

"This was in substance the story the sick-woman told ; but observation and questions asked of neighbors disclosed moreover, that the mother's blindness allowed the heroic girl to hide their extreme poverty from her, as well as the uncongenial work she had undertaken for her support ; that she was up at four in the morning and never left the streets until noon ; and, at night frequently remained at her task long after curfew had rung ; that her bed would not have disgraced a hermit, not her food either which consisted of brown bread and water ; that she had begun this life at fifteen and unflinchingly pursued it for eight long years."

"When tactful charity sent help Angèle gratefully and gladly accepted for her mother ; but, for herself continued to eat the bread of suffering, laughingly saying. Leave it to me : it tastes of Jesus."

As soon as the hour of deliverance sounded for the poor mother, I directed Angèle to a religious community where pure loving souls find their only congenial atmosphere herebelow. She was not there long ; but under the Eucharistic rays, and in the crucible of suffering was consumed like a pure victim and was often heard repeating : Suffer and communicate every day, it is too much happiness, I cannot survive it."

"The day she was admitted to daily Communion she wrote me : " ' Father in future it will always be Sunday for poor Angèle, who sees in this grace the dawn of eternal communion as without a miracle no one could live under such a stress of love."

"She breathed her last sigh on the Heart of Jesus in an ecstasy of loving desire to see God... She had long waited for this visit of her well-beloved... Come ! Come ! she implored so often... Come and let us set out together for heaven ! There I shall love without dying ! Then speaking to the blessed Virgin and the Holy Angels : Pleasetell Jesus to hasten. Oh ! let Him come !..Come !.."

And moved with tender pity He came and changed her earthly longing into heavenly reality forevermore.

