

'Let us then, seek its assistance,' said M. Le Fort with fervour, 'and pray for what we cannot accomplish ourselves: that is a miracle.'

At these words he entered the cemetery, and began in a low voice the prayer for voyagers in peril. The women kneeling among the tombs, repeated in chorus the responses; while the men, standing with their heads bare, regarded alternately the priest and the horizon. Annette had remained amongst them, and though her hands were clasped, though her lips mechanically repeated the prayer, her eyes never quitted the sea, on which all that she loved was embarked.

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#### LETTERS FROM 'LINDEN HILL,' No. 3.

So—My Insatiable and Dearest Friend—you are like the Knickerbocker's 'little boy' who 'wanted to see the monkeys more,' and express yourself willing to shake hands in spirit with another or two of your old 'acquaintance of the street.' Therefore, by way of making a pleasant beginning, I can scarcely recall to you anything more attractive than one who passes here among many younger, but few fairer women. One who presides, say the social critics, with sense and dignity under her own roof, and acts with the grace of a truly superior woman everywhere. In her face you find 'sweet records, promises as sweet,' and know as you look, that the wife and mother has left no duty unfulfilled. Admired by all, whose admiration is worth having; the intelligent companion of learned men; the considerate and gentle-hearted lady to all beneath her, she is worthy to live and prosper, and in her you may recognize one of our merchants' wives.

Also—still sweeping magnificently along, may one meet her to whom you mentally cried 'avaunt,' in the old times. Still are her amazonian proportions enveloped in cashmere, brussell's lace, dainty glacie, black velvet and ermine, (according to the caprices of the season,) and still are her 'distresses,' manifold in the ears of her listeners. Eloquent is she too as in your days of martyrdom—upon the vileness, and inefficiency of 'servants in this Country,' and the unparalleled 'own maids' she had at home. Cook still unceasingly quarrels with the housemaids, and the boy; and when their supreme mistress takes her accustomed walk through the house, she is certain to discover this persecuted and powerless youth, weeping in some dismal corner, for lack of breakfast; and the ladies of the broom, and duster, in a state of incipient revolt and leave taking, from similar instances of 'Cook's malignity.'