

rippling of the water against the sides of the light canoe, the monotonous song, and fall of the waves under the paddles.

Soon the darkness of night blended the vague tints of the various buildings of the town into a uniform shade; and they could no longer distinguish anything behind them, except a line undulating and cutting into darkness on the sky, the surrounding of Cape Diamond.

From one time to another, the rippling of the wave on the pebbles on the shore, or the grating of a weather-cock, agitated by the sudden force of the night wind, still reached their ears.

But soon, all these noises ceased.

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It was the solemn hour of night, when everything in nature reposes, and carnivorous animals having returned from their nightly hunts, the birds hidden under the