

all this a giant pine spread its aged and leafy boughs. Here, a few hundred feet away from her home, she paused a moment, glanced at her leather-encased watch that adorned her wrist, and sat down. Was it to recall to her mind endearing associations of her happy girlhood, or to rest a while? Or again, was it to continue her melancholic train of thoughts? The sequel of this little narrative will tell.

For the first time since she had left the humble cottage of the caretaker of the Melville Farm, did she venture to glance about her to admire the charms of the landscape. From her seat she could see the bay sparkling under the warm golden rays of the sun. Unusually warm, bright and clear was this April day. Directly in front of her, lay the bluish expanse of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. At her feet, trees of divers kind and shape, sloping down amphitheatre-like, were fast covering their naked branches with tender leaflets of pale green. The distant meadows of the valley below, had donned their emerald dress. On her left, by way of contrast, lay the rock-bound shores of Gaspé; and on her right, the balsam pine-clad hills of New Brunswick.

How glorious was the day!... An ideal spring morning; one really in harmony with the joy-inspiring feast of Easter. The sun, fast approaching high noon, was covering with glory the forests, the dancing waters of the bay, the many islets with which it is dotted, and the hills swelling their lordly crests in the distance. Though it was but the 23rd of April, sweet odors of yet invisible flowers filled the air. The fairy-like beauty of this lovely spring morning, was enhanced by the chime of a distant bell, mingling its silvery notes with the æolian hymns of nature—it was that of the old village church, gently lording it over the humble cottages of the villagers scattered in the valley below. Sweet was the voice of that belfry, sprinkling the Easter morn air with pious sound. How well did everything harmonize with the universal joy of life everywhere apparent. Glory! Glory! Alleluiah! Verily, Love has vanquished death.

## II.

Alas! this love feast of life, in nature and in the Church, in the heavens visible and invisible, was precisely one that hung like a pall over Florence Marsh's head, on this day of universal joy. The