

He little knew how soon or how literally his prayer was to be answered.

Days grew into weeks before Father Ryan saw Rosebud again. The daily visits of the doctor at the next house aroused his fears. On inquiring of the gardener, one of his congregation, he heard that the child had a bad attack of fever. Every day after that, the daily reports grew worse. On the First Friday, Father Ryan stop the gardener to ask for the latest tidings. There was but little hope.

"And, Father," the man said, "all night she was raving about somebody wanting her in the chapel. It is as much as they can do to keep her in bed. The housemaid told me the words she keeps saying are, 'Jesus wants me'; but I think that must be a mistake, for they are all Jews."

Father Ryan walked away in silence, but he determined to see the child that evening. After the devotions, he was delayed by a workman who had to make some alterations in the shrine of the Sacred Heart, and who was to begin his work next morning. After seeing the statue placed on the floor, Father Ryan hurried away to his supper, and then to "Dene Grange," as Rosebud's home was called. There, all was confusion. The child had got out of bed during the nurse's absence and could be found nowhere. Her weak condition rendered it impossible for her to have gone any distance, and the whole house was being searched for her. Father Ryan joined in the search, and no one noticed him. At last, a thought struck him, and quickly he made his way to the hedge, crawled through, and then on to the church, hoping against hope that Rosebud was there. And there he found her, a wee white-robed figure nestling close to the Sacred Feet of Jesus.

Love can do all things, and love had given her strength to get there, but a glance told the priest that her life was almost over. Only a few moments were left. No time was to be lost. In those few moments Father Ryan baptized her. Then he called her name. She did not hear him, but