

THE LITTLE SISTER WITH THE BLUE EYES

The ambulance gong rang noisily on the midnight air. The horse was clattered 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 sloping table in the operating room of the hospital.

While the dark blue eyes of the Sister were upon her patient, and at the first auspicious sign of drowsiness she was up again and resumed that dreadful walking.

As daylight drew nearer, their respective positions were gradually transferred. The patient was moved to a cot, while the woman little nun showed signs of weariness. But her resolution was indomitable. She made every effort to rouse the girl from her dejection.

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

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.

hand shook so much that he could not take the Sacred Host out of the monstrance.

THE LANCASTER BELL

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

Under the Civil Law of Quebec and after the Conquest the marriage of two Catholics could only take place in the presence of the curé of the contracting parties or of a priest authorized 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.

OUR LORD APPEARED IN THE HOST

A remarkable demonstration of the 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 following is the story of the miracle as given by Rev. Father Mariscal, C. S. S. R.

Mazanedas, 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 parishioners and the parish priest that the priest could no longer live in his own parish.

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.