

While the parents were engaged in prayer, their child seemed to be enjoying a slumber calmer and healthier than she had for several weeks ; and in this they saw the first symptom of recovering. It was late when they returned home, but the child still slept ; and next morning she was evidently better. In a few more days she was at her usual place by her mother's knee. She was now what is called in France *vouée a blanc*, clothed entirely, according to vow, in virgin white. And as she grew from day to day in sense and virtue, so was she looked upon by all the good people in the neighbourhood, as one dedicated to God and privileged by grace. Hence, by common accord, the place of honour seemed granted to her in church, the spot in the centre on which she had been laid in her sickness.

There, as she grew older, she would kneel immoveable for hours, and when at dusk the crowd of peasants who filled the oratory, in the dark costume of the country, formed a confused mass, her form, arrayed in dazzling white, in the full radiance of the mystic lamp, shone bright and clear as if fulfilling her father's prayer, and seemed itself to shed a light upon the darker objects around. In silent meditation and fervent prayer, in the soft glow of that sacred lamp, her heart, too, found delight. The glories of the evening sun, the clear splendour of the summer moon, had no charms for her, like to its mildened ray. It seemed to her to shed around a light so chaste and pure, as could brook thoughts none but the holiest and almost angelic ; nor could words, save the most warm and tender, bear to be breathed therein. Heavenly spirits seemed to bask in it, and cherubs were playing on the cloud of glory that hung around the flame. Nor was it to her eyes alone that this mysterious and symbolical light appeared so beautiful. With it there seemed to come music to her ears, voices whispering prayer in accordance with hers, songs subdued and tender, as of spirits striking softly upon golden harps. And it seemed to scatter ever the sweetest fragrance, a balm, an incense pure from every gross and earthly particle. In fine, no place to her appeared more closely allied to Heaven, and no situation raised her on wings of holy desire so gently from earth, as did that lonely sanctuary, enjoyed in the light of its own dear star.

It has been observed, that persons living much together, come to contract a certain resemblance to one another, so as to be often taken for near relations ; and so did many think, that by frequent and long kneeling before that beautiful image of the spotless Virgin Mother, with gaze intent upon it in that mild light, her features gradually moulded themselves into the same meek and modest ex-

pression, as though she were the living, as that was the lifeless portrait of the original.

To be continued.

[From P'Univers.]

THE POPE AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE.

We have received the following from Rome :— An important circumstance has taken place here recently which has produced a deep sensation, but it is, perhaps, as yet, but little known to strangers. It is known that the Venerable Archbishop of Cologne, Mgr Droste de Vischering, came to Rome last September. He had felt the need, after a long disputation, of coming and resting himself in the mother country, to seek there near to the common father of the faithful, consolation and enlightenment, and the latter seized, with paternal joy, the opportunity of giving to this Confessor of the Faith, a striking testimony of his high satisfaction. This testimony was not lost upon the illustrious Archbishop. He had hardly arrived when he was received by the Sovereign Pontiff with the greatest honours. It was wished to recompense in his person, religious courage, and it was done with that delicate tact, and that gracious attention, which is found so supremely at the Court of Rome. At the foot of the great staircase of the Vatican, the sedan-chair, which the holy father himself uses, awaited the Archbishop to bear him to the state-rooms. Arrived in the presence of the successor of St. Peter, he was immediately clasped in his arms, and the Head of the Church addressed these solemn words to him—" Spectaculum factus es mundo et angelis et hominibus proptur fidem, et firmitatem tuam." " You are become a subject of admiration for the world, for angels and men, on account of your firmness." Glorious words for the Venerable Archbishop ! Sweet and precious recompense, when it is remembered that the words of St. Paul, on the Apostles and Martyrs, are applied to him by the Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth. During this interview the holy father did not allow Mgr. of Cologne to kneel before him ; it was to his heart that he wished to press the noble defender of the interests of the faith and the truth. The greatest veneration surrounded the august voyager : all places and people vied with each other in the number of their testimonials : they congratulated themselves on his presence in Rome : they hoped that he would long sojourn there, that he would fix himself there. His approaching promotion was spoken of in all circles. Suddenly a report, which was spread amongst the faithful, surprised and afflicted them : Mgr. de Vischering thought of departing : his weakened health, it was said, could not endure the heat of the Italian climate. This rumour, at first vague and