

the sun-flecked shadow, blown on by gentle winds, with never a boisterous blast to ruffle its calm surface; until on a sudden, out of the serene sky, came a swift gale that startled it to swifter motion.

It was the evening of a lowering autumn day, when Vespers had been sung, and the household in slow procession walked past the hall door on their way from the chapel. First came the pupils in their simple black gowns, with long white veils, walking demurely two by two. Then the community, moving noiselessly but for the musical clinking of the long rosary suspended from each girdle; at last, by right of her position, the stately figure of the Mother Superior, her long black robes and soft-flowing veil adding to the dignity of her mien. Not until the notice of her death hung, years after, on the chapel door, were the Sister hood aware that the daughter of a ducal house had been their guide and friend.

A strong wind swept about the house, rattling the casements, or screaming in the chimneys, and Sister Katharine, as she slipped the bolt in the great door, thought with loving pity of the world's homeless ones on such a bitter night.

Still musing, she went slowly to her cell, but not to rest. A strange anxiety filled her gentle mind with vague misgivings, and every unfamiliar sound startled her into a strained listening. Often she told herself that nothing could be amiss, for had she not lived thirty happy years within these walks?

"Ah me!" thought Sister Katharine, "I am growing old and anxious; I will try to sleep"; and even as she blew the candle out a pungent odor floated into the little room. One moment she stood wondering, the next saw her running noiselessly down the long corridor, which was filled with a strange haze. From room to room she ran with but one thought—to reach the great bell in the sacristy. In two long wings stretched on either side lay the