

On one side of the chateau, but built much farther back, so that it could not be seen by any one standing in front of the house, was an exquisite Gothic chapel, on which every succeeding generation had delighted to lavish costly offerings. Holy Mass was said there every morning by M. L'Abbe Plante, the boy's tutor, and at the time when these events happened the Blessed Sacrament was reserved there and the whole family and many of the dependents vied with one another in their devotion to their Eucharistic Lord, making him long visits and decorating His altar with the choicest flowers. Even little Jeannette did not fail to do so, and though too restless to enjoy staying long in the chapel, her visits to it were very frequent and fervent ones, and she perhaps thought of our dear Lord during the day as often, if not oftener, than did her apparently more devout sisters.

"I can't think," she said to Yvonne one day, "why you need to stay so long in the chapel. I just go in and say to our Lord, Oh ! Jesus, I love you so much, so much ! I give you my heart. I will try to be good and please you, please help me to become a saint, and bless me and all those I love. Then I feel that He blesses me, and I leave the chapel feeling quite good and happy, but I am not holy or clever enough to say long prayers as you do."

Jeannette, fair and rosy, with her merry blue eyes and masses of fair, wavy hair, was indeed a contrast in every way to her two elder sisters, Helene and Yvonne, both dark and rather quiet, serious girls, especially Yvonne, who was already looked upon as a future nun. Sweet as she was, there was nothing nunlike about little Jeannette ; she was too fond of fun and mischief, and with her sunny, buoyant nature, was more inclined to romp with her brothers ride her pony or row on the lake, than she was to partake of her sisters' occupations. She was tender-hearted and affectionate, and a bright, clever child, very painstaking at her lessons and a great favorite with Mademoiselle Maurier, their governess. Indeed, she was a favorite with every one except Mademoiselle de Mibreuil, who, when the child's father called her "My sunbeam," remarked snappishly that "My whirlwind" would be far more applicable.