

than five years ago, pronouncing her Vows as a Sister of the Precious Blood, Feb. 16th 1894. Since then all aspirations were merged in the one aim of a religious soul called to follow Jesus Christ in the path of perfection—the attainment of a resemblance to the Pattern of the elect. Talent and strength, while it lasted, were employed generously in laboring for God's glory through the extension of the Devotion of the Institute. Death, which was to her the gentle call of the Beloved inviting her to receive the reward of her short life, found her surrounded by devoted Sisters and sustained by all the succors which religion so freely imparts to the departing soul.

Sister Mary Aloysius was the third and dearly loved daughter of Mr. C. Harris of Toronto, and was in her twenty fifth year.

While applying to her the words : “ Blessed are they who have washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb,” we still solicit a prayer from our readers for the repose of her soul.

A HUMBLE HERO.

A beautiful instance of the filial devotion which often, thank God ! sweetens the lives of the poor was brought to light last month in Belgium. For many years a young man supported himself and his widowed mother on his slender earning as a street-sweeper. The widow was old and sickly ; and her son, eager to secure for her some of the little comforts which her age and the state of her health required, worked doubly hard, and deprived himself, unknown to his mother, of many of the actual necessities of life.

The excessive labor and privations soon told upon his health, and he was compelled to go to the Hospital of Bon Pasteur, in one of the suburbs of Brussels. He grew worse rapidly, and when he felt his end approaching begged to be taken home to his mother. The doctors assured him that the removal would only hasten his death ; but the poor fellow renewed his request, adding : *Ik wil bij moeder sterven* “ I want to die near my good mother.”