

under foot, and that the most bigotted and cruel-hearted characters held despotic sway over the minds of their fellow citizens. But now, on close scrutiny, I discovered my mistake, and found a strong current of virtue and morality pouring through the streets in the wake of education, and striving to cleanse every quarter of the town.

I found, too, what I little expected to find, a poetry in city-life, even more forcible than is met with among the retired dens of savage nature. Here is collected a vast multitude of beings of widely different views and pursuits; yet bound by the common tie of self-interest, they all work together in harmony, and oppose no hindrance to one-another's motions. Here the rich and the poor elbow each other, the noblest and the meanest characters are brought into contact; here the living passes the dead with unconcern, and the virtuous and depraved meet face to face. Palaces and huts, land and water, are in juxtaposition; every thing seems done for contrast, such, too, as more forcibly to bring out the characteristic marks of each object, brightening the one and darkening the other but the more. A city, then, affords a fine field for the lover of nature in all its shapes; humanity is laid bare before him, and he has only to see in order to be convinced.

But this view alone of a city does not combine more than half the attractions; for the scenery has something peculiar and very gratifying in it. From the summit of this hill we see the town stretching beneath us, and, by extension in every direction, striving to fill the broad and beautiful valley of the St. Lawrence. But the more the houses encroach on the field, the more does the vale seem to increase in breadth, and its chaste limits to fly from the embraces of the city. Perched on our cyrie, the regular appearance of the buildings is to us enhanced by a girdle of trees which hedge in and adorn the place. From this spot, we can well discern the general contrast between town and country. The former has an universal greyish tinge, requiring light to show it off, and hence it is fond of basking in the sun; the latter boasts of its predominating green, and, to preserve its richness, its delight is to quaff refreshing showers. Descending, then, from this craggy steep, and marching into the town, the eye is struck by the crowded houses ranged in military files adown each street—not picturesquely scattered here and there as in the country—with their bright tin roofs reflecting the mid-day glare, and their countless panes of glass tinted up at sunset with a variety of flashing colours. A stimulus, too, is given to exertion, by the bustle in the thoroughfares, especially by the pulsations of that great artery, “Notre Dame.” Vehicles quickly follow each other, their drivers whipping and hallooing to their horses; now passes a splendid coach, drawn by a pair of chesnuts, then a common Canadian breakneck cart, with its attendant smoking “habitant” and starveling horse; after that, follows

a neat English dray, and a heavy lumbering waggon, or truck, next takes up its pompous march, while the procession is probably closed by a regiment of huzzars and a company of artillery going out for a field day. At the same time there pours along the pavement a continuous stream of human beings, each of whom moves as if his life depended upon quick action; for if one has not his eyes and limbs well employed, he stands a chance of being hurried, without time for surprize, by the shortest road into eternity.

Yet all this bustle does not produce, by any means, such an effect upon the mind as a midnight view of the city does, when the moon is gaily careering in a cloudless course. At that season, when all the previous noise is hushed, the contrasting silence awes the street-wanderer and prepares his feelings for exalted thoughts. Cynthia flings dark shadows half across the narrow streets, and lighting up the other side with her soft beams, imparts a magical appearance to the whole. Every building appears shadowy and magnified. The square seems a vast desert, and the cathedral, at its further extremity, shoots up its massive walls into the sky—looming in the distance an impassable boundary to our hopes and desires. Then when we view the heavenward-pointed spires, our thoughts are insensibly carried upwards, and we imagine that the whole of the sleeping myriads, the very houses even, are sending up one universal shout in adoration of the Almighty.

At the close of this his peroration, the lengthening shadows warning us of the approach of night, we were forced to decamp, rattle down the hill, and thread our way home through streets which the hurried lamp-lighter had already visited; when, after mistaking the gas lights for the gilded lamps of an Eastern garden, and wishing my pleasant friend good night, under promise of meeting me again, and discussing several topics, on which he had not touched, relative to the city and the character of its inhabitants, I sought my pillow, and soon fell asleep in the midst of an agreeable jumble of every thing I had that day seen and heard.

ORPHANS.

THERE are few situations more solitary, more painful, more moving, than that of an orphan. I remember a school-fellow who had many friends who were kind to him; but he said to me one day, in speaking of his holiday sports: “I, you know, have no father nor mother.” And there was a look of thoughtful melancholy in his face, and a tone of desolation in his voice, which struck me strangely, even young as I then was.

“Excuse me,” said a divine, “if I do not rival Maherin in my discourse today; I have had a bad cold for a week.”