

raised, as I might, perhaps, recognise some of them. Possibly I might find the peculiar scar, and the mole on one of their faces, or something else, I have seen on Nuns' Island—at least so I sometimes think. I have been told by a young Catholic woman, in New York, that many of the "Sisters of Charity" are Canadians, and that she knew one who could hardly speak the English language. I recollect to have seen several, at different times, while in the school of the Congregational Nunnery, taking leave, to go on missions to L'Amerique, as they sometimes called the United States.

One of the women remarked, in conversation one day, that the priests had more children born on that Island in a year, than there commonly are in a good-sized country village.

There were several arrivals of young women, while I was on the island, and several left it, but I never saw them coming or going, and was commonly left to infer it from circumstances which came under my notice. Some of the priests, I believe, were frequently going and coming: as there is no obstacle in the way of those who have the necessary authority.

A few days before my leaving the place, I missed Angelique from her bed, and on inquiry, was informed that she had left the island. She might have been gone a day or two before I missed her: for as we went to bed and rose when we pleased, we were not regular in our hours, and did not expect to find each other regular.