

burden of years rolled from the heart of Arthur Everson and fell into the mighty abyss of God's love and mercy.

When he lifted the little red curtain of the confessional and stepped out into the church again, he could scarcely realize that he was the same man who had entered that church only a few short hours ago. The grace of the Sacrament of Penance was upon him, the sins of his whole life had been washed away in the Precious Blood of his Divine Redeemer, and hope and courage filled his heart. After kneeling again before the Blessed Sacrament to offer his thanksgiving to that dear Saviour who had guided his footsteps that day in such a wonderful manner, he turned to leave the church.

Just at the threshold a young girl who was entering dropped her rosary, and Arthur Everson involuntarily stooped, picked it up, and handed it to her. As she took it her eyes rested upon him, and, with a start, she recognized the man who had so frightened her on the previous night, and for whose reformation she had offered her Communion that morning. But, ah, what a change had taken place in his expression ! Still shabby and forlorn in appearance, there was upon his face a look of one who had gone through a great mental struggle, but who had come out victorious. Astonished and amazed, Mary Russell could hardly believe the evidence of her eyes ; but when she saw him, just before leaving the church, turn one long, earnest, grateful look towards the Blessed Sacrament, she felt instinctively that God had answered her prayer, and had touched with His grace the soul of the man before her.

During the beautiful service that followed, Mary Russell's heart was filled with a holy joy, and as the bell rang out clearly, at the solemm moment of Benediction, she bowed her head low in the presence of God, and joined her thanksgiving with those of the angels over the "one sinner doing penance."—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

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