

a parapet, embattled wall, and an octangular lantern, which has a window in each face, and is connected with the corner pinnacles by flying buttresses. The length of the church, from the western door in the tower to the east wall in the chancel, is two hundred and ninety feet, and the breadth of the nave and aisles ninety-nine feet.

THE CONVENT OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

"I beheld
A convent near, and my heart thought that they
Who did inhabit there were holy men.

Happy the dwellers in this holy house,
Where quiet with religion makes her home;
And ye who tenant such a goodly scene,
Must needs be good."

In the centre of a narrow defile, the convent of the grand Saint Bernard shows itself to the traveller like a port in a storm. There I was received by the pious monks, with a warmth and sincerity that could not have been surpassed, had the object been their dearest kinsman. In a moment my snow-encrusted clothes were taken off; and dry-linen, with a complete change of dress, enabled me, amid many congratulations on my safe arrival, to sit down, with comfort to supper in the refectory. It was a "meagre day," and, consequently, we had no delicate cheer; but exercise and toil had sharpened my appetite, and the plainest food to me seemed delicious. A few short prayers repeated by all the monks, preceded and followed this meal; after which, at an early hour, I was conducted to my cell; where an excellent bed completed the measure of the day's enjoyment; and there, regardless of the storm which raged without, I soon fell asleep. I did not know how sweet a quiet sleep

"Into such a sleep as wont to shed
Oblivion on the weary head,
After a toilsome day."

The convent of the grand St. Bernard is built upon the banks of a small lake, at an elevation of eight thousand and seventy-four feet above the level of the sea, a height at which, in the old world, no other habitation is known to exist. The winter there lasts nine months; and even in the very height of summer it often freezes. The winds, confined in the narrow defile that encloses the convent, blow almost uninterruptedly, and with such violence, as sometimes to raise whole mountains of snow, and darken the atmosphere with its flaky clouds. Seldom, indeed, is a clear sky enjoyed there; in general, dark vapours envelope the mountains, and veil the convent in impenetrable obscurity. Under shelter of the neighbouring rocks, the monks have formed several small gardens—miserable gardens indeed, producing, by incessant attention, a few wretched herbs by the month of August. All the necessaries of life are brought, at a great expense, from the neighbouring valleys. At the western extremity of the lake is a small plain, on which formerly stood a temple consecrated to Jupiter. The mountain itself was called Mons Jovis, until that appellation was lost in the name of its celebrated founder.

The convent of St. Bernard is open to all travellers, without distinction of age or sex, country or religion. On them the ecclesiastics lavish all their assistance, and bestow all their consolations; seeking no other recompense for their cares, no other indemnity for their expenses, than the throbs of conscious self-approbation, which such a life cannot but ensure. During the summer, the passage of the mountain is always