

good Angel. It needed no questioning of Œdipus for the explanation of this enigma; the Spirit of God was its interpreter. He cracked the stone, and made her taste its kernel. That love of the child of Adam which held her fettered by the eyes and heart of flesh, was changed in an instant to a love which does not destroy nature, but sanctifies it,—a love stronger, but freer; a love which regards not time, but eternity. Her fidelity in resisting that stifling love; her greatness of soul in never revealing it to her parents, for fear that they would take advantage of it to oppose her calling; her resolve to suffer, for the rest [146] of her days, the tyranny of that love, rather than take a backward step and desert her post,—won for her that holy and unfettered love which, after freeing her from her bondage, gave her the means to offer to God, in deep peace, a veritable sacrifice,—or, rather, an entire holocaust of herself; uniting herself closely to him in separating herself from all his creatures, by means of the vows of her profession, which she took at the age of sixteen. And never after that time did the love of her parents cause her trouble; and the fear of severing her connection with them was so banished from her heart that she afterward, without any difficulty, put more than a thousand leagues' distance between herself and them.

As soon as our young Professed nun was enrolled in the army of Jesus Christ, weapons were put into her hands to combat his enemies,—namely, the ignorance of the little girls given her to teach, and the evil tendencies of their nature. This pursuit—a low one, to mercenary souls—raised her to the dignity of the guardian Angels. Her aim was to engraft Jesus Christ upon these little wild stocks, to