

doctor and sister in charge. We knelt by Margaret's bed and prayed for one look of recognition. She was not suffering, but life seemed almost gone. There was not a sound in the room—just silent waiting. Suddenly a soft, low voice spoke: "Do not be so sorrowful! Lift up your hearts to God! Surely the Mother of God may comfort the children of earth!" Then Margaret opened her eyes in no surprise to see us kneeling there. She said in a quiet voice, unlike her old impetuous tone:

"Pray on, dear father and mother, and thank our Blessed Mother in Heaven for keeping watch with me until you came."

"Oh, Nora! you do not know how strangely I felt. It seemed to me our child was in another world, and was speaking to us from the shores of the stream she had crossed.

"She fell again into a profound sleep and the doctor said it was natural now. He too was puzzled by her perfect calm. She still sleeps and her face is as peaceful as a baby's.

"You can come in now."

"May I see Rita too?" and Nora saw Dolores was near and waiting. "I prayed and prayed for her so many times, and last night I dreamed that she was well again. Such a beautiful Rita! with her old lovely smile and pretty cheeks, and she said she had two mamas now, but that you, poor Nora mia, had none. But is one mistake I know."

Silently they went in together.

In a short time Margaret awoke and her mother and Nora went to her. Her face was beaming as she gave them welcome. It was one of those rare times in life when words are not needed, and all felt their hearts too full for speech.

After this Margaret was soon as well as usual. She returned to her studies, although her parents wished to take her home. She said she much preferred to remain.

Her sudden illness was something she could not understand at all, but it seemed to her, after her pains were over, that she lived each hour with our Blessed Lady near her. She did not know what the change in her meant, nor how it came, but now she loved all the things she thought she despised, and she was happier in every way. Then in her old impulsive way she ex-

claimed: "And, Nora darling, I have given you and mamma and papa, one and all, to our Lady, and she will claim your love by and by."

Little Dolores kept close to her beloved Nora, and when they were alone, she said: "I am sure I know how our Rita is well, and that she loves our Lady so much."

"Tell me, dear," said Nora, taking the child's warm brown hand into her own with tenderness.

Turning the little face with its dark earnest eyes to Nora, she said with simple confidence: "I put a medal under your pillow the night you felt so miserable, and I asked Sister Claire to give Rita one too, and to-day I went in and put my own, own medal in her hand. She went to sleep and when she woke she was well you see."

Thankfulness was the one feeling Nora felt now. Still it was a pleasure to know that this innocent, loving baby with faith sublime was doing her best. With the child there was an entire absence of self. She did what was to her, the only right thing to do.

She was not grieved that her dear Nona did not understand, or even know that there was any lack of sympathy. Nona was too tired to, she thought. Not for worlds would Nora Norton have shown any doubts or have hurt the tender heart of the child.

She pondered long about it all, and when Margaret was entirely strong they had many talks together.

Margaret seemed just the same fun-loving, merry girl as before. She was just as impulsive in her new-found happiness as she used to be in other things.

At first Nora did certain things to please her Dolores, then they became a necessity, and so, by the time Christmas had come round, she had quietly followed her cousin to be instructed in the doctrines of the Church.

At Easter time they made their first communion together with the full sanction of those at home.

But their cup of joy was full to overflowing when on the same day they received a telegram telling them that Mr. and Mrs. Sicane were also converts to the Faith.

Now indeed could Nora clasp little Dolores to her heart and understand with her soul the lisping, broken words of unwavering love that seemed a part of her baby friend's life.

Margaret always declared that all of it was only "An Act of Thanksgiving."