

her suffer in any way was a sore trial to her parents, and the more than brother, her uncle, whose divinity she seemed to be; and, with a courage and endurance simply heroic in so young a soul, she made up her mind, not only not to notice, but not even to deprecate the romps and games of the thoughtless children around her.

Ally in due time begged her mother to teach her to knit and to sew and was frantically impatient for books and pictures; and when the first struggle was over, her mind grew to love what it fed upon, and no one could have detected even a shade of discontent upon the brow of the silent tranquil-looking girl, who seemed to enjoy her enforced inaction, until the hard times came, and she saw how anxiety to shield her and provide for her became a new pang, and an added responsibility to her idolised parents. From that time, her prayer to God for health became an agony of supplication, dying into a very stupor of horror in the sad scenes of her father's death, and the subsequent visit of the bailiffs, but reviving with renewed energy when the first shock of surprise at their occupation of the game-keeper's lodge was over, and she saw, at every turn, how useful she could be, and how much she might do to alleviate the sorrow, as well as to help the weakness of her much-enduring mother.

Things had gone on this way through the declining Summer and all through the beautiful Autumn time. Ally saw her dear mother peaceful and even happy; but she sighed as she marked the extreme pallor of her cheeks, and the depression which overcame her at any unusual exertion; and, night and day, the child's supplications for health and strength to aid those she loved became more frequent and more fervent, until at last, the mental strain began to affect her visibly, and the change in her appearance seemed to renew all her mother's sorrows.

Poor little Ally was in sore distress. To confide in her mother or her uncle would be to reveal all she suffered; and, if there was no remedy to be had, was it not better she should bear her trouble alone? The heroic child made up her mind to do so.

While sitting in her favorite window

one day, saying her Rosary, it occurred to her forcibly to say the Fifteen Mysteries, for a direct manifestation of God's will, as regarded her being cured or the reverse. Her mother had gone to Mr. Meldon's and there was no one by to check the long work of her fervent faith and hope. It was towards the end of November, and the gloom of the short Winter's day had deepened into darkness, allowing only the glimmer of the fire light to flicker fitfully, and indistinctly upon the familiar objects of the little kitchen.

Wearied with the long recital of the Rosary, and the emotions called forth by the prayers she offered for light and help, Ally lay back in her little chair, closing her eyes for a refreshing sleep, when an impulse she could not account for made her raise her glance to an old picture which hung, in a plain, black-painted frame, above the fire-place, and represented, in divers glowing tints, "Our Lady of Mount Carmel." It was that in which she is represented as handing the holy scapular to St. Simon Stock.

It may have been the effect of the fitful light upon the little picture, or more likely the outcome of her own overwrought imagination, but Ally fainted away, as she seemed to see the figure of Our Lady gradually enlarge, until the face wore a loving smile, and, while with one hand she held the scapulars, with the other she pointed significantly towards them, with a gentle inclination of her head towards Ally. A great darkness, which was in truth extreme fright and faintness, fell upon the child.

How long she continued thus she knew not; but she was roused by the sound of voices coming towards the house, and soon recognized the welcome tones of James the Pilgrim, accompanying Uncle Tom. And now the poor child's heart beat fast, for she could not help seeing, in the unexpected arrival of James the Pilgrim, a direct interposition of Providence in her favor. To him she could reveal everything, and be sure of advice, and help, and sympathy; and she could hardly restrain herself from weeping as the faithful old fellow entered the doorway, and cried out for his own little Colleen, and hunted about for a light till he'd "show her without