

lation. But, oh ! this doubt, this anxiety ! It is terrible ! ”

“ Poor Mamma ! ” repeated Grace, hardly knowing how to comfort her, “ we can do nothing but rely on the mercy of God. During one of our retreats at the convent, the priest told us something that I never forgot. It often comforts me, and it will comfort you also, if you will, only reflect upon it. He said : “ God *knows* all, He *can* do all things and He *loves* us.” In the first place, God *knows* all, so that nothing can happen to us without His permission or knowledge. He *can* do all things, - therefore He can remove this affliction if it be His holy Will. The third is even more consoling : God *loves* us with an infinite love. And if He *knows* our sorrow and *can* remove it, He certainly *will* remove it, if it be for our good. But this, the priest told us, we must leave to His infinite wisdom. In eternity we shall *understand* His reasons, *now* we must only bow in humble submission before His divine decree.”

Although Grace seemed so gay and thoughtless, yet, child as she was, there was much seriousness and solid piety in her character, which would manifest itself on an occasion like this.

In a few days they received intelligence that the steamer “ *Albatross* ” on which Harold embarked was wrecked some leagues off the coast of France. It was reported that some of the passengers were saved, but, as yet, no positive information could be given.

Poor Grace had now great need of her favorite ejaculation which she repeated a hundred times in the day : “ Sweet Jesus, who knowest all, who canst do all and who lovest us, have mercy on us ! “ O my God, Thou canst save my brother if Thou wilt. Oh ! save him for my mother’s sake, for his soul’s sake ! He wears Thy badge, dear Jesus, he went forth bearing the emblem of Thy Most Precious Blood, to whose protecting influence I recommended him.” Then she would go to her mother, and try by a hundred little devices to divert her attention from dwelling on the terrible calamity.

She would sing her sweetest songs, play her most touching melodies. Sometimes she would go and prepare some little refreshment, and then, bringing it to her mother, would say coaxingly :