

This is no exaggerated mysticism. It is a truth of faith, but a truth on which the spirit of the world casts many shadows.

Written for The Voice of the Precious Blood.

SISTER CATHERINE'S CONVERT.

(*Continuation.*)

PART II

MOTHER AGATHA'S INTERCESSOR.

A silence falling on the multitude made him look up, and there she stood, once more, upon the balcony. But when the walls gave way and buried all in their ruins, the agonizing look upon the young face of her, who clung so helplessly to the ladder, seemed to burn into his very soul. He turned his head away, saddened by the thought that one had thrown away a life so uselessly, when suddenly he was startled by a cry; turning, he beheld her, as if arisen from the dead. Surrounded by the flames, but otherwise unhurt. That God has saved her, he can no longer doubt, for it is only the piece of wall on which the ladder rests, that remains of the whole front of the building.

He had seen her angelic face, lighted up with that heavenly smile, when she delivered her Precious Burden into the hands of the priest. And when, a half an hour later, he heard of her happy death, he could remain on the scene no longer, but went home to reflect upon it all.

With the aid of a friend, he began to study the Catholic Religion, but, although he was very soon convinced that it was the only true Faith, yet his stubborn Scotch heart would not obey all its commands.

For nearly two months, this struggle had been going on, when he fell dangerously ill ; the doctors could give him no hope of recovery. Every moment, they thought, would be his last. But as week after week passed away,