

"Has she been to the Sacraments lately?" interrupted the priest.

"Well, no, I can hardly say—"

"The case is more urgent even than I thought," said Father Moore. "Kindly permit me to pass."

He entered the room. It was bare and stripped of its ornaments. The air was heavy with disinfectants. Upon the bed lay Marion Phillips, her features distorted by disease, her eyes closed. A kneeling figure arose and advanced to meet the priest.

"Sure, Father, I'm glad you're come. I counted every minute an hour since I left the message for you. It's my belief she's going fast."

"Why was I not sent for before?"

The priest scarcely listened to the explanation. He was bending over the dying girl; she was unconscious. He turned to Bridget.

"Surely she has not been left alone?—Where is the mother?"

"She's in weak health, and though her grief's heart-rending, she can't stand the air of the room."

"We will say the prayers for the dying, Bridget," said the priest, kneeling down.

While they prayed there was a slight stir in the bed, and Marion Phillips opened her eyes.

"Who is there?" she asked, faintly.

"A priest, my child."

A slight shiver passed through her.

"Is there any one else?" she asked, again.

"Sure, it's me, Miss Marion; it's Bridget; don't you know me?"

"Bridget, I thought you had gone; where's Mary?" After a pause: "I remember, she went away when I took ill."

Father Moore now tried gently to tell the young girl of her critical condition.