

more capable hands, he said to himself, when he recommended the widow and her child to the Holy Angels who guarded them, and to the other blessed spirits who stood about the earthly throne of their King.

Little by little the widow came to love the refuge she had found from the cares and troubles of life and when she began to attend Mass on Sundays, and to hear the simple sermons of the good pastor, she speedily came to realize, for the first time in her life, the claims of the Catholic Church. And so, step by step, she had accepted them and was now prepared and eager for baptism.

The first few months of her life as a Catholic passed peacefully enough with her child to care for and her new faith to study and test. She lingered in the little seaside village, too, for her health was failing, and sometimes she was anxious for the child's sake—for her own she was willing to lay down her life at any moment—but who would care for Joyce if she were left alone? She put the dark thought steadily from her.

"She is God's child," she said once to Father Hall; "if I have to leave her, He will take care of her." And the priest had turned aside hastily, that she might not see the mistiness in his eyes.

The call came suddenly—it was Joyce's third birthday—the first anniversary of her baptism. Father Hall had just time to administer the last rites. The widow looked toward Joyce—the priest understood, and guided her hand to the child's head. She traced the Sign of the Cross on the little forehead and her hand fell back.

"God's child!" she said, but so faintly that no one but the priest heard her—then, with a smile, she passed away.

John Olliver was a Protestant of a most uncompromising type. He had been sent for by Father Hall as the only relative of the child, and he came, attended the