

wear coloured scarves over their left shoulders; but they are wisely not "shown off" before the visitors. A half-holiday is asked for and granted in honour of a distinguished guest; and instantly every girl is dropping pretty, smiling curtseys to a running accompaniment of multitudinous *Mercis!*

"It would be such a privilege to be allowed to present the novices." So the party goes on to where fourteen are being marshalled in an adjoining corridor. Two broad sunbeams are pouring steeply down into the far end of the long room in which you are waiting; and as the timid little procession begins to move in, beneath the high window, veil after mist-like veil becomes an aureole in the transfiguring light. One face and figure arrests your eye. The colour comes and goes, shifting incessantly under the rich, warm, half-Italian complexion. The neck strains a little, and pulses fast; though the face is calm enough, and the delicately poised figure is almost still, it sways so imperceptibly. What is her beauty doing here, secluded and immured from every hope of triumph? Look again. She is evidently interested in all that is taking place; but, just as evidently, only in so far as these outside interests relate to her vocation. "Vocation" is the dominant in the rhythm of her whole expression. Some other novices catch their breath with shyness before answering your questions; but her words are as untroubled as her brow. Is this the "Blessed Damozel" that haunted the imagination of Rossetti with a vision of earthly beauty looking back on us

From the gold bar of Heaven?

The wonder was not yet quite gone

From that still look of hers.

Her eyes were deeper than the depth

Of waters stilled at even.

There is an astounding volume of sound from what must be four-handed piano-playing in the music room. No wonder: it is a fourteen-handed performance! The solitary harp looks neglected in its corner. Is it out of favour, even in convents, now-a-days? At one time it was the chosen instrument to give the languishing, romantic finish to a lady-like education. Perhaps its truer virtues will be recognized again, and the fit though few will re-awake its glamour as bards and angels are fated to do.

A hurrying little group meets you in the passage. They had forgotten the Indian pupil! She is a curiosity now; perhaps the last of her