

tural dread of death common to nearly all the poor children of Adam.

The last Sunday Miss Berthelet spent on earth, seeing her nurses ready to go to Mass, she said to them: «May I not go too?» «You are too ill this morning,» they replied. «Send your good angel in your stead.» Turning aside, she whispered: «Go my good angel, go and hear Mass in my place since I am unable to do so.» Many a like message, doubtless, had her guardian spirit performed at her bidding through life. Many a time, perhaps, had he been sent to hover prayerfully about the tabernacles she had erected to the glory of Jesus Hostia, only to return laden with rare treasures of grace for her. These, Miss Berthelet was soon to find transformed into «an eternal weight of glory». Our saintly benefactress and most devout servant of God, completed her patriarchal life of goodness and charity to her fellow-creatures on April 18, 1866, at the ripe old age of eighty-two years, six months and twenty-one days.

Her body, robed in the religious habit of our Institute, lay in state in the Community room of the Providence Asylum for five days. The funeral obsequies were solemnly chanted in our chapel by the Right Reverend Bishop