

over the frozen heart of the sinner.—The other had entered the order of the Magdalens in the “Bon Pasteur,” and had thus devoted the remainder of her days to mourning over the errors of her early youth.

It happened one day, that a young novice who had been sent on her daily duties under the care of sister Agnes, was taken so seriously ill, that the latter was obliged to ask shelter for her in the convent of the “Bon Pasteur,” near which they chanced to be at the time. There she was received with all love and kindness; and a surgeon was sent for, who, upon seeing her, instantly declared that a few hours must terminate her existence. Sister Agnes whispered a few words to the Superior, who replied, in a tone of deep commiseration, “Poor thing, poor thing! she shall be sent for directly.”

A priest now came and administered the last sacraments of the Church to the young girl, and as he went through the awful forms of extreme unction, a look of heavenly joy was upon her dying face. Perhaps at that moment, her good Angel was suggesting to her the sweetest consolations that the soul can know in the awful hour of its departure from this world. Perhaps he told her, that those eyes which the priest now anointed with holy oil, had ever been closed upon the vanities of this world,—that those ears had ever been open to the voice of distress,—those feet been often wearied in seeking its abode,—those hands been ever employed in administering to its wants,—those lips been only unclosed to instruct its ignorance, or to console its afflictions. Well might her soul rejoice in the anticipation of those blessed words, “What you have done to the least of my brethren, you have done even unto me.”—

Since, in the midst of her deep humility, she could not but feel that those senses, for the sins of which the priest was even now imploring pardon, and which by others are so often made the agents of crime, had been used by her but as ministering angels to the sorrows of her Saviour, in the persons of his poor.

So thought those who knelt around her bed; so thought *one* who lay prostrate at the half-opened door, and who, in the depths of her humility, deemed herself unworthy to enter the chamber where a saint was about to depart to the espousals of her Lord! The lights were extinguished, the prayers were said, and then sister Agnes bent over the dying girl and whispered something in her ear. A shadow fell upon that angel face: it seemed as if she had been disturbed in a dream of Heaven. But then she looked at the sister with a smile of acquiescence.

Agnes approached the door, and led to the bed-side the tottering form of the Magdalen who had been prostrate there. Isabel gazed for one moment upon the holy face of her child, and struck by an awful idea of her sanctity, she fell on her knees and whispered softly, “Spouse of Christ, pray for and bless thy mother.”

The girl sat upright in her bed, every feature of her face bright in the holy exultation of her soul, and falling into the arms of her mother, she cried out—

“Mother! my mother! we shall meet in Heaven!”

They laid her back upon the pillow, but she was dead. Isabel hid her face in the coverlet, while they read the prayers for the spirit gone to judgment. The rest of the assistants now departed, and the mother was left alone with the corpse of her child. One of the nuns