

by, continued to roar lustily all the way, and so attracted public attention to me (its presumptive mother) that I wept as bitterly as the child itself, and was heartily sorry that I had undertaken any such mission.

Next day I set out again in good time, but now a new difficulty awaited me. The good Sister who received me informed me that only those who were baptized and received into the Catholic Faith were eligible for admission. On hearing this I burst into tears; I told her my story, that the child was not mine, but that I was commissioned by its father to deliver it to her, and I besought her so earnestly to take it from me that she very considerably did so, and on my handing her the necessary fee, she undertook to have it regularly baptized and admitted.

In the evening I called to see the mother; she was lying on a miserable couch in a low lodging-house in the Quebec suburbs, yet she had about her the air of a lady, and on her finger glittered a ring set with brilliants. She wept when I told her how her child was disposed of, but said that she had no other alternative, as if her father, who was a lawyer of eminence, had any idea of her predicament, he would cast her off in shame; that when she first discovered her condition she persuaded her paramour to make a formal proposal for her hand, but her father was enraged beyond measure, and threatened her so terribly that she, for a time at least, put away all thoughts of Ferguson from her mind, and had not quite decided how to act, when the