

"Mamma, I prepared this myself, try and take a little, just to please me."

Mrs. Redmond was not insensible to these little attentions, and did her utmost to overcome herself.

"Yes, my dear," she would reply, "you are all I have now in the world, I must try and live for your sake."

Thus the Autumn wore away and bleak winter set in. One or two messages reached them, confirming the report of the loss of the "Albatross," but yet no tidings from Harold. So they no longer tried to console one another with the hope of ever seeing him again. Instead they prayed and had masses offered up for the eternal repose of his soul. Yet, deep down in Grace's heart hope lingered. She had recommended him so earnestly to the Precious Blood, that despite all that had happened, she still hoped her prayer would be heard.

#### PART IV.

##### THE DAWN IS BREAKING.

It was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Mrs. Redmond and Grace had assisted at the Parochial Mass, and were now seated, after dinner, in the cosy little parlor. A bright fire, burning in an open grate, gave a cheerful aspect to the room.

Grace was reading to her mother a beautiful treatise on the Immaculate Conception, when Peter came to tell Mrs. Redmond there were two gentlemen in the drawing-room who wished to see her. Mrs. Redmond appeared a little surprised :

"Who are they, Peter. Did they not give their names ?"

"No ma'am," answered Peter, slightly embarrassed and appearing very nervous. "but they said it was very important business."

Mrs. Redmond trembled. A strange sensation came over her. Instinctively she felt that it must be some one bringing her news of Harold. Perhaps the particulars of his death.

"Come with me, Grace, I cannot go alone."

Grace, understanding all, was at her side in a moment.

"Courage, Mamma," she whispered, "it will, at