

Kate, let us not seek to know what His mercy has covered from our eyes. Are not the arms of His Providence around us, dear one!—is He not always our good Father?"

"Yes, I know it," answered Kathleen, growing calmer, "but do not be displeased with me, Eva, I feel that I cannot give up Hugh, I cannot live without him. Eva, is it very sinful of me?"

"I will tell you a thought that has comforted me often," said Sister Clare, "in the pang of separation, and though I pray and trust, my dear, you may not hate to part with your Hugh, I know you cannot but suffer from the agony of expectation."

"Oh, that is just so, Eva, how thou hast divined my heart!"

"Ah, Kate," said Sister Clare, with a smile, "human hearts are made very much alike; and when we study our own hearts, we learn to feel for the woes of others."

"And this thought, dear Eva, that comforted you?"

It was, Kathleen, that great as our love for one another may be, and pure love of wife for husband, of mother for child, is, I know, exceedingly great, still 'tis as nothing compared with the love of God for the soul He hath made. God loves your Hugh far more than you can love him, Katie;—will He therefore harm him? Even you do not watch every hair of his head, but our God doth."

"Ah, Eveleen, that is a heavenly thought; would that I could cherish it as thou dost, but thou art detached from the things of earth."

Sister Clare smiled sweetly. "It is hard to be perfectly detached, Kathleen, and I doubt whether, by God's grace I should ever have attained that little detachment which I trust I have, save for this thought which Mother Abbess taught me at the beginning of my novitiate—that all which is lovely and beautiful in creatures or on earth is but a ray of God's love and beauty; then when that thought hath sunk into the heart the soul soars above and longeth to find the source of love and beauty. Hark! Kathleen, I hear voices calling us, we must go."

(To be continued.)

FRENCH CANADIAN WOMEN  
AND THE  
IRISH ORPHANS OF 1847.

By REV. B. O'REILLY.

\* \* \* \* It is November in Quebec, in that same memorable year 1847, and November had set in with unusual severity. The country parishes all round had each received its colony of Irish Orphans or young girls, who were adopted by the excellent farmers. Still the temporary asylums in Quebec attached to St. Patrick's church remained overcrowded; no provision had been made for their sustenance during the long winter which was setting in so fiercely; and local charity, it was feared, had been exhausted by the extraordinary drain of the preceding six months.

At a meeting of ladies it was resolved that the most zealous would go by sub-committees of twos and threes into all the neighboring parishes, and knock at every door to exhort every family to adopt one of the many hundreds of homeless waifs left behind by the retiring tide of disease and wretchedness. Women's tongues are eloquent when fired by such a cause; they were welcomed everywhere, and a day was fixed when the orphans should be brought to St. Patrick's church, and all who wished to add one more stranger to their family circle were to go there and make their choice.

So on the day appointed, the ferries from Point Levi and the Island of Orleans were early crowded with farmers' wives and daughters, while along the roads from St. Foye and Beauport, Charlebourg and Loretto, the vehicles of the country people streamed into the city as to some great public festival.

It was near noon, and in the house of a French Canadian ship carpenter, out near the banks of the St. Charles River, at the extremity of the St. Roch suburb, the cheerful, active mother of six children was just concluding her morning's labors, sending off her eldest girl with the father's dinner to the ship-yard, leaving her infant nursing with a kind neighbor, and then hurrying away—a distance of fully two miles, to St. Pat-