

Her happiness was complete when she sent to the proud grandparents an exquisite picture of herself, which she regarded, however, as a very indifferent work of art, save for the tiny figure robed in lace and lawn, surmounted by a pink baby face, which she held in her arms; a bit of humanity of the most wonderful kind imaginable, since it was Donald's boy.

Other children in the great German city where she lived had already learned to love, and with very good reason, the beautiful lady who talked to them in sweet, broken accents; for here, too, Angela found many a youthful life in danger of being utterly marred and shattered by sin, and which needed help fully as much as any in her native land. But she did not here meet the indifference which had characterized her work in Longhurst.