

finding in that divine Heart sympathy and consolation.

Another year has past away since *she* vanished from the stage of life—

“The last of that bright band.”

I have applied myself since then to win the love of the little flock who are my daily companions; and I think I have succeeded. I feel that my “presence” is, to them, “a blessing,” and that I have power to make them happy. In my walks around the village they follow or meet me with little offerings of wild flowers, or some such simple token—their fathers and mothers have always a pleasant smile, a nod, or a curtsy for *ma’amselle*. Even the very dogs have learned to love me; they never bark at me now, as I pass, but wag their tails and fawn on me, and even their affection is not to be despised. It is, at least, sincere. True, they have none of them shared my fortunes—there is no “Old Dog Tray” among them—there may be for others, but not for me—yet still I value the mute caresses of the faithful animals who are so susceptible of kindness, so grateful, and so honest.

I have reached the grand climacteric of woman’s life—nay, I have passed it by a year or two, and the little hanging mirror begins to warn me that

“Youth and bloom are over.”

The features are still youthful, but the buoyancy of spirit that animated them is fled for ever. I seldom smile now-a-days, and yet I am not sad—it is that the sun-