

ing it as calmly and reverentially as if she had been in a bower of roses instead of a circle of fire. Her cloak had fallen off, and she looked like some apparition as she came forward in her white dress through the fire and smoke.

The good Cure had been the first to recover from his stupor. He hurried toward her and, when she came down from the steps on the gravel walk, she said simply as she handed him the ciborium :

" I know I ought not to have touched it, but you see I couldn't help it. I had to save the Blessed Sacrament."

They had only just moved forward into safety when there was a terrific crash, and, turning round, the child saw with a shudder that the roof had fallen in.

"How good Jesus was to give me time to save Him !" she murmured.

A great shout of "Hurrah for Mademoiselle Jeannette! Hurrah for our little heroine !" rose from the crowd, but the child did not hear it. She had fallen fainting into her mother's arms.

Although Jeannette had been almost miraculously preserved from the flames, considering the furnace she had been in, her face and hands had suffered most, and her mother dreaded lest she should be scarred and disfigured. But her burns left no trace, except one round white scar, the size of a small Host, upon her arm. Her mother would often bend down and kiss it, and think in her heart that the good Jesus had left, as it were, His seal upon her little girl. — Henriette Eugénie Delamare in Benziger's Magazine.

