

contrition, and he soon rose from his knees another man. He warmly thanked the Abbé S——, who prepared to set out at once for the house of the colonel. In the exuberance of his joy, the convert also hastened to the Rue du Bac, and reached the sick bed before the priest.

"The Abbé S—— is coming," he said. "Ah, my dear friend, after confession, you will tell me how happy you feel!"

That evening the dying man was reconciled to God. He lived a few days and expired in the most consoling sentiments of repentance and gratitude for the supreme grace of the last hour. — *Our Young People.*

A PLEA FOR THE SUFFERING SOULS.

When November blasts are sighing
For the year that now is dying,
Hear the dear departed crying
 To their former friends for aid.
Can you be so cold, unheeding,
As to scorn their anxious pleading,
When your fervent prayers they're needing? —
 Can you let their mem'ry fade?

When the graveyard through you're wending,
Where the weeping willows bending
And the moaning pines ascending,
 Mark the graves of kindred dear,
If their souls are then imploring,
To the realms of bliss be soaring,
And with saints, their God adoring, —
 Surely their appeal you'll hear!

When the dead-bells' solemn knelling
On the Autumn air is dwelling,
And their tale of pity telling
 To the faithful o'er the land,
Hearken to their mournful tolling;
While the muffled tones are rolling,
Let their accents be consoling. —
 Lend the Souls a helping hand.

THOMAS WHELAN.