

promise, leave no trace upon the pages of history, Clare's name is written upon them in letters of gold. God has chosen her for the foundation stone of a great religious order, and its character of penance and prayer is in contrast to the pleasure loving age in which she lived.

She is the friend of the gentle Saint Francis, a sister almost, though she may have heard his wise counsels but seldom. She shares his simplicity his childlike spirit, and once, in kindly charity to her, as to all the rest, he comes to dine with her. It is a holy gathering, when Clare and Francis and some of their religious assemble in the wood after they have prayed together in the church so full of sweet memories. The simple repast is spread upon the bare ground. St. Francis blesses the food, and speaks to them of God. And straightway they are rapt in spirit at the thought of the joys of heaven. The inhabitants of Assisi ran from far and near to St. Mary of the Angels, for lo, the wood and all around seemed to be on fire, and blazed fiercely. But it was only the love of God that consumed the hearts of the religious, made visible to mortal eyes. When they came to themselves, the humble repast was quite forgotten, for they had tasted of celestial joy, and cared not for the sustenance of the body.

Clare's life is spent in prayer and penance, and divinest charity. The Blessed Sacrament is ever surrounded with her love and veneration. She spends hours in prayer before It. She cares for the altar, and weaves the linen and makes the sacred vestments.

The death of Clare was the triumph of faith lost in certainty. When the shadows fall upon her she is calm and happy as one already beatified. "Go, my soul," she says, "to meet Him who hath created Thee, who hath sanctified thee, and cared for thee, as a mother for her child." To one of her religious it is given to see the dying saint welcomed by the angels of Heaven. A troop of glorious virgins come to surround her bed, in robes of purest white and one more fair than all the rest, in raiment of light, is crowned with shining jewels. She comes to Clare and folds her in a loving embrace, and in the very moment almost of that celestial kiss, the soul of Clare is lifted to the skies.

— E. LUMMIS.