

Bombay was safely reached ; and then there was the long hot journey to the hill station north of the Punjaub where Captain Traver's regiment was stationed. There life went on as at all Indian stations, and Annie was surrounded by dangers many and serious. She had few opportunities of practising her religion—twice a year at most a priest visited this distant place. Yet she often wondered how she passed unscathed through so many perils ; and she felt convinced that her mother's prayers and the care of the ' White Lady ' had much to do with her preservation.

After two years the regiment was ordered down to M ——. This was in October, and Annie rejoiced. She would now be able to keep the vigil of all Souls in true Irish fashion.

This she did, and when praying after Holy Communion next morning, a picture in a side chapel attracted her attention and she went closer to get a better view. It was a painting of Purgatory. The Immaculate Mother was releasing many souls, but only one face in the pictured fire was seen by Annie. It was the ' White Lady.' She had never spoken of her dreams to her husband, but that morning at breakfast she felt impelled to relate them. The account of the face in the picture greatly interested him and he determined to see it next day.

That night he had a dream, his dead mother came to him and told him she had suffered in Purgatory for thirteen years, but that, thanks to the prayers of his wife she had been that day released. She bade him seek the one true Church into whose fold she had been received two years before her death.

Next morning he went to the Church and in that wonderful picture saw his mother's face. He asked a kind old priest to tell him the history of that painting. He was told that the Artist was haunted by that face night and day and never had peace till he introduced it into the fire, but neither painter nor priest knew the original. In a few words Captain Travers told what he had seen and heard the previous night and related what his wife had told him.

With much interest the old priest listened, and was not a little surprised when the Captain asked him to help him to seek the One True Faith. That day a course of instruction began, and on Christmas Day, the day when Angels first sang the grand Gloria, with its message of peace, Harold Travers was received into the Fold of Christ. Another soul won to God by his wife's devotion to the Holy Souls.