Childhood. BY MAURICE F. EAGAN.

When mothers watch beside their children's eradie.
And kiss the snowy brow and golden hair,
They do not see the future that is coming—
For life is made of grief and pain and care.

But God is good to all the tender mothers, He veils the future with its pain and sin, Though sometimes fears may dim the pre-sent gladness, Yet never can they quench the hope within.

Yes, God is very good to tender mothers; They see no thorns upon the golden head Of him who plays amid life's carliest roses— That bloom a fleeting hour and then are

But, She, the model of all earthly mothers, Was never spared the pain of knowing this:
That, though Her Christ-child played with blooming rosss.
The cross must come, for all Her prayerful bliss.

To look-He slept-upon His snowy eyelids, Tree;
To gaze upon His smooth and stainless foreand know that there great drops of blood

To catch His dimpled hands and softly warm them, mothers do-between her own-was

When mothers watch beside their children's cradie,
And dream bright dreams for them of joy
and fame,
Let them remember Mary's trust through
anguish,
And ask all blessings through the Holy
Name.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

After some further conversation had taken place, and just as Madame Thirle-mont was about to conduct her guests to mont was about to conduct her their apartments, a servant came mont. He hastily read it, and then placed it in his wife's hands. A cloud suddenly overshadowed her face, and her demeanour to her guests became cold and digni-fied. The letter was from the governor. It was a most puzzling one. There was no guessing its drift. "His excellence re-quested M. Thirlemont, at whose house he understood Colonel and Madame d'Auban anderstood Coloner and Madame d'Auban had arrived, not on any account to let them depart before he had seen them, and added, that as soon as some pressing busi-ness he had on | and was concluded, he would come there himself, as he wished

for a private interview with his guests."

The messenger who had brought this missive was cross-questioned by Madame Thirlemont, who went out to speak to

him.
"The governor," he said, "has appeared
excited when he heard of Colonel d'Auban's arrival, and immediately sent to inquire where they were gone. He had en ordered to lose no time in delivering the letter his excellency had written.

Madame Thirlemont made her plans. It struck her this was an emergency which required prudence and resolution. She hastened back to the drawing-room, and

vant, and I might add, indecorous, excla-mations. We are in a position of the greatest, of the most awful responsibility. If I was liable to go out of my mind, I suppose I should have done so when M. Lenoir was mundered, or on the night Lenoir was muidered, or on the night when I so narrowly escaped being a mar-tyr." Madame Thirlemont's idea of martyrdom consisted in dying a painful death. and going in consequence as a matter of course to heaven, a sort of pisuller which she evidently thought we must all come to

at last.

"As I did not go out of my mind then,
I s"ppose I shall not do so now, though
the circumstances in which we are placed might very reasonably drive one mad "Oh! if you please do not go mad, madame; that would only make matters worse, whatever the matter is; but—"
"Do not say but, M. Thirlemont. Look the matter in the face, and give your at-

tention to it. These people are the same who were in Louisiana at the time of the Natchez insurrection. M. d'Auban led the force which delivered me and man-others from the hands of the savages, and I saw them afterwards in New Orleans." "Well, but what of that?"
"Oh! very well, M. Thirlemont; if it is

Well, but what of that !'-if I am considered a fool-if everything I say is turned into ridicule, I have done. M. Lenoir would not have acted in that way; he had reliance on my judgment; he never did

anything but by my advice—"
"And ended by being murdered, poor man!" ejaculated, in an incautious manner, M. Thirlemont.
This was indeed a fair ground of attack; a justifiable theme for his injured wife to descant upon. He had accused her of some sort of complicity with her first husband's murderers—of having at least, recom-mended him to follow the course which led to that result; and there seemed for some time little prospect of M. and Mad-ame d'Auban being released from captiv-ity, or M. Thirlemont from the conjugal tete-a-tete, to judge from the torrent of words, pathetic, passionate, and utterly senseless, which flowed from his wife's lips. But it came to an end at last, and when she paused to take breath he inquired once again, but taking care to avoid any offensive insinuation, why their guests were to be suspected because they had been in Louisian, at the time of the insur-

not know much about, has often done more harm than a positive calumny. A direct charge friends can reply to. But who could always deny that, in their own who could always deny that, in their own or others' lives there have been no strange stories to The few who knew the details of the one we have been describing, could certainly not have denied its strangenes. "But why lock them up t" persisted M. Thirlemont. "Whatever stories there may be about or against them, I do not see the use of that." " Not see the the use of it ! Why, does

not the governor charge you not to let them go till he comes."
"But he cannot intend that we should

keep them prisoners. He would have had them arrested, if such had been his mean-She felt the nail-prints on their velvet surface—
She could not save Her Lamb from being slain.

For heaven's sake, go and unlock those doors before he arrives. I declare there is the sound of a horse's feet in the avenue! Give me the keys, and go and meet his excellency."

Madame Thirlemont hurried into the

hall, and confronted with no little trepi-dation the Governor-General M. de la Bourdonnais, who had never honoured her before with a visit. She curtseyed profoundly, and at once proceeded to assure him that it was by the merest chance in the world that the strangers who were just arrived happened to be at her house. From the first moment of their arrival, she had suspicions that there was someshe had suspicions that there was some-thing unsatisfactory about them; indeed, it had been quite against her advice that M. Thirlen out had shown them hospital-ity: but gentlemen would have their own way. . . M. de la Bourdonnais patiently awaited the ebbing of this tide of self-defence, a slightly sarcastic smile hov-

ering on his lips, and then requested to be shown into a room where he could see M. and Madame d'Auban. He was accordingly ushered into the drawing-room, where M. Thirlemont had politely led his guests, who had been perfectly unaware of their temporary imprisonment. Mad-ame d'Auban, when he heard that the governot wished for an interview with her husband and herself, had trembled from head to foot, and the respectful manner with which he approached her only tended to heighten her fears. In her husband's heart a feeling of indignation was rising. Wild thoughts were passing through his mind about the tyranny of kings and the iron voke of despotism. Both saw at once tune. It is fortunate that the princess did that her position was perfectly known, and that a crisis in their fates must be at hand. Still both preserved their self-command, and received with courteousness the governor's greetings. After a few they never feel or act as we should expect. and their first impressions of the isla d, he said that the last ship from France had with her husband? The king started. When? 'A few days ago, sire.' 'Why brought an order from his majesty (Maddid not you inform me of this at once, M.

with a courtesy and a kindness which ever afterwards marked his manner and conduct towards them. He made a graci-d'Eperville's death. Will that do M. de conduct towards them. He made a graci-bus bow to Madame Thirlemont as he passed her in the anteroom, and advised her and her husband to hasten and pay their respects to the new sub-governor of the island, to whom they had just now so amicably extended hospitality. This was said with a smile, which had in it a slight mixture of French malice, the most

The poor hostess experienced as strong, if not as interesting, a revulsion of feeling, as that which her guests had felt a moment before, when the announcement had been made to them of so unexpected a happiness. She quivered all over. She repassed in her memory every word she had uttered, every civility she had omitted or performed towards the new dignitaries. She went back in thought even to the old days at the Natches, and to the night when she and Madame d'Auban had been about to die side by side. She was very glad of her good fortune, and when, on intering the room, the pale, gentlewoman who had suffered so much, came forward to meet her with tears in her eyes, but a smile on her lips, the good feelings of her heart overcame her uneasiness, and she, Yes I she was calm with the calmness of one who has long battled with the waves, and has reached a peaceful shore; calm with the calmness of a heart at rest. Calm so these are from whom a great analysis of sheart at rest.

madame Thirlemont herself, the sufferings of the colonists. She then explained that somebody at New Orleans had once said to her that there were strange stories about the d'Auban's. No details had been given. One of those assertions had been made which, like the seed blown about by the wind, and which gives birth to may a noxious weed, propagates mischief with fatal facility. A strange story ab ut somebody, which the speaker himself does not know much about, has often done som as spentaneoutly in its gardens as in the wild pleasure-grounds of Louisiana, there would be beauty in abundance about their new abode, and more repose, mor-security, a stronger home-feeling in their position, than in the lodge in the wilderess so much loved in former days.

Before the Governor left, he had placed

in Madame d'Auban's hands a se led packet, containing letters which explained the change in their fortunes. There was a long one from the Comte de Saxe. He spoke of his own surprise at her departure, which he felt somewhat afraid of an ture, which he felt somewhat afraid of an-nouncing to the king. Important politi-cal events had, however, happily super-vened, and turned his majesty's thoughts in another direction; and some days elapsed, during which no inquiries were made as to the princess and the inter-view which the comte had had with her.

In the meantime, the Queen of Hun-gary's reply to the king's letter arrived. It expressed in courteous terms her ma-jesty's gratitude for the French monarch's jesty's gratitude for the French monarch s information on a point so deeply interest-ing to her. Her royal relation, she as sured him, would be most warmly welcomed by her, and every honour and at-tention due to her rank paid to the sister of her late mother. Her majesty's gracious offers with regard to the gentleman whom the princess had espoused in America, and the child that had been born there, would, doubtless, be gratefully accepted by all parties. It would, of course, be impossible as his majories install. be impossible, as his majesty justly ob-served, that the princess, restored to her rightful position, and received by her as her aunt, should acknowledge that person as her husband. But she trusted that a separation so inevitable under the circum-stances, and softened by the generous goodness of his majesty to all parties would be acquieszed in without difficulty "On the receipt of this letter, the king immedia ely sent for me," wrote the count. "He had it in his hand when I entered, and after reading it aloud, he said, 'You must immediately communicate this important intelligence to the Princess Charlotte of Brunswick, and advise with her as to the time and manner in which she desires to avail herself of her royal niece's invitation. I have received a favourable report of Colonel d'Auban's character and abilities, and I shall take care of his forpreliminary remarks and inquiries as to their health, the length of their voyage, you that the Princess Charlotte has eloped ame d'Auban became very pale) to name de Saxe? 'I did not know it myself, Colonel d'Auban to the post of sub-gover-sire, till after the princes-was gone; and I ame d'Auban became very pale) to name de Saxe? I did not know it myself, nor of the island; and to offer him also the direction of all the agricultural operations in his own domains. He was also desired fled. 'And have you succeeded in doing

"I kissed his majesty's hand with more fervent gratitude, madame, than when his majesty promised me the next baton de

Marechal de France.'
"'And I suppose,' the King said, 'that
I must inform the Queen of Hungary that us all in the lurch. Upon my word, M. de Saxe, I like her for it. But I wish I had seen those blue eyes I have so often heard

'Madame I have but a few words to add. By his majesty's desire I secretly informed your royal highness's brother and the other leading members of your family of the extraordinary events already disclosed to her majesty the Queen of Hungary, of the decision you had taken, madame, and of your recent departure from France. The enswers returned to this communication all agreed in acquiescing in the course your royal highness has adopted. In the complicated state of affairs between Russia and the German powers, it is deemed advisable that the existence of the Czarovitch's widow should e good feelings of her uneasiness, and she, Had your royal highness claimed from wept for joy at another's happiness. your relatives the recognition which would the was happiness she could understand have enabled you to resume your positoo, wept for joy at another's happiness. For it was happiness she could understand and sympathize in, that of being sub-governess of the Isle de Bourbon and enjoying a good income, and possessing the best house in the island. She did not know of the relief, the peace, the release from the disquietude of ceaseless apprehension that was pervading the heart of one by whose side she sat, whose hand she held. She sympathized with the obvious good fortune which had befallen Madame d'Auban, and did not at all wonder at an emoan, and did not at all wonder at an emo-ion, the cause of which she little appreci-an annual income sufficient to remove all an annual income sufficient to remove an pecuniary embarrassments in the position. She would have been herself much more agitated if M. Thirlemont had been named sub-governor of the island. On the whole, Madame d'Auban took it very calmly, she thought. Yes I she was calm with the calmage of the properties of your royal bighness the affectionate sentiments of your royal brother than the position.

with her husband and her daughter. They could sit quietly together, looking back to the last four years of their lives as to a feverish dream, and forward with grateful hearts to one of usefulness and peace. If they had been allowed to choose for them-selves, they could not have fixed on a selves, they could not have fixed on a destiny more in accordance with their wishes than the one Providence had assigned to them. From the window, where they were sitting, they could see their future habitation in the midst of orange gardens and soffee plantations, and trees bending under the weight of the most beautiful fruits, the blue sea breaking gently on the smooth vellow coast: the gently on the smooth yellow coast; the evening breeze rippling its surface with out stirring its depths. They could scarcely speak, their hearts were so full.
"My Mina, is not this a beautiful land?" said her father, looking fondly at his

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOME, HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Better than gold to a man is a cheerful Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife. But he must do his part towa d making her cheerful. It is easy enough for a man to marry a cheerful woman. The bride expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home cross as a bear and going to bed without speaking to her; she had never thought of the long evenings when he wouldn't come at all; or his bringing some one home to dinner without warning or preparation; or his awful profamity over preparation: or his awful profanity over so trifling a matter as her little bills of expenses. She had no idea, in fact, that there could be anothing but happiness in married life, and she determined to be happy, and to distribute her happiness to those around her. It is not often her fault if she dosen't succeed

Men, as a rule, do not exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness. They know that it requires a constant and great effort to possess property and be secure in its value in the midst of constant commercial changes. The cheerfulness, the happy, hopeful character which every wo-man displays at the beginning of marriage, is not so easily lost as a fortune; it requires but a small share. A word to the girls in this connection is in order: Beware of a man who doesn't know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheer-fulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than no husband at all; and when you want a husband, go and find somebody who will at least give you a chance to be happy far into the life beyond the honey-

CHASTE BUT NOT VIRTUOUS.

A shrewd lady writer has to say of her Ashrewd lady writer has to say of her own sex: "There are women wholly and entirely virtuous who are in other respects bad caricatures on our sex; women who hold up their own skirts and go about strewing garbage to defile others with: women who gardage to define others with a position, teed and thrive upon distrust and suspicion, who gather up carefully and with untiring zeal ull the bits of scandal floating about, turn over, add something to, and send hastened tack to the once more proposed to conduct Madame of the proposed Madame of th

ANCIENT HOSPITALITY.

It was once the universal custom to place ale or some strong lipuor in the chamber of an honored guest, to assuage his thirst, should he feel any on awakening in the night, which considering that the hospitalof that period often reaches excess, was y no means unlikely. It is a current ory in Teriotdale that in the house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was al-ways put into the sleeping agartment of the guests, along with a bottle of strong ale. On one occasion there was a meeting clergyman in the vicinity of the castle worthy baronet, and several abode there that night. According to the fashion of the times several of the reverend guests were alloted to one large barrack which was used on such occasions of ex-tended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented, according to custom, each with a Bible and a bottle of ale; but, after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have recalled the domestic just as he was leaving the a-partment. "My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know that when we meet together the youngest min-ister reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest. Only one Bible, therefore, is necessary; take away the other six, and in their place bring six more bottles of ale

Sir Walter Scott.

HUMBERT of Italy must be getting used to snubs by this time. The other day Bishop Massaia returned to Rome after a many years' absence in Central Africa. During his stay on the "dark continent" he had done a noble work for religion, civilization and science. For his services in the last-named field the Geographical Society of Rome care him a brilliant services. ety of Rome gave him a brilliant reception Humbert thought it was time for him to recognize the worth of his "honored subject." He offered him the Great Cordon of the Order of Mauritius. The bish-op declined the gift, assuring the giver that "it was not meet that a subject should receive a decoration from hands that had as those are from whom a great anguish has passed away, to whom a great blessing has been vouchsafed. She could lie down was alone in her room one if they don't bear arms.

THE BLOOM OF AGE.

A woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue well in her heart she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy, who has been a of kindness and mercy, who has been a friend of man and God, whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love and a devotion to truth? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue, and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear like a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.

A hint to grumblers.—"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pond. "Do you hear these geese how they scream and hiss? What do they do it for?" "Oh! just to amuse themselves," answered a little field-mouse.

Presently we shall have the owl shoot-

ing; what is that for?"
"It's the music they like best, " said the

mouse.

"And those grasshoppers; they can't go home without grinding and chirping: why do they do that?"

"Oh! they are so happy they can't help

it," said the mouse.
"You find excuses for all. I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises?"

"Well, my friend, to be honest with you." said the mouse," I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears compared with the constant croaking of a frog."—Apples of Gold.

PREMATURE WOMEN.

When girls midway in their teens throw off their natural, girlish habits and attire, don long skirts, skoop up their hair, and affect the airs and dress of young women, they would often be surprised at what what their elders really think of the improve-ments. One such young miss went to the depot recently to meet an aged friend of the family, and was surprised to find herelf not recognized upon greeting the visitor as she stepped from the car.

"Iron't you know me, auntie?"
"Why, this isn't Maria, is it?" Certainly! Don't you think I look better than I did last summer when you were here?" "No!" replied the honest soul, here?" ooking the girl over; "to tell you the truth,

I don't! Go home, and let down your hair, and be young while you can, for it will not be many years before you will be glad to have people take you for a girl."

THE LANGUAGE OUR LORD SPOKE.

proved, almost to a demonstration, that this was the language our Lord spoke.—
Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.

ENVIOUS PEOPLE.

Those who have fewest resources in themselves naturally seek the food of their self-love elsewhere. The most ignorant people find most to laugh at in strangers; scan all and satire prevail most in small places; and a propensity to ridicule the slightest or most palpable deviation from what we happen to approve ceases with the progress of common sense and decency. True worth does not exult in the fault of hers; as true refinement turns away from grossness and deformity, instead of being tempted to indulge in an unmanly tri-umph over it. Raphael would not faint away at the daubing of a sign-post, nor Homer hold his head the higher for being in the company of a "great bard." Real power, real excellence, does not seek for a oil in imperfection: nor fear contamination from coming in contact with that which is course and homely. It reposes on itself, and is equally free from envy and affectation.

AN OLD STORY REMODELLED.

An old monkey, designing to teach his ons the advantage of unity, brought them sons the advantage of unity, brought them a number of sticks, and desired them to see how easily they might be broken one at a time. So each young monkey took a stick and broke It. "Now" said the father "I'll teach you a lesson." And he began to gather the sticks into a bundle. But the young monkeys, thinking he was about to beat them, set upon him altogether and disabled him. "There," said the aged sufferer, "behold the advantage of unity! If you had assailed me one at a time, I would have killed every mother's son of you!"

St. Matthew was, according to most general opinion, a native of Nazareth, and a publican by profession. His original name was Levi, but this he abandoned when he became an apostle. Ethiopia is generally assigned as the field of his apostolic labors—not the African Ethiopia, but that which corresponds with the ancient Chaldea. At Naclabar, a city of this region, be is said to have ended his days by martyrdom. days by martyrdom.

The Angelus.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD At dawn, the joyful choir of bells
In consecrated citadels
Flings on the sweet and drowsy air
A brief, melodious call to prayer
For Mary, Virgin meek and lowly,
Conceived of the Spirit holy,
As the Lord's angel did declare.

Ave Mari

At noon, above the fretful street, Our souls are lifted to repeat The prayer, with low and wistful voice: "According to Thy work and choice Though sorrowful and heavy laden, So be it done to Thy hand-maiden!" Then all the sacred bells rejoice—

At eve, with roses in the West,
The daylight's withering bequest,
Ring, prayerful belis, while blossom bright
The stars, the lilles of the night;
Of all the songs the years have sung us,
"The Word made flesh has dwelt among us,"
Is still our ever new delight.

Ave Mario A. Ave Maria!

THE TEXT.

A pious old lady, who was too unwell to attend meeting, used to send her thick-headed husband to church to find out the text the preacher had selected as the foundation of his discourse. The poor dunce was rarely fortunate enough to remember the words of the text, or ever the chapter and verse where they could be found; but one Sabbath he ran home in hot haste, and informed his wife that he could repeat every word without missing a syllable. The words were as follows: "An angel came down from heaven and took a live coal from the altar.

"Know every word," said the husband.
"I am anxicus to hear it," continued

the wife.
"They are nice words," observed the husband.

"I am glad your memory is improving; but don't keep me in suspense, my dear," said she.

"Just get your big Bible, and I will say the words; for I know them by heart. I repeated them a hundred times on my way " Well, let's hear them."

"Ahem!" said he, clearing his throat.

"An Injun came down from New Haven and took a live colt by the tail and jerked him out of the halter !

ANECDOTE OF CAROLAN.

The following anecdote is related of Car olan, the famous Irish musician, as an instance of the facility with which he co mitted tunes to memory, as well as of the astonishing ease with which he could pro-duce new melodies: "At the house of an Irish nobleman, where Geminiani was present, Carolan challenged that eminent cor sent, Carolan challenged that eminent com-poser to a trial of skill. The musician played over on his violin the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. It was instantly repeated by Carolan on his harp, although he had never heard it before. The surprise of the com-pany was increased when he asserted that he would compose a generate himself. he would compose a concerto himself at the moment; and the more so when he actually played that admiradle piece known nce as Carolan's Concert

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Catholic Chnrch is a city to which One thing alone, to pass over all others, he Mass—viz, it was the larguage of

An industry of considerable value and interest has just been lost to France by the action of the authorities in expelling the religious bodies. The manufacture of the well-known Chartreuse liqueur, which has been for such a long time carried on in the monastery of that name, is now to be transferred to the town of Romont, in the canton of Fribourg, where a considerable piece of land has been purchased near the

MAKE FRIENDS .- Life is very critical Any word may be our last. Any fareweven amid glee and merriment, may be for ever. If this truth was but burned into our consciousness, and if it ruled as a deep conviction and real power in our lives, would it not give a new meaning to our hu man relationship? Would it make us far more tender than we sometimes are? Would more tender than we sometimes are? Would not often put a rein on our impetuous it speech? Would we carry in our hearts the miserable suspicions and jealousies that now so often but embitter the fountains of our lives? Would we be so impatient of the faults of others? Would we allow trivial misunderstandings to build up a wall between us and those who ought to stand very close to us? Would we keep alive petty quarrels year after year, which alive petty quarrels year after year, which a manly word any day would compose? Would we pass old friends and neighbors on the street without recognition, because of some real or fanciful slight, some wounding of pride, or some ancient grudge? Or would be so chary of the kind words, or commendations, our sympatry, our comfort when weary hearts all about us are break-ing for interest and a sympatry. ing for just such expressions of interest or appreciation as we have in our power to

WERNER.-Werner, the great German dramatist, at the age of forty-five, became not only a Catholic, but a priest. His writings show he regarded the religion he embraced as the chief blessing of his life, and that he clung to it as the anchor of good cause is concerned.'

Hail!
Of Jes
Blissfe
Rivule
Withi
I joy a
State!
Cloiste
How o
Have I
Knelt
Fond!
How c
And bi

Beneat
Sweet
I have
Wande
My fan
Of fligh
And ro
Wande
My fan
Of fligh
And ro
I have
I

THE R

THE V Not le Mary of munity, mysteric future c

to her.

traveller

they ent the build ment wa

peace. est alaba

As upon Virgin gazing u with fog precipice wastes, th church above the sadness of and, as M smile of down, k seemed t Divine In not hear A year by an in found a ! Hencefor

aghted n ada in pa Many tin plications the Sacr lend her a Church emerging

long ages Relations France be their way It is for way for t designs. I about, we In anot the little stood the gon, the a Madame Mary of gaged one pure com ents, cons were brok ment. T

been rema

ior works ing and s comfortin To her, that of 16 holy missi employed these poo they not of ilies! W W in the sig precious of it to the How man this veher some triv heed to Madeleine filled her with the i

ness. She Jesus! Before the accom was despa made a vo in honor Ursulines Indian an

rose from