

Kissed His Mother. She sat on the porch in the sunshine. As I went down the street— A woman whose hair was silver. But whose face was blossom—sweet. Making me think of a garden. Where, in spite of the frost and snow Of bleak November weather, Of bleak, fragrant lilies blow.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER VII. VISITORS.

Both Nano and Killany arose at this announcement, the one with a surprised and fretful countenance, the other smiling and apparently indifferent.

"For Heaven's sake put him off!" whispered the doctor hurriedly, as the priest's step was heard approaching in the hall.

"Too late, even if I desired to do so," she answered in the same tone, and the next moment was bowing to a stout, middle-aged gentleman, who took both her hands in his affectionate anxiety, and said, gasping for breath the while:

"Bless you, my child!" Doctor Killany bowed distantly.

"I heard your father was ill only today," continued the priest, "and I assure you that I was deeply hurt that you had not informed me on the instant. But I can understand. You look pale and worn, and did not think, in the alarm at so untoward an event, to do everything. And how is Miss Nano?"

"Improving rapidly, father," replied Nano, successfully counterfeiting cheerfulness. "Indeed, he can write a little and say a few words. In a few days he will be able to speak distinctly, the doctors tell me. I must ask pardon for my negligence in not sending you word of his illness. As you have so kindly understood I was too confused with grief to think of anything, and left all to our friend Dr. Killany."

"And I," said the ready doctor, quietly accepting the responsibility which with some maliciousness he placed upon him—"I, acting upon medical advice, announced to no one his illness, and bravely turned away all who came to see Mr. McDonnell. I am glad that your reverence was not subjected to the same treatment."

"Indeed!" said the priest, smiling grimly at his frankness. "If it is not asking too much," he continued, rousing himself from a little reverie into which he had fallen while looking at the doctor, "I would like to see your father."

"There is nothing to hinder," replied Nano, conscious that Killany was appealing to her with all his eyes. "Do you wish to see him alone, or shall I remain with you?"

"The occasion seemed so urgent that Killany could not resist the temptation, when the priest for a moment dropped his eyes, to make an impassioned gesture of entreaty and warning. His reverence saw it quite as easily as if he were looking at the gentleman, and comprehended it too, as with an innocent air, he said:

"Be it as you please, Miss Nano. What I have to say to my old friend need not be hidden from his daughter, unless it be your own desire or his."

"Then let us go down. I shall leave you alone together. He can talk very little, and I am sure would prefer to have no one present."

They left her room for the library. Killany, seeing that he prevailed nothing over Nano's resolution, had silently departed, and speeded his way to the sick man's room, where he dismissed the valet, informed McDonnell of the priest's coming, and apparently departed by the door.

However, when Nano and the priest entered the further end of the apartment, ready for developments.

"Father," she said, stooping to kiss his cheek, "Father Leonard is here to see you."

"Glad!" muttered the invalid in a thick, almost inaudible voice, extending both his shrunken hands. He repeated the word several times, with such a kindling of the eyes and such a depth of feeling that Nano, who had looked upon his agony so coldly, was torn with sudden anguish and wept silently. He held the priest's hands tightly, like a man who grasped his only support on a perilous ocean, and he would not let them go. Then Nano, half-frightened at her own boldness, yet conscious of having done something which gave a momentary ease to her aching heart, left them.

In her room she found Olivia, who at sight of her opened the treasure-house of her imagination and eloquence and made a grand display of both, to her own satisfaction. Her appearance was very welcome in spite of the irritation of the priest's presence in the house, and her indignation at the wrongs she had suffered, her astonishment at Nano's changed manner and face, and her fresh, hearty, sympathy for her friend were entertaining and very acceptable to the lady who had been leaning entirely on self in those troublous days, and had found the support so vile, so flimsy, so comfortless.

"Killany met me so suitably, you know," she exclaimed to Nano, "that I was sure he was going to ask some silly favor of me with his usual display of fine words, and overwhelming politeness. But the idea of being told to go out as I came in never entered my head any more than it entered yours."

Nano winced at this home-thrust, and laughed to hide her confusion.

"Why have you such an aversion for

the doctor," she said, "and he the admired of women?"

"Ask your own heart," replied Olivia. "You admire him as much as I do, but you have the faculty of concealing your likes and dislikes better. I rejoice in them too much to hide them more than Christian charity requires, though I fear I do stretch the precept a little now and then. I can't resist a trifle of backbiting sometimes, especially concerning Killany."

"That is wicked," said Nano; "and I, though a pagan, can reprobate such a practice here."

"But on what principles? Don't attempt to answer, for I intend to do it myself. You reprobate it because it is not in harmony with the feeling of self-respect which you, as a cultured woman, are supposed to have; because you degrade yourself by taking an unfair advantage of an adversary; and because you would be guilty of a want of pride. Now, Christians act on the principle that to injure another's good name is the same thing with stealing so many dollars from him, and they are conscience-stricken and en-

joy no peace of mind until they have re- stored what they have stolen. There's law and logic, my love, and it seems not to agree with you."

"You can be tiresome when you choose, Olivia. Have I not read all that a dozen times in some works of the musty fathers? What an amount of rubbish they did manage to collect in their time!"

"Do you know Orestes Brownson, Nano?" asked Olivia in a very shrill voice and with an impressive frown.

"The pervert! Yes. But pray don't deafen me outright."

"He has given transcendentalism some of the sweetest knocks in the world. Did you ever read what he wrote of those old fathers whom all our learned men hold down upon so serenely from the heights of their own intolerable ignorance? He said—"

Nano put her hand over Olivia's mouth.

"I don't want to know what he said. The idea of such a butterfly as you reading Brownson!"

"He said that they—"

Up went the hand again.

Olivia, he so kind as to leave it unsaid. It will haunt me for a week to come."

"He said that they were the authors of all that was solid in modern thought."

Nano's hands were clasped over her own ears.

"Now I've said it," continued Olivia; "and you may listen again. You spoke of those old geniuses slightly, and I have defended them. It was Harry Todd. And, by the way, when are you coming to see my new home?"

"How often have I planned to go," Nano answered, "and how many untoward circumstances have occurred to hinder me!"

"Killany's been there, and his comical servant or student Quip, and—and several others. It's the prettiest place in the world."

"No doubt. What special attractions have you there?"

"My brother, for one," cried Olivia with sisterly enthusiasm. "The best fellow in the world, and as handsome as an angel. You should see him."

"I have, Olivia."

"Oh! Indeed. And when and where?"

"At Dr. Killany's office. He's the doctor's partner, I believe."

"At Dr. Killany's office!" repeated she in amazement. "And he never said a word about it. O these men!"

Nano was fearing that she would soon be treading on delicate ground, and therefore she attempted a diversion.

"I haven't heard of Sir Stanley in some days," said she looking out of the window; "what has become of him?"

"He talks of returning to Ireland," answered Olivia promptly, blushing an ingenuous red; "but I think he will wait until the summer."

"You know he will, Miss Arful, and much longer, if you insist upon it. You may laugh, and protest, and blush as much as you please, but when the summer comes Sir Stanley will be here, and he will be here in the fall and through the next winter. It will end, as all these things end, in a wedding. I congratulate you."

"There was a very harsh chord in Nano's voice as she uttered the last words. The little picture of happiness which she had begun to paint in jest, contrasting so painfully with her present feelings, smote her with bitterness when it was finished. To know that she was so very far from Olivia's standard of virtue made her envious.

The flood of misery which had rushed around her, leaving untouched those cheerful souls that belonged to her life, filled her heart with rage that she, who had known so little of true happiness, should still be called on to endure while they went on carelessly, untroubled, and fortunate always. Olivia looked at her in surprise, and then laughed dubiously.

"Was it the croak of a raven I heard, or did your feelings overpower you, Nano? Anyway, your congratulatory is premature. I never expressed a particular regard for—"

"Sir Stanley Dashington!" hawled a servant at that moment from the door, and immediately afterwards this gentleman entered the room. The Irish baronet was a fair representative of the modern gentleman of rank, and he appeared to be thirty years of age. His personal appearance was more distinguished than handsome; but being the possessor of brilliant eyes, a taking smile, an insinuating address, a noble disposition, a name, and a fortune, he was, on the strength of these qualities, the reigning lion of Canadian society.

"I am surprised," said he after the first greetings were over, "to find you here, Miss Fullerton. I thought your mornings were entirely devoted to domestic matters. It is just as well, perhaps, for you can do me the honor of accepting my cutter in going home."

"How very convenient!" murmured Nano.

"Thank you very much," said Olivia shortly, "but I cannot permit any temptation to draw me from the useful duty of a constitutional. As to my home affairs, you should know that their rules have a hundred exceptions in Nano's favor and not one in any other's."

Sir Stanley coughed and Nano laughed, for both were aware that she was alluding to the baronet's frequent invasion of rules and exceptions.

"What a model of regularity!" said Nano. "What a stickler for discipline!

It will be her punishment in the future to get a husband either more regular than herself or too irregular to understand her discipline. I hardly know which to pray for, both are so much to my mind."

"The latter, by all means," the baronet answered. "She must live not only to condemn, like a good politician, her present convictions, but actually to love, honor, and obey their opposites."

"That could never happen," said Olivia in turn. "I would do many things before I would suffer in that way. And have I not a new door of escape? That fussy old member for Blackwood, who had to pay some hundreds of dollars for a divorce last year, has introduced a bill to facilitate such matters. Couldn't I, wouldn't I take advantage of it?"

"That would be disreputable," the baronet remarked.

"And utterly contrary to my own principles," Nano put in. "How often has she held forth to me on the wickedness of divorce!"

"Does it make it any less wicked because I employ it in a single instance? But of course, being Catholics, we would not marry again. Very likely the first experiment would be enough."

She looked saucily at Sir Stanley, who was bold to say:

"Well, do not pierce me with your eyes, Miss Fullerton, or I shall be tempted to offer myself as the other party to that contemplated divorce. Let us pray to-night for the success of the member for Blackwood. He is a charitable fellow. Having been nipped pretty badly himself, he is anxious to save others from the same misfortune—a charity, take notice, that prevails among statesmen."

"His bill will be of no benefit," Nano said, with serious voice and manner. "I would not object to a little more freedom in this particular, though I do not fancy the ease with which our neighbors do these things."

Sir Stanley glanced at Olivia, as much as to say that they, being Catholics, must unite to crush this loose-principled lady; but she would not respond to the invitation.

"There is no need to discuss a bill which will never pass," she said. "My opinions on divorce in general, and American divorce in particular, are very well known to my friends. The Yankees are fast falling into the license of paganism."

"You are stirring the coals of a hot discussion," cried Nano in tones of warning. "You know that Sir Stanley and I are American sympathizers—"

"Pardon me for interrupting," said Olivia, "but why should these people be called Americans any more than we, or the Mexicans, or any other nation on this continent? Did you ever see them yet that they were not intruding on common or foreign property?"

"Now, now," Sir Stanley interposed. "Our little Canadian is becoming rampant. Please be calm, Miss Fullerton. We can regret the existence of the facts you mention, but since they are well-established, and you must accept them, willing or unwilling, do so gracefully."

"Must it not be so, said she, becoming suddenly conscious, by a glance at a mirror, that her cheeks were glowing and her eyes sparkling in a manner very dangerous to Sir Stanley's self-control and peace of mind. "But there! I detest those Yankees—no, not detest, but I wish they were some other nation—Greeks or Turks. One might then call them all sorts of names without hurting other people's feelings."

"You are in a blaze, Olivia," said Miss McDonnell lazily. "Talk on a cool subject until you are restored. Are you going to Mrs. Strachan's toboggan-party?"

"Certainly. I couldn't miss it. We are to walk to Staring Hollow and back again on snow-shoes."

"Better yet," said the baronet, "Mrs. Strachan has put me down as your assistant."

"Oh!" pouted Olivia, "what a woman for managing!"

But she did not say whether the arrangement was good or bad in her estimation, and Sir Stanley, taking the former for granted, was made supremely happy.

The recollection of the toboggan-party was a slight damper on Nano's hitherto even cheerful countenance. She had for a time forgotten her troubles in the presence of her light-hearted friends, and had laughed, as men and women can laugh with the iron deep in their souls. The mention of pleasures in which she had always taken part reminded her more forcibly of her present distaste and its causes, and deep and settled sadness took again possession of her heart. She was glad when an excuse arose for dismissing the baronet and Olivia. The servant announced the presence of

"Sir John McDonough," said Olivia, rising; "then I must go. I shall have a look at the dear ugly old fellow first. He is my model of a Canadian gentleman."

"You will meet him on your way down," Nano said.

"He would feel flattered at your estimation of him."

The baronet and she went out together, and standing in the hall below a tall, slim, tastefully-dressed, middle-aged gentleman, with the air and bearing of a youth of twenty-five. His hair was long and hung in dark and well-oiled curls about his ears. His face, which could not have been much homelier, was fleshless, knotty, and hard, its prominent features being a wide, smiling, sarcastic, good-humored mouth and a nose of the most fearless and talented dimensions. The wrinkles were numerous, the eyes large but dull in expression, and the complexion as muddy as the waters of a river on a rainy day. This was the attorney-general of the first of the Canadian provinces, afterwards, with varying fortune, the premier of the Dominion, and Olivia's model of a patriotic Canadian gentleman. He was said in later years to bear a strong resemblance to Disraeli when aged, wickedness, and the cares of state had dimmed the personal beauty of that political comet, and the premier's admirers were fond of extending the resemblance of feature to the manners and deeds of their hero.

Olivia stared very hard at him in passing, as she had a clear right to do, being a woman and already acquainted with him; and Sir John though he could not recall the pretty face that looked at him so shyly, yet so confidently and admiringly bowed most courteously, as a statesman should who knows his business. The

priest came out of the library as Olivia was being handed into the sleigh by Sir Stanley, and she caught a momentary glimpse of the meeting diplomat, each evidently being afraid to offer his hand first, lest a wrong construction might be put upon the act by either.

"Your reverence," said Sir John, with a slight expansion of the unfading smile, "is not more daunted by weather and rheumatism than younger men."

"A sick person is to an ecclesiastic," answered the priest, "what a wavering vote is to a minister; something to be rescued at all hazards."

"How is your friend McDonnell?"

"Improving, but still in danger. I would advise you not to visit him. His mind has just been pretty well detached from earthly things. A fall from heaven to earth would be dangerous."

"Thank you, father," said the minister meekly. "I was not aware that my presence usually had such an effect."

"Could it have any other, Sir John?"

"They were ascending the stairs by this time towards Nano's apartments, preceded by a servant. Sir John was supporting the priest, who found the work of ascent very trying to his damaged legs. Nano was awaiting them on the landing.

"Church and state," said she, "never moved more harmoniously through a difficulty."

"It's not the first assistance we have offered," Sir John said, with a significance understood only by the ecclesiastic.

"The only one with so innocent a motive," answered the priest, smiling over his spectacles. "I warn you that I pay nothing for this favor. Look, Sir John, at this young beauty, our hostess, and feel remorse, if you can, at the insult you and your government have lately offered her."

"Insult!" echoed the pair in astonishment.

"Insult," repeated the priest emphatically, "in permitting a member of your party to introduce a bill for the obtaining of divorces more easily than at present."

"Oh!" said Nano, and Sir John remained silent.

"It will not pass, I know," the priest continued, but it is the entering wedge of a more pressing agitation, the first lesson in a crime with which for the better growth of our people they should remain unacquainted. Your party deserves, and will get, I trust, just punishment for its carelessness and weakness."

"Consider, father, consider the circumstances," said Sir John earnestly. "A powerful but foolish member rides this hobby. Practically it will never amount to anything, and to oppose him at a time when our situation is extremely delicate would do us serious injury."

"I must put an end to this discussion at once," interposed Nano, "by giving a casting-vote in favor of Sir John. You, father, I must ask to be satisfied with offering of cake and wine. Come to the luncheon-room, both of you."

The old gentlemen sat down to discuss in peace, fair lady so sally wracked with pain under her smiling exterior.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

It was the 10th of February, 1770, a clear but cold winter afternoon. The French court was returning from a stag chase in the woods of Versailles, and were moving slowly along the road in the direction of the chateau.

The king rode in front, in deep reverie; behind him came in dazzling confusion the ladies of honor, maistresses, huntresses, all in splendid uniform. These latter thought but little of a rolling fire was kept up by them of brisk dialogue and joyous repartee.

The king suddenly turned towards his physicians, who followed in a litter, a small brightly old fellow who treated Louis XV. with the utmost familiarity.

"Doctor am I sick?"

"Sick, sire? You are wonderfully well, never have I seen you wear such a hue of health."

"Very well then: 'tis my soul that is ill; but you do not believe in the soul, do you?"

"The soul, sire, a trifle for similitons and devotes. The other day there was brought to me an unfortunate fellow who had his head smashed in by a fall from a scaffold. The brain was laid bare, when I pressed the thinking mass with my finger the man lost his memory and judgment which he recovered when I let go my finger. Thus I kept it under my hand, I saw it palpitate, that famous soul in no way beautiful, in no way mysterious and hidden, in no way spiritual as they write in their conjuring books. The soul is an organ, sire, like the liver and the stomach, and thought is a secretion!"

"If there be no soul, doctor, tell me what it is that suffers in me, what is it that murmurs, that regrets, that importunes, that rebels?"

"Ah, sire!"

"Everything smiles upon me, doctor. I am king of France, and France overrules the world! I am hungry through the perspective of a splendid supper, and this evening I feel coursing through my veins a vivifying tide, which refreshes and exhilarates me. At this moment then where is there place for that organ which suffers, and if the philter be so pure, why is its secretion so bitter?"

"Ah, sire!"

"Your 'ah' is the cry of a fool, doctor, of a wise fool, the worst of all fools? There are certain malignant vapors which come from the deepest recess of the stomach, arising from badly digested food, and which combine with predisposing humors. These have entered your head this evening to obscure your ideas and make you wander. Go to sleep, doctor, good night."

The king pricked his steed, and continued his taciturn ride, whilst the lords and ladies hastened around the doctor's clinic to comment on their master's words.

Louis XV. was known to be whimsical, but he exceeded himself that evening.

"Truly," observed the Marchioness de Pombal, "I believe Madame de France is a bit of a sorceress. Every time the king devotes himself exclusively to her, as he did this morning for two hours, he leaves her with the air of a penitential devotee." (Now Madame de France who was alluded to in this bitter way, was the daughter of Louis XV. Louise de France, who lived at court as a recluse in her convent.

On that evening there was a great fete at Versailles. Madame du Barri gave a supper to the officers of a new regiment of guards raised for herself. Beside the Marchioness de Pombal, there sat the unidentifiable royal party to arrange themselves in the Duke d'Anquillon, the real master of France at that sad period of her history.

All these people, except the young counts who were too fresh at court to be very wicked yet, despised each other heartily, and when occasion arose they manifested their mutual contempt. There was a continuous flow of repartees and phrases sharp enough to pierce to the marrow, but so politely turned that their wit made the poison they contained pass unnoticed; and it would have been bad taste not to be on the side of those who laughed at such sallies.

The king's place remained vacant to the great astonishment of the guests, but after some time he was forgotten and it was found there could be amusements without the king's presence. Madame du Barri was not constituted to trouble her self for so slight a cause. It was growing late. The apoplectic Marchioness du Vintimille had already yawned three times behind her napkin, and this Madame du Barri had duly notified her neighbor by three taps of her foot under the table. Terry drew a last spark of satanic fire from a glass of champagne. All would wish to separate, but the king was expected, and though he was not coming he signified that he would have a word to say to them before their departure.

At that moment, through the half open casement came the tinkling of a concert bell; it was the Capuchin Fathers recently established in the park of Versailles at the request of Louise de France, who were going to choir to chant matins.

"That bell!" exclaimed Maupou, provoked. "That cursed bell! One can no longer sleep here. Fancy, that bell awakes me exactly at four o'clock in the morning, just as if I were a Capuchin!"

"That is to tell you, you ought to become one if you wish to save your soul!" observed a little countess with the figure of a linnets.

"Let us be indulged, great misfortunes and great crimes have a right to an asylum which is not refused to lepers and to sick dogs," the words were uttered by the Marchioness de Barri with the air of ferocious sympathy.

"As for me," Iroke in the Marchioness de Pombal rising with glass in hand, "I am for the monks. It is so pretty to see a procession of Religious in black and white advancing by torch-light. One might say that the tombs of the choir were opened, giving exit to quite a host of phantoms, like that just as much as the beautiful and comic displays."

"Ha, you becoming sentimental," said Du Barri.

"Gentlemen," continued she, "I will bet the post of Guard of Honor in my regiment against a fathoming that you will not find in the convents of France a solitary man or woman, noble, handsome, rich, happy, in life who entered with a free heart."

"Yet," said Terry; "there is the Countess de Ruppelmonde who became a Carmelite in the Convent Rue de Grenelle."

"She was in disgrace," replied Du Barri coldly. "All such people despise the world because the world first despised them."

"I were king," began d'Aiguillon.

"You would not be master," interrupted Richelieu with sharpness.

There was a great silence, that silence that presages a storm. Terry had stopped his glass mid-way to his lips and all eyes were fixed on the first minister, when the door opened and Louis XV. appeared between two pages carrying torches. The guests stopped.

"Please follow me," said the king.

"The cortege filed after the king through a series of chambers and corridors; no one breathed a word. They reached a room in the very attics. The king tapped at the door with cautious hand, and a delicate female voice answered the call.

Four white walls, no fire, a *pridee* before a Crucifix, and before the Crucifix, Madame Louise on her knees, and radiant and beautiful like one invited to a ball; such was the appearance of the modest room they entered. Not one of the joyous guests a few moments previous had an inclination to smile. Madame Louise stood up at the approach of her visitors; without ostentation or any false modesty she allowed the royal party to arrange themselves in the chamber, and said to them: "My friends, the king, my father wishes me to invite you to the ceremony of my taking the habit to-morrow at the Carmelite Convent, St. Denis."

Madame du Barri bit her lips; to quit a throne for the cloister! They all inclined their heads respectfully.

When the guests had gone down again to the festive hall in silence, one of the young officers stooped towards the ear of his protectress, and said, "Do not bet again, madame, if you hope to win!"

There was a great commotion on the next day, the 11th February, 1770, at the little Convent of St. Dennis. The sisters, with their resources exhausted, were finishing a novena to St. Joseph to obtain from Heaven a succor they no longer ventured to expect from an earthly source. There was a question of nothing less than driving the sisters from their retreat, and selling the convent for certain debts in contracting which, not the slightest fault lay with the religious ladies. The prioress assembled her daughters around the Tabernacle. "My daughters," said she, "the blow which strikes us is severe, but we shall bless God all the same when we remember that He arranges for the best."

A sob at once suppressed closed these words, and the Carmelites were retiring when a ring called the prioress to the parlor. It was Madame de France who came to ask a favor to be allowed to bury her crown there; and innocent and pure as she was to expiate by her suffering the errors of her father.

Mute with astonishment the superioress could not believe her eyes. She looked at the king's pale daughter, and asked

herself by what miracle a Carmelite vocation could have sprung up at Versailles. Madame Louise replied to the doubtful looks of the nun by a calm smile which might be thus interpreted: "Be assured, sister; I know what I am doing and God approves of me."

The prioress took the princess by the hand. She conducted her to the refectory where the fare was so poor, to the choir where they passed so many nights in prayer, to the dormitory where the couches were so hard, to the garden where their very recreations with their alternations of silence and conversation were not without rigour. At every new austerity the nun stopped and looking at the princess, said: "Think well about it, madame, can you endure that?"

Madame Louise smiled without replying.

When the visitation was over she turned towards the superior: "Mother," said she, "is there a Crucifix everywhere?"

"Everywhere, certainly, madame."

"Then have no fear, that will teach me how to suffer."

At these words the prioress fell on her knees and adored the providence of God. She returned to the community, who were already informed by the portress of the visit of Madame Louise.

"Mother, is it true, asked a sister, 'that our king's daughter is here?'"

"Yes, and to remain here," she replied. A month later, Madame Louise de France bore the name of Sister Teresa of St. Augustine. And she, who could aspire to the most glorious queen's sceptre, handled a broom in a poor convent.

The more she sought to hide herself, the more the world felt attracted towards her. Gustavus Vasa, the King of Sweden, came with all her virtues. Her sisters, Anne and Victoire, sometimes assisted at the offices and passed much time in converse with the royal penitent.

Besides these visits, there were still more illustrious ones. People sometimes saw at nightfall a closed vehicle stop at the approach to the convent. If they followed into the church the unknown figure that alighted from the vehicle, remaining there motionless listening to the sisters chanting in their stalls, and weeping!

One day some one thought to pity her. In the evening, in her little address to her companions she said: "Believe me, we are happier here than princes at court. At Versailles I had a good bed, but I could not sleep. Here on my hard pallet I can scarcely awake when the bell calls me; my table was well served but I sat down without an appetite; here I felt a scruple in experiencing so much pleasure eating our peas and carrots. If we have our observances here, the court has its own. At Versailles I sat down to table at two o'clock, here I go to vesper. At five o'clock I was obliged to go to the play, here I go to prayer. At nine I should be at a ball or at the theatre, here I go to matins. What is the difference between an observance one loves and a yoke one detests? I am asking myself every day for more than a year that I have been here, where then are the austeries of Carmel?"

Sister Teresa of St. Augustine died on the