

Annie said she too would like to pray. but her mother bade her first tell the other children to call their nurse to stay with them in the dining room till bed time.

Her message delivered, Annie returned, and began her rosary, but ere the fourth decade was finished the black curls lay on the chair against which she leaned and the lovely, blue eyes were closed in sleep.

In a short time the child awoke, looked round, and said. "Mother I had such a nice dream. A beautiful lady in white came to me, and asked me to help her. She told me she had no one to pray for her, and that she suffered much. I promised to pray for her every day. She smiled, put her hand on my head, and then I woke, Mother."

"That was indeed a nice dream, Annie," the mother answered. "Now dear, keep your promise and pray for the White Lady."

Years went by, and the child went through life loving and loved. She was eighteen, and on each day of those ten years, a prayer had been said for the 'White Lady.'

About this time she met a Captain Travers who was visiting a family in the neighbourhood. Their acquaintance ripened into friendship, which soon became something more, and in a month they were engaged.

Everyone liked Harold Travers, but unfortunately he was not a Catholic. This was his one draw back. He made all the necessary promises and everything was arranged so that the marriage could take place before his regiment left for India. The 8th April came and passed quickly all too quickly Annie thought, for it was her last day at Ardnacree.

To-morrow would see her leave her old home, and her old friends. That night in her sleep, the White Lady came again. This time she thanked her for her prayers, and told her that God would henceforth allow her to watch over her little friend. She bade her have no fears for the future, for all would end well.

Strangely comforted, Annie left the dear old home she loved so well—left her mother's grave and the grey-haired father who stood watching his favorite child till a turn in the avenue bore her out of sight. Truly was she his Cushlamacree. Long and silently Annie gazed at the chain of the Keeper Mountains, many-tinted that beautiful April evening; Yet she smiled through her tears as she trustingly laid her hand in her husband's. Soon the railway station at Templemore was gained and train and boat bore them quickly to the India bound steamer.