

ject he narrated a most touching example of female heroism. There was a pause in the public works which grow out of that political economy after whose operation a million of the Irish race died before the world, and a poor man, the father of seven children, on finding every possible means of sustenance exhausted, said, in his agony, to his wife, "To morrow I will send my children to this school. They will get bread and clothing. I will die myself, but I can not see my children die." The wife begged a day, hoping that some means of relief would arise. On the next evening the father said, "Well, to morrow ; I must not see my poor children die." The third day passed and the father said "I will not stand it longer. The children must go to this school to morrow." The mother seeing that his resolutions could not be changed, said, "As it must be so, and I cannot prevent it, leave the girls to me and you take the boys." The father consented and the mother and the girls went to bed together that night with the thought that they should never rise again. In the morning at five o'clock a steamer appeared in the bay (they lived on the west coast of Ireland,) the public works were resumed, credit was restored and they obtained a sufficiency of food. Some seven years afterwards he paid a visit to this noble mother of the Machabees, and asked her how she was faring after all her sufferings. She answered, "Do you see that corn-field, and that horse and cart ? These are mine. Do you see that other corn-field ? That is mine. Do you see that cow and sheep ? These also are mine. The Lord has blessed us with plenty." He asked how she felt on the night when she lay down to die with her daughters around her. With sublimity of a martyr she said humbly, "We said the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin as