

she would gaze upon it and strive to discern some traits she could recognize of the mother of her dreams. This portrait is still preserved in the Monastery.

Mrs. Wheelwright never could undertake the journey to Quehec, hut she appeared to be quite consoled by the abundant proof she received of her daughter's happiness in the Monastery.

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At the beginning of the year 1754, fifty-one years after little Esther Wheelwright had been stolen by the savage Ahenakis, she saw for the first time a member of her own family. Her nephew, a young Mr. Wheelwright, journeyed from Boston on purpose to visit his aunt. The Bishop granted permission to the young gentleman to enter the cloister on this occasion. With what varied feelings must the good Mother have regarded her relative, the first she had seen since she was six years of age! Whether the young English gentleman could converse in French is not known; certainly he found his aunt French in every respect, save her birth. In taking leave of his aunt, Mr. Wheelwright presented her, in the name of the family with a silver cover and a silver goblet bearing the family arms.

This family appear to have had noble and generous minds. Notwithstanding the difference of religion, they never failed to profit of every opportunity to send loving messages and handsome presents to their Ursuline relative. At the time the book was published from which the writer makes these extracts