

praise and love. In the distance she saw a troop of virgins clothed in dazzling brightness, surrounding One, upon whose beauty no mortal eye could gaze. There were many faces, in that chosen band, familiar to Mother Agatha—her companions who had gone to their eternal reward. And *one* seated on a throne beside the King. Ah ! how ineffable are her charms, how ravishing her beauty ! It is Mary, the Queen of Virgins. Her garments are brighter than ten thousand suns. Oh ! what delight to gaze upon that lovely countenance.

The young Sts Agnes, Lucy, Cecelia, all . . . all are there, adoring, praising and rejoicing in the presence of their Spouse. Now she sees one leave her companions and approach nearer the mighty throne. The enraptured Mother gazes at her in wonder and admiration, her features are familiar. Yes, there can be no more mistake . . . though bright and glorious, she recognizes her companion, Sr. Catherine in the suppliant, now prostrate before the throne of the Lamb. She is interceding for someone—Mother Agatha gazes on scarcely able to breathe.

"Will Jesus answer her prayer, will He grant the favor she is asking ?"

Even as the thought passes through her mind, she notices a small golden ball clasped in the kneeling virgin's hand, who, after kissing her Savior's feet, joins the train of virgins, and the harmonious strains resound once more. First in silvery chimes like that of distant bells, then it comes near . . . nearer !

"Praise be to Jesus and Mary !" exclaims Mother Agatha. The convent bell is ringing and the morning light beginning to flood her cell. The heavenly visitors have disappeared and she is alone.

"Was it a vision, or has she been dreaming ?" she cannot say, but all was so real : "Our dear Lord must have permitted it, to strengthen my confidence in the intercession of His faithful servant, my dear Sr. Catherine," she murmured. "Oh ! I know He will help us in some way. How could I doubt His loving care."

The contractors come for instructions : "Will we continue the work ?" they inquire.

"Certainly," is the reply.

And so, with renewed ardor it is carried on. But