

" I arose and went to my home, a new joy in my heart. I had been taught by God Himself, and not a doubt remained. But the making known of my belief !

" Oh, Father, it was a long struggle—an agonizing struggle—between God's grace and my husband and father-in-law. They fought harder for my soul than they did for the ranch. I shudder when I look back to it all even now. I was forbidden, yes, hindered, from approaching even that little church so dear to me. I seemed to suffer all that woman could suffer for her conviction, but my heart was so full of calm and peace that I bore it all with serenity; nay, gladness. Even my husband marvelled, for it was long and bitter. But, the Church won, even as she did in the legal suit, and in the end God shed the light of faith on my dear husband's soul, and he abjured Protestantism and joined me. But oh ! it took such time and prayer and patience and long suffering

" All this time I had never spoken to a priest. At last I stole away, to San Francisco, found one, and was received into the Church. My husband followed. Our thirteen children have all been baptized. My life has had its share of trials, but my faith, the heavenly comfort of my religion, has supported me all through, and will, I know, support me to the end. Tell me, Father, is not my story a marvel of grace ?"

Her eyes were wet, her face glowing as she finished. She looked like one of the saints of old.

I felt like kneeling for her blessing—this holy woman in the world, whose life had been a beautiful record of God's lavish grace corresponded to amid the vicissitudes of the ordinary life.

She had done angels' work in the guise of common things.— Richard W. Alexander in *The Missionary*.

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My joy, Thy glory ; my hope, Thy name  
Sweet Heart of Jesus, my heart inflame.

Father RUSSELL, S. J.