

that many colored Catholics did not frequent the Parish church on Sundays and Holidays ; but it happened that this little Catholic cottage was perched in the very centre of what may be called a Baptist and Methodist camp ground, fully fourteen miles from the priest's house, which was at their principal mission near the county seat, Marlborough, known in history as the birth-place of the Photo-Bishop Carrol. In short, everything favored a lukewarm or nominal Catholicity, if not speedy apostasy since no priest could attend St. Mary's more frequently than once a fortnight.

At one of these visits an urgent sick call from the little cottage reached the priest, just in time to save the messenger a father journey of fourteen miles. Off at once the priest started arriving at the cottage at nine o'clock. The last mile had to be truded on foot. Up to the ankles in slush and mud, the priest bearing the Blessed Sacrament approached the house. But what a scene presented itself to his eyes.—The whole family, the sick mother excepted out of doors on their knees in the mud, hands clasped, heads bowed, not a syllable to break the sublime stillness ! With an eye of divine faith they saw the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, coming, and, forgetting even themselves, fell prostrate in the mud before Him.

The priest was moved to tears. Who could witness that scene without emotion ? And yet a more touching sight remained to be witnessed, which defied all efforts at self-possession. Coming to the door, what was his surprise to find the damp, clay floor from the threshold to the sick bed carpeted with new shawls, and the whole sick room wainscotted with sheeting newly washed and ironed, rivalling the snowflake in its whiteness and purity ! Barrels of flour, potatoes, tables, trunks and boxes—everything, in short, that was not in keeping with the best articles of furniture, they had covered with the same upholstery. In vain he motioned to have the shawls lifted up, and for some moments stood outside the door ; but not a hand touched them till he had picked his muddy steps as well as he could past them, and deposited the Blessed Sacrament on the table.