

in one grand "*Ave Maria, ora pro nobis.*" No Mass in ancient monastery or vaulted cathedral was ever more solemn, or prayer more fervent than that which went up this summer evening, on the wings of an all-trusting love, from this humble kitchen, to the Throne of God, and to the Heart of our Lady of Sorrows.

There is a little Scotch laddie here who much amuses his mother at bedtime. He objected to the bare floor in his pretty little room, so she got some blue and white *catelan* and just for a joke put a tiny woodchuck skin beside his bed. Every night Douglas refuses to say his prayers till the wee pelt is arranged in the exact spot to accommodate his bare toes.