

Mothers ran for their children, friend for friend, every one anxious to become an occupant of the first boat. The resolute captain stood ready to render any assistance, and to superintend the arrangements for conveying the passengers to the little boats. The ladies were first safely landed, after which the gentlemen one by one stepped from the doomed vessel. My friend and myself (with two others who were with us, one of whom was the noble captain), were the last to leave the ship and to launch fourth on the raging ocean in the little bark. All the boats started out in the same direction but whether any other than ours gained the land heaven only knows, but I fear many of that vessel's freight have found ere this a watery grave. Grasping the oars we rowed diligently. By good chance the captain had a pocket compass with him, thus enabling us to guide our boat. The hours fled, yet no respite came to our labour. In the afternoon rather late, when topping the crest of a high wave our weary eyes were cheered by the sight of land. This gave a new incentive to toil and we strained every nerve to quickly reach the shore. But the distance was still great and darkness fell around us ere we could gain the land. We still toiled on and very soon the light from your window greeted us. We now well knew that if we could retain strength for a short time we should reach the coast and obtain assistance. As soon as we imagined we were near enough the shore to be heard, we began shouting as loudly as possible for help. We toiled on with the oars calling continually, but a few moments only elapsed ere our boat was dashed against a rock, and we ourselves placed at the mercy of the waves. This is the last circumstance I remember until I awoke in your comfortable house.

Mr. Vanners listened attentively to this sad narrative and appeared deeply affected as his guest concluded. He then asked if he had intended proceeding to New York to make it his future abode.

No, was the reply, I have to proceed to Boston immediately after landing in New York, to visit a brother from whom we have not heard for eight years, who resides I believe in that city.

May I be permitted to know your name, continued Mr. Vanners?

My name, Sir, is Silas Vanners, and my brothers name is George.

Indeed! if your researches are fraught with as much startling incident in the future as they have been this far I predict you a rather romantic time.

As he finished this remark he called his daughter Emma to his side, asking her if she would be kind enough to inform the gentlemen opposite where resided Mr. George Vanners.

Of course I can Papa, that is your name and this is where you live.

The words fell like thunder upon his guest, but Mr. Vanners soon dissipated every feeling of surprise and novelty as he arose and advanced to his brothers side, took his hand shook it fondly and said thank God, you are safe and under the shelter of your own brother's roof. There are sacred scenes at which we may not look, whose holiness we may not share, and such is the case before us as we view the two long-separated brothers who now meet under such strange providential circumstances. We shall allow them the full benefit of their position nor invade its sacred beauty.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANK LENWOOD'S CONVALESCENCE.

In reply to Mr. Vanners' enquires his brother informed him that the young man who was rescued and now lying so ill was the son of an inmate friend in Edenville, whom they both well know. This young man, by name Franklin Lenwood, had accompanied Mr. Vanners to America with the intention of following a mercantile life, and would as soon as he recovered from his illness proceed to New York and enter upon his business career. He had been in early youth the playmate of Emma Vanners his present attendant, which greatly enhanced the interest now taken in him by Emma. How quickly memory reverted to the days past, as Emma learned that the invalid now under her care, was the same little Frankie that scores of times had led her down to the beach in dear old England, where they loitered listening to the roaring and dashing of the sea, gazing at the distant vessels as