

house where they were in one of the prettiest and best populated parts of the city. It was a one-story red brick house with a long veranda in front, and stood at the brow of a steep cliff. Below, as well as above, were several pretty houses. On the opposite side of the street, at a short distance away, stood the city and home of the Dominicans. The rear of those buildings almost at the edge of the cliff had turned a few rods from the house. Here Cecilia had a pleasant home, and many an hour had been spent there. On pleasant mornings, when heroine would often stretch for the first sign of the day the pleasant homes, or at least below. At the rear of the house the landscape was the same, or only one large building, perhaps, not connected with the property, was there to be seen, and she often came out of the way, and how soon her desire was gratified. Then she would go to breakfast with her father, who arose quite late. Cecilia had expressed the wish to have the old lady visit her church with her, only to be refused, for grandmamma had a refusal, for grandmamma was to be seen in a carriage in the evening in question. Cecilia had retired a little past noon in some surprise, and when Cecilia was summoned, and looking out she saw the carriage in the distance.

Canada, Newfoundland and United States, \$1.00 per year  
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