

Her wishes were sacredly complied with; and Alice had now been for the last few years, as we have already intimated, an inmate of her Uncle's hospitable home; and, in all but name, an affectionate daughter, to the hearts who so kindly cherished her.

But again, Death, well styled the insatiable archer, invaded the peace of that happy home.

His arrow pierced with fatal aim, the heart of the faithful wife, and, for the past year, Mr. Oldfield, deprived of her who had truly been to him the desire of his eyes, had stood widowed and desolate indeed, had it not been for the ever ready and thoughtful attention of his orphan niece, to whom he looked constantly for sympathy and comfort, and whose affection had become his chief earthly solace.

And of late, the old man had pined to see once more his native land, for the links that bound him to his adopted country were severed, and he resolved at length, to revisit once more the scenes of his boyhood's days.

The resolution was carried, with Mr. Oldfield's accustomed promptitude, into speedy execution; and but a short time had elapsed, ere, accompanied by Alice, he embarked in the steamer "Cygnet," bound for England, from whence he intended, after a short stay, to sail to the British Provinces in America.

But, "Man proposes, God disposes."

Never again was Mr. Oldfield destined to tread the green fields and smiling valleys of Acadia;