

PARIS, 4th November, 1858.

MY DEAR LITTLE RENÉ,—I shall not this time have the consolation of blessing you, of receiving you in my little chapel, and of giving you your great and dear Consoler, our Lord. I leave Paris on Monday morning for a fortnight. Communicate on the 12th as you mention, and go to confession to the priest who confesses your good mother. Remember me that day, my dearly beloved child. I embrace you and bless you, commending you to the most Blessed Virgin, the consoler of all who suffer, the health of the weak and queen of the little angels whom you must imitate by the innocence of your life and by your love for God.

POITIERS, 12th Nov., 1858.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I wish you a happy day. This morning you received into your pure and innocent little heart the most holy body of our Lord, who is infinite purity and innocence. I beg of Him to sanctify you by suffering, and to render you more and more worthy of your name. You know Rene in Latin means *Christian*, *baptized—renatus*. Be Rene more and more, by resembling more and more Him whose disciple you are.

Paris, 5 January, 1859.

DEAR LITTLE RENÉ,—May the Holy Child Jesus, your Saviour and your Model, deign to bless you at the opening of this new year. I beg this for you with all my heart, for I love you with all my heart. The news you give me about your health gives me great joy, and I would bless Cannes and the air of Cannes if you could leave your infirmities there. However, my dear child, we must wish, before all things, what God wills, and I dare not ask of Him, for you, strength and health, unless that condition be better for your true happiness, for the sanctification of your life and the salvation of your soul. I have, within the last four days, specially recommended you to the prayers of the saintly *Cure D'Ars*, a great servant of God, of whom you have no doubt heard.

I embrace you and wish you a happy new year, and beg you to think of God very often throughout the day, and to love Him practically with your whole heart by obeying Him perfectly.

I bless you in the name of our Lord.

Les Nouettes, 24 June, 1859.

MY DEAR, GOOD CHILD,—I have just this moment received your little letter of yesterday. I learn, with great grief, that you are still suffering, and, with great joy, that you are suffering like a Christian, so that you are laying up for yourself, against the day of your entrance into a happy eternity, a beautiful crown, which is daily being enriched with fresh gems. Do you know, my little René, that when you love Jesus, it is a great grace to suffer? It is better than health and pleasure, though pleasure and health are more agreeable for the time. Our Lord has granted me that grace by depriving me of my sight, as He has granted it to you yourself by planting His dolorous and blessed cross, not in your eyes, but in your poor little body, exhausted by fever and pain.

Do not forget me in your communion on Corpus Christi day. For my part, I do not forget you; yesterday, I would have written to you if I had had time. I will write to you again before my return, 7th July, and on the following day I will go and see you, and will bless you in the name of Our Lord. Adieu my dear child, I embrace you again and again.

L. G. DE SEGUR.

Laigle (Orne), 3 July, 1859.

TO MADAME D . . .—How is our poor little René, dear Madame? I fear lest your silence may be a bad augury, and that the sufferings of the poor little one have increased and taken up the whole of your time and care, as well as M. D.'s. What anguish you must both be enduring! I deeply regret not having been in Paris during the past three weeks; I would have visited him often in order to bless and encourage the dear little sufferer, and perhaps, like Simon the Cyrenian, I might have helped

you to carry your heavy cross. I return to Paris on Thursday evening, a couple of days sooner than I intended for René's sake. It would be very kind if you were to send me a line on Thursday evening, giving me news about René.

Give him my tender love, and tell him I beg our good God to grant him, in place of health, which it would seem is an impossibility, patience, meekness and the love of God, real treasures which do not pass away.

L. G. DE SEGUR.

EN RECONNAISSANCE.

A PASTEL.

An Old Chateau on the Banks of the Loire—on the Terrace of the Chateau.—Date 1698.

DRAMATIS PERSONNÆ :

GEORGES DE SAINT EUSTACHE, a young man.

OLYMPE DE LIANCOURT, a young girl.

SAINT EUSTACHE. And is it quite decided? Must you go with him? My dear little heart, must you leave me?

OLYMPE. Yes, Monsieur.

SAINT EUSTACHE. In one little month from now, you would have called me Georges, if all had gone well.

OLYMPE. Yes, Monsieur.

SAINT EUSTACHE. I care for you so much. Ah! so much, yet—you do not care for me.

OLYMPE. Oh! Monsieur!

SAINT EUSTACHE. When I arrived from Paris, two months ago, I thought that—that—it was difficult to love—to become in love when—in truth, I know not how to say it to you—when everyone around you wished you to fall in love with a certain young girl, and—when you had been sent a long journey for that especial purpose. Yet,—I had only to see you to feel that—I could not go back to Versailles—leaving you here. Do you remember the day that I arrived?

OLYMPE, (in a low voice). Yes, Monsieur.

SAINT EUSTACHE. You were standing on this terrace feeding the peacocks, and singing a little song to yourself. And just then a terrible voice was heard saying, "Is that a song for a demoiselle, Mademoiselle Olympe?" And what with seeing me, and hearing Madame Françoise's voice, you were quite frightened. Do you remember?

OLYMPE. Yes, Monsieur.

SAINT EUSTACHE. And the first evening that we spent together, when you sang: "*Il pleut, il pleut Bergère*," so prettily that I forgot my compliment, and could only look at you. Do you remember?

OLYMPE, (in a very low voice). Yes.

SAINT EUSTACHE. And the day by the river in the Willow Walk, when I told you all about St. Eustache, and all that we should do there together? But why speak of all this now? You are going away; to the other side of the world. Could not your father go alone?

OLYMPE. Perhaps we shall come back—some day.

SAINT EUSTACHE. You know what I shall do? I cannot go with you now, but in a year's time I shall come and fetch you and Monsieur de Liancourt. We shall all live at Saint Eustache together, and—But, my little heart, you shake your head. Do you not believe me?

OLYMPE. We may come back. It is a long way to come for me. You will see others, and you will forget Olympe. But if you think of her, think tenderly, and say, "She loved me truly."

SAINT EUSTACHE (reproachfully). Olympe! How could I forget you? How can I, having been in Paradise, come back to earth? I vow to Our Lady of Saint Eustache to build a chapel in her honour, on the cliff near home, should all end as I hope and believe. A light shall always be kept burning, and the mariners in distress will bless you, for our chapel will be a beacon to those in storms. And over the great doors shall be inscribed in gold letters, "*En Reconnaissance*." Perhaps it will become a great Pilgrimage. There, that makes you smile!

OLYMPE. I shall think much of the chapel. Perhaps—perhaps I might begin some altar cloths. You know that I can sew and broder.