

and having no earthly consolation, would pray and weep incessantly.

The morning's dawn would find her still praying and weeping, for she could not bring herself to lie down on the little bed she had shared with her child and in which she had so often watched that child's peaceful slumber.

God took pity on the mother's terrible sorrow and vouchsafed to listen to her supplications. The widow was very poor, and are not the prayers of the poor all-powerful with God? Already were the angels saying: "The Master of Heaven is about to perform some miracle that will astonish the world!"

It was night time; the mother was prolonging her prayer and weeping; the moon, in its last quarter, with its pale sad rays, faintly illuminated the sorrowful and desolate scene in the poor little garret.

Suddenly the door opened and an apparition stood there surrounded by a soft entrancing light.

"Odette," exclaimed the mother recognising her child, all beautiful but with no earthly adornments, "my child!"

And she remained motionless, for the lovely vision attracted her yet invited her not to approach.

The child presented to her mother a bright, marvelously wrought golden urn, which she was carrying most carefully. The urn was full to the brim.

"Mother," she said, "God has sent me to you. He has given me all your tears and they are all in this urn. O mother! I am enjoying such happiness! Weep no more, for this urn is full, and, if you weep again, God, in order to grant your prayer and restore me to earth, will take me from that beautiful Heaven where I am awaiting you and where we shall be together to all eternity."

And the vision faded from sight, leaving a celestial odour in the little garret.

The widow fell on her knees in rapture, thanking God and saying: "Lord, how lovely is a child of Heaven!"

And she shed yet one more tear, but it was not a tear of grief but of gratitude. It did not make the urn to overflow and Odette remained in Paradise.