

were obliged to leave their home and take refuge in the cheapest lodgings they could find.

Such was in substance the invalid's story ; but careful inspection of the room and questions adroitly asked of a kind neighbor disclosed moreover that her mother's blindness enabled Alice to hide their extreme poverty from her, also the laborious manner in which she toiled to meet their frugal expenses. She rose at daybreak and worked at her street sweeping until noon ; then, in the late afternoons and evenings, while her mother rested she darned and mended and often sat at the uncongenial task until after midnight. The little heroine had begun that life at fifteen and had kept it up cheerfully and unflinchingly for eight long years. When tactful charity sought to lighten her burden she gratefully accepted for her mother, but continued to eat the bread of suffering herself, saying smilingly : " Let me eat it... It tastes of Jesus ! "

When her mother died, I directed Alice to one of those religious communities where pure and devoted souls find, herebelow, their congenial atmosphere. Her sojourn therein was very happy but very brief. Under the Eucharistic rays and in the crucible of suffering she was consumed like an innocent victim and was often heard repeating : " To suffer and to receive holy communion every day ! Oh ! it is too much happiness ; it will kill me soon ! " The day she was allowed daily communion, she wrote : " Father, in future it will always be Sunday for poor Alice who sees in this priceless privilege the dawn of the eternal communion because no one could long exist without a miracle under such pressure of infinite love. "

In an ecstasy of love and desire she awaited the last visit of her Spouse : " Come, " she pleaded ! " Oh ! come my Jesus, and let us set out together for heaven. There at least I can love Thee and yet live forever. " Then addressing the Blessed Virgin and the saints she continued : " Tell Jesus to hasten ! Tell Him, my Beloved, how my heart yearns and longs for His coming. " Shortly afterwards she expired, her ecstatic, longing earthly cry : " Come, my Jesus, " stilled, changed forevermore into the glorious, triumphant heavenly paean : " My Jesus, I possess Thee now and shall love Thee for all eternity. "

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