

PRAISE, THEREFORE, AND HONOUR  
BE  
TO THE EVER BLESSED VIRGIN MARY,  
MOTHER OF GOD.  
BAIL MARY, ETC.

“THE GRACE OF OUR LORD  
JESUS CHRIST AND THE CHARITY  
OF GOD AND THE COMMUNICATION  
OF THE HOLY GHOST  
BE WITH YOU ALL  
AMEN.”

(2 Cor. xiii. 13.)

### The Sister of Charity.

“OH MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN,  
PRAY FOR ME, WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO  
THEE.”

NIGHT was fast closing on the town of Angers, as two of the Sisters of Charity rapidly threaded their way through its crowded streets. They were already close to their convent gate, when the sound of lamentation attracted the well-accustomed ear of one of these gentle sisters; and turning round, she accosted a little girl, who had followed them weeping bitterly.

“My grandfather,” sobbed the child, “he is dying, holy sisters. Mother is out, and their is no one near him.”

The heart of the good sister melted at these words of woe, and she looked at her companion, who was the elder by some years.

“It is not far,” said the little girl, in a pleading voice;—“and he is dying,” she added, still addressing her whose soft voice and gentle mein had won her childish affections in a moment.

The good sisters had walked far that day,—they had wandered alternately from the bed of sickness to the house of

sorrow,—and they, were returning home wearied alike in body and mind;—but not for a moment did it occur to them to reject the prayer of the child, in whom they beheld but an image of their Saviour in distress.

“We will follow thee, my child,” said the gentle nun. She took the little girl by the hand, and addressed a few questions to her; but the child sobbed so violently, that her answers were inaudible. She led them through a narrow street, and paused before an open door. It was the abode of wretched poverty; but poverty in all its form was to familiar to the Sisters, to create any observation; and without a remark, they followed her up the narrow stairs, and into a room where a man was lying, evidently within a few hours of his decease. After a few minutes’ consolation, the elder of the nuns proposed returning to the convent, to procure spiritual assistance for the unhappy man; and she had departed on this mission, the other advanced to the bed on which he lay. At first he seemed unconscious of her presence; but when his eye fell upon her black dress and the white Cross she wore on her bosom, he exhibited the utmost loathing and abhorrence; and raising himself up in the bed by a wonderful effort of strength, he poured forth a torrent of abuse and blasphemy.

The good nun was grieved, but not surprised. Alas! it was but too often her lot to stand by the death-bed of the despairing sinner. She remained for a time in silent prayer; but when, rather shrieking than speaking, he bade her “begone and leave him to his master, the Devil,” she fell upon her knees, and cried out, in a voice of holy energy, which for a moment awed the sinner into silence, “Man, I will not begone, until you have ceased to blaspheme