

expedition at school, but the darling of her companions and a great favorite with her teachers, who recognized in the ardent child a soul specially marked by divine grace. The newly made orphan could not have found a more appropriate associate. Her naturally rather melancholy disposition had been fostered by such constant companionship with her invalid father, and Dorothy was the very one to lead her to dwell upon something else than her grief.

"Grace," said she, "you never forget to gather flowers and take them to your father's grave, which is perfectly right and lovely in you, my dear little one. But you have never yet thought of taking any to the chapel. You know how very good the Blessed Virgin has been to you, and it would be only right for you to do something in return. Grandmamma allows us to gather as many as we wish from certain parts of the garden, and she would be glad to see you take them for the altar." "O! Dorothy, indeed I am sorry, sometimes I never thought of it, and sometimes I thought only the large girls could have anything to do with the altar. Now you will never have to remind me again. I am to make my first confession in October, did you hear that?" "Yes, Sister Imelda told me so," replied Dorothy, "you will not have very long to wait," and as she spoke they reached the little gate by which they always went into the garden, and in a few minutes were eagerly relating to Mrs. Stuart the various incidents of the day which was now drawing to a close.

The radiant loveliness of the September days merged into the maturer beauties of October, and Grace thinks that her papa was indeed right in saying that no other country could surpass our beloved land. She was faithful to her resolution, and whilst she never failed to take fresh flowers to her father's grave she gathered the fairest blossoms for the altar of Mary. The October forests were gorgeous with the trees decked in robes of scarlet and yellow, as those giants of the woodland reared their proud heads to the cloudless sky, and the song of the birds seemed to have forgotten its merry note and taken a deeper cadence in harmony with the solemn grandeur of the scene.

Mrs. Stuart with Dorothy and Grace sat one evening by the first fire of the season, which we all know has a peculiar charm of its own. The room was very large and

seemed to combine the uses of various apartments in itself. For instance, there was an open upright piano in one corner, a book case with its wealth of literature in another, a pretty writing desk was placed by one window, and a stand laden with flowers at another. The centre of the room was occupied by the table, which they had just left after having partaken of the evening meal. When the service had been removed Grace dwelt upon the great event of the day, for she had made her first confession. "And we were invested with the Scapular too." Then producing another pair she said, "Sister Imelda gave us each an extra pair; she said that we might possibly meet with some one to whom, thereby, we might be of the greatest use. There were only three of us, and so she called us her three theological virtues. We drew then, Evelyn drew faith, Margery, hope, and charity came to me." "And now you can practice it," cried Dorothy, as she glanced out of the window, having heard a step on the graveled walk, and descried an applicant for aid coming up to the house. It was along this end of the place that the road described before wound, and the abandoned mines were an occasional resort of tramps who knew Mrs. Stuart's charitable nature, and that she was never known to refuse them a meal. Knowing that the maids were not within hearing the lady answered the knock, and directing the man who presented himself where to go, she with the two girls went and ministered to his wants. He was pale and hollow eyed, and shivered in the cool autumnal night, whilst he eagerly swallowed the food provided with no ungenerous hand. A warm coat and shoes were given him, and then, with no manifestation of thanks he arose and proceeded on his way. Another half hour passed, and Mrs. Stuart, who was intent upon her book, did not observe that Grace suddenly left the room and came back with a smile upon her face. "O! grandma!" she said, "I gave the poor man those Scapulars, and he looked more pleasant, he really did. He was sitting at the foot of the old maple, but then he got up and said he must go on." Sweet confiding faith and trust of childhood.

Mrs. Stuart was somewhat alarmed, their one man (house) servant had been sent on an errand, and the men who were engaged about the house went home at night. But surely the Blessed Virgin would watch over