

of her who is the Mother of us all. An' there's the way I pass my days."

This was not as we had arranged. My friends were listening respectfully and attentively, and I was inclined to follow the example of my sister-in-law, who was crying softly.

"There, we've had enough of this," whispered my husband. "Give the woman her beads and some money, and let her go."

None of us cared to speak of what we had listened to, but I wondered if that was the religion I had been taught to despise. I saw Mary frequently afterwards, and she gladly gave me her cherished Rosary when I asked her for it; and at last there came a day when I begged Father—to instruct me for baptism.

When I was received into the Church I told my husband. He was angry—more angry than ever I saw him before—but I waited and prayed, and after a few weeks he said:

"Go to your church, if you must, and the children and I will go to ours;" and then the time passed, till one Sunday I said to him:

"Come with me to-day, Harry;" and he yielded, and before a year ended I had the unspeakable happiness of seeing my seven children and their father received into the one true Church.

"So you always wear the Irishwoman's Rosary?" I asked after a few moments.

"Always, Father; and frequently at ball or levee some lady of my acquaintance will come to examine my jewels.

"O Lady R—, such strange stones. Do they come from India?"

"No, not from India."

"And are they very valuable?"

"Oh, very valuable! They have been worth millions to me." And when I have her curiosity fully aroused, I tell this story as I have told it to you; and so you see the Irishwoman's Rosary still works good.

Magdalen Rock.

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