

the crib. Oh ! but the lights and flowers there were lovely, I took special notice of a lovely tree that drooped over the child Jesus."

"A palm," interrupted the surprised listener.

"Yes a palm. We were going to leave the church when a priest came and stood near us and began to speak. You listened very attentively Papa and you seemed sad.

At this astonishingly accurate account, the father felt his heart throb and staring at the child in amazement asked "Do you know what the priest said?"

"He said, she replied drawing him close, he said that Child Jesus would console you."

Surprise chained the father's tongue, and she continued :

"We remained a long time after that. Then the candles were extinguished and you said : 'O God, O Child Jesus, give me back my child and I will return to you forever.'"

"Yes you said that," reiterated Marie triumphantly "but I noticed you did not hear the Child Jesus' answer."

"His answer?"

"Yes Papa. He answered you."

"You are right. I did not hear His answer. Can you repeat it to me?"

"Yes. He said : 'Return to me first.'"

Labouring under strong emotion the deeply affected father slipped on his knees.

And when we were leaving the church, you gave a good piece to poor old Jeannette who was in the porch whispering 'pray for Marie and for her father;'"

Completely conquered, and thoroughly contrite, he laid his head on her little cot and strong man as he was gave way to a paroxysm of tears.

The next day he made a good Confession and approached the Holy Table with a fervor that spoke volumes.

From that hour, Marie began to improve. The doctor who had pronounced her case hopeless took courage. Before a month had passed she accompanied her Father to the Church to see the Child Jesus in His crib and thank Him for her complete recovery.