

THE GIRL WHO SAW OUR LORD.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I sat with my friend, Benigna, in her cosy little sitting-room.

There was an album on the table, and I was looking over the photographs, and making comments.

"Who is this?" I asked, as I happened upon a homely face, but one that was sweet, good, and full of strength.

"That is the Girl who saw our Lord!" was the reply in an ask-me-more-and-I'll-tell-you-all-about-it tone of voice.

"The Girl who saw our Lord?" I echoed in genuine astonishment and awe, and then Benigna told me the following true and simple story: Rose Mowbray was always a good and gentle girl, possessing from earliest childhood the strong faith of an earnest Catholic with the intense devotedness of the typical woman.

Her mother had died when Rose was but ten years old, leaving to the thoughtful child the double burden that had worn out her own frail life. Rose was now to devote herself to the care of her father and of her little sister Alice, aged seven. The father, poor man, was a conductor on one of the street-railway cars of our great City of Brotherly Love. He was forced to leave his home very early each morning, and did not see his children again until far in the night.

In order to give him his poor breakfast, Rose must rise hours before dawn, when, besides cooking his meal, she prepared a lunch for his use on the car at noon, and saw that he went away, clean and tidy, to his daily labor.

This had been her dead mother's duty for years—Lord rest her soul!

After father was gone, the shivering, sleepy girl would crawl into her sister's bed, and doze for a couple of hours; then, up again, and after morning-prayers, cook breakfast number two for herself and Alice, comb, wash, and dress that dear little sister, and (breakfast over, and the dishes "done-up"), trot off hand in hand to the Sisters' School of their own parish.

The happy hours at school were broken by many busy hours at home. Meals to be cooked, dishes to be washed, clothes to be mended and laundried, scrubbing to be done, and many other domestic duties left Rose and Alice little time for study or play, little time for golden visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament, or to the lovely white altar of our Lady. But Rose had learned from her good mother how to turn work into prayer by a pure intention; and if there was no time to run the streets or to read "dime novels," not a day passed without the Beads being said devoutly together by the gentle, hard-working little girls.

Thus things went on for a decade of years.

Rose was twenty and Alice seventeen, when, one day, the elder girl found her sister in a high fever, and complaining of pains in her head and back.

Not long were they left in doubt as to the nature of the diseases, for Alice's pretty face was soon covered with red blotches, and the dispensary doctor, on being consulted, pronounced her case a bad one of small-pox.

Then, indeed, began poor Rose Mowbray's trials.

There were no female connections or friends to call on in this dreadful emergency. Even the father, on learning the name of Alice's sickness, declared that he would lose his place on the cars, if he stopped a single night at home.

So, making up a bundle of his clothing, and arranging to send his wages to Rose by a safe hand, he kissed that brave girl good-bye, and hurried off with tearful eyes from the plague-smitten house. No one ever came or went after that, but the doctor.

Poor lonely Rose waited night and day on the afflicted Alice.

Her one precious sister, of whose simple beauty she had been so proud!—it was terrible to see her disfigured face—terrible to hear the plaintive ravings of the innocent little sufferer.

All the sleep Rose got, was taken sitting in a chair at the bedside, holding Alice's burning hand, and starting wide-awake at its least pressure.

It was like one long night-mare full of indescribable fear and horrors.

The heavy hours wore on, until the doctor said one morning to Rose: "You had better send for the priest."

And, after the compassionate minister

of God had come and gone, and Alice had received the last Sacraments:

"Watch her well till midnight, and after: To-night will tell whether your sister will live or die!"

There was no sleep possible for Rose after that charge.

And yet, poor girl, she was so wearied out with nursing, so dead-tired with watching, she dared not sit down for a moment at the bedside, lest she should sink into an instantaneous stupor, and forget her duty.

The night-hours crawled by on leaden feet. The great city outside of the windows was

"still as the heart of the dead."

There a moon shining somewhere upon happy faces, and bright stars were twinkling over blessed, peaceful homes; but Rose Mowbray only walked the floor of the sick-room, saying her Beads beneath her breath, her heart aching bitterly with loneliness and anguish.

"O my sweetest Lord Jesus! O my dear Immaculate Mother!" she whispered between the Sorrowful Mysteries, the great tears rolling down her pale cheeks, and dropping, like jewels, on the floor: "I am all alone in my sorrow! I have no one but You to help me bear my cross! Incline unto my aid, O God! O Lord, make haste to help me!"

As she said these words, she looked towards the bed whereon poor, suffering Alice lay.

What did she see? Great heaven! she rubbed her eyes in awe and terror and looked again.

There had been no steps on the stairs, no sight or sound of any one entering the room.

Yet, there at the bedside, close to Alice's head, stood a Man, a wondrously beautiful Man!

The clear rays of the lamp showed His great height, His noble proportions, His straight, dark gown, the graceful folds of His long, loose mantle; and the profile He bent over the sufferer, was like something exquisitely cut from the purest and finest of alabaster.

Yes, alabaster with the most glorious light shining through it! The blood in Rose's veins seemed to turn to ice.

She gazed at Alice. The sick girl's eyes were turned on her with a look of feeble inquiry. Her swollen hand weakly beckoned her to approach the bed.

"I dare not pass where He stands?" said poor Rose to herself. Reluctantly and slowly, she stole round the bed, next the wall, and said to Alice in a trembling voice:

"What is it, dear?"

The young sister looked her fixedly in the face, made a backward motion with her thumb towards the Presence at the bedhead, and asked in the faintest whisper:

"Rose, who is This?"

It was a supreme effort.

With that feeble breath all was over.

The spirit of little Alice had passed away from earth forevermore; and Rose Mowbray falling senseless across her dead sister's feet, knew for certain that Jesus, the Help of the Dying, the strong Friend of the Sorrowing and the Desolate, had come in person to minister to their needs, had come Himself to receive an innocent soul into the everlasting embraces of his divine and loving Heart.—*In the Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs.*

The English Pilgrimage.

The Archbishop of Westminster in a recent pastoral dealt at length with the coming pilgrimage to Rome. His Grace, having drawn attention to details as to time, route, etc., went on to say:

"First, it will be undertaken as a great public profession of faith in Jesus Christ and in the supremacy of His vicar. This truly is a noble and worthy object—to confess Christ, to proclaim aloud that Peter is His vicar, that his successor is the shepherd of the universe, the source of jurisdiction, the judge of doctrine, the centre of unity, the fisherman of the habitable world.

"Secondly, it will be undertaken, no doubt, in order to obtain through the prayers of St. Peter a great outpouring of divine grace upon England. In this case the pilgrims will remind the Apostle of England's ancient faith, and of her intense love and veneration for his office, of her former obedience and submission to his spiritual authority, of her frequent and weary pilgrimages to his shrine throughout all the early ages of her history, of her personal devotion to his life

and character, and of her noble gifts wherewith she did homage to his successors.

"Again, the pilgrimages may be undertaken as an act of penance for sin. According to the old Penitentiaries a pilgrimage to Rome was ranked among the greater canonical penances. Though a journey to Rome now is shorn of its former perils, there is still in it quite a sufficient demand for self-denial, and for acts of patience and of kindness, to make it, at least to many, a real penitential exercise.

ANOTHER MOTIVE.

"Another motive for the pilgrimage will be a desire to enter a protest against the iniquitous spoliation of the Holy See. The love and reverence of the English pilgrims will be, in itself, an eloquent protest against the ingratitude of those children who have turned against their Father with so much hatred of his spiritual authority, and with such wicked determination to destroy the influence of the Church and of her august head. If we cannot at present restore to the Pope his civil principedom, we can, at least, show to the world that we delight to gather together round him on such an occasion as the present.

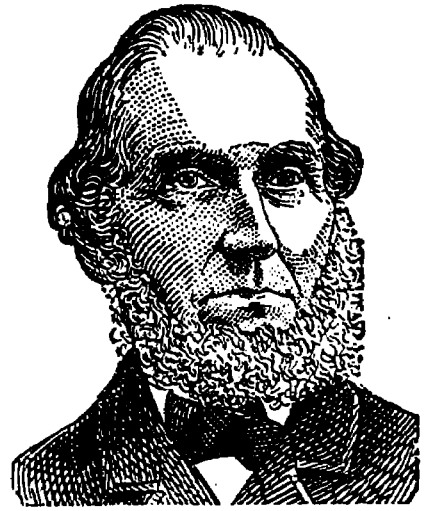
"This pilgrimage will also be undertaken as an act of veneration for the sacred person of Leo XIII. His children will ponder over all he has achieved for the Church during his glorious pontificate—his zeal for justice and truth; his love of peace and concord; his compassion for the multitude who labor and suffer; his hatred of oppression and tyranny and of anarchy and disorder; his promotion of science, of literature, of the study of philosophy and of history, and of the arts; his efforts to extend the acceptance of Christian principles; his promotion of the rules of perfection and of the religious life; his tender devotion to Mary and St. Joseph, and to the humble St. Francis; and his untiring labors in behalf of the liberty of the Church and in the service of our Divine Master.

"Bearing the weight of his eighty-three years, this venerated historical figure still sits in the chair of St. Peter. With thin, white outstretched hands and gracious, smiling countenance, he welcomes all, the humblest of his children and the noblest, to come nigh unto him, that he may see, and touch, and bless them before he dies. Though bent with years, God has preserved all his faculties, and his mind and heart still remain clear and warm as in the prime of life. He has suffered from long imprisonment in the Vatican, and from the ceaseless anxieties of his position. He knows that there is no middle course, compatible with independence, between restoration to his sovereignty and his present dignified attitude of protest and *non possumus*. But he is consoled by the gathering around him of his children from all parts of the world."

Two lovers quarrelled, and the lady wrote to the gentleman as follows: "Herewith I return you all your presents, with the exception of the diamond ring, which I shall keep to remind me of your meanness and horrid conduct altogether!"

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Liver and Kidneys

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