

humble, unselfish heart; and that no beauty of face or form is as lovely or as lasting as that which springs from a pure and pious soul—that Love promised her, with tears, to accept, as patiently as she could, her new life in a lowlier sphere, and to strive with all her powers to please God, and do His holy Will, among her commonplace relations.

Faithfully, did she keep her childish promise.

Though many a time, she failed through weakness; though, again and again, her spirit grew sore and chafed under her tedious task, and amid uncongenial surroundings—with the help of God and our Lady, and the blessing of St. Anthony (to whom she had been consecrated in the Mission-scales at Lorette), she struggled bravely on—ripening, at last, into one of those rare creatures who quite forget themselves for others—into a noble, useful woman, whose soul was as beautiful as her face.

When she had become the joy of her household, and the support and comfort of all within the circle of her influence, young Louis St. Ange came to her from Montreal with a message from his aunt.

Madame had corresponded with her favorite through her years of trial, and helped her in her struggle against self.

She had shown Louis, (in his visits to the con-