

you to the cathedral, although I don't think you noticed, I did it so slyly. Have you thought anything of the Bleeding Heart since, sister ?'

"When I told him of my dream, he said : 'It was a dream prompted by heaven, dear.'

"'But, Will,' I interrupted, 'our father and mother—they will object ?'

"'I hardly think they will,' he answered. 'They told me to study, and even become a Catholic if I cared to and they would offer no resistance.'

"So, my dears," the narrator concluded, "that is the end of my story. No, Mary, my parents did nothing to discourage me, and one year from that Christmas night I received the Holy Eucharist for the first time. And better still, before many years my dear father and mother also joined the Church. And now I am a happy, contented old woman and I have so much to be thankful for but I am almost preaching?" and with that the merry company laughingly disbanded and the pleasant-faced lady passed inside'

URSULA MARGARET TRAINOR.

A Moment of Grace.

THE first snow had just fallen in a town of Scotland, an event that somewhat gladdens the hearts of young and old. Especially are the street urchins elated when the first snow falls, for boys are boys, and they will throw snowballs.

Thus it happened in this Scotch town. A Catholic priest was crossing the market-place on his way to a sick person. When the boys noticed him, they chose him as a target for their sport. Snowballs came from all sides, thick and fast, on the bowed head of the comforter of the sick and afflicted. But he passed on quietly, as if oblivious of their presence. A store-keeper, an infidel and priest-hater happened to witness the scene.

Months passed, and the priest had forgotten that winter morning. Again, one spring day, the priest hastened