

prayer and supplication to ask pardon for your sins. But there is *one* who has a claim upon you. You may see her once more before you depart."

The unhappy girl covered her face with her hands, and her whole frame shook with her violent emotion. It was but for a moment; then removing her hands, every trace of emotion vanished from her calm pale face. She said, in a tone of quiet resignation:

"No, my father, the child of sin shall never again bring gladness to the eyes of her mother. I shall see her no more. I commit her to God and Agnes."

"She shall be cared for," said Agnes, in a solemn voice.

The sisters embraced once more; then Isabel drew her veil tightly over her face, and followed the priest.

There is a convent at Angers: and the holy sisters who are professed within its walls have devoted themselves to the noblest work of which the human soul is capable—to the protection and reclaiming of the forsaken sinner.—Others have devoted themselves to the preservation and instruction of innocence, which naturally awakens pity and love in the human heart; but these noble beings have given their lives, their fortunes, their talents, their very souls, to the reformation of those, whom the world indeed has rejected with scorn, but whom Christ once suffered, in the person of Magdalen, to sit at his feet. He who reads all the secrets of the human heart, can more understand the merit of these holy sisters, who, with their pure hearts and spotless reputa-

tions, have devoted their lives to continual contact with coarse ignorance and vulgar crime. He alone can appreciate their sacrifice and reward it, and truly he does reward it, even with the hundred fold. He has promised to His holy servants on earth.

Yes! the sister of the "Good Shepherd" lies down at night upon her humble pallet, the prayers and blessings of the rescued sinner falling like softest dew upon her heart. She rises in the morning to teach those to pray who never prayed before, to engrave the sweet lessons of love and hope upon hearts, that, but for her, had grown hard beneath the influence of crime, desperate beneath the scorn of that world which had lured them to error.—The consciousness of many souls rescued through her means from a life of crime, is a charm to make the rough path she has chosen, pleasant to her feet; and, at the hour of her death, who shall say these grateful spirits may not surround her bed, like ministering Angels, bidding her soul go forth without fear to meet that Judge, whose sorrows she had so often soothed in the sorrows of His poor, whose heaven she had so often made glad, with the joy that Angels feel over one sinner doing penance. It was to this blessed retreat from sin and sorrow that the good priest brought Isabel; and as the gates of the convent closed upon her, she felt she had no wish upon earth but to spend the rest of her life in bewailing her sins at the foot of the Cross.

Years passed away, and the sisters had not met. The one continued in her blessed vocation to hang like an angel of peace over the bed of disease, and to breathe words of contrition and love