"' 'How could you, Missie? How could you leave me here? I wanted the blessing of Jesus, all day I longed for it; now it's over. How could you?'

"The only thing that comforted her was the promise that she should often visit the parish church at Christ-

mas and see the beautiful Crib there.

"Shura at once decided to have a gift to offer, and determined to save every sou, every franc; she would bring all to the Crib; the priest in charge would know best what the little Jesus would like.

"Christmas eve came. It was bed time, but sleep was long in coming, for the thought of Bethlehem filled the child's soul, but at last the lovely dark eyes were closed, and a wonderful dream was hers. In very joy she awoke, and dressing hastily, entered Miss Ormonde's room, bent over her and whispered:

"'Please do wake, Missie; I have seen Him. My Lady brought Him and put Him in my arms, and said, "Kiss Him, little Flower of Israel. Love Him all you can, for soon He will come to take you home." Oh! I

have seen Him.'

"There was something marvelous in the child's appearance: truth and purity shone in her eyes and a joy not of earth transfigured her. Often afterwards her governess recalled the wonderful story of that morning. The picture of that eager, happy face never left her memory.

"In February they started for Switzerland, as madame was ordered to a sanatorium at Bois Cerf, near Lausanne. It was a large place, and nuns of the Order of the Holy Trinity had charge of it. The four months spent there were the happiest term in Shura's short life. As she never had a settled home, she had had no playmates, but at Bois Cerf, there were plenty of little boys and girls, and many a romp they had in the court; they had sleighing and skating and snow balling, and every day brought new pleasures to the would-be little Christian.

, 'As it was Lent when they arrived, there were evening devotions, and the child went early to the church, to secure a seat in the front bench.

" 'I want to see Jesus well,' she would say.