

officer complained of her innocent duplicity. "Well, what would you have me to do? I would do as much for you, and I wished to spare you the pain of arresting him."

An unfortunate government agent had offended her *diocessans*, and his house was already surrounded, when Sister Rosalie heard of the trouble. At once on the scene, she began by scolding the rioters; told them she was ashamed of their conduct, and induced them to return to their work. When she used to speak of the troubles of 1848, she would say: "I believe that if you had gone down to hell those days, you would not have found a single devil there. They were all on our streets; I shall never forget their features."

At the beginning of these troubles, many wives brought their husbands to Sister Rosalie to keep them out of harm's way. Some days after, the police visited her house, but excused themselves, saying that they did so merely for form's sake; that they did not expect to find any arms concealed there. "You would be much mistaken," she said; "we have lots of them," and she handed over a large number of muskets she had taken from her *prisoners*.

"For fifty years I have served you and your children," she cried, when the mob rushed into her parlor in pursuit of an officer who had taken refuge there, and for whose life they clamored, saying that they wished to kill him in the streets, not in Sister Rosalie's house. "For all the good that I have done you, your wives and your children, give me this poor man's life," she continued, on bended knee; and her petition was reluctantly granted. Among the prisoners taken was one whose little daughter attended the sister's school. General Cavaignac called shortly after to see Sister Rosalie, and he was forthwith conducted to the class-room and the little girl brought to see him. "My child," said she, "this is a gentleman who, if he wish, can give you back your father." At these words the child fell upon her knees, and in a voice broken with sobs, cried out: "O, my good sir, give me back my