

No man may traverse life for fifty years without somewhere falling on evil days.

In this Mother Bruyère was not an exception. Her life's sunset was not marked by that melancholy glory which so often crowns the dying day. Sorrow, disappointment, misunderstandings closed in from every direction—disguised messengers, doubtless, of Resignation coming to assist her to lay down willingly the burden of her earthly pilgrimage.

Here again she was true to herself. Dignified, trustful, loving to the end, "she underwent the ceremony of death."

To view the period of her headship of the order at this distance, through the atmosphere of tradition, it looks like the Golden Age.