

face, and sorrow, affection and reproof were written on his brow; but the entrance of some peasants, for the purposes of devotion, forbade his reply,—and gently waving his hand, he turned from her, and passing up the chapel, disappeared through a private door that led into the interior of the convent.

Aimée, for one moment, felt inclined to follow him; but this impulse died away with the last sound of his retreating footsteps, and, anxious to be gone, she quitted the chapel without longer delay. As she issued from the door, she saw, with pleasure, that the day had not so far declined as she supposed; the sun, indeed, was near his setting, but there yet remained sufficient time for her to leave the city before the gates were closed—and with a fleet step she threaded the narrow streets, till she reached the southern gate, through which she wished to pass. But as she glided gently onward, the sentinel stepped forward, and stopping her roughly, demanded her name and purpose. She turned towards him a face of such pleading beauty, and answered him in tones so low and sweet, that his harshness was at once disarmed.

"I pray thee, good soldier, do not stay me; I come from the Hotel Dieu, and am bound on an errand of mercy to the dying."

"Go on, then, maiden, and the Virgin be thy guide," said the man, as he stepped respectfully back to let her pass.

With a look of silent gratitude, she slipped a small piece of gold into his hand, and bounded forward. Hurrying through that part of the thinly scattered suburbs of St. Antoine, which now forms an extensive and populous part of the city, she struck into a narrow foot-path, that wound deeper and deeper into the forests which then clothed that beautiful ridge, whose sloping gardens and orchards are now the first, after the long Canadian winter, to wake into life and beauty beneath the genial influence of spring. Gradually ascending Mount Royal, in the direction of that unfinished building, which, though commenced scarcely more than a quarter of a century ago, the hand of time, as if in mockery of man's ambition, is already crumbling into ruins—she passed on to the romantic spot, where the projector of that stately mansion chose his last resting-place, and has now mouldered into dust beneath the pompous marble which his heirs have reared, to tell the living of the vanity of mortal hopes. Then, not even the ashes of the dead had invaded that sequestered solitude; the area which is now open around the costly monument was filled with trees, and the cliffs were clothed with lichens and wild flowers, which seldom human foot, save that of the Indian hunter, crushed beneath its tread. Aimée climbed to the highest pinnacle of the rocks that rise behind the obelisk, and seated herself upon a jutting crag, to recover the breath she had lost in her rapid ascent.

The sun had set, but the long delicious twilight of that climate was tinging every object with its golden hues, and diffusing over the landscape a serene and odorous calm peculiar to the hour. Aimée gazed abroad with the rapt eye of an enthusiast, and felt its soothing influence sink into her heart. Beneath her, stretched the city, with its extended range of low grey houses, the walls of its convents rising above the rest—the venerable turrets of the Recollect visible through the gigantic elms that sheltered it with their protecting arms—and, higher than all, the glittering spire of the church of Notre Dame, surmounted with the holy cross, and pointing, like a beacon, towards heaven. The French flag, so soon to be displaced by the colours of England, waved from the citadel—a fortified eminence, at the northern extremity of the city, which has since been levelled to make way for new streets and buildings—and from various embattled points of minor consequence. Beyond, the noble St. Lawrence rolled its world of waters towards the Atlantic—its bosom purpled with the tints of parting day, and gemmed with lovely islands, that lay, like enchanted spots, upon its peaceful surface. Aimée looked far up the river for her own dear Isle of Flowers—but it was hidden by intervening forests, though the music that she loved, the tossing of the restless rapids, fell, in that distant solitude, with mellowed cadence on her ear. The opposite shore presented but a dusky and undistinguishable outline—but, far in the distance, towered the mountain of Chambly, the purple summits of Belœil, and, farther still, the eye could trace the shadowy form of that mountainous chain which intersects Vermont.

Aimée's devotional fervour kindled as she gazed, till it overflowed her heart, and burst from her lips in subdued murmurs, as she warbled the evening hymn to the Virgin. A sudden rustling in the shrubbery disturbed her vespers. She turned quickly, and caught a glimpse of some one, shrouded in a large cloak, who leaped hastily down the opposite declivity, and disappeared in the thicket. She now remembered that when she left the chapel of the Hotel Dieu, she had seen a man thus attired, standing near the door, and that once, when she chanced to look back in her progress through the street, she had observed him behind her. But in a crowded city, this circumstance seemed nothing strange, and would never have occurred to her again, had not the appearance of this very person, as she thought, at such a time, and in so remote a place, recalled it to her mind. She stood for a few moments irresolute, and unable, if the intruder intended her harm, to account for his hasty retreat, when the mystery of his flight was explained by the appearance of her nurse, accompanied by a tall athletic Indian, whom the stranger had doubtless seen, and retreated to avoid. Aimée, as she welcomed them, forgot her momentary alarm, and throwing her arm, with affectionate