

A RESURRECTION.

(Adapted from the French of Paul Bourget.)



LOWLY and pensively, like one walking in a dream, Florence Marsh, second wife to Chas. Melville, Captain of long standing in the employ of the West Indies Transport Co., was ascending the steep and meandering gravel

path that lead to her home, known in the neighborhood as the "Villa of the Roses." The exquisite mansion, built on the summit of a broad cliff, commanded a full view of Chaleur Bay; and though of recent date, it presented an aspect of antiquity owing to the fancifulness of its architecture.

Mrs. Melville was returning from a quaint, yet simple village nestling by the sea shore at the foot of the hill. Thither she had gone on an errant of charity — an aged farm-hand of her husband's large estate having met with a serious accident.

How charming grew the landscape as the mistress of the Rose Villa approached the brow of the hill! But too absorbed in visions of sorrows was her mind to bestow even a glance upon the beauties stretching far and wide before her. She had now reached a spot where of the she was wont to repair on sultry summer afternoons. The place was, indeed, an ideal one! It was "a natural bower of innocence and case !" A large rock overhung the path where her father, now dead, had had seats hewn out of the living granite. Over