

"God bless and keep my little girl."

Rising from her knees, with a look of determination on her little face and murmuring a prayer, Catherine ran from the room, and going straight to the bed where her father was lying asleep she stood at the foot of it and called gently:

"Papa, papa; please wake up."

Mr. Crane opened his eyes and, looking in the direction whence the voice came, thought an angel stood at the foot of his bed, so sweet and pure did the little girl look in her pretty white dress her golden curls hanging down her back. Seeing that her father was awake, Catherine approached the side of the bed and knelt down.

"Please, papa, forgive me for all the times I have been bad and made you cross, and I promise you I will try to be a better girl. And, papa, this is my First Communion day, and Sister said we must ask our father and mother for their blessing. Won't you please give me your blessing, papa?"

When Mr. Crane recovered from his surprise, he said with a little bitterness:

"You don't want my blessing. Get your mother's. She's a Catholic, and I'm not."

"But you are my papa, and I want my papa's blessing," persisted the little one. "Please, papa, be kind to-day and give me your blessing. Oh, papa, I'm so happy, and it will make me sad if you do not bless me. Mamma did."

"Well, ain't that enough for you? Besides, I don't know how you Catholics bless," remonstrated Mr. Crane.

"Oh, that is easy," said little Catherine, nothing daunted. "Just put your hand on my head and say, 'God bless my little girl,' and then kiss me."

Mr. Crane was not proof against the pleadings of the little one. Tears rose to his eyes, and for perhaps the first time in his life he felt a respect for holy things as he placed his hand on his little girl's head.

"God bless you, my little one," he said in a broken voice, and kissed the sweet lips.

Having gained so much, the little one was encouraged to dare more.