

Then, she never knew how, she made her way to the door again, the flames roaring over her head and the burning roof cracking so ominously that at every second she expected to feel it crashing down on her. But she did not seem to care now that she had the dear Jesus pressed against her breast.

By this time the whole village had assembled before the burning chateau, while the few firemen of the place made futile efforts to save what remained of it. Just then the old priest staggered up from the village, gasping :

"The chapel ! has any one thought of the Blessed Sacrament ?"

No. In their horror and despair, none of them had thought of the possibility of the chapel being on fire. There was a simultaneous rush toward it. What was their despair to see it all ablaze !

"The Blessed Sacrament ! you must save the Blessed Sacrament !" cried the Countess, wildly, wringing her hands, and some of the firemen advanced toward the burning building, but were beaten back by the flames.

"I will go myself," said the Count, rushing forward, but dozens of hands grasped him firmly and held him back.

"You cannot go ; it is too late . . . it would be your death !" all exclaimed. Just then arose a cry of anguish from the Countess :

"Jeannette, I can not see Jeannette !" she shrieked.

"I'm sure she came out of the house with us," answered her father. "She was the one who thought of Aunt de Mibreuil."

"Oh ! Jeannette, my child, where is my child ?" cried the mother despairingly, and as they looked for her in vain, a sorrow too great for words wrung all hearts.

Just then there arose a great cry from the assembled crowd and every one stood as if spellbound. Would they ever to their dying day forget the sight that was before them ? There, standing as if in an aureole of flames which leaped up all around her, her pale face and earnest eyes lighted up by their cruel blaze, stood little Jeannette, clasping the ciborium to her breast, and carry-