

the son of the...of a widow, you remember, and our Lord Himself !  
" Do you know, Alice, that I always pray with my eyes shut every night to ask for his resurrection ? "

" So do I," said the girl... " and, maman too, I bet you," echoed the boy. " Say," said the boy, bracing up and staring in his sister's eyes, " that would be a miracle, that's all." " Why could not God grant it ? " " After all, there are miracles." " Let us kneel down and ask for a miracle." " Maman would be so glad ! "... " And Pa, too ! "

Yes, there are miracles !... Little did the innocent ones suspect that at this very moment, a few steps from where they were kneeling in fervent prayer, God was really performing a miracle for them. Their childish but powerful prayer had been heard. A resurrection was taking place ; that of justice and piety ; that of faith and duty ; that of forgiveness and affection ; that of generous and noble virtues in the soul of her who was on the point of becoming to them a cruel and inhuman step-mother.

The two hopeful miracle-seekers had scarcely finished their sweet invocation than a gentle knock was heard at the door. " Oh ! " said the timid girl, " it's maman, and she'll scold us for being here."

The door flew open, and the mother, yes ! their mother now, smiling through her tears, extended to them her flowers, saying : " Please, darlings, to offer these along with yours." And falling on her knees, she drew the two children to her bosom, and, sobbing, half choking with emotion, she pressed them to her heart and covered their sweet faces with kisses. In vain did she attempt to speak ; all she could say was : " I love you ! " Yes, she loved them now ! She loved them in him, for him and through him. The voice of her dead Andrew was still ringing in her ears : " Oh ! My little maman, love them for loving me so much ! "

With her tears, now flowing freely and abundantly, disappeared all rancor, all evil intentions, all unworthy resolves. At each caress, fonder she grew of those dear young orphans that a moment ago she hated so much. Once more, the glorious mystery of renovation in the Church and in nature was being accomplished in a human heart :... Life had vanquished Death ; Love had overcome Hatred. Glory ! Alleluia !

" IGNOTUS."