

a rare flower. Our natural emotion in contemplating her is like that which we experience in listening to the first song of the birds in Spring, in looking at the first blossoms of the orchards in May, or in walking through a grove after a summer shower, when the boughs on every tree are glistening with diamond drops of rain; a natural feeling like to that which thrills the heart of the traveller on the Alps when he finds a flower among the ice and eternal snow, or like that which wreathes in smiles the face of a mother when she hears for the first time the prattle of her first-born. But this poetic sentiment never makes us kneel down and worship, or invoke the object that arouses it. These emotions are mere pleasant evanescent sensations and not acts of religion. Agnes never lived long enough to show forth any great mental gift, even if she had been endowed with it. She can be classed with none of those women who have been great in the State or in the Church. She was not a clever queen, like Semiramis, Zenobia, or Cleopatra. She was not a poetess, like Sappho, nor a philosopher, like her neoplatonist contemporary Hypatia, whose praises are sounded in fiction. She was not a great writer, like St. Catherine of Sienna or St.