

And I sigh a weak and human sigh  
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,  
And cares infest  
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears  
I pine—for rest.

'T was always so; when but a child I laid,  
On mother's breast,  
My wearied little head ; e'en then I prayed,  
As now—for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er ;  
For, down the west,  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest.

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Written for The Voice of the Precious Blood.

## SISTER CATHERINE'S CONVERT.

### PART I

#### THE MARTYR OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

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**A**LMOST a century ago, the Orphanage of the Sacred Heart was founded in the city of N—. Although not rich, these good Religious never refused to help the unfortunate in their distress. They distributed alms to the extern poor for miles around, besides providing for the hundred orphans who found a shelter beneath their roof.

One cold, stormy night in January, hours after all had retired to rest, Sr. Catherine, the Sub-Prioress, was awakened from her sleep, by a loud crash, as that of breaking glass. She arose, and dressing hastily, opened her cell door, which led into the hall-way that communicated with the children's dormitory. It was filled with smoke. Upon reaching the stair way, she was dismayed to find the whole interior of that part of the building on fire.