

absence will recollect
ere at least an hour in
et.

saw my father sitting
ore the door, smoking
gray locks about his
As he rose to meet us,
at he was dressed in a
texture than I had ever
et, that his beard was
ng, that even his cane
m an unlicked white-
dsome enough to prop
a. But it was evident
ge in his apparel there
was still overflowing
ational piety,—a man
out sin, and presenting
a made perfect" that I

ursing each other down
e God, we have met
autiful creature Mary
see, my son, why I'll be
oor father!"

she was to kiss poor
fore the month is out,"

and always was. And
I am old, and can't read
and may God bless you.
of your poor sister," and
Sorrow has crazed his
bles have been too much

, and there too the same
ad' been newly painted,
rtains, the old chest of
a, but the alterations had
think matters have been
nded my father, with a

look of the greatest importance. "You *mout* think so
with truth, for I guess it is very *noticeable*."

He passed into the kitchen, and continued there for a
couple of minutes, during which there was much tittering
and laughing. Presently he returned, leading by the hand
a lady elegantly dressed and closely veiled. She remained
standing a moment, and then throwing back her veil and
bursting into tears, rushed into my arms. It was my
dear, my long lost sister. Immediately an elegant young
man, wearing the uniform of a post-captain in the British
navy, came in and watched, with much apparent interest,
the passionate embrace of the favourite brother with the
favourite sister.

"My husband, Captain Munday," said my sister, disen-
gaging herself from my arms; "my brother, Captain
Haverhill."

We embraced with as much cordiality as could be
expected, considering what my suspicions were. And
now my sister Dexter and her thrifty husband pressed
forward to put in their claims to my notice; which, with
a consciousness of inferiority the advocates for the natural
inequality of men proclaim innate, they had deferred till
the laced gentry had done with their salutations. Timothy
had thrown aside the quaker garb he wore when I last
saw him, and with it his quaker principles,—the moon
was now in the orthodox quarter. He had been, for the
last month, one of the most flaming churchmen that ever
professed belief in the thirty-nine articles. The cause of
his extraordinary fervour was not discovered for a long
time. It came to *light*, however; the agent for light-
houses was a zealous Episcopalian, and, through him, my
subtle brother-in-law hoped to obtain, and actually did
obtain, the contract for supplying the lamp-oil and wick-
yarn wanted for their use. Be composed, my brother
Dexter; I won't let them laugh at thee. The man who,
like thee, raises himself from ten degrees below nothing to
the possession of a fortune of fifty thousand pounds,—for
so much did he eventually obtain,—must be no ordinary
man.

Never was there a happier group than that now assem-
bled in my father's house. It is true that no less than five