

to imitate. And we often used to laugh at her jokingly when she complained of want of zeal in chaplains (for there was often gross neglect amongst them) and to tell her she sought too much from human nature. "I do not expect a St. Francis of Sales, I do not expect it; but if they would only care a little more for the poor people and go among them!" Her love of God was intense, most affecting and devoted—she often spoke of the love of God and the wonders it could operate. After breakfast an hour in the morning was always spent in meditation in the chapel which was her real home. She generally knelt, slightly leaning her wrists against the prie-dieu. I do not recollect ever seeing her distracted on these occasions, or looking anywhere than towards the Blessed Sacrament or on her book. She often remained with her eyes fixed on the Tabernacle, and while her body was kneeling at the bottom of the chapel, and her face beautiful and tranquil with the effects of Divine Love, her heart and soul were within the Tabernacle with her dearly beloved Saviour. Even in those days I was much struck with my sweet mother's ardent love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. I used to watch her myself when in the chapel, and love her and gaze upon her. I used often to watch her from the gravel walk in the garden, and marvel to see her so absorbed in prayer. Her love of the Blessed Sacrament was untiring. . . . What she could not believe was the sinfulness of the world. How often have I stood amazed, young and inexperienced as I was, at hearing my sweetest mother say that such a thing could not be true, that she could not believe it. "No, I cannot believe it," she would say with emphasis, when told of some misdemeanor or some gross irreverence of a Catholic. She was always ready to see virtue. She often gave me credit for piety when I did not deserve it. If a person was in difficulties her heart used to