

running in the distance, and though worn out by previous fatigue he started in pursuit—hearing the sound of the Father's footsteps he darted down one lane and up another, doubling like a hare pursued by the hounds; but all to no purpose—fiendish were the passions which impelled the fier and heavenly was the passion which urged on the pursuer: Love is stronger than hatred, and at length Father L. overtook the man.

"Why do you pursue me?" he growled, almost gasping for breath; "I tell you it is at your peril; what have you to do with me—beware, this folly may cost you your life." "I can be of use to you," calmly replied the Father, "and I will not leave you." Uttering a tremendous oath, the man again set off at full speed, and at length reached the door of a house in an obscure part of the city, thinking he had distanced his pursuer: but as he took out a key to let himself in, Father L. stood by his side. Mad with rage he drew out a pistol, pulled the trigger, it missed fire. The calm and unmoved appearance of the priest seemed to strike him; but resuming his former demeanour, he said, "I go into this house, dare not to follow me; I have another pistol here," drawing one from his bosom, "they don't miss fire twice." He opened the door, Father L. entered along with him; he found himself in a shabby looking parlor, beyond which was a door; and the man turning towards him said "If you follow me into that room you die!" The Father hesitated, and the man entered, and locked the door—They were heard in earnest conversation: the deep tones of the man seemed entreating, insisting, commanding; and the gentle voice of a woman rose in earnest supplication—suddenly a scream was heard a heavy fall, and infant voices crying, "O mamma! dearest mamma!" Father L. without further delay, threw himself against the door and burst into the room, where he found a beautiful young woman fainting on the floor; two little children who had jumped out of their crib, had crept weeping beside her, and the man stood contemplating the scene with a look of dogged ferocity. Without regarding him, Father L. raised the woman and laid her on a sofa, employing every method he could think of for her recovery, while he fondled and soothed the children who clung to his black robe, as if seeking protection from their unnatural parent. The woman at length opened her eyes, Father L. whispered words of comfort, the children kissed her, and clasped their tiny hands with joy to hear her speak once more. Suddenly the expression of the man's face became altogether changed, large tears started from his eyes, and rolled from his rugged cheeks; the Father observing this, left the woman, took his hand and led him gently to the next room: "My son," said Father L., "tell me the

cause of all I have witnessed, for I can and will be of use to you." "Father," replied the now penitent sinner, "my difficulties are beyond your help, yet I will tell you all. Father, I was born a Catholic, but because our religion is generally despised and persecuted by the Protestants, I abandoned the true faith, thinking to advance my fortune more easily. At first the apostate was successful, but the curse of God was on me: I was threatened with heavy losses, and I married the daughter of a rich man, hoping by his assistance to weather the storm—but he refused to help me. I became bankrupt, and for four or five years dragged on a weary existence, striving in vain to retrieve my loss. My father-in-law is rich, my wife his only child, driven to despair, I resolved, accompanied by my wife, to visit him this night, and if he continued to resist our assistance, to shoot him dead on the spot. I left my house this evening, and having procured a brace of pistols, was returning home, when the lights and the crowd in your church attracted my attention, and I entered, it was the first time since my apostacy, that I had stood in the immediate presence of my God; the crime I had committed stared me in the face, but hatred filled my soul; and when you approached me, I felt as if possessed by devils. You know the rest—my wife horrified at my proposal, fainted when I produced the fire-arms. And now, my Father, is there forgiveness for such as me?"—and falling on his knees he sobbed, "Father, I would go to confession!" His confession was heard, his contrition was sincere, and he received absolution; then, with a countenance radiant with peace and joy, he re-entered the room, where his wife still lay on the sofa. The miraculous change produced on her husband surprised her beyond measure; but when he told her all, she turned to Father L. and exclaimed, "I also will be a Catholic, the true religion only could work such a wonder as this!" "You will be a Catholic, I trust," said the good Father, "but not in this moment of excitement; wait until you have calmly considered the matter, and been taught it by your reason well as by your feelings, that there can be but One, Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church."

Next day Father L. interested several influential persons in favor of the man. his father-in-law was persuaded to advance him money, he soon recovered his losses, and the whole family are at the present among the most respectable Catholics of the town of P—.

From the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

DEATH-BED OF TOM PAINE, 1809.

Extract of a letter from Bishop Fenwick to his brother at Georgetown College.

A short time before Paine died, I was sent for by him. He was prompted to do this by a poor Ca-