

and reverence is drawing to a close. The dim light of the gloomy old church, broken at intervals by the rays of sunlight that stream in colored bars through the deeply tinted glass,—the stately columns that are almost lost in shadow before they reach the roof they support,—the mellow notes of the organ throbbing on the air,—combined with the odor of incense that pervades the atmosphere, all tend to arouse feelings that for a moment shut out the prospective pleasure of a reunion with the friends of her childhood in her native country, and arouse in their place a desire to remain where life is so devoid of worldly strife.

Stepping out into the yellow autumn evening, and inhaling the fresh air that blows off the river, both brother and sister feel as if they had suddenly awakened from a trance. "Ding-dong-ding," the Cathedral bell, reminding all who hear that the hour of Vespers is at hand. "Dong-ding-dong,"—answers the bell from the neighboring hill. "Ding-ding-dong." Two holy fathers with eyes bent upon their books, followed by a procession of surpliced boys, are making their way along the shaded fossé, their feet falling softly on a yellow carpet of leaves blown from the overhanging trees,—another priest, then a group of rosy children with white caps, the noise of whose sabotéd feet is only muffled by the rich foliage over which they scurry.