

he stood motionless, regarding, with silent admiration, that face of perfect grace and loveliness before him. And truly, in appearance at least, she was right worthy of all the admiration that she had thus suddenly awakened in the breast of him who stood spell-bound before her. To call her beautiful would fall short of the truth. Her's was a beauty baffling all description, a beauty which seemed not merely "skin deep," but rather emanated from the soul within, and finding an expression outwardly in that nymph-like form and delicately moulded features.

How long he might have stood there it is impossible to say, had not Mr. Filmour, who was meanwhile waiting for him to proceed, broken the spell by touching his elbow and quietly urging him forward. And then, like one just awakening from a pleasant dream, Frank passed softly by and moved towards the fore part of the boat.

Although it is by no means certain that our hero was fully aware of it, the principal parts of the vessel, from the coal bins to the dining room, were visited in turn. But all this time Falconer did not appear to take much interest in what he saw, and more than once when spoken to by Mr. Filmour his answers so plainly showed that his thoughts were engaged with something wholly foreign to the subject of remark, that the former finally gave up the attempt to draw him into a conversation, and so the two moved about together in silence. About half an hour passed thus, and then they turned to retrace their steps aft. While passing through the saloon, Frank's eyes were directed towards the sofa, where he had lately seen that sleeping beauty, but it was vacant, and the fair one was gone. But the cloud of disappointment which had settled upon his face was instantly dispelled on reaching the open deck, for there was his gentle charmer sitting by the side of an elderly gentleman, whom Frank very naturally took to be her papa.

With a promptitude worthy of the occasion, Falconer decided upon a plan of action which he hoped would enable him to become better acquainted with them. Leaving Mr. Filmour, who was shaking hands with a gentleman whom he greeted as an old friend, he sauntered towards the bench on which they were seated, and stood close by, leaning against one of the iron uprights which support the upper deck. He had made up his mind to speak to the elderly gentleman, but, unfortunately, he could not at that moment think of a likely subject to start with. Before he had stood there long, however, the old gentleman very obligingly saved him all further trouble on that score by looking up and remarking that it was a "pleasant afternoon." Frank replied that it was really delightful; and then the weather was taken in hand and thoroughly talked over. This served to "break the ice," and when the state of the atmosphere, &c., gave out, Frank skillfully contrived to turn the conversation upon a variety of other topics. Among other

things, Prince Edward Island was spoken of, and Frank, having been previously informed by the old gentleman that he resided there, enquired of him how he liked that Province as a place to live in.

"Well," he replied, "if only a few crooked things were made straight, I would not ask for a better."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed the young lady at his side, in a tone of remonstrance, "how can you say that? I am sure that no one who had seen any other place wish to stay there."

"Nonsense, Sarah; I am quite as sure that there are plenty who have gone away from the Island that would be glad enough to get back again."

"Perhaps so, but I do not see what prevents them getting back if they wish to."

Sarah's papa could not or would not reply, and the conversation showed signs of flagging, but this Frank was resolved, if possible, to prevent, so having seated himself beside the old gentleman, he begged the young lady to state her objections to the Island, in order that both sides might have a hearing.

"Well, as to that," she returned, laughing, "I should hardly know where to begin. But in the first place, the people there appear to be in a kind of Rip Van Winkle slumber, which promises to last as long as that of the sleepy goatherd."

"Not a very bright prospect, I must say," observed Frank.

"Then again, if one is unfortunate enough to get frozen in at the beginning of winter, there is no escape from that icy prison before the next spring, unless the poor unfortunate becomes desperate enough to risk life and limb in endeavoring to regain the outer world by means of a half-scow, half-sled contrivance, styled an 'ice boat.'"

"If that be the case," said Falconer, "I must be careful not to prolong my stay very late into the fall."

"There is but little danger of that. You might see all Prince Edward Island in about a fortnight, and without hurrying yourself much either. Indeed, I do not know of anything really worth seeing on the whole little Island."

"The fact of the matter," said the old gentleman, "is that her ladyship here once lived about a year in Philadelphia, and in that time became so thoroughly Yankeeized that one might suppose there was not a drop of British blood in her veins."

"Papa is so dreadfully loyal," retorted the fair Sarah, "that he cannot bear to hear a word against anything that is English, or in favor of anything Yankee. When I want to tease him I have only to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' or 'Hail Columbia'—he can't stand that."

"Upon my word," exclaimed Frank, laughing, "although I hold myself to be a true and faithful subject of her Majesty, I should like very much to be teased by having you sing one of those songs."

After a good deal of persuasion she consent-