

tyrannical landlords whose existence is but one among so many reasons why Home Rule is so necessary for the peace and happiness of Ireland, he went to England, and found employment, together with his father, in the immense railway works at Crewe in Staffordshire. He became a talented workman, but unfortunately he lost his Faith. However, he married a pious Catholic girl, and soon after obtained employment in the railway works at Inchicore. They had but one child, a bright little girl, who had been gifted with a prodigious memory. I called to see this unfortunate man one Sunday afternoon, but he treated me with the greatest insolence, and to prove his contempt for me, by his actions, as well as by his words, he never rose from his seat, nor asked me to be seated, and that which is regarded as unpardonable in an Irishman, he continued smoking his pipe until I took my departure. But although he had no love for God, in whom he did not believe, he simply adored his little girl, and was proud of exhibiting proofs of her extraordinary memory. Thus it happened that one day when some of his neighbours called in to see him, he told the child, who was only eight years old, to stand up on a chair and deliver the sermon which she had heard preached that morning. This was done, from beginning to end without missing a word, or omitting any action performed by the preacher. Those that now listened to the child, and who had also heard the priest in the pulpit, were amazed, but soon the tears were coursing down the cheeks of the poor father: and when the guests were leaving the house, he said to one of them "ask Father Fox will he come to visit me again. I want to beg him to forgive me for the way in which I received him not long ago, for I am ashamed to go to him myself." Of course I visited him; he became a true penitent; it was not long before he received his first communion; the branches of Infidels were completely broken up: and in the following year when a Confraternity was established, he who had been so active and efficient in the service of the devil, was elected to a prominent position in that pious Confraternity. Never were the words "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise" more literally fulfilled.

I have now finished my reminiscences of the commencement of the mission at

Inchicore. The neighbourhood underwent a complete transformation. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed to me by the board of railway directors, together with a perpetual free ticket for their own, and in course of time, for all the railways in Ireland, on account of the steadiness, sobriety, and application of their men who had been evangelized in our wooden chapel. The old priest-catcher's house has been pulled down, and a large and handsome edifice has been erected in its place, which goes by the name of the House of Retreat of Mary Immaculate. The wooden chapel still stands in its place, not merely as a relic of the pioneer days of the mission, but as a large and convenient hall for confraternities to assemble in, as well as for meetings concerts and the like. A spacious and beautiful Gothic church now supplies the spiritual wants of the numerous Catholics living in its neighbourhood. An excellent school house has also been built, and is well attended. The large grounds connected with the house have been laid out in the most tasteful style, and frequent processions take place there, especially on the Sundays in the month of Mary. One of the lay brothers has made a realistic copy of the grotto and shrine of our Lady of Lourdes. In these grounds there are also a devotional chapel in honour of St Joseph, and an altar built of shells from whence Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given during processions. On the antependium of this altar may be read these words, formed of shining pearl oyster shells: "Regina Concharum, ora pro nobis," respecting which Cardinal Cullen once humorously said that I had invented a new and unauthorised invocation for the Litany of Loreto. But the greatest attraction at Inchicore has always been its famous Crib. It is generally admitted that there is nothing outside Rome to be compared to this Crib. Tens of thousands flock to this large and beautiful representation of the Cave at Bethlehem every Christmas time, and many remarkable conversions have taken place, both among indifferent Catholics and those who were non-Catholics. To conclude, the history of the Mission of Mary Immaculate at Inchicore, and of her Children, the Oblate Fathers, has been but another proof of the truth of the language of the Royal Psalmist, "unless the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it."

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