

She was not seen by me again, nor have I heard of her since that day. I am still sometimes reminded of her, or some of the other visitors at Nuns' Island, when I meet one of the "Sisters of Charity" in the street.

After the restoration of my health, I began to leave my room, and visit the different apartments as before. I commonly spent most of the daytime in the large building, (No. 1,) and often sat at the window, at the end of the dark passage, enjoying the air and the view, which was extensive and agreeable.