

The worst part of it, putting aside the sin, is the misery it brings on all around them—the innocent victims of their selfish indulgence.

CHAPTER X.

Of course, during her husband's illness, Grace had often had the comfort of the help and company of her brother-in-law and his wife. They truly pitied the young wife, and did all in their power to assist her. After the last sad offices had been performed, they made her go back to Waterdale with them, the name of their home; and took also the nurse and baby, to be a comfort to Grace, who stayed some weeks with them, until it was necessary to go back to her own house.

She would have kept her boy with her, instead of sending him back, but as her husband had especially wished the child to remain for some longer time with the nurse, she did not like to make any alteration in the present plan, but promised herself that in a couple of months he should be with her for good.

Grace did not very much like the nurse; she had no real fault to find with the woman; but she saw that she herself was no favorite with her husband's foster-mother.

The truth was that Mrs. O'Brien had a large share of that falling in the Irish character yeople jealousy; and she had fancied that her nursing did not care for her now that he had the young wife. He did not go so often to see her, nor take "the little token," a smart ribbon or "the likes," as he used to do; so she was ready to take offence at anything Grace did or said.

During his illness, when she insisted upon staying one night to nurse him, she so completely put the wife aside, and wanted to do all for him herself, that Grace had firmly, though quietly, to assume her right place; and the woman was so exasperated that she suddenly appealed to the sick man, who, of course, could not but take his wife's part.

Nurse looked desperately, wickedly, at the "woman as has gone betwixt me and my own Master Edward, as I brought up from a weenshi babbie till he was ten years and more, he having no mother but myself; but I'll not forget it to you, be sure, young madam!" This scene caused great agitation to the sick man, and Grace had to beg Nurse O'Brien to leave the room, which she had to do, but as I before said, looking as if she would not forget the affront.

Another time, when she arrived to see poor Edward, Grace, before she admitted her, asked her not to notice the change that had taken place in his appearance; for, like many of her class, she was not very judicious in her remarks to the sick man, nor in failing to lament aloud "how he was wasting," &c. This gave her fresh offence; "as if she did not know how to speak to a sick man, indeed." So, in this temper, and whilst she was left to mind him for an hour or so, during which time Grace, quite worn out with fatigue and want of rest, went to lie down. Nurse asked Edward to exact a promise—indeed, to lay his commands upon his wife—that the child might be left with her some time longer, as the country air was the best for him; "and sure it will be my only comfort." She shrewdly guessed that Grace would be wanting to have the child with her when she had lost her husband. And so it was that Edward asked Grace to leave the child with Nurse.

CHAPTER XI.

Grace had been so absorbed in her melancholy duties in the sick room, that she had paid no attention to what was occupying every one's mind at the time, namely, that a rebellion was ripe, and that the French, who had been invited over by the malcontents, had promised to make a descent on Ireland, landing at Sligo Bay. Indeed, those friends who were admitted to see her or her sick husband, did not think the subject one to bring into the chamber of death. But now that she had leisure to receive friends, and to interest herself in extraneous matters, she heard with dismay that they, the French, were daily expected.

One morning Mr. O'Donnell came and paid her an early visit.

"I suppose, Grace, that you have heard all these terrible rumors about the French coming?"

"Yes, James, I have; but are they true?"

"Quite so, I fear; and that is the reason that I have come to see you so early. I am going to remove from Waterdale for a time, because, you see, it is too near the bay; and, being so well known, I shall be called upon to take one side or the other. Now, as I feel sure that this is a useless and a rash act—the English will be sure to drive the French away—I do not want to be mixed up in it; for, depend upon it, that all those who have taken part in this mad attempt will have their property confiscated, or have to pay heavy fines; or, at the very least, have the regiments quartered on them. On the other hand, I do not want to lose my hold on the people's affection by openly siding with the English, so I have determined to leave Waterdale—that is, shut it up—and go to my fishing-box on Lake Ina till all this trouble has passed. It will not look singular, as I often go there for months! Well, I came from my wife to say that you must come with us, for I promised poor Edward to be a father to you—therefore, cannot leave you behind. Will you be ready by to-morrow morning at ten?"

"Oh, James! and what about my little Ned?"

"Well, I have thought of that too; but it would not do to make much parade about our going; so I thought that, as he is safe enough for a day or two, until we get settled down there, I could send Brady (an old butler, long in the family) over for him. So, Grace, be ready—it would not be safe for you to remain here; and I have just called at your mother's, and told her that I would see to you. I find that she is going to Dublin with your aunt."

Receiving Grace's promise to be ready at the hour appointed, Mr. O'Donnell took his leave.

CHAPTER XII.

Although she had a great deal to do in packing away in the cellars, to hide them—all her valuables which she could not take with her—she found time to go on a car to see her little boy. He was well, and Nurse in a tolerably good humor. Still she could not account for the depression she felt, nor for the reason why she so often went back to have just one kiss more from her darling before she could make up her mind to leave him—still, she persuaded herself that it was natural that she should dislike going further away, even for a day or so, from her treasure! and then, too, she felt weary and excited after all the morning's fatigue.

She had once more turned to leave when the thought struck her that she would give Nurse O'Brien a hint that baby would be sent for very soon, and that shortly she should be taking her altogether to herself—in order that Nurse might be prepared to give him up without further opposition. So once more she took the boy in her arms, and putting his arms round her neck, she said:

"Good bye, baby! but soon mamma will send for her boy, and have him at home all to herself."

If she could have seen the start and scowl given by Nurse, she would not have gone away thinking how cleverly she had prepared Nurse for parting with little Teddie, as they called him—but would have wondered! and wondered! and yet, poor girl, never have guessed the evil thoughts and resolves she caused to rise in Nurse's jealous mind, nor the revengeful feelings that, having lain dormant so long, now awoke, as it were, to swift and deadly activity.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Mrs. Edward O'Donnell was fairly out of sight, Nurse—who had stood at the door, with the child, to watch her retreating figure—shook her finger menacingly after her, and said—

"Faith then, you shall not take him from me! His poor father gave him to me, and against your will, too; and don't I know it, milady, for Peggie, the maid, told me, so she did—but because she heard the dispute you had about it; and, sure on his dying bed, he said to you in my hearing, to leave the babe with me, for I should be kind to it—and so I will, the darlint—and so like his poor father as he is! But you shan't take him, however you think yourself mistress of me. And, to be sure, how is such a strip of a girl to know how to manage a big boy like this? What can you know about babbies? Mrs.—mistress, indeed!"

And Nurse O'Brien sat down, and cogitated over what she should do, and so deeply was she lost in thought, that she never heeded her daughter's entrance, nor her one or two attempts to get an answer to the question she was putting.

"Sure, mother, but then you must be asleep, baby and all!" and she came round in front of the chair her mother occupied, which caused the latter to start, saying—

"Katie, why do you come round one like that! Is it to startle me you did it?"

"Why, mother, I have been calling to you ever so often since I came in, and you did not answer me, so I came in front of you to see if you was asleep."

"Asleep! And what should I be going to sleep for at this time of day? Teddie is asleep if you will, so turn down his cot till I put him into it."

When she had done as desired, the daughter said—

"Sure then, mother, I've got something to tell you. As I was passing Mick Doolan's, the post, ye know, I, just to look grand, asked if there was a letter for us, and I was so tokened when he looked and said,—'Well, yez, to be sure there is; you were expecting it, may be.' I did not let on to him how surprised I was, but took it, and told him I would bring the price to him the morrow."

"A letter! and sure who is it from? Open it, can't you, and read it for me, instead of standing there twiddling it about in your fingers that way."

The young woman did as she was bid, and sat down to read the letter, after taking great pains in the opening it, "for fear, to be sure, of tearing it too much."

"Now, what I am going to tell you, I know, will appear as if I had made it up just to suit my story. But have you never, reader, been perfectly astounded at finding that some one will speak, some one will act, as if they know what you were thinking about, or what your requirements were, just at the very time you wanted help? I am sure, that have you lived as long as I have, you must have often been struck by this strange coincidence.—Whether it was an angel of light, or of darkness, that came to Nurse O'Brien's assistance, adjusting the difficulty she felt in, I shall leave you to decide for yourself; but, for my part, I cannot think the assistance which came so opportunely to her, and helped her to carry out her cruel plan, could have come but from one source!

To be very polite to him, I must say that "the old gentleman" cares for his own! and makes them opportunities!

Katie read out as follows:—

"MY DEAR COUSIN,
"I am getting old, and very sick! so if you've nothing to keep you—come, and you'll be welcome! You can bring Katie and her child, for I suppose her husband is still away. Come soon.
"It is Tim Doughty who writes this."

"MARY DWYER."

(To be Continued.)

The United States have 5000 telegraph stations 75,000 miles of line, over 7000 operators, and transmit over 11,500,000 messages annually.

An Indianapolis paper says: There are at present, by actual count, but fourteen young men in the city who part their hair in the middle. One year ago they numbered two hundred, but death and the lunatic asylum have cut down their number to the present figure.

When bad men combine, the good must associate.

FATHER BURKE'S SERMON.

"The Month of Mary."

ORIGIN OF THE DEVOTIONS OF THE MONTH OF MARY.

(From the N. Y. Irish American.)

The following beautiful discourse on the devotion of the Month of May, as observed in the Catholic Church, was delivered by Father Burke in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrers, New York:—

We are commencing this evening the devotions to the blessed Virgin, to which the Church invites all her children during the month of May. The faithful at all seasons invoke the mercy of God through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mother. But more especially during this sweet month, the opening of the beautiful year, does our Holy Mother invite our devout thoughts and prayer to the Mother of God, and put before us the Blessed Virgin's claims and titles to our veneration and love. Guided by this Catholic instinct and spirit, we are assembled here, this evening, my dear brethren, and it is my pleasing duty to endeavour to unfold before your eyes the high designs of God which were matured and carried out in Mary. And first of all I have to remark to you, as I have done before—that in every work of God we find reflected the harmony and the order which is the infinite beauty of God himself. The nearer any work of His approaches Him in excellence, in usefulness, in necessity, the more does that work reflect the beauty and harmony of God, who created it. Now, dearly beloved, the highest work that ever God made—that it ever entered into His mind to conceive—or that He ever executed by His omnipotence—was the sacred humanity, or the human nature of Jesus Christ; and, next to Him, in grandeur, in sanctity, of necessity, is the institution of, or the creation of the Holy Catholic Church of God. When, therefore, we come, as pious children of the Church, to examine her doctrines, to meditate upon her precepts, to analyze her devotions, we naturally find ourselves at once in the kingdom of perfect harmony and order. Everything in the Church's teaching harmonizes with the works of the human intelligence; everything in the Church's moral law harmonizes with the wants of man's soul. Everything in the Church's liturgy, or devotions, harmonizes with man's imagination and sense, in so far as that imagination and sense help him to a union with God. And so, everything in the Church's devotion harmonizes with the nature around us, and within us, and with that reflection of nature in its highest and most beautiful form, which is in the spirit and in the genius of the Blessed Virgin Mary. I remember, once speaking with a very distinguished poet—one of a world-wide reputation, and honorable name—a name which is a household word wherever the English language is spoken—and he said to me, "Father, I am not a Catholic, yet I have no keener pleasure, or greater enjoyment, than to witness Catholic ceremonial, to study Catholic devotion, to investigate Catholic doctrines—nor do I find," said he, "in all that nature, or the resources of intellect open before me, greater food for poetic and enthusiastic thought than that which is suggested to me by the Catholic Church."—And so, it is not without some beautiful reason—some beautiful, harmonious reason—that the Church is able to account for every iota, and every tittle of her liturgy, and of her devotions.

And, now, we find the Church, upon this, the first of May, calling all her pious and spiritual-minded children, and telling them, that this month is devoted, in an especial manner, to the Blessed Virgin Mary. What month is this, my dearly beloved? It is the month in the year when the Spring puts forth all its life, and all the evidences of those hidden powers that lie latent in this world of ours. You have all seen the face of nature at Christmas time, during Lent, even at Easter-time, this year,—and looking around you, it seemed as if the earth was never to produce a green blade of grass again. You looked upon the trees, no leaf gave evidence there of life. All was lifeless, all was barren, and all was dried up. And to a man who opened his eyes but yesterday, without the experience of past years, and of past Summers, it would seem to him as if it were impossible, that this cold, and barren, and winter-stricken earth could ever burst again into the life, the verdure, the beauty, and promise of Spring. But the clouds rained down the rain of heaven, and the sun shone forth with the warmth of spring, and suddenly all nature is instinct with life. Now the corn-fields sprout and tell us that in a few months they will teem with the abundance of the harvest. Now, the meadow, dried up and burned, and withered, and yellow, and leafless, clothes itself with a green mantle, robing lull and dale with the beauty of nature, and refreshing the eye of man and every beast of the field that feeds thereon. Now the trees that seemed to be utterly dried, and sapless, and leafless, and motionless, save so far as they swayed sadly to and fro to every winter blast that passed over them—are clothed with the fair young buds of spring, most delicate and delightful to the eye and to the heart of man, promising in the little leaf of to-day the ample spread and the deep shade of the thick summer foliage that is to come upon them. Now, the birds of the air, silent during the winter months, begin their song. The lark rises on his wing to the upper air; and, as he rises, he pours out his song in ether, until he fills the whole atmosphere with the thrill of his delicious harmony. Now, every bud expands, and every leaf opens, and every spray of plant and tree, sends forth its Spring-song, and baits with joy the Summer, and all nature is instinct with life. How beautiful is the harmony of our devotion and our worship—how delicate, how natural, how beautiful the idea of our Holy Mother, the Church, in selecting this month—this month of promise—this month of Spring—this month of gladness—of serene sky and softened temperature—this month opening the Summer, the glad time of the year, and dedicating it to her who represents, indeed, the order of grace, the Spring-time of man's redemption; opening the Summer of the sunshine of God, the first sign of the purest life that this earth was able to send forth under the eyes of God and man! Oh, how long and how sad was the winter!—the winter of God's wrath—the winter of four thousand years, during which the sunshine of God's favor was shut out from this world by the thick clouds of man's sin, and of God's anger! How sad was that winter that seemed never to be able to break into the genial spring of God's grace, and of His holy favor and virtue again! No sunbeam of divine truth illumined the face of the spiritual world for these four thousand years. The earth seemed dead and accursed, incapable of bringing forth a single leaf of such beauty that it might be fit to be culled by the loving hand of God. But when the Summer-time was about to come—when the thick clouds began to part—the clouds of anger, the clouds of sin—the cloud of the curse was broken and rent asunder, and gave place to the purer cloud of mercy and of grace, that bowed down from heaven overlaid with the rain and dew of God's redemption. Then the earth moved itself to life in the sunshine, and the first flower of hope, the first fair thing that this earth produced for four thousand years, in the breaking of Winter, before the Summer, in the promise of Spring was the immaculate lily, the fairest flower that bloomed upon the root of Jesse, and in its bloom sent forth pure leaves; and so fragrant were they, that their sweet odor penetrated heaven, and moved the desires of the Most High God to enjoy them, according to the word of the prophet, "Send forth flowers as the lily, and yield a sweet odor, and put forth leaves unto grace." So bright in its opening was this spiritual flower—the first flower of earth—that even the eye of God, looking

down upon it, could see no spot or stain upon the whiteness of its unfolding leaves. "Thou art all fair, my Beloved!" He exclaimed, "and there is no spot or stain upon thee." And this flower—this Spring flower—this sacred plant—that was to rear its gentle head, unfold its white leaves, and show its petals of purest gold, was Mary, who was destined from all eternity to be the mother of Jesus Christ. She was the earth's Spring, full of promise, full of beauty, full of joy; she was the earth's Spring that was to be the herald of the coming Summer, and of the full, unclouded light of God's own sun beaming upon her. And, just as the little leaf that comes forth in the cornfield to-day, holds in its tiny bosom the promise of the full ear of wheat, bending its rich, autumnal head, the staff of life to all men, so Mary's coming, from the beginning, was a herald and a promise of His appearance upon the earth—was the announcement that that little plant was to grow and endure, until it was to be crowned with the purity of God, and to bring forth the bread of life, the manna of heaven, the bread of angels, Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer, the Word made flesh.

How well, therefore, dearly beloved brethren, how well does not this fair spring month of May, this opening of the summer of the year, testify in nature what Mary was in the order of grace. And just as the Almighty God clothes this month in the order of nature with every beauty, fills the fields with fragrance, cloths the hill-sides with the varied garb of beauty that nature puts forth, so tender, so fair in its early promise, so, also, the Almighty God clothed the spring—the spiritual spring of man's redemption which was Mary, in every form of religious beauty, and robed her in every richest garb of divine loveliness of which a creature was capable; so that every gift in God's hand that a human creature was capable of receiving, Mary received. For, in her the word of my text was fulfilled. It was a strange promise, beloved; a strange and a startling word that came from the inspired lips of the Psalmist, as he said speaking of his chosen: "I have said: 'You are Gods, and all of you the sons of the Most High.'" That word was never fulfilled until the Son of the Most High became the son of a woman. This was the meaning of St. Augustine, when he says: "God came down from heaven in order that He might bring man from earth to heaven, and make him even as God." Thus it was that man, in the Child of Mary, united with God, became the son of the Most High. Thus it was, that, in virtue of the union of the human and divine which took place in Mary, we have all received, by the grace of adoption the faculty to become children of God. "But to as many as received Him," says St. John, "to them did He give the power to be made the sons of God."

And this was the essential mission, the inherent idea of Christianity—to make men the sons of God: to make you and me the sons of God by infusing into us the spirit of Jesus Christ, and bringing forth in our lives, and in our actions, and in our thoughts, and in our inner souls, as well as in the outer man, the graces and glorious gifts that Jesus Christ brought down to our humanity in Mary's womb. Never has this idea been lost to the Catholic Church. My friends and brethren, you are living now in the midst of strangers. You hear the wildest theories pronounced every day in philosophy, in science; but in nothing are the theories or the vagaries of the human mind so strange as when they take the form of religious speculation or religious doubt. The notion prevalent among all men outside of the Catholic Church now-a-days is, that man has within him, naturally, without the action of God, without the action of Christ, the seeds of the perfection of his life; that, by his own efforts, and by his own study, and by what is called the spirit of progress, a man may attain to the perfection of his own being without God, and become all that God intended him to become. That notion is antagonistic and destructive of the very first vital principle of Christianity. The vital principle of Christianity is this: the Son of God came down from heaven and became man, and the child, the true child, of a woman, in order that mankind, in Him, might be able to clothe itself with His virtues, and so become like God. And in that likeness to God lies the whole perfection of our being; and the end of Christianity is to bring every sufficient agency to bear upon man; and to make that man like to God; to make him as the Son of God. "I have said, 'Ye are Gods, and all of you sons of the Most High!'"

God is a God of truth. Man must be a man of truth in order to be like to God. God possesses the truth. He does not go seeking for it. He has it. He does not go groping, sophisticating, and thinking, and arguing in order to come at the truth. Truth is God Himself. And so in like manner, man, to be a child of God, must have the truth, and not look for it. God is sanctity and purity in Himself. Man must be holy and pure in order to be made the son of God. He must be free from sin in order to be like to God, the Father. He must have a power over his passions to restrain them, to be pure in thought, in word, and in action, in soul and in body, before he can be made like to the Son of God. And that religion alone which has the truth and gives it; which has grace and gives it; which touches sin and destroys it; which enables the soul to conquer the body; which holds up in her sanctuaries the types of that purity which is the highest reflection of the infinite purity of Jesus Christ—that religion alone can be the true religion of God. Every other religion is a lie. But the world is unable to believe this. Men compromise with their passions. Men go to a certain extent in satisfying their evil inclinations. Men refuse to accept the truth because the truth humbles them. Hence the Protestant maxim: "Read the Bible, and don't listen to any priest!" These Catholics are a priest-ridden people. Whatever the priest says in the church is law with the Catholics. They refuse the humility of this. They won't take the truth. They must find it for themselves; and the man who seeks it, by the very fact of seeking it shows he is not the son of God. I say this much because, my dear friends, I wish you to guard against the wild, reckless spirit that is abroad in the world to-day; I wish to guard you in your fidelity to the Church of God, your mother, in your fidelity to her teaching, in your fidelity to her sacraments; that word that she puts on my lips and such as me—that sacramental grace that she puts into the hands of the priest for you; these are the elements of your salvation; these are the means by which every one of you may become the child of God; and there is no perfection, no scheme of perfection, no secret of success, no plan of progress outside of this that is not an institution of the enemy, a delusion, a mockery, and a snare. And all this we get through Mary, because Mary was the chosen instrument in the hands of God to give Him that human nature in which man was made even like to the Son of God. Mary's coming upon the earth, therefore, was a spring-time of grace. Mary's appearance in this world was like the morning star when, in the morning, after the darkness and tempest of the night, the sailor, standing upon the prow of the ship, looks around to find the eastern point of the horizon, and he sees, suddenly rising out of the eastern wave, a silver star, beautiful in its pure beauty, trembling as if it were a living thing. And he knows that there is the east, for this is the morning star. He knows that precisely in that point, in a few moments, the sun will rise in all its splendor, and he knows that that sun is coming because the herald that proclaims the sun has risen. The morning star proclaims to the wild wanderer on the deep, in the eastern horizon, the advent of the coming day. So with us, upon the wild and angry waves of sin and of error, and of God's anger and curse, our poor humanity shipwrecked in the garden of Eden,—our poor humanity, without even the wreck left to us of the sacrament of penance; our poor humanity, groping in the sacrifices and in the oblations of the world for the love of God, the

Redeemer, the day-star whose light was to illumine the darkness of the world—beholds, suddenly, the morning star rise, the pale, trembling, silver beauty of Mary! Then it was known that speedily, and in a few years, the world would behold its Redeemer, and mankind would be saved in the fullness of Mary's time. Therefore it is, that she enters so largely into the scheme and plan of redemption, that the Almighty God willed that, even as the name of Jesus Christ was to be made known to all men, was to be glorified of all men, was to be proclaimed as the only name under heaven by which man was to be saved; so, also, side by side with this purpose of God's declaration of the glory of His divine Son, came the prophecy of Mary, from the same spirit, that wherever the name of Jesus Christ was heard and revered, that there, and to the ends of the earth, all generations were to call her blessed. "He that says, 'Wherefore, behold, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.'"

And now, my friends, going back to the fountain-head of our Christianity, going back to the earliest traditions of the Church of God, examining, with the light of human scrutiny, her spirit, as manifested in the earliest documents she presents us with, does not every man find that wherever the true religion of Christ was propagated, wherever there was the genius and the instinct of faith that adored Jesus Christ, there came the follow-instinct and genius that loved, and revered, and venerated, and honored the woman who was His mother. If every other proof of this was wanting, there is one proof—a most emphatic proof—and it is this: that whilst the blessed Virgin Mary was yet living, during the twelve years that elapsed before her assumption into heaven, a religious order was organized in the Catholic Church, devoted to the veneration, and the love, and the honor of the Blessed Virgin. A religious order dating from the earliest times of the prophets—a religious order founded by the sons of the prophets, under the Jewish dispensation, was converted to Christianity, and at once banded itself together and called itself "The Brethren of our Lady of Mount Carmel." No sooner was our Lady assumed into heaven, than these men spread themselves through Palestine and through the East, and the burden of their teaching and their devotion was the glory of the Mother of God; the woman who brought forth the Man-God, Jesus Christ. No sooner was the Gospel preached than the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary spread with the rapidity of thought, of sentiment, and of love through all distant parts; and when, five hundred years later, a man rose up and denied that Mary was the Mother of God, we read that when the Church assembled at Ephesus in general council, the people came from all the surrounding countries, and the great city of Ephesus was overcrowded with the anxious people, all waiting for the result of the deliberations, and all praying; and when at last the Council of the Holy Church of God put forth its edict, declaring that Mary was the true Mother of God, we read of the joy that came from the people's hearts, the cry of delight that rang from their lips, the "All Hail" that they gave to you, Mother in Heaven, spread throughout her universal Church, and never, among the many conclusions of her councils for eight hundred years, never did the Holy Catholic Church give greater joy to the children, than when she proclaimed, in the fifth century, that Mary was the Mother of God, and, in the 19th century, that Mary was conceived without sin.

It was at the beginning of this present century that this devotion of the Month of Mary sprang up in the Roman Catholic Church; and the circumstances of its origin are most wonderful. Some twenty years ago, or thereabouts, a little child—a poor little child—scarcely come to reason, on a beautiful evening in May, knelt down, and began to lip with childish voice the Litany of the Blessed Virgin before the image of the Child in the arms of the Madonna in one of the streets of Rome. One little child in Rome, moved by an impulse that we cannot account for—apparently a childish freak—knelt down in the public streets and began saying the litany that he heard sung in the church. The next evening he was there again at the same hour, and began singing his little litany again. Another little child, a little boy, on his passage, stopped, and began singing the responses. The next evening three or four other children came, apparently for amusement, and knelt before the same image of the Blessed Virgin, and sang their litany. After a time—after a few evenings—some pious women, the mothers of the children, delighted to see the early piety of their sons and daughters, came along with them, and knelt down, and blended their voices in the litany; and the priest of a neighboring church, said: "Come into the church, and I will light a few candles on the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and we will all sing the litany together." And so they went into the church; they lighted up the candles, and knelt, and there they sang the litany. He spoke a few words to them of the Blessed Virgin, about her patience, about her love for her Divine Son, and about the dutiful veneration in which she was held by her Son. From that hour the devotion of the month of May spread throughout the whole Catholic world; until within a few years, wherever there was a Catholic church, a Catholic altar, a Catholic priest, or a Catholic to hear and respond to the litany, the month of May became the month of Mary, the month of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Is not this wonderful? Is not this perfectly astonishing? How congenial it was to the soil saturated with the Divine grace through the intelligence, as illumined by Divine knowledge and Divine faith! Does it not remind you of that wonderful passage in the Book of Kings, where the prophet Elias went up into the mountain-top, when for three years it had not rained on the land, and the land was dried up; and he went up on the solitary summit of the mountain, there to breathe a prayer to God to send rain upon the land. Whilst he was praying in a cave in the rock, he told his servant to stand upon the summit of the mountain, and to watch all round, and to give him notice when he saw a cloud. The servant watched, and returned seven times "and at the seventh time behold a little cloud arose out of the sea like a man's foot . . . and while he turned himself this way and that way behold the heavens grew dark with clouds and wind, and there fell a great rain."

The word "Mary," means the sea—the star of the sea. A few years ago, a cloud of devotion, no larger than the foot of a little child, in Rome, was seen, and whilst men looked this way and that way, it spread over the whole horizon of the Church of God, and over the whole world, and then, breaking into a rain of grace and intercession, it brings an element of purity, and grace, and dignity, and every gift of God to every Catholic soul throughout the world. Oh! when I think of the women that I have met in the dear old land of Faith!—the women oppressed from one cause or from another!—some with sickness in the house; some with, perhaps, a disolute son; some with a drunken husband; some with the fear of some great calamity, or of poverty, coming upon them; some apprehensive of bad news from those that they love;—how often have I seen them coming to me in the month of May, just in the beginning, and brightening up, thank God, and say, the month is come! I know, she in Heaven will pray for me, and that my prayers will be heard!—And I have seen them so often coming before the end of the month, to tell me with the light of joy in their eyes, that the Mother heard their prayers, and that their petitions were granted; then was I reminded of that mysterious cloud that broke out in the heavens, and rained down the saving rain.—One have I before me—one whom I knew and loved—a holy nun who, for more than fifty years, had served God in angelic purity, and in heroic sacrifice.