

old Alphonso find thee here, for he likes not children, and will show thee scant courtesy."

"Nay," replied the child, "I will have none, save from thine own hand."

Anna hesitated. Was she really to sacrifice her rose? After a moment's pause, she answered, "This flower was for my Jesus, but, for His sake, thou shalt have it," and raising her eyes, she placed the rose in his hand. The child received it with a divine smile, and Anna perceiving his face grow more and more beautiful, and he himself surrounded with light, cried out in a transport of joy, "Art Thou then my Jesus? my God?" He smiled assent while brighter and brighter grew the rays of glory, and sweet music filled the air, "like to the voice of harpers, harping on their harps," and suddenly He vanished from her sight.

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Seventy years had flown by; it was a bright frosty morning in the month of December, 1624. Crowds were seen hurrying along the streets of Villanova de la Xara, towards the Church of the Carmelite Convent. Rich and poor, noble and plebeian were hastening to gaze for the last time on the mortal remains of a poor Carmelite nun, whom they had learned to love and call "the saint." The bells of all the churches tolled mournfully, sorrow and grief were depicted on every face, the entire city wept the loss of the venerable mother Anna of St. Augustin, revered and esteemed by all for her sanctity. Behind the iron grille of the choir lay the body exposed to the view of the faithful, clothed in the coarse brown habit and white mantle of the daughters of St. Teresa, feet bare, and the hands holding a small crucifix clasped on the breast. A heavenly splendor shone on her features, and the ecstatic smile on her lips showed she had passed from exile to the clear vision of Him whom in her childhood she had longed to see. The apparition of the Child Jesus in the garden of her old home was but the first of a long series of miraculous favors, which lasted throughout her life; at an early age she understood that the most beautiful

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