

If many of the ideals after which Mother Elizabeth Bruyère strove certainly hold still, others, perhaps of less loftiness, may in some instances be found in the seats of the mighty; but it can not be gainsaid that zeal and self-sacrifice are now as then passing strong in the order, and seem destined to abide with it a possession for ever.

There is probably no other religious community existent where the power driving duty's wheels has its capacity so strained to meet the demand: whether this be owing to the multifariousness of undertaking, or, to an over-application of energy to the means rather than to the end.

Would it not be a pity if the strenuousness of the present obliterated the memories of the past?

To squander these memories—these good ideals of perfection—is to invite spiritual penury; to cherish them is to become possessed of capital bearing generous dividends of respect, appreciation, honor, success.