

RESCUED—A TRUE INCIDENT.

Many years ago, in the north of Ireland, when Catholics were few and despised, there lived a farmer, his wife, and only son. They were Protestants, and poor, and were nearly as much looked down on as their Catholic neighbors. To the great indignation of his parents, the son declared his intention, not only of becoming a Catholic, but moreover of studying for the priesthood. No details have reached us as to the way in which the priceless gift of faith and such noble aspirations were bestowed. Jesus looked on him, like the young man in His Gospel, and liked him. This last resolution met with no opposition, as his father and mother, hoping their son, by entering college, would eventually secure a more honorable position than that of rural life, but, alas! how sadly were they disappointed! He returned after some years, a pervert, and far advanced in consumption, and was refused a shelter—even an interview with his parents.

One of the poor wanderer's cousins, a Protestant girl, had compassion on his state and attended to him with much kindness. As he grew worse, she asked a Catholic girl to assist her, and they sat up together at night with the invalid. He cried out piteously for a priest, to their distress, as the nearest was many miles away, and they had no means of sending so far.

At last the Catholic girl thought of a groom in their landlord's service—(a Catholic and friend of hers)—and went to the house stealthily, succeeded in rousing and persuading him to take one of his master's horses and ride for a priest. It was a daring act, as Catholics were severely dealt with, and he ran the risk of being discovered and punished; but a soul was in question, and God's blessing protected him.

The girl returned, and, with her companion, resumed their anxious watch in that night of May, when, no doubt, the "Refuge of sinners" was pleading the cause of a sinner with her Divine Son, by "omnipotent intercession."

The invalid's room opened off theirs, and they kept the door unclosed between and the windows which looked out on a field open also. While one sat by the

young man's bed, the other watched at the open window for the priest's coming, and as they changed places now and then, a strange and awful impression came over their minds, though nothing was visible. It seemed as if something like a large animal dragging a clanking chain, followed them, and watched their movements. At last, as if enraged, it seemed to spring through the window to the field beyond, still rattling the chain.

The priest had come, and the sweet consolations of religion were all administered, and the prodigal folded in the embrace of that Father who never rejects an "humble and contrite heart."

The "first robe" was again bestowed on that soul so highly favoured, so lovingly called, so sadly unfaithful, and, at last, so happily rescued. The priest rode back, happy, no doubt, beyond words, at having been the instrument of God's wonderful mercy. The subject of our study died in peace. The groom returned and secured the horse, without ever being noticed, and the young girl's anxious vigil was over.

After a time they emigrated, and in "the land of the free" used sometimes, when they met, recall that never-to-be-forgotten night in Ireland during the sweet month of May. We regret that no mention is made of the good Protestant girl being converted, as it seems to us beyond doubt that her kindness was rewarded by the gift of faith, for "Blessed are the merciful," etc., and God is never outdone in generosity.

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

A soul that dwells with virtue is like a perennial spring; for it is pure and limpid, and refreshing and inviting, and serviceable and rich, and innocent and uninjurious.—Epictetus.

The only cure for littleness—little judgments of others, little values of blessings little whinings over petty trials, and longing for the little occupations—is to be fully taken up with great things.

There has never been a great and beautiful character which has not become so by filling well the ordinary and smaller offices appointed of God.—Horace Bushnell.