

down the Avenue with me, and wished me good luck at the gate. After Wolfe's ravine was passed I took the path through the fields to the edge of the cliff, as I wanted to approach Mary's home by her favourite walk. The shrubs were all abloom, as I went through them, up and down, sometimes nearing the hill-top, sometimes sloping towards the lower road, according as the long succession of passing feet had found the going easy. There is an individuality about a rambling path that no highway can ever equal. Meadow larks were tuning up joyfully on the Plains of Abraham, white-throated sparrows singing their little throats out in the willows, and from Champlain Street came up the sound of a child's voice in the melody—

*"C'est le mois de Marie,
C'est le mois le plus beau."*

Truly it was the month of Mary—my Mary.

She was out of doors, when I came to Bandon Lodge, and I called to her over the wall—

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary. How does your garden grow?"

She looked astounded at the familiarity of the address, and still more at the command that she come with me immediately for a walk round the ramparts.

"I will be putting on my bonnet, and my cape." She spoke in a dazed fashion.

"No, no, come as you are! It will be warm up there in the sun. Nobody is about so early." I