

solation, just as if she were once more the pettish child whom she rocked to sleep long ago with some old crooning lullaby. What a picture that was of the octogenarian mother pouring the balm of consolation on the bruised heart of her stricken daughter in the dark hour of her voiceless misery!

When I offered a few words of condolence, Mrs. Kerrigan thanked me for my attention to her dear ones in their illness; and said, with a simple pathos that brought a lump into my throat:

'Ah, Father avourneen, do you think will God leave me any of them at all? Pray to Him to spare me the two that are left. But maybe the Lord wants them all; and if He does, I won't grudge them to Him. I'll soon follow them, anyhow; for my heart is broken.'

After this dread calamity the Widow Kerrigan and the two boys that remained struggled on bravely to keep the roof over their heads; but the odds were against them. About half a year before I left Killanure she was evicted from her holding for non-payment of rent; and the farm was given to another tenant, an under-bailiff of the landlord's. After this Mrs. Kerrigan lived in a poor, tumbled-down cottage situated on John MacCoughlan's farm; and her sons supported her by working 'for their day's hire' round the countryside, wherever they could get employment.

I often called to see the broken-hearted widow in her lonely cabin; although after a few visits I felt somewhat reluctant to call again, for the sight of me seemed to renew her sorrow by reminding her of her lost and loved ones. Two streams of tears would course down her worn cheeks, while her eyes turned heavenward in meek resignation, as if seeking solace from there only. I noticed that, try as I would to amuse and cheer her by some little pleasantries, she never smiled. Formerly she could laugh like a bell, and her face was generally wreathed in smiles; now it wore a look of settled melancholy and sadness. The source of all merriment and joyous feeling was frozen forever, while the fountain of tears seemed inexhaustible. Ah, it was pitiful—very pitiful! The memory of that grief-scarred face will always haunt me, I think.

When I was changed from the parish I lost sight of the Widow Kerrigan for about seven years. I then met her again in the following circumstances. I was curate in the town of A., and chaplain to a large workhouse there. On the occasion of my first visit to the 'poor-house,' as the Irish peasant invariably styles the hated institution, I went into the chapel and knelt in a corner just inside the door. A woman in pauper dress, with a very pale face, was going round the Stations of the Cross. When she came nearer to me I recognised her. It was the Widow Kerrigan, looking old, bent, and feeble. She did not notice me, as she kept her enraptured gaze fixed on the Stations. I watched her in charmed silence as she passed from one to the other, kissing the ground before each; and so mild and heavenly was the placidity of her features that the sight kept me spellbound. Those Stations that brought the Blessed Virgin prominently on the scene seemed to touch her most, for the reason, probably, that she must have felt a sort of kinship of sorrow with the Mater Dolorosa. Acquainted with grief herself, she knew how to appreciate the sorrows of others.

I felt keen regret at seeing, as an inmate of the poorhouse, one whom I had known in the heyday of happiness and prosperity; and my mind unconsciously went back to the time when she was my smiling, hospitable hostess of the station breakfast—very long ago, as it then seemed to me. As 'soon as she left the chapel after performing the Stations, I intercepted her on her way to 'the body of the house,' and addressed her. Then only did I learn the full extent of her misfortunes. She had drunk the chalice of suffering to the dregs. She had supped full of sorrow. On seeing me and hearing my voice, she essayed the old smile of welcome that I knew so well in happier days; but presently she burst into tears. After she had sobbed herself into a calmer mood, she told me her history since I saw her last.

'O Father O'Carroll,' she said, 'I didn't think that I'd cry like that ever again! God forgive me for having such little patience under my trials! But the sight of your reverence reminded me so much of the poor dear children that are gone, I could not help it.'

'How is it I find you here?' I asked. 'Have you not your two sons to support you?'

'Ah, Father dear,' she replied, 'I have no sons now—ne'er a child at all! They're all gone—all gone, blessed be God's holy will! Maybe you don't know that my poor little Patrick, that doted down on your reverence, got the decline and died a couple of years after we went to live in that old, damp, unhealthy house. Well Jim, the only one I had left then, went off to Dublin to look for better work than he could get

near home, intending to bring me there too if he got on well. But I suppose God wanted them all. He met with an accident in a mill—the poor fellow—and died in a hospital off there. But he had the priest to attend him—thanks be to God for that! He was a good, quiet boy, that never had an enemy, and never begrudged any one his share; and he tried to keep me out of the poorhouse as well as he could, although I had to come to it at last. But what matter about that? I won't be long in it, anyhow. I'll soon follow them; and the sooner the better. I'm happy and contented now when all's over; for sure I can attend entirely to my poor soul, and pray for my darling, dear, fine children that are gone—all gone. Blessed be God for everything! Aye, it must be for the best, or He would not take them all.'

She had, evidently, settled her accounts with this world and set her thoughts on the things that are above waiting for 'the Lord to call her,' as she said. Fire-tried in the ordeal of sufferings and poverty, crowned with a diadem of sorrow, she waited calmly, serenely, resignedly for the Angel of Death to whisper in her ear that her time had come to go to join her dear ones in the land where sorrow is no more, nor mourning nor weeping nor bitter separation. I never saw a grander or more soul-soothing example of true Christian resignation.

On returning from the hospital, half an hour later, I passed through the chapel and found her there again. I was informed she spent the greater part of the day there, praying—her lips always moving in prayer. She was looking toward the Tabernacle with a rapt and quasi-glorified expression of countenance, her hands raised like one surprised by a vision. No doubt, after passing through the fiery furnace of tribulation, she was now drinking in deep draughts of peace. Or was she listening in spirit to the 'unheard melodies' of the angelic choirs?

She spoke prophetically when she said she would soon follow her beloved children; for she did. I was by her deathbed in the hospital when she passed away. Her last faint whispered words were:

'It's all over now, thanks be to God! I'll soon be at peace and rest; for I'm going home. I'm going home to my God and to my children!'—'Ave Maria.'

The Catholic World

ENGLAND—Convert Ordained

Rev. E. R. Grimes, formerly a member of the mission clergymen of St. John the Evangelist, at Cowley, was ordained at Westminster Cathedral on Sunday, July 9, by his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, and celebrated his first Mass in the Cathedral on the following day. He was received into the Catholic Church about three years ago, and for the present will be attached to Archbishop's House.

A Church Builder Passes Away

Canon Keens, who was known as 'the church builder' amongst London priests, died on July 18 at Brighton. He was born in London of Irish parents, and was ordained priest in 1851. The Canon had founded no less than eleven missions in various parts of the metropolis, building churches and schools in each. His last work was the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea, which was consecrated recently, the Canon having succeeded in paying off the capital debt.

An Interesting Ceremony

An interesting ceremony was witnessed at Westminster Cathedral on a recent Sunday, when the Catholic members of the Congress on Public Health, which was sitting in London, attended at 12 o'clock Mass. Prior to the Mass the members assembled in the Chapter Hall of the Cathedral, whence they marched in procession to the main floor. The procession was headed by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who was accompanied by the mace-bearer and sword-bearer, and immediately following him were the Mayors of several other Irish cities. All were dressed in their robes of office, and many other members of the procession wore academic robes, the whole presenting a very picturesque spectacle. On arrival at the main door, the visitors were received by Monsignor Moyes, who conducted them to seats specially reserved in front of the high altar. The sermon was preached by his Grace Archbishop Bourne. After Mass the visitors returned to the Chapter Hall, where his Grace held a reception.

A Charitable Guild

The annual report of the Catholic Needlework Guild shows that there are 8962 members, with 2077