

POWER OF PRAYER.

"More things are wrought by prayer than
this world dreams of."

—*Lantern.*

IN our last number there appeared a short article clipped from the *Buffalo Courier* headed "A Remarkable Case." We made no comments on the same. However, since going to press we have made inquiries, and the editor is pleased to be able to present below an extract from a letter sent to us by the wife of the person referred to:

"WILMINGTON, N. C., Feb. 2, 1894.

DEAR FATHER—His my husband's death was a very happy one. He was sick only two weeks with la grippe. In his past life he did not believe there was a heaven or a hell, although he believed in some Supreme Being who rules the earth. But he was after all a man who had a good heart.

In Sunday School I learned a prayer to the Blessed Virgin which I have never forgotten, and when in any trouble I always had great confidence in the Blessed Virgin Mary. When my husband was taken sick I went on my knees and asked her to hear my prayer and change my husband's belief.

One day during his illness my husband called me to him and told me he could not live any longer. I at once sent for a priest. He came; my husband was surprised but glad to see him. I told the priest that he (my husband) was not a Catholic, but had always said he liked Catholic people, and would like himself to become a Catholic. Before he died the priest baptized him, gave him Holy Communion and anointed him. He lived three days after this. He was fully conscious until death. He told me that after being baptized, he felt as if a thousand pounds had been lifted from his heart. Just a week before his illness he had read a book belonging to infidels. When on his death-bed, he called me and told me to burn that accursed book, and warned me never to look at it. 'This book,' said he, 'is the cause of many a poor man and woman going to hell blindfolded.' I took the book and burned it as he told me. When night came, my husband became very low. I sent for the doctor and the priest. The chances were for the worst. The doctor felt his pulse and heart, and told me that the end was near at hand. I tried to get my husband to speak, and did all I could, but he was helpless. Then I knelt down at his side, and offered a prayer to our Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary to receive him, and to let his soul be at rest. The doctor took me out of the room and told me not to disturb him. I was outside of the door crying in the hall, when the priest ran to me, and told me to come at once. I went to my

husband. He had arisen in bed. He looked at me and said: 'I have been dead three days, and I have seen heaven and hell.' The doctor told him to describe hell, and he said it was a 'horrible place of darkness.' He repeated this twice. Then the doctor asked him to tell what heaven was like. He said it was 'a beautiful place of light, and the angels were so beautiful that I cannot describe them.' He said, 'Our Saviour was waiting for him, and had allowed him to tell us all, and to prepare himself to go with Him.' He then kissed me 'good-bye,' and asked me 'not to call him back.' He said, he disliked leaving me, 'but Our Saviour was waiting for him.' He then prayed to our Lord and the Blessed Virgin. He said his prayers had saved him. He was sensible to the last. He then lay back in bed. He looked at me with a very strange look. I asked him to make a sign with his eyes if he was happy and going to heaven. He then closed his eyes and opened them again in a few minutes. He was gone forever. May his soul rest in peace!

Yours truly,

MRS. PASCO HODGES."

THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL.

I have seen a sunny garden
With its tenants sweet and fair,
And in childhood sip'd the nectar
From the honeysuckle there;
And the cosy little shelter,
Where the birds delight in song;
In all their little universe,
They never thought of wrong.

I have seen the lonely garden
When the wintry winds had blown,
With cruel, blighting bitterness,
Till the singers had all flown;
How the flowers quickly faded
When the storm-fiend came to dwell,
And destroyed the sweetest treasures
E'er fed from Heaven's well.

So we each possess a garden,
Flowing o'er with gifts ungod,
Precious soul of man, immortal,
His destinies will hold,
Should he let the demon enter
Ah, sad indeed his fate;
How in vain he pleads repentance
When alas! it is too late.

—*Stanly.*

ONE of the very best means of obtaining humility is sincere and frequent confession. —ST. PHILIP NERI.

If you are in an abyss of weakness, lapses and misery, go frequently to the Heart of Jesus.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY.