

her room at 10 p. m., she had been on her knees. She was too absorbed in her devotions to note the flight of time, and was only roused by the sound of the Convent clock striking the midnight hour.

She rose quickly, remembering that the mother Superior disapproved of the Sisters staying up after the usual retiring-hour. In the same instant she discovered that her silver cross was missing. She valued it highly for the sake of the donor, her dead father: indeed it was her most treasured possession, and she was never without it, day or night.

Suddenly she remembered that during Vespers she had heard a tinkling noise as though something had dropped on the tessellated floor. She concluded that it must have been the cross, and wondered how she was going to recover it before morning. The Chapel was at the end of which she would not dare a long shadowy corridor, down to venture at this hour. And yet, her father's gift seemed more precious now than ever before. As he had not been there that day to bless her and rejoice in her happiness, she wanted to have a memento of him beside her.

*(To be continued.)*

