

When I returned she was still sweeping. I could plainly see she was not accustomed to the work; nevertheless, she had succeeded much better than I ever had, judging from the handful of coin she gave me, among which sparkled four guineas.

"Four guineas!" excitedly interrupted Jack."

"Four bright new guineas! Who do you think this lady was?"

"The Blessed Virgin," hazarded Jack.

"May be, but a poor creature like me is not worthy of a miracle. No, the lady of the guineas was not the Blessed Virgin."

"A kind fairy," suggested Jack.

"Fairies do not walk the streets of London, Jackie. The lady who swept in my place while I assisted at Mass was the duchess of Longthorn, renowned throughout England for her charity and eccentricities.

To make a long story short, those guineas brought me wonderful luck and were instrumental in saving me and my children. With their help, I left London and came here to my relatives where I knew a warm welcome awaited me. Had it not been for their timely help, I should probably have died of want in London with my helpless family and you would not be alive to listen to my story. Since then, whenever the Mass bell rings, I never fail to bless myself and to say, "God give me a share." "Well, Mary," cried the irrepressible Jack, wasn't I right? Didn't I tell you there was some special reason for Grandma's practice?"

Mary, deeply impressed by the story, failed to retort. Jane in her childish treble broke the silence saying, "I will follow Grandma's example, whenever I hear the Mass bell ring I shall ask Jesus to give me a share in the merits and fruits of the Holy sacrifice."

"And so will I," cried Jack and Mary simultaneously.

"You will do wisely, children. May the practice bring you as much joy as it did me," said Grandma kissing the sleepy little ones and sending them off to bed...