

She seemed scarcely to breathe as she slowly took off her wraps, and then turned her beautiful clear-cut face to the marvellous altar, or apse, which rose straight to the very ceiling, scintillating with unnumbered lights and carrying masterpieces of sculpture.

In the centre of the apse, suspended on a great cross, was the life-sized, scarred image of the Saviour; while crouched at the base of the emblem of suffering were the three sorrowing Marys. Numerous statues of the apostles and martyrs of the Church, surrounded by groups of angels, completed a scene upon which the *habitant* gazed with affecting awe.

With a long-drawn inward breath, the girl finally turned her eyes to a small altar on her right, where sternly sat the Church's greatest saint—Saint Peter—in his hands the massive keys that were to for ever bind, or loosen. The extended foot exposed his carven great toe, well-nigh lost to all human semblance through the unnumbered kisses pressed upon it by the countless seekers after peace.

The subtle influences surrounding her caused a thrill of devotion, almost painful in its intensity, to possess her. But presently a burst of melody from the organ-loft, blending with the answering voices of the priests who were gathered about the altar, announced the commencement of the impressive ceremony, and attracted her attention. Never before had she witnessed such a scene of stately pomp and grandeur as now ensued—the pomp of princes could not have surpassed it. On the dais, fronting the gleaming apse, with his back turned to the multitude, was a prince of the Church, the Canadian cardinal, clad in vestments of the richest texture and most gorgeous hues; directly behind him came four boys, carrying the long princely train