

her confession and pronounced absolution, he, with peculiar genuflections, administered the sacrament, and placing his hands on her, blessed her, and pronounced her a good child of the church. He departed, perfectly satisfied with his own performances, and assuring the parents that all was right.

Was Alice satisfied?

She had submitted to all. She had endeavoured to join in the service, but in her inmost soul she felt a blank.

"Father" said she "I am about to die. Where am I going?"

The father gave no reply.

"Mother, darling, can you tell me what I am to do to get to heaven?"

No reply save tears.

"William, you who were to be the guide of my life, can you tell me anything of the future?"

No response.

"I'm lost! lost!" She exclaimed. "Am I not father? Is there any one who can tell me what I must do to be saved?"

At length the father spoke.

"My child, you have always been a dutiful daughter, and have never grieved your parents. You have regularly attended the Abbey church, and helped in its services, and the minister has performed the rites of the church, and expressed himself satisfied with your state."

"Alas! father, I feel that is not enough. It is no rest to my soul. It is hollow—it is not real. Oh! I

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