

## ECHOES FROM THE PAST.

N EAR a modern window in the gallery leans an old spinning-wheel, which was found in the vaults. By its hum in winter twilights, a hundred years ago, soft lullabies were crooned, and fine linen spun for dainty brides, over whose forgotten graves the blossoms of a century of summers have fallen. In hoop and farthingale they tripped over the threshold of the old church of *Notre Dame de Bonsecours*. They plighted their troth as happily before the altar of the little chapel, as do their descendants in the stately church of *Notre Dame*, with the grand organ pealing through the dim arches and groined roof.

The old, old wheel is silent, and the fingers that once held distaff and spindle have crumbled into dust, but the noble deeds and glorious names of those days gone by are carven deep in the monument of a grateful country's memory.

Over an archway in the picture gallery