

In awe-struck tones the curé whispered, solemnly :  
 "My child, you wear the look of one inspired by some high resolve, or as some sister who has just pronounced her vows in the holy sanctuary !"

"I have taken my vows, dear father. Here, in this strange cloister, I ask you to redeem your promise and help me to keep them. We will speak of this again. Come ! let us go."



"WHY DISTURB ME, FATHER?"

"HERE, IN THIS STRANGE CLOISTER."

(To be continued.)

### THE CANADIAN SONG SPARROW.

From the leafy maple ridges,  
 From the thickets of the cedar,  
 From the alders by the river,  
 From the bending willow branches,  
 From the hollows and the hillsides,  
 Through the lone Canadian forest,  
 Comes the melancholy music,  
 Oft repeated,—never changing,—  
 "All—is—vanity—vanity—vanity."

Where the farmer ploughs his furrow,  
 Sowing seed with hope of harvest  
 In the orchard white with blossom,  
 In the early field of clover,  
 Comes the little brown-clad singer,  
 Flitting in and out of bushes,  
 Hiding well behind the fences,  
 Piping forth his song of sadness,—  
 "Poor—hux—manity—manity—manity."

J. D. EDGAR.