

“No need,” said a voice behind her in a gruff whisper that startled her, “I’ll stay with her myself.”

She turned round and found herself face to face with the woman’s husband, who had returned from the pit, and entering without their knowledge, had been a silent spectator of the scene.

“Pat!” cried the dying woman joyfully, as she heard his voice, “Oh, Pat, I am so glad you’ve come back in time to see me die in peace. You see I *can* die in peace, and you need not mind the money you promised to save for masses. I won’t need any, for I am going straight to my Saviour. He’s waiting for me in Heaven, and He’s here beside me now, and He’ll be with me all the way. Oh, miss, pray for my husband and my children that they may come to know such joy as this!”

Minnie knelt down beside the bed, and involuntarily they all followed her example—the great, strong Irishman kneeling at the head beside his wife, her thin, white hands clasped in his rough brown ones. For some minutes the silence remained unbroken, and then Minnie’s clear, sweet voice rose in earnest, supplicating tones for this family so soon to be bereaved.

Her prayer was short and simple, but it went straight to the hearts of her few listeners, touching and softening them with its heart-felt pathos, so that when they rose there were tears on every cheek, and even that of Charlie was not dry.

Directly after the visitors prepared to depart, Minnie promising to come down as early as possible the next morn-