

but almost before he was aware of it himself, his money was squandered and his friends gone. Disgusted with the world and with himself, he resorted more and more to strong drink, in which he vainly strove to drown the thoughts of his folly and wrong-doing.

At the present time Arthur Everson had reached a state of desperate nervous depression. As he walked along the street with his head bent and his eyes on the ground, his mind was filled with gloomy, reckless thoughts. What was left to make life even bearable to him. Disgraced and impoverished as he was, was not death to be welcomed, nay, courted, by such a miserable wretch as he? Well it could not, should not, last much longer. A doctor had warned him a year ago that his heart was seriously affected, and that, unless he changed his whole course of life, the end might come at any moment. The end! What did that mean? Was it really the end? Might it not be only the beginning of suffering even greater than he was enduring now? For years he had neglected every religious duty, putting from him as far as possible every thought of God, his own soul, and the necessary consequences of sin. The voice of conscience was stifled, and the man sank deeper and deeper into the mire of his evil habits. This afternoon, however, the doctor's words haunted him, and rang in his ears like a refrain—the end! the end! the end!

Just as he reached the corner of Calvert and Madison streets, the wind seemed to become almost a hurricane, and in his weakened condition he was unable to advance another step. Muttering to himself, "I can't stand this," he instinctively turned to the nearest refuge, the open door of St. Ignatius Church, and before he had time to realize what he was doing, he was standing in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. He sank into a pew near the door, panting and breathless after his struggle with the wind. But in a few moments every thought of cold and storm had vanished. Where was he, and what was going on? An intense stillness reigned in the church, although many worshippers were present, but all were absorbed in their devotions. The altar was brightly lighted; in the air was a faint, lingering perfume; and in a niche high above the tabernacle he saw a golden mons-