

At 86 Years of Age.



It is still dark as Grannie Roach totters from her old wooden dwelling. Where can she be going so early, instead of taking what, at her age especially, would seem so good—a morning nap?

Perhaps the bell ringing for mass will let us into her secret.

Yes! but this isn't Sunday. Besides, to be truthful, there are only a few, a very few kneeling there in the dim transept not yet carressed by the bright sunlight.

Among the few kneeling is a nun, a former member of a religious community devoted to the education and training of youth; but the school was closed, the sisters disbanded and now she devotes her life to the care of the sick and aged.

Grannie Roach goes and kneels beside her. She thinks she will pray better, an old sinner like her—as she calls herself—near this spotless Spouse of Christ, and during the holy sacrifice both repeat the same petition:

"My God, there are so many who do not love Thee, who persecute Thee. Forgive them for they know not what they do. Forgive them and give them grace to know Thee and to love Thee."

Mass finished, quaint old Grannie and the gentle Sister make a picture worthy of an artist's brush as they leave