

"Father, I—I am in trouble, and I am a stranger in the city—a Catholic—my mother is ill—we are very poor—"

She paused. The priest read between the broken sentences. He knew that this distress was genuine.

"My dear child! You are a stranger, a Catholic, poor and doubtless out of employment. I see. You want a little help now until you can get on your feet? That's it? Good!" as the girl's expression changed to sudden gratitude. "There's nothing terrible about that," smiling at her, "and nothing so wonderfully out of the way, either. But let me hear about it."

Encouraged, she told the whole story. As she went on, a strange look overspread his countenance. But he did not interrupt her.

"God will provide: God's providence is over us," murmured the girl, her lips framing the words unconsciously.

"You believe that, child? You believe your mother's trust is not misplaced?"

"I came to test it," she said, coloring a little, perhaps ashamed of the bitter thoughts that had been hers in that moment of despair.

"Ah." He was silent a few moments, looking out of the window. "You came to test it? Now that is strange—that you should come here. God's ways are often so mysterious," he went on, musingly, "mysterious by reason of their very simplicity. Listen," he continued. "Last evening Father Curran was called to attend a sick man who had grown ill from worry, looking for a mother and sister who had come to this city two months ago and of whom he could find no trace. His name is Walter Grant. Wait," as the girl interrupted him with a cry. "He is not near death, do not think that. But he was too ill to leave the house, and as he had not been to the Sacraments in three years, he thought God would not bless his search until he made peace with Him. So he sent for Father Curran."

"Oh!" gasped Laura. "Walter! Walter found! Thank God, thank God!"