangers to you?"

The Sister smiled that compassionate

trangers to you?"

The Sister smiled that compassionate smile that made her look so heavenly. "The answer is simple: for God's sake. And those we work for are not strangers. They are God's roor un-

'I don't understood." "I don't understood."
"Of course you don't. The world will never understand, chiefly because the world does not care to understand. It all depends on one's point of view. The world, judging from its practices, believes that pride, lust, gluttony, envy, and sloth are worth all they cost; the persons you cannot understand hope they have chosen the better part in yoluntary poverty, chastity, obedience, voluntary poverty, chastity, obedience

voluntary poverty, ensatity, observed stating, and prayer."

The Sister's cheeks glowed with enthusiasm, and her dark blue eyes were brighter than the stars that shone so brilliantly in the cold sky. There was not the slightest trace of cant or self consciousness in her low, sweet voice. not the silgness trace of can or sen consciousness in her low, sweet voice. The girl, who listened attentively, glanced at her with something akin to reverence, but without appreciation. She nodded her head tolerantly, as one She nodded her head tolerantly, as one would who assents to the contentions of a persistent child or to an insane person; but that was all. The Sister took the hands of the other in her own two soft palms and cried impulsively:

"I hope you'll be sorry for what you've done! Anyway, I shall keep on averying for you."

praying for you.
"Keep on?"

"Do you mean to say that you prayed for me before—"
"Yes, before I ever saw you."

The amazement on the girl's face made the little Sister laugh, her joyous, rippling laugh. "It's this way. When I heard the ambulance coming in the I heard the ambulance coming in the gateway I said a prayer to Our Lady for the patient in the wagon, and it happened to be you. I never hear the gong of an ambulance in the street or anywhere else that I do not say this prayer. It's a practice that my mother

taught me.

The girl tore her hands away from the nun's embrace and spoke rudely. "I wi h I could think as you do; but it's

Something much like a sigh came from the compassionate lips of the little Sister; but she uttered no word of re-

It was five o'clock now, and that terminable walk was beginning to tell on the fragile little religieuse. Her companion, absorbed in her own troubies, did not think of the strain on the self-sacrificing one by her side. The Sister's head began to ache furi The Sister's head began to ache furi-ously, her limbs were sore and swollen, her feet were like lead; but discipline and faith were performing their daily miracles, and there was always that compassionate smile on her face.

Half past five! She felt as if thirty

minutes more would prostrate her. She had an intense desire to scream, and suppressed it. She became dizzy, her steps were unsteady. At that psychological moment she came opposite the electric bell. Her hand went forth instinctivaly. One time was a characteristically. stinctively. One tiny push, and she would be in the strong arms of her loving superior! But supernatural strength possessed the little nun. She cast superior! But supernatural strength possessed the little nun. She cast aside the thought as though it was a temptation to sin. She drew herself up rigidly and marched on, victorious now as she had been a thousand times be-

A little later a new thought assailed her. Why not sit down and rest? The girl was all right. It was within twenty-five minutes of the time. What difference did a few minutes make one way or the other? As if to complete the conviction, the girl was heard voicing the first spark of unselfishness.
"You look ill. Why don't you rest

volunteered to keep her awake. To quit, even for a minute before the time, would be to desert your post of duty cravenly." That was sufficient for the little Sister. She might die; but she

would never desert!

But the longest night has its morning.
The bells in the neighboring towers struck six; the rattle of the milk wagons and the increasing hum of life announced that the world without was beginning another day. The doctor and beginning another day. The doctor and the Sister Superior came along the corridor together. The physician looked at the little nun and spoke in his

looked at the little nun and spoke in his sharp, snappy way:
"Dark rings under the eyes; general air of lassitude. If you don't get to bed at once and stay there until I give you permission to rise, I'll not be responsible for the consequence!"

He turned to the girl roughly and lifted her eyelids and felt her pulse as though examining an animal. He wrote a prescription hastily and handed it to the superior 'Give her this. She's all right now. Send her about her business."

Her face was distorted with rage. Sh

was turning on him fiercely, when the soft hand of the little Sister plucking at

soft hand of the little Sister plucking at her dress.

"Don't mind him," she whispered.

"It's only his manner. You may stay as long as you wish."

"I want to go now," she retorted sullenly. "Ididn't come here by choice. She noticed the pained expression of the little Sister's face and tried to soften her tone. "Don't look so sad. I'm not her tone. "Don't look so sad. I'm not angry at you; but I hate the doctor. "Then you'll come to see me?"
"Yes," hesitatingly, "Ill come to see

Come to-morrow." "Oh," with a start at the thought of her rash promise, "I can't come to-

morrow."

"Next Sunday, then?"

"No," doggedly, "not next Sunday."

"Well, promise me, please, that you'll come on my name day, the feast of Saint Cecilia. Don't say no. Our Lady never refuses me anything I ask on that day."

"I'll come," was the curt respone, and the next minute the girl who had forcetten how to cry was down the stens.

gotten how to cry was down the steps and out of the building.

The Sister Superior gave the little nun a maternal embrace and led her to her cell. "Do you feel all right, my

"Wait a minute until I get you a bowl of beef tea. After that you may take a long rest."

The superior had scarcely left the room when outraged nature asserted it-self, and the little Sister sank unconscious to the floor. When the older woman returned she beheld a heap of blue and black clothing surmounted by a cornet. There was a chafing of hands and a scurrying about, and the little victim of duty was soon restored to her normal condition. After that she was tenderly tucked in her bed, and sank into the dreamless slumber that brings perfect

est and refreshment.

At 4 o'clock the following morning the usual hospital routine was resumed; but the little Sister could not drive from her mind the thought of the unfortunate one she had dragged from the brink of eternity. She spoke to the superior. "Sister, did you study that girl?"

"Do you think there's any hope for her?"
Yes on one condition. It's not the first case of the kind I have observed in my forty years in this hospital. She is hardened, embittered and impenitent. If that condition continues, she'll try to forget herself in one excess after another, and the next dose of poison she takes will end all."

"Oh, please don't say that!"

"But if she can be softened she can be saved. The girl is not naturally vicious my experience teaches me that. A good cry would be her salvation; it would be like the merciful rain that saves the parched fields from death."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" exclaimed the little Sister. "And I let her leave me with a face as hard as a rock! Oh, "Doyou think there's any hope for her?"

the little Sister. "And I let her leave me with a face as hard as a rock! Oh,

how stupid, and incompetent I am I"
"But, my child," smiled the superior,
who loved the little nun more than she
would ever admit, "you saved her life."
"Much good that will do her," retorted the other, "if she loses her soul!" "But you gave her another chance," rsisted the older woman. "You gave ersisted the older woman. "You gave er her life, and where there is life there

is always hope."
"That's true," responded the other, her eyes lighting up, "and if I ever get another chance I'll make her cry, even if

have to beat her to do it."
"Didn't you try when you had her?"

asked the superior gently.
"Yes; but I'm afraid I didn't do it in exactly the right way," was the contrite reply. "I'm afraid I preached to her, reply. "I'm afraid I preached to her, and you know it's a terrible thing to have somebody preach to you." "It must be," laughed the other

"It must be," laughed the other,"
"she promised to come to see me on
my name day, the feast of Saint Cecilia.
Do you think she'll come?"
"I hope so."
"Well, if she does," and the little

Sister clenched her hands to emphasize her determination. "I'll make her cry

pefore she leaves me !" On the feast of Saint Cecilia the girl On the feast of Saint Cecilia the girl who had forgotten how to cry made her way into the main entrance of the hospital. She wore a modish hat with two extravagant feathers stuck in the side. Her dress was stylish her brows were penciled, and there were evidences of powder on her hardened cheeks. She strayed into the corridor and walked the length of the same hallway whence she had been literally dragged from the embrace of death. Presently she met an brace of death. Presently she met an attendant.

"I want to see the Sister."

"I want to see the Sister."

"There are many Sisters here."

"I want to see the little Sister with the dark blue eyes."

The woman looked at her hesitatingly. The smile left her lips. She pointed to a double doorway midway down the corrider. "She's in there."

The girl bastened in that direction

The girl hastened in that direction. She found the entrance guarded by sober-taced nun. "I want to go in."

"I'm a friend of the little Sister." "I m a Friend of the little Sister."
"I don't know that you can go in now."
"But I must see her. I had an appointment to meet her. She made me promise to be sure and come to-day."

The Sister looked at her curiously. Her lips trembled. "Don't you know?" she asked.

The significance of the words escaped

The significance of the words escaped the girl. She turned to her questioner with old-time sullenness. "It's none of your business. I came here to see her. I hate everybody else!"

The other bowed her head and opened the door without further parley. The girl walked is.

For a moment she was dazed. After that she realized that she was in the chapel of the hospital. A dim light came from a few tapers on the attar. The pungent odor of incense was all about. Many dark robed, kneeling figures were in the pews. The organ was playing a low, sad prelude. The girl instantly became resentful. She felt that she had been tricked. All the wilfulness of her nature came to the surface.

been tricked. All the wilfulness of her nature came to the surface.

Suddenly her attention was attracted by a bulky, black object in the center of the aisle. She slowly realized that it was a catafalque. Her impulse was to leave the chapel at once; but some unseen power pulled her forward. Presently she reached the bier, and her un suspecting glance fell upon the face and form of the little Sister with the dark blue eyes.

lue eyes. How tranquil the dead nun looked, and how young! Her hands were fondly clasping the crucifix, the emblem of sal-vation, and from the pocket of her habit protruded the scroll that contained her protruded the scroll that contained her vows, those vows of poverty, chastity and obedience which had been kept so faithfully and so lovingly. The smooth, cold brow which had never been disfigured by a frown gave her countenance a look of ineffable serenity.

The girl who had forgotten how to cry

gazed long and carnestly at the dead nun, gazed with dry eyes and hardened face and parched lips. But there was no detail of the silent religious that

escaped her penetrating glance.

Those hands as white and as pure a

Those hands as white and as pure as the snow from heaven and as graceful as the lilies-of-she valley, those hands that had reached down to lift many a poor sinner up from the mire, those hands that had smoothed the fevered brow and given drink to the burning lips—those hands had gained repose at last and were gently folded for eternal rest.

Those lips, still flushed with a color of which death itself seemed helpless to rob them, those lips that had given kindly advise to so many poor sufferers, those lips that were never opened except to sound the praises of God or to speak in compassionate tones to the lowliest of His creatures, were stilled forever to the poor and unhappy of this world.

world.

Those eyes, as soft and as blue as the sky itself, those eyes whose unfathomable depths were beyond the penetration of the worldly wise, those eyes that had shed love and charity to the unforhad shed love and charity to the unfor-tunate, were closed now in the sweet sleep that comes to the just.

The girl standing there became utterly oblivious of her surroundings. Two women were whispering at the door. Their words floated to the solitary spec-ter where the solitary spec-

"Very. She became infected when assisting at an operation, and died in The girl who had forgotten how The girl win had logotten how to pray reached out her right hand and groped about until she touched the hem of the habit of the dead nun. She gave one last strained look at the serene countenance of the little Sister with countenance of the little Sister with the blue eyes and, sinking to her knees, buried her hardened face in her jeweled hands, and gave way to an unrestrained flood of tears.—George Barton in the flood of tears.—Ge Sunday Magazine.

OUR LORD APPEARED IN THE HOST

remarkable demonstration of truth of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and another illustration of the fact that the age of miracles has not passed took place in Manzaneda, Diocese of Astorga, Spain, a few months ago. The whole parish pratically had become anti clerical, and as a consequence, Redemptorist Fathers were sent to conduct a mission in the hope of undoing the great mischief that had been caused.

One night while services were being One night while services were being held Our Lord appeared in the Sacred Host on the altar. As a result of this marvelous manifestation, all the people repented of their wrong doing became reconciled to Mother Church and approached the Sacraments.

The account of the occurrence was the beauty surprise of the mission-

written by the superior of the mission-ers. A translation was sent to a proment Catholic of England, accompan by the following letter:

London, England.

London, England.
St. Joseph's Clapman.
Dear Mr. Deneby—I send you a branslation of a full account of a miraculous appearance of Our Blessed Lord in the Sacred Host at San Martin, a church near the town of Manzaneda, in the diocese of Astorga, in Spain. It occurred during a mission given by the Redemptorist Fathers, and the account is written by the superior of the mission. It is once more a manifestation of how pleased Our Lord is to see little children at His altar, and how He hears their prayers. Yours very sincerely, Yours very sincerely, J. MAGNIER, C. SS. R.

J. MAGNIER, C. SS. R.

The following is the story of the miracle as given by Rev. Father Mariscal, C. SS. R.:

Mazaneda, in the Spanish Province of Crense, and in the Diocese of Astorga, was, at the time we (the missionaries) went there to preach the mission in the most lamentable state. Such a serious dispute existed between the

in the most lamentable state. Such a serious dispute existed between the parishioners and the parish priest that the priest could no longer live in his own parish.

The people had even thrown stones at his head and at other priests, and consequently, he was obliged to live in a small place in the neighborhood, San Martin, which he had to serve as well.

Who was to blame for this state of Martin, which he had to serve as well.

Who was to blame for this state of
things is known to God alone; but in
any case, the people forgot the respect
due to priests. By the command of the

Bishop of Astorga we went there to give the mission, and by this means to try to reconcile the parishioners with the On arrival we were not received with the customary ceremony, as is the cus-

tom; the people had made up their minds not to come to hear our sermons. However, we opened the mission and conducted all the exercises outside the town in the Church of San Martin.

The children and many adults of the adjoining small villages, as well as the children of the parish of Manzaneda, were zealous in their attendance; but it was not until the fifth day that some men and women from Manzaneda came, men and women from Manzaneda came and then more out of curiosity than for

and then more out of curiosity than for pious intentions.

I had just preached on the particular judgment. Everything went on as usual when suddenly, as I was on the point of mentioning the sentence which God will pronounce upon sinners who deliberately persevere in their sins, an old woman in the midst of the people shouted, "Fire! Fire!" I said from the pulpid, "She is mistaken: there is no fire. Take the woman out of the church." But again she shouted, "Go out, go out. Save yourselves."

Save yourselves."
All the people rushed out, and from the tower the fire-bell tolled the alarm incessantly, so that I was obliged to give up preaching, for all the people had left

I myself went out and saw at a distance a column of fire so large that it looked as if all the farms of the neigh-boring village of Simadevilla were After half an hour the people returned

After half an hour the people returned to the church. The great fire was only a phenomenon. There had been no fige at all. Most likely the devil made use of this means to destroy any good effect of my sermon. Nobody knew the old woman and she was not seen again.

That very same day I wrote to my Father Rector, and asked to be allowed to return home, because I considered the continuation of the mission so much time lost. But the next day Almighty God, in the short space of twenty minutes, effected the work for which we had labored in vair a whole week.

It was the 20th of April, the feast of the patron of the diocese, St. Foribius,

It was the 20th of April, the feast of the patron of the diosee, St. Foribius, Bishop of Astorga. After an extra-ordinary devout preparation the chil-dren had made that morning their solemn general Communion. I had ex-horted them earnestly to pray for the conversion of their parents and friends, and indeed the Divine Friend of chil-dren heavy their waves. dren heard their prayers. Toward evening the solemn repara-tion to the Blessed Sacrament was to take place. I had completely lost my voice, and felt unable to preach the

indeed, requires much effort.

Therefore, I asked my confrere, Father Romero, to preach in my place. He, however, exhausted himself, because he nowever, exhausted minsel, because he had never preached the sermon for this solemnity, and was not prepared to do so in the present difficult circumstances. Therefore, I made him preach one of the

Therefore, I made him present out to the eternal truths that evening.

The people, far from profiting by the sermon were laughing and joking and only remained in the church to see the autiful and tasteful illuminations of

the altar.
When Father Romero had finished his sermon, I went into the pulpit to recite the Act of Reparation. Meanwhile the candles were lighted. After the Blessed

candles were lighted. After the Blessed Sacrament was exposed I began the prayer, but my voice was so weak that I could scarcely be heard.

Suddenly, so great a brightness filled the church, that it obscured the light of nearly 200 wax candles. All the people rose and stood looking up at the altar to see the miracle which was taking place. rose and stood looking up at the attar to see the miracle which was taking place. A little girl of six years ex-claimed: "I see the little child." I commanded all to kneel and the child to

commanded all to kneel and the child to be silent. Immediately they all obeyed; they looked quietly, as if in ecstasy. What, then, had happened? In the pulpit I did not recite the words I had prepared: my introduction to the Act of Reparation was totally different. I of Reparation was totally different. I heard a voice whisper to me and dictate a development of the text of Isaias: "I have spread forth my hands all the day to an unbelieving people, who talk in a way that is not good after their own thoughts" (Rom. x: 21). "All the day long have I spread my hands to a people that helievath not and contradicteth

that believeth not and contradicteth My voice, up to then, so feeble, became so strong that in all my life I never preached with so much force. My former hoarseness altogether dis-appeared. No wonder, for it was as if, not I, but another spoke through my

Afterwards, wishing to write down what I had said in these moments, I could not. Whilst I quoted and commented on these words of Isaias, the face of a little child with fair hair was face of a little child with fair hair was seen in the Sacred Host exposed in the monstrance. At first it seemed only as big as the Sacred Host; then appeared also the little arms, and at last the whole body. It was as if the little child came out of the Sacred Host. Then it remained standing in front of the monstrance, having both little arms outstretched, and in a position as if willing to embrace the little children who were breeling at the foot of the altar.

to embrace the little children who were kneeling at the foot of the altar.

The little Child was radiant with heavenly splendor, but had the impression of the wounds in His hands and feet, out of which blood dropped down. His garment was beautifully white, but interwoven with purple flowers.

All the time I was speaking from the replicit to the neonlet (twenty minutes)

pulpit to the people (twenty minutes) the apparition remained visible. I asked the parish priest in my address to beg the little Jesus pardon himself and

his parish.

Up to then the priest had not see the miraculous little Child. He turned first to the parishioners, asking their pardon for all in which he might have offended them. Then he also saw his God standing as a little Child in front of the monstrance. He threw himself on the ground before the altar steps, trembling all over.

Then I told the children to ask Jesus'

pardon for their parents. They all stood up, stretched out their little arms,

stood up, stretched out their little arms, but could not repeat what I said. They seemed to be in ecstasy.

The others, however, as one man repeated everything I said. With solemn earnestness they renewed the bond of faithfulness with their God.

hand shook so much that he could not

Then it was seen that the Sacre Then it was seen that the Sacred Host rose by itself slowly and descended into the ciborium. The parish priest having closed it and replaced it in the tabernacle, went into the sacristy filled with awe and amazement.

The people would not leave the church; they did so only after my formal command. But the aiter attracted them, so much that they went out.

ed them, so much that they went out keeping their faces turned to it. Late in the evening the bells were rung as on the preceding night, to admonish those living in enmity soon to make peace with their neighbors and, behold, all the people of the town of Manzaneda went in a body to San Martin, asked to see the parish priest, and, there are their leves they implered narrows. falling on their knees, they implored par-don for the offenses given to him, and asked him at the same time to come

asked him at the same time to come back and live again in their town.

The next morning at the usual hour, I went to say Holy Mass, but I had the greatest difficulty in approaching the altar, the children having crowded around it.

A youth of nineteen stood crying bitter-A youth of nineteen stood crying bitterly, he had the day before, as well as the others, seen the Divine Child; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, he had not succeeded in seeing its lovely face. All the parishioners without a single exception came to confession and took part in the general Communion on the closing day. Even many from outside were auxious to receive Holy Communion at the miraculous altar of San Martin.

On the last day I had a solemn Te Deum sung in thruksgiving for the conversion of the parish. At the moment I intoned the Te Deum before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, suddenly the Child

intoned the Te Deum before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, suddenly the Child Jesus appeared again in the Sacred Host—as eight days before—under the appearance of a little boy of six years. The only difference was this: He no longer had the marks of the wounds in His hands and feet, nor the purple flowers in His garment. His look indicated joy. When the last verse of the Te Deum was sung the apparition coased.

In perpetual remembrance of this marevent the Child Jesus was represented on the Mission Cross, in the san position as He had shown Himself on the

The Bishop of Astorga sent the Arch-The Bishop of Astorga sent the Arch-priest, Don Antonia Fato, and the Epis-copal Notary, Thomas de Barrio, to Manzaneda to examine witnesses on oath; and that there remained not the slightest doubt about the reality of the apparition and its circumstance

The evidence given by a little girl, Eudoxis Vegar deserves to be mentioned. Eudoxis vegar deserves to be mentioned: She had cried out in the church: "I see the little child." To make the enquiry the two named above went with the parish priest of the house of the child's parents Don Antonio Fato asked : "Tell me,

Eudoxia, what did you see that even The little one answered, "I saw a child on the altar."
"How did the child look like ?" and

"How did the child look like?" and, pointing to her little brother, she added: "Was the child as ugly as he?"
"My brother," she replied, "is not ugly, but the child I have seen was very nuch more beautiful."

And then Eudoxia, only six years old,

And then Eudoxia, only six years old, began to extol the beauty of the Divine Child in the sublime words used by the Spouse of the Canticle to describe the beauty of her Bridegroom.

Suddenly the Notary interrupted her, asking: "Tell me now, whom do you think that little boy was?"

Eudoxia answered with great firmness, "Our Lord Jeans Christ, true God and

Our Lord Jesus Christ, true God and true Man. "But," he continued, you have seen

the Child in that little glass case ? "Yes, sir."
"But how is it possible that such a big child as your little brother can be herein?"

Eudoxia, "but neither can you gentle-Now the two doctors of theology began religious denomination.

With matters in this position, the to question her about the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament to see if she would not betray herself into some heresy. But on the contrary, they found that the little girl, who had not yet gone to school or to catechism, had since the moment of the apparition re-ceived a supernaturally infused science

about the Holy Eucharist.

A last trial Eudoxia had still to stand. Her parents were poor people. The Archpriest took his purse, produced ten pesos (about seven dollars and fifty cents), and asked: "Eudoxia, have you contain the people of ever seen so much money together? No sir.

"No sir."
"Now, that will all be yours if you de-clare that you saw nothing, if you say that all that is told about the apparition of that little child is untrue."

sell the truth for money. Keep that money to yourself, for I shall not tell a lie against the truth of God."

The Archpricat, Antonio Fato, who began his task with the greatest prejudice, after hearing all the witnesses, was see fully convinced that he could not so fully convinced, that he could not help weeping, hearing the children speak about the wonders of God in so subline a manner.

The man of Management of the children speak about the wonders of God in so subline a manner.

The men of Mazaneda started at once The men of Mazaneda Started at once
a Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, to adore in turns, day and night,
Jesus hidden in the Tabernacle.
To the Bishop of Astorga the greatest proof of the reality of the apparition

was that the entire parish, formerly animated with hatred against religion and priests, was suddenly changed into a plous people, full of enthusiasm for the Catholic Faith. To say all in few words in conclu-

sion:
Without the wonderful intervention of God the mission would have been a com-plete failure, for we could not have found ourselves in worse circumstances.

ourselves in worse orcumstances. We may safely conclude that God had in view the following ends:

To bring back the esteem for priests which people ought to have for them.

To reward the faith and love of children who prayed so fervently for the conversion of their parents.

Then I asked the parish priest to give the blessing with the Blessed Sacrement. At the same moment the apparition disappeared. Trembling and weeping he did it, but, wishing to put the Sacred Host into the olborium, his

THE LANCASTER BILL

FULL TEXT OF THE OPINION OF MR. JUSTICE ANGLIN OF THE SUPREME COURT

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK Under the Civil Law of Quebec at and after the Conquest the marriage of two Catholies could only take place in the presence of the curé of the contracting parties or of a priest author-ized by him or by the Bishop, and all priests were forbidden without such permission to celebrate any marriage other than between their true and ordinary parishioners. (Declaration of Louis XIII., 1639) In 1804 and again in 1821 statutes

were passed validating marriages which had been therefore solemnized before Protestant dissenting ministers and Justices of the Peace. In each of these acts it is expressly provided that they shall not extend to any future marriages As is very clearly pointed out by Mr. Justice Jette in Laramee v. Evans, the Act of 1827 authorizing clergymen of the Church of Scotland to keep marriage the Church of Scotland to keep marriage registers and to solemize marriages, and the subsequent Acts authorizing the ministers of various dissenting bodies to keep registers of baptisms, marriages and burials were all procured not with a view of affecting the position and rights of the Catholic Cherch and its clergy and laity, but because of the opinion maintained by Chief Justice Sewell, and generally asserted by the Anglican body, that clergymen of that church were alone competent to marry church were alone competent to marry Protestants. The purpose of the legis lation would appear to have been to re-lieve dissentating Protestant bodies from that disability by giving to the ministers of those denominations the legal right to keep registers and to solemnize marriage primarily if not ministers of those den

solely for the purposes of their respect-ive congregations.

In 1861 these Acts were consolidated in c. 20 of the Revised Statutes of Lower Canada. Sections 16 and 17 of that Act are as follows:

"16. The Protestant churches or congregations intended in the first section of this Act, are all churches and or with the Church of Scotland, and all regularl, ordained priests and ministers of either of the said churches have had and shall have authority validly to solemnize marriage in Lower Canada, and are and shall be subject to all the

provisions of this Act.
"17. This Act extends also to the several religious communities and de-nominations in Lower Canada, mentioned nominations in Lower Canada, mentioned in this section, and to the priests or ministers thereof, who may validly solemnize marriage, and may obtain and keep registers under this Act, subject to the provisions of the Acts mentioned with reference to each of them respectively, and to all the requirements, penalties and provisions of this Act, as if the said communities and denominations were named in the first section of this

Act. There follows a list of the various dissenting bodies which had special statutes.

special statutes.

I read these provisions as declaratory of the right of the ministers of the several religious bodies therein named (Anglican, Scotch and Dissenting) to solemnize within the limits of the territory for the solemnize within the limits of the territory for the solemnize within the limits of the territory for the solemnize within the limits of the territory for the solemnize within the limits of the territory for the solemnize within the limits of the territory for the solemnize within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the territory for the solemnized within the limits of the solemnized within the solemnized within the so tory for which they are authorized to keep registers, all marriages (subject to Article 64, C. C., and to the special limitation in the case of Quakers imposed by 23 V., C. 11) except those which the law by other provisions renders them incompetent to solemnize. This in my opinion, meets the objection so much insisted on at bar that, if the argument presented by Mr. Mignault should prevail there would be no provision in the Quebec law for the solemnization of marriages between dissenting Protestants of different religious beliefs, "That I do not understand," replied or for the marriage of infidels or pagans or of persons attached to no part

instructions to express in the Code the existing law. The report of those commissioners upon the portion of the Civil Code which deals with the subject of marriage contains the following pass-

ages:
"With the object of preserving to everybody the enjoyment of usages and practices according to which the celebration of marriage is entrusted to the ministers of the worship to which he belongs several provisions are in-serted in this title which although new in form nevertheless have their source and 'traison d'etre' in the spirit, it not in the letter, of our legislation. Since a change such as that operated by the Code Napoleon, which has secularized marriage and has entrusted the celebration of it as well as the keeping of registers to officers of a purely civil charac-ter without any intervention being required on the part of religious authorities seems in nowise desirable in this country it has become necessary to re-nounce the idea of establishing here in regard to the formalities of marriage uniform and detailed rules."

uniform and detailed rules."
The majority of the commissioners thus express their opinion:
"The publicity required by the first part of Article 128 is with the object of preventing claudestine marriages which are with good reason condemned by every system of law. An act so impor-tant which interests many others besides the parties themselves should not be kept accret and the best method of preare with good reason condemned by wenting that happening is to render obligatory the publicity of the celebration. The word 'openly' ('publiquement') has a certain elasticity which makes it preferable to any other, being susceptible of a greater or less extension it has been employed in order that it may lend itself to the different interpre-tations which the different churches and religious congregations in the province require to give it according to their require to usages and the rules which are peculiar to them from which it is desired in no way to derogate. All that has been sought is to prevent clandes-tine marriages. Thus, these marriages which shall have been celebrated in an open manner and in the place where they are ordinarily celebrated according to the usages of the church to which