

Accordingly Ellen found herself suddenly restored to the world, and as she dragged her tottering limbs after her liberator, and breathed the fresh air of heaven while ascending the wooded hill between the Hotel-Dieu and the Jesuit's College, the sensations of newly-acquired freedom were so transporting, that she forgot entirely her destitute condition, and that she was still homeless and a captive.

Domesticated in the family of a widow, at the expense of her generous patron, she soon recovered her health and good looks, and was patiently waiting the issue of an application for her exchange, when the arrival of the British at Quebec put a termination to a captivity of nearly two years.

Ellen was fair to look upon as she stood upon that deck, habited in the close-fitting, corded bodice, and *jupe* of a Canadian *paysanne*; her sunny face beaming with animation, and tinted with a bloom, as soft as that upon the petals of a wild rose.

Her hair and eyes, with their long fringing lashes, were of a deep black; the former worn plain over the forehead, but wandering in a maze of glossy curls to the shoulders, beneath a capacious straw-hat, which, like a parasol, threw the upper part of her person into shade.

Her face was a perfect oval, and inexpressibly charming. This seemed, however, less the result