

ing them, and was delighted to hear that a house of their's lay not much out of my way as I returned to England. I accordingly made such arrangements, previous to my setting out, as enabled me stop for a few days at a small village called Picquiny, situate on a beautiful river in the province of *Picardy*, and about one mile distant from Hugardhe, where there is a monastery of Trappists. The morning after my arrival I set out to visit a society which, as I experienced, had elicited the praise and excited the censure of mankind.

On leaving the village, the monastery was exhibited pleasingly to my view; it is as picturesquely situated as a reasonable admirer of rural scenery could desire. From the spot where I stood I had a north-west view of the house: on my right was a wide extent of country, as far as the eye could reach, interspersed with groups of trees overshadowing the ivy-clad temples which shot their elevated spires from between, in solemn and imposing grandeur. Through the middle of the joyous scene, a river flowed in unruffled serenity along, bearing on its bosom, at the time, no other burden than the gentle zephyr which played on its surface, and which left no other trace behind but the coolness it diffused through the surrounding air. On the left was the monastery with its gardens and the extensive farm attached to it; this farm lies on a gentle acclivity, and progresses in height till it terminates in a woody mountain that overlooks the house. It is admirably cultivated, even tastefully laid out, and imparts an appearance of quiet comfort to the place not every where seen in France.

There is something very uncommon experienced when we are going to separate ourselves, for even a short

time from the ordinary pursuits of men, and enter into converse with beings, naturally, indeed, like ourselves, but spiritually elevated to a height of perfection from which the bustling occupations of life necessarily shut out the rest of the world. The mere philosopher, no doubt, if we credit his own assertion, would be above such impressions; his reason would be lowered by such humiliating sentiments, but I think it impossible for an ordinary Christian of any persuasion to be on the point of witnessing such a scene without emotions in some measure corresponding to those I felt on the occasion.

There was almost an uninterrupted stillness from the time I left the village till I arrived at the gate leading to the rear of the monastery. The road was very indifferent, but that part of the country at my right was in a high state of cultivation, and showed manifest proof of active and unceasing industry. This land as I afterwards learned was part of an extensive farm attached to the house, and was then under the sole management of the community. Having arrived at the entrance, I rang the bell; the gate was opened by a tall figure, whose countenance strongly indicated a life of pious mortification. His manner, however, was polite; he introduced me to another religious, who acquainted the abbot of my arrival. I was immediately ushered into the parlour or waiting room, where I sat alone for about fifteen minutes. The furniture of this apartment, as may be expected, was comprised of those articles which were absolutely indispensable. I observed hanging over the chimney piece, the portrait of Louis XVIII., who restored the order in France; under it rested a small bronzed crucifix; at one side was a picture of a