

prayer, and hope, and joy, spreading from feature to feature, till nothing of earth was left. Upwards, upwards soared the soul upon the wings of love; upwards until it seemed already to be mingling its whispered orisons with the seraphic choir. Hast thou looked upon the sunlight stealing gently o'er a shadowed spot? Hast thou marked the sombre cloud disperse, until nothing but the glad skies looked down upon thee? Hast thou watched the shrouding mist vanish, or the pale hue of sickness brighten into the red glow of health? Thus fled sorrow and sadness from the captive's face.

The untutored maiden looked in wonder on the change wrought, as it were, by one unconscious word. Here she sat, looking fondly up to that glorious, heavenly face, catching from its pure mirror a reflection of holy thought. Unconscious the Jesuit stood, visions of bliss hovered around him; the gentle zephyr that fanned his cheek seemed beaten on it by the wings of seraphs; joyous songs broke upon his ear, and clouds of incense floated sweetly over his wrapt senses. Death and torture were before him, but