

ture of their heavenly mother hung round their necks. Marie, alone, was in the garb of the worldling, was divested of her spotless robe, and, far worse, her baptismal innocence was no longer on her soul. She herself perceived and felt the difference; I saw it in her face that she did. Her companions gathered round her, and sportively besought her to join their society. She hesitated; I felt as if her salvation depended on her answer. (Oh, Mother! how I besought your aid in that hour!) A sense of guilt seemed to steal over her soul, and something she muttered about being unworthy. They over-ruled her objections, and made a circle round her. One of them took off her own wreath and picture; they knelt, and recited the prayer of the association. Marie, at first, remained standing, then she hid her face in her hands, and before the prayer was concluded she had sunk on her knees. Thus, she received the wreath and picture; I had not seen her in that attitude since the days of her childhood.

"I know not what she thought, or what she felt, but I can imagine, for she suddenly started from her knees, and rushed through the smiling sympathising crowd. Finding, after some time, that she came back no more, I also retired home; and opening the door of her little chamber, beheld her prostrate on her knees; the wreath and picture were placed before her, and the poor child was weeping bitterly. I would have retired, but she heard me, and springing up, she first flung herself into my arms, and then fell prostrate at my feet, imploring my pardon for the past sins of her life. From that hour she was an altered being; the books of poetry and of song, the pictures of actors, and of

worldly heroes, by which she had loved to decorate her room, were there no longer; and pious books, and pious pictures usurped their place. A crucifix was against the wall, and beneath it the withered garland ever retained its place. The picture she always wore upon her bosom. Both have been buried with her. In all ways she sought to repair the past scandal of her life. She publicly implored pardon of her young companions for the example she had given. She would ever walk last in processions as the most unworthy; the first and the last she was ever in the Church! her whole life was divided between prayer and good works. She instructed the ignorant, attended the sick, and more than one poor wretch has owned in his dying hour, that under God, he owned his hopes of salvation to her charity and zeal. This sudden change of life, at first astonished her father. He thought she intended to enter a convent, and he was furious at the idea. He overwhelmed her with abuse, with curses, aye, and often, very often, with blows, likewise. She bore all in patience; she who could never before endure an impatient word, now sat like an angel smiling through her tears. And when the storm was over, and his passion had exhausted itself into silence, she would steal to his side and kiss the hand that had been raised against her, and implore his pardon for having given him offence. Her devotion to the mother of God was wonderful. Her face would brighten at the very name of Mary, and she would often speak to her young friends of her Heavenly Mother with a fervour and holy joy, that failed not to draw from every eye those tears, the very mention of that sweet name could bring in her own. Most of all, she wished to die in