

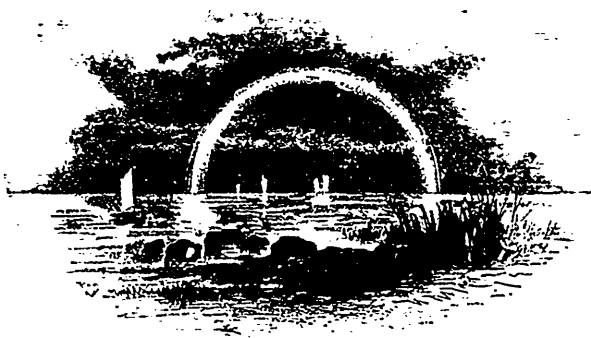
alleys no pen can depict—was lately visited by an outbreak of smallpox. Secure from the disease herself by past suffering, she spent her days and nights in ministering to the sick, aided in this pious work by a band of holy women of the Roman Catholic faith, and by such hired nurses as her purse could command.

"For six weeks she laboured without respite, scarcely allowing herself time for food or sleep; and when my itinerant ministry brought me to

Limerick I found her marked for death.

"Her senses came back to her within an hour of the last change. She knew me and received the sacrament from my hand.

"I had been kneeling by her bedside in silent prayer for some time, her marble hand clasped in mine, when she cried out suddenly, 'Husband, I have kept my vow,' and looking upward with a seraphic smile, her spirit passed into eternity."



#### WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE?

What poor weeping ones were saying  
Eighteen hundred years ago,  
We the same weak faith betraying,  
Say in our sad hours of woe;  
Looking at some trouble lying  
In the dark and dread unknown,  
We, too, often ask with sighing,  
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Thus with care our spirits crushing,  
When they might from care be free  
And in joyous song outgushing,  
Rise, with rapture, Lord, to Thee  
For before the way was ended,  
Oft we've had with joy to own,  
Angels have from heaven descended,  
And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm-cloud sweeping o'er us,  
Never pours on us its rain;  
Many a grief we see before us,  
Never comes to cause us pain;  
Ofttimes in the feared to-morrow  
Sunshine comes - the cloud has flown;  
Ask not then in foolish sorrow,  
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Burden not thy soul with sadness,  
Make a wiser, better choice;  
Drink the wine of life with gladness -  
God doth bid thee, man, rejoice.  
In to-day's bright sunshine basking,  
Leave to-morrow's fears alone;  
Spoil not present joys by asking,  
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Hope not sunshine every hour,  
Fear not clouds will always lour.

*Burns.*