

Sister Niceta, following up Sister Bona's train of thought.

"My father's death was a sad blow and I miss him very much, but I am not *lonesome*, dear sisters. I never knew what it is to feel that way," replied Olive.

It appeared to me that Olive's reply brought a slight look of disappointment on the faces of her hearers. I may be mistaken, but one thing is certain, which is, that if Olive had been convinced that God had called her to a religious life, she would have packed up there and then, handed everything over to her younger sister, and gone straight to the convent.

So Olive Reinheart's name was reluctantly erased from Sister Bona's list of "possible candidates." Providence did not intend that Olive should be

"A pensive, non-devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure."

Taken all in all, Olive's life, although active, was a quiet one. Outside of her own small circle of friends she was little known, except to the poor, who always looked upon her as a visiting angel.

"She is indeed a highly cultured lady," is about the way it would be put, if you asked for an impartial diagnosis of Olive Reinheart. Olive had made it her study to imitate her patron saint. She strove to become kind and gentle, and especially to copy the Virgin martyr's purity—that "fairest virtue above the rest."

Having convinced herself that she was not called to a religious life, Olive began to consider seriously the advisability of marrying or remaining single. It has been seen clearly that it was hopeless for her to expect any sane advice on so important a matter from her giddy acquaintances.

"After all," said Olive one day, "experience has taught me, that my best advisers and counsellors are our Lord Himself and His holy Mother, who have never failed to solve my doubts, either in prayer, or through my spiritual director." Hence, during the month of May just past, Olive had made more than one novena in honor of our Blessed Lady, in order that she might know her true vocation.

In a matter of such great moment Olive had particularly begged the prayers of one poor old widow, whom she had helped along for many a month. Whenever this poor old person thanked Olive for some

favor she always added a fervent "God bless you, my child." Olive knew that God heard the prayers of the widow and orphan, and that of such a good old soul it could be said, as Cardinal Newman once said of another pious old lady, that

"Through her earnestness were shed
Prayer and love, a blessings on our head."

At the end of May, Olive concluded that it would be better if she had a partner—one who would help her in her many works of charity. Yes, she *would* marry. Whom? Here was another question to be solved.

On the 2nd of June—a Thursday 1896—Olive spent most of her time in church. She always felt at home there, but never more so than to-day—her own Namesday—the Feast of St. Olive. It was getting towards evening, and Olive seemed unconscious of the approaching twilight. She seemed absorbed in deep meditation, as she knelt before the Statue of the Sacred Heart, and the soft red light poising in mid air, in casting its rays over Olive's countenance, revealed the fact that her lips were moving in earnest prayer, their seemingly natural occupation.

It may not be out of place if I recall the fact, that only three nights before our little friend Jus, in seeking shelter from the rain, had entered this same church, and had knelt in the same spot where we now see Olive.

Olive prayed long and fervently. "Dear Lord," she said, "I beg a special favor of thy Sacred Heart. Grant it to me through Thine own merits and those of the most pure Heart of Mary, Thine and my Mother. Since it seems to be Thy holy will that I receive the Holy Sacrament of Matrimony, instituted by Thee, give to me, O Lord, a partner after Thine own Sacred Heart—one whose union with me will help to increase Thy glory, bring help to Thy brethren, the poor, and be a means of securing my own and others' salvation."

Olive then wrote out the substance of this request, and placed it in the intention box. Before leaving the church she dropped a greenback of some denomination (to which she pinned a memorandum) into the same poor box which had received Jus' "extra" cent on the preceding 31st of May.

One month later—July—about two weeks prior to the Feast of the Holy Scapular,