

LOUISE, DUCHESSE DE LA VALLIERE, CARMELITE

One day she fainted on the way up to an attic while carrying a basket of wet linen, and still she would not relent in her austerities. Severe internal trouble set in, echoes of the hardships she had endured as a young woman, and in June 1710 she died in great pain. Following the custom of the Order, they brought her body to the choir before the High Altar.

It is recorded that on the eve of her death, the King spent all the day with his confessor and on the morrow made his Communion. His thoughts must have turned to her, his bedswoman, who now lay crowned with white roses. The crowd pressing eagerly to the grille held its breath, beholding a face so pure and grave—the lids of one whose nights were spent in weeping but whose dawn was in the Joy of the King.

MARGARET TROUPER.

IRREQUIETUM COR NOSTRUM

Limbs of Orion light the Southern deep,
The harness of the quiet Hunter stars,
With braced belt and spaced and lifted spars,
The walling dark; around, aloft the steep
And vault of earth-eye's roving rounds our keep,
Benighting this lone beacon of our mind,
Island awake, a-wonder in the blind
Besieging silence of the cosmic sleep.

Why sleep the worlds and silent on the wing
None wake, none whisper? Questions a clamorous heart,
By these blind fires and brilliant dust unheard,
Searches the soaring eagle his own kin,
Imperious mind imperial counterpart
And intellectual splendour of the Word.

FRANCIS FOSTER.