

idea that the saint Vierge (holy Virgin) was everything, that she knew and cared for them. But day by day Jeanne's pattering feet came up the stairs, day by day her eager face looked into mine. Sometimes we read a few verses together, sometimes we sang, sometimes we only had a chat. Sometimes she told me how she and her two sisters read the little testaments together at night that I had given them. A bad mother and father, these poor girls seemed to drink in the love, of which they knew so little. Jeanne was just fourteen, with no life before her but that of a flower-girl, a sort of tramp, gipsy life, though not so degraded in its poverty as in some of our towns.

But one day they were all forbidden to come any more either Sunday afternoons, or for any reading and singing. The others had taken alarm, and Jeanne came to me on her way every morning to the little chapel, to put flowers before the figure of the Virgin. One day she startled me by repeating the whole of "Tel que je suis," and two other hymns without the book, and a verse or two of scripture. I had not asked her to learn them, and she said, "We sing them together of an evening." I visited the mother and found she could not read, had a heart like stone, and was utterly bad and godless, but it was a pleasant little cottage, clean and comfortable, with bowls full of flowers about, and cupboards full of old china behind glass cases. She would not listen to any plan for giving Jeanne a better occupation in life, no chance for poor Jeanne to step out of