

things, and the rich He hath sent empty away.

"He hath received His servant Israel, in remembrance of His mercy.

"As He spake to Abraham and to his seed forever."

Although McMaster longed to believe what his reason forced him to accept as truth, "the pride of his heart withheld him from praying to the Virgin."

The second and third of these essays were entitled "On Justification" and "The Test of Christian Acceptance," the latter under date of June 5th, 1843. The fourth was on "The witnesses of the Resurrection of the Lord." At the end of this essay are found these words: "The plan of this essay is not completed. It was my intention to have carried it out by a second part, bringing to view the evidences desirable from the subsequent history of the Catholic Church—the success of the Truth and the perpetuity of miraculous powers. But my heart fails me—I leave it as it is. If ever I attain to being a member of that church, then I shall delight in what now I see but darkly. 'Oh, Lord, how long!' Till then I am done with writing. Aug., 1844."

In July, 1845, he added the following:

"Sic dum in via scripsi, sed uanæ cogitatio perfecta vult, et debetur, in preis abundantia, cor meum et spiritus meus."

"Thus have I written in a way, but now perfect knowledge comes, and my heart and spirit rejoice in an abundance of peace."

On the corner were found these words:

"These essays were written and read as the date implies, during my course in the Protestant Episcopal Seminary. What they contain might be said much more clearly and better now, but perhaps you will keep them and read them as expressions which truth obliged me to utter at the sacrifice of every earthly interest and feeling." There is no indication as to whom they were given. But they fell once more into the hands of McMaster, and were found among his private letters and papers after his death.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE true wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, and that he is loved and blessed by.

A HEART WON.

BY MARTHA MURRAY.

For the Carmelite Review.

CONCLUSION



FOLLOWING the sermon, came the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and Mr. Granger was filled with awe. He saw old and young, rich and poor kneeling in prayer, and on every face was shining a look of holy peace. He asked himself what this service was that filled this people with such joy. He looked at Miss Arnold, but she seemed unconscious of his presence. Her head was inclined slightly forward, and her eyes riveted upon the Sacred Host exposed upon the altar. Could those eyes, filled with holy light, be the same that flashed so indignantly at him the first time he met her? An expectant look upon her face made him turn to the altar. The priest was ascending the steps. The organ's sweet voice trembled into a silence that floated down and wrapped itself about the kneeling worshippers. Holding aloft the precious Body and Blood of Jesus, the priest faced the people, and as with one impulse, every head was bowed. Then the jubilant tones of the *Laudate* rang out into the stillness, and the services were ended.

III.

After a short lull in the conversation on their way home, Mr. Granger said suddenly:

"You remind me very much of *her*."

"And who pray may this unknown '*her*' be?" asked Miss Arnold lightly.

"Your Blessed Virgin."

"Oh, Mr. Granger!" Lucy began, but he went on as if not hearing her.

"Yes, the more I think of it, the more I realize the resemblance. You are kind, so was she. You are gentle, loving, pure-minded, and forgiving. She was all these."

"Yes, and more, infinitely more!" Lucy cried: "I do try to be like her, but oh, Mr. Granger, you have no idea how often and miserably I fail!"

"In trying the victory is half gained," he said gently, and then laughed. "How odd to hear *me* preaching!"

They both fell to thinking after this, and