

At that moment my son understood why poets sometimes compare women with the angels.

Next morning, at the hour when the prison gates were opened, Sister Clare was waiting outside for the departure of the condemned man. She wished to accompany him to the place of execution, in order that, up to the last moment, a friendly voice should fall upon his ear. The platoon of soldiers were ready; they formed a square, and the prisoner was placed in the center. The sentence ordered that his epaulets should be torn off, to kill him morally before he was shot. Suddenly a soldier appeared on horseback, riding up quickly, with a folded paper in his hand.

"Where is Sister Clare?" he asked. And turning to her, he said: "This is for you, from the general." With trembling hands she broke the seal. The young soldier was not to die. And while the courier disappeared in the morning haze, Sister St. Clare herself loosed the prisoner's bonds.

My son has two daughters. To one he has given the name of Madeleine, for sake of me, his mother; to the other, Clare, in memory of Sister St. Clare, his second mother. He has just shown me the room in his house which he reserves for Sister Clare, if she is ever expelled from her convent. "She is my mother," he said, and I am not jealous.—
L'Univers.

Happy the son on whom heaven bestows
A mother whose life with all holiness glows.
Life loseth its sadness, death loseth its gloom,
And her faith lives again as he kneels at her tomb.

The new boarder was not aware of the ironclad traditions of the boarding house and was therefore inclined to be facetious.

"Aren't these cakes out of season in summer?" he queried.

"I was not aware of the fact," snapped the landlady, with much emphasis.

"These are flannel cakes, you know."