

cell like ghostly music, breathing something of treachery and wickedness in his ear, until his mind was frozen into the deepest horror he had ever felt. The mournfulness of the chime was heard within every cell, and as the deep ghastly echoes reverberated from wall to wall, many a nun mumbled her prayers to the Blessed Virgin, and to St. James the patron saint, then shuddered as she again fell asleep on her pallet.

Then succeeded an awful silence which was broken at last by a chorus of voices chanting in a strain so soft and low that it could not proceed from human lips :

" Ave Maris stella,
 Dei Mater alma,
 Atque semper virgo,
 Felix cœli porta !"

Suddenly a brilliant star dispelled the gloom and revealed himself as a confessor, listening to the confession of a nun whose most piteous cry was that she had loved him years before ! Then he saw himself gaze after her as she left the confessional. Again the scene changed, and he saw himself, holding a taper, with the nun close beside him, walking quickly through the great chapel. As the rays of the taper, for a moment, fell upon a huge gilded crucifix upon the high altar, the nun bowed low and crossed herself, as they hurried past it.

They paused before the shrine of St. James, and he was about to open a trap door, when the nun caught his arm and said suddenly in tones of affright :— " Oh ! Don Gomez, I hear a footfall—*follow me !*" Whereupon she led the way up a short aisle, a few feet only from the altar where they crouched down in two stalls—the knight hiding his taper beneath the ample folds of his gown. A pale light flickered for a few moments through the chapel, a light footfall was heard to slowly cross the floor and approach the shrine of the adorable Saviour.

It was the Lady Superior. She knelt then before the statue of the Blessed Virgin and said her prayers, after which she slowly wound her way back through the chapel. Her eyes were filled with tears, and there was a sweet, sad expression beaming from her features, such intense love and holiness, that both persons—our friends, who were forced to rise from their seat to see her as she passed—said in their hearts, " truly the Abbess is a holy woman." Her footfalls died away, and emerging from their stalls, they descended into the passage through the trap door, and soon were treading where neither of them had dared go before. Pursuing this for some time, they came to an abrupt terminus which soon yielded its secret spring to the steel point, and they stood without the dark walls of the Convent, conflicting and even being drenched with the rain which fell in torrents. Fortunately Vallandano the Gypsy, and Don Pedro, were awaiting them in the garden. " Quick, my brother, here is the ladder !" With some labour Don Gomez found the rope ladder, and bearing the novice in his arms, quickly sealed the wall. As he was descending, the baying of the great Convent dog was heard in the garden, and Vallandano had just found *terra firma*

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