

road, and told them of the state in which I was left. At eleven o'clock there was a thundering knock at the gate, and on opening it I found my friend and his companions again there, but they had brought with them a cart-load of furniture which they had borrowed from house to house. After making everything as comfortable as possible they again left me, and returned to their several homes. I mention the above incident as a proof of the wonderful charity with which we were welcomed in our newly founded mission at Inchicore.

It was not long, only ten weeks, before two Fathers and a lay brother were sent to me by Father Cooke, so that we formed a small but happy community. One of these fathers was Father Richard, who was appointed the first Superior. He died a holy death in the following year, and was buried in the cemetery adjoining the chapel. In this same cemetery lie the remains of Father Ryan, a former Rector of the College at Ottawa.

It can easily be imagined that, in the hurry in which the roof of the chapel was finished, especially as the men were working for two hours after dark, a great many nails were wasted, a great many holes were made in the wood that allowed the rain drops to filter through them, and moreover, that the heat of the sun had caused the boards to shrink, so that a shower of rain was not considered to be any aid to devotion if it occurred during Mass or Vespers. In fact it was absolutely necessary, now that the rainy season in early winter had commenced, to have the roof of the church slated. I applied for contracts and found that this could not be accomplished under £70. But how was this large sum of money to be obtained? Surely by a charity sermon. I therefore announced one Sunday in November that on the following Sunday a sermon would be preached on "Rain," and a collection made for the purpose of slating the chapel. I secured the prayers, during that week, of as many pious people as I could communicate with, (more especially of old women and young children, in whose petitions I have always had the liveliest faith,) that next Sunday, the day for the rainy sermon, should be a wet day. To our great disappointment, the day was a glorious one, the sun was shining as it had not shone for many weeks, and the fineness of the day had tempted an unusual number of Dublin Catholics to come and see the wonderful

chapel at Inchicore, that was in everybody's mouth, as having been built within a few hours. I was the celebrant of the Mass, as well as the preacher, and I must confess that my spirits were considerably damped by the absence of rain, and I feared that the strangers at least would go home convinced that my appeal was altogether uncalled for, after having given, or perhaps not given, their donations accordingly. But I had not been long preaching before a change came in the weather, the sun was hidden behind a black cloud, down came torrents of rain, up went my spirits, and those of my sympathisers, and from the altar to the door, up went the umbrellas also in the hands of all those who were fortunate enough to possess them. The sermon was over, the collection was made, the mass was finished, and the congregation dispersed with light hearts for the sun was again shining out brilliantly: but I venture to assert that no heart was lighter, nor more grateful than mine, for when the collection for the offertory was counted after mass, it was found that it amounted to exactly £70: and I need not add that the slating of the roof of the chapel was commenced on the following day. For years afterwards this appeal was spoken of as "the miraculous sermon for rain." During the ten weeks that I was left in sole charge of the dwelling-house, I used to make several trips in the day to Dublin, on what is well known as an Irish jaunting car, and bring home with me various articles of furniture, which were visible to all, such as tables, chairs, bedsteads, brooms, mops, frying-pans, kettles, etc., and the goodwill and personal interest of those that dwelt by the roadside of that drive of a mile or more, would be manifested by their leaving their houses, and cheering me until I was out of sight and hearing; but as this was repeated at every house, it was like a triumphant drive during the whole route. One circumstance may be mentioned here as a proof that this permanent Mission of the Oblate Fathers was the work of Almighty God. I have already said that there were bands of professed infidels among the railway employees. There was a leader to each gang, but the leader of the Voltaire branch was recognized as the chief or president of all. This man was a baptized Catholic from the West of Ireland, but his religion began and ended there. As a mere boy, after the eviction of his parents by one of those