

is a dear, good girl, so is her brother Harry—well, of course, he isn't a girl; you know what I mean; you needn't laugh; I was going to say it's a pity Katie doesn't go to our church, she is so sweet and lovely. Well, may I go, mother?"

"I suppose so," answered her mother, "but, if you go to this affair to-night, how will you get there and home so late?"

"Oh, that's easily managed, and quite proper too, little mother. Mrs. and Mr. Wilson always go, I know, and as they have to pass here on the way to the convent they can call for me going and leave me returning, without going a step out of their way."

Mary Dawson was just twenty years of age; her birthday had been celebrated with great rejoicing on the 8th December. Surely the Immaculate Mary would take this little namesake under her protection! Let us hope it was not merely a coincidence that she was born on that beautiful feast and named after the Queen of Heaven.

Mrs. Dawson had been a widow for five years. Mary, her youngest born, a married daughter living in Montreal and three sons constituted her family. Two of her sons were also in Montreal practising law, and the youngest, two years older than Mary, who had just taken his degree in medicine, was about to begin to practise in Quebec.

Mary was a gentle, amiable girl; she had been carefully brought up and educated chiefly at home by governesses. Mrs. Dawson had a dread and dislike of convents, and could not bear the thought of sending her little girl to a distance to a Protestant school. Thus Mary knew very little of convents, which may seem strange for a Quebec girl.

Two years before she had formed a friendship for Katie Wilson, who was one year her junior, and who had been educated at the Ursuline Convent. Katie had but one brother—Harry three years older than herself, upon whom she looked as her hero, and was proud to own him for her brother. He certainly was a fine, handsome young man, and as good as he looked; an earnest Catholic, attentive to all his duties, spiritual and otherwise. He had been for about three months junior partner in a law firm.

At twenty minutes to twelve the Wilsons stopped before the Dawson house, and Mary, who had been watching for them, joined them noiselessly, for her mother and the rest had retired. (The absent ones had come home that evening).

Their house was only a few minutes' walk from the convent (one is never far from anywhere in Quebec), so they were soon walking down Parloir street, facing the ancient, historic pile which for over two centuries has sheltered the daughters of St. Ursula.

The church, which is devoted to the public, was very nearly filled when they entered, but Harry had gone early and secured a seat near the front for our party on the right-hand side,

close to the grate, behind which is the Nuns' chapel, concealed usually from curious eyes by a curtain drawn across the grate. But Mary thought she could see the faces and white veils of one or two pupils, where the curtains gaped a little apart, as she looked curiously over while her friends were engaged at their devotions.

How she longed to have a peep into that mysterious interior; she wondered what they looked like, those black-robed nuns and young girls hidden away behind that jealous grate and

curtain. Good breeding forbade her to gaze long at that division in the curtains, though she felt sure if she craned her neck ever so little she could see farther into the chapel; but she must restrain herself; perhaps the curtains would be drawn aside some time during the services.

What a quaint old church it was: plain, with no pretension to architectural beauty. How fat and puffy were those angels' faces looking down with bulging eyes from cornices and ceiling. Montcalm was buried here, she had heard; how ancient it must all be. She wondered whether it was just as it used to be; were the walls and benches, the carved angels and the altar all the same? Ah! the altar, that was beautiful! Hundreds of lights, it appeared to the young girl, were reflected in the crystal and brightly burnished ornaments upon the altar. And what was the other altar, to the left, facing the Nuns' grate? It appeared to be beautifully decorated, but was not yet lit up, and a curtain concealed it

