

when the Chaplain declared he had placed only one Host in the small Pyx, and that he was positively sure of the matter. Again and again he reiterated this assertion, and held to it in spite of the ventured suggestions of others, that there might have been two Particles adhering together.

"Impossible," he said, "in this case!—I had only one communicant, and I brought only one Host. I am positively certain of this fact. Nothing could convince me to the contrary."

"Where did the other Host come from?"

No answer came to this oft-repeated question, except this — Miss Golden asked to be instructed in the Catholic faith, was baptized, and in time made her First Holy Communion. Her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was intense. She could hardly speak of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist without tears. The miraculous answer to the question was her conversion — the only member of her entire family a Catholic. She continued her course in the Training School, graduated with honor, saw that a successful future was awaiting her, and with the good wishes of all, she left the Hospital.

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Five years passed away. It was Easter Monday morning. Sunlight filtered through the stained glass windows of a well known Convent chapel, and lay in glory on the tall lilies that bent towards the Holy of Holies. Mass was going on, and the sweet voices of the nun-choir trembled on the fragrant air. How beautiful now are the words :

"Regnum mundi et omnen ornatum sæculi contempsi ! contempsi !" ("The Kingdom of the world and its pleasures, I have despised—, I have despised," for the sake of our Lord.)

A single voice was singing now—

"Quem vidi, quem amavi—(Whom I have seen, whom I have loved.)" And from the centre of the marble nave a veiled figure rose from her knees, and advanced to the foot of the altar.

A group of vested clergy surrounded the crimson robed celebrant as he turned to her, and holding up the