

tract him, but I found him fully instructed, though he had never read a Catholic work, having always had a horror of such books. Indeed, so great was his horror of them, that if he saw one he would move away from it as from a venomous viper. He, at the moment the rays of light issued from the cross, received intuitively a perfect knowledge of the Christian doctrine, and he could not only answer my questions on Catholic articles of faith, but explained them fully and clearly. He begged most earnestly to be regenerated in the sacred laver of baptism. His request was granted without delay.

About this time, the Bishop, Dr. O'Brien, *en route* to Cappoquin, dined at the Presbytery in Dungarvan, but for fear of being too late to perform the ceremony for which he was called to Cappoquin next morning, he declined sleeping there. After much pressing, the Very Rev. Dr. Hally, parish priest, convinced him he would be in good time for his appointment in the morning, and he consented to remain. We recounted the particulars of Mulligan's extraordinary conversion to the Bishop, and he listened to them with the deepest interest. Scarcely had we seated ourselves at the dinner table, when the waiter informed me that a man who was in the hall begged earnestly to see me. I desired him to say I was at dinner, and that, as the Bishop presided, I did not like leaving the dining room ; I would, however, see him immediately after.

« He is aware of that, » said the waiter, « but he says he cannot wait, as he must be on duty this evening, and will only detain you a few minutes. »

I then said to the Bishop, « My lord, that poor man is outside, and seems most anxious to speak to me. He says he cannot wait ; may I go to see what he wants ? »