

the vagrant ways, and start for something better, "They were hers, and she would do as she liked with them," she said. But Jeanne had some of the Basque in her, and the Spanish blood shewed itself in the action, ways, and the strength of energy in her character. Nothing kept her from me. Sometimes with a full basket, sometimes with an empty one, sometimes I would buy a few flowers, sometimes she would give me some, but always books taken, and a talk of Christ looked for. When I left I promised to send her a book by post, and this was hailed with great joy. Have you ever seen a thirsty plant drink up the rain, and the water sinking into the hard ground. The young heart saw beauty in Jesus—Dear friends, have you seen it, she saw *love*, she saw *pardon*, she saw *friendship*, she saw *help*, she saw *deliverance*. I do not mean that she appreciated all His work, or fully understood Him, she did not become a christian that one could vaunt in a missionary report—but the heart in its heathen darkness saw glimpses of Him, and she *longed after Him* with the longing of a young strong soul.

I knew no more, but a book was sent her every month—and then I heard Jeanne's mother had been put in prison, and poor Jeanne had died of a broken heart. The trouble told upon her, and her heart became affected, and God took her out of the atmosphere of sin, and suffering, to Himself.

The little "Irregular" as I called her had gone. Do you think He would stoop to seek a poor flower-child of fourteen? Do you think *He* would find