

angels, all unseen by them. Beautiful—by the flickering light of tapers, which glistened with fitful rays among the gold and silver trimmings of her bridal dress, flashing out here and there, as with hidden glories—looked the Indian maiden; but more fair and lovely looked she, when the first golden sunbeams stole through the vines, and lighted up those soft tender eyes, now gazing upon far greater and more distant glories—for she was dead. No one knew the moment of her passing away, it was so serene. Her tender and faithful devotion to the Immaculate Mother of Jesus, her patient virtues so like unto hers, crowned this supreme hour with peace, and obtained for her, we trust, swift admission to the ineffable joys of her Divine Son.

Certain it is, that the remembrance of the gentle Coaina's devotion to the Blessed Mother—under whose invocation the Mission was established over a century before—combined with a knowledge of the fruits thereof, which they had all witnessed, not only in the conversion of her enemies, but the increased ardor of the people of the Mission, added but another link to the glittering chain of evidence which stretches from the humble house of Nazareth, through the hoary centuries, down to our own