

thyme, the Sisters have planted white roses. Each recurring spring in waking anew to life and freshness, they adorn the venerated resting-place with their spotless beauty. Their exquisite odor seems like the perfume that, according to the scriptural promise, draws youthful souls to run in the path marked out by the Spouse. Meanwhile, the tender shoot which the Mother Foundress planted with her own hand in the soil of Holy Church, which she nurtured with care, and for which she sought, by prayer, the dew from Heaven, is becoming a great tree, each year adding to its vigor and beauty. Beneath its branches that extend their shade from ocean to ocean, multitudes of Christ's little ones hasten to find a congenial shelter, and to praise with loving gladness the glory of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

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