

your Gon" "Oh! creature of Christ Jesus crucified," she continued, in a voice so sweet and soft, it was music only to sit and hear it; and rising, she held up the crucifix before his eyes, "can you behold him as he thus hung upon the cross, His sacred body torn, His spirit wounded because of your transgressions; can you see Him thus, and still offend Him, by the sin of despair?"

Even as the rod of Moses brought waters from the living rock, so did the sight of that holy image soften the hardness of the sinner's heart. He sunk back upon his pillow, and gazed wistfully upon the Crucifix; but then again he closed his eyes, and muttered between his teeth "Judas, Judas."

"Judas," resumed the nun, "betrayed his Master; yet, had he repented, he had even then found mercy. It was the sin of despair which made it better for him that he had never been born. One there was," she added, and her voice grew softer and sweeter, as if the deep love in her soul had found a voice and spoken, "one there was, who anointed his feet at the pharisee's supper, who followed him step by step on his way to mount Calvary, who knelt at the foot of the Cross during the three long hours of his agony, who shared the fervour of his last looks on earth, with his sinless Mother, and his virgin disciple. Magdalen was her name. She had betrayed her master many times; but many sins were forgiven her, because she loved much."

There was silence in the room, only broken by the sinner's sobs. Sister Agnes placed the crucifix on his bosom. "Wear it round your neck and in your heart," she said, "and take also the image of Mary." She placed a medal in his hands. "She is the refuge and hope of sinners: entreat her to pray

for you, and think not that Jesus will be deaf to his Mother's voice, when she asks him to pardon the creature for whom he once designed to die."

The priest, who had been sent for from the convent, now entered the room. Agnes was preparing to depart, when the door once more opened, and a young woman entered, who, on beholding the sacred character of those surrounding the sick man, paused, in a mixture of shame and fear. She was young, but the freshness of youth was no longer on her cheek. She had been handsome, and the sad remains of beauty lingered round her face and form. Her countenance might once have been full of innocent goodness; for even now it was not an expression of boldness, but of most reckless despair which betrayed the degraded sinfulness of the poor out-cast's life. The sick man saw her, and the keenest remorse was on his face as he said:

"Stay, holy Sister! and reverend Father say, what hope of pardon can you give the wretch who sold his child to a life of crime?"

An unearthly shriek interrupted his words. The girl had remained standing in the middle of the room; but on hearing these words, she advanced rapidly to his bed, and falling on her knees, she exclaimed wildly:

"Father!—father, do not say so! Oh! anything but that. Do not say that you bartered me for gold!

The man wept aloud.

"Do not curse me—child! Do not curse me before I die."

(To be continued.)