

ner, my poor children. Come. I hear 'Phrasie taking in the soup. You can sleep at her daughter's across the way, and, to-morrow, after Mass, you must take me to 'the cottage.' I wish to have the matter cleared up before you go. You will still be back at Vannes by ten to-morrow morning."

And so it was arranged.

Next day, the Sisters, accompanied by the cure and a friend of his who was staying with him, started in search of these mysterious parishioners. After crossing the fields, they passed the bridge, but it led to no garden; they walked under the clustering firs, but they no longer sheltered anything but the turf of the hillside, which was smooth and unbroken by any vestige of building.

"Surely, surely, then," exclaimed Sœur St. Felix, clasping her hands, "this venerable man was none other than our holy Patron St. Joseph—God forgive me for having grumbled at him as I did, sinner that I am. And he so polite to me."

The cure and his friend uncovered their heads, and the Little Sisters knelt on the grass, giving thanks to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, not only for the timely succour given their aged poor, but also for the sweet and marvellous condensation with which it had been granted—as M. le cure loved to repeat, *par mes paroissiens célestes* by his "Heavenly Parishioners."

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"In the Blood you find the fire,"

ST. CATH. OF SIENA.

(Continuation.)

More happy than the great poet, Catherine often succeeded in extinguishing the fires of hatred. She had received the gift of reconciling enemies and, in those times of fratricidal struggles, from all sides the people implored her mediation. When her words were not sufficient, Catherine had recourse to prayer and obtained from God so powerful a grace that she triumphed over the most opinionated resistance.