

was that old man with the bent form and snowy hair, my father?" I had not thought of seeing any change in him. He did not know me, however, and the joy that would naturally shine in a father's eyes when he recognizes a long absent child was not seen in his. He looked upon me as he would look upon an utter stranger. Yet how could it be expected that he should see in the bearded man before him, any resemblance to the slight youth of 16, who had left his home more than twenty years before. I then made myself known to him. He was greatly rejoiced to see me, and, after a hearty greeting, he took me into the house. It looked quite natural and home-like, for although I had been absent so long I had not forgotten what my old home looked like. It was but little changed; all the change seemed to have taken place in the occupants themselves.

The brothers and sisters whom I left at home children, were now grown to manhood and womanhood. I also found brothers and sisters whom I had never seen before, for my father had married again during my absence. I spent a very happy time during the summer visiting my friends and relations. I also hunted up some of my old schoolmates and had a chat with them. To one of them whom I visited, I did not tell my name. I merely said that I was an old school fellow, and we were spending a most delightful time together, talking of old times and the many scrapes and adventures of our schooldays, when he asked me if I knew what had become of that black curly headed fellow named "Tait," who used to be such a mischievous rascal. I could not help laughing at his surprise, when I told him that that person was now before him. Shortly after my arrival my father became suddenly very ill. He had been out taking a walk, and when he got home, was scarcely able to reach his own room, which he never left again, but died after a few days suffering. And it was with a thankful heart that I had been permitted to see my dear father once more, that I sorrowfully followed his remains to their last resting place, the last tribute of respect which we can pay the dearest earthly friend.

When the summer began to wane, and the autumn leaves were falling, I prepared to return home. The voyage back was not so pleasant as the one out had been, we encountered several storms. One very heavy one, the water lashed the ship, and the day became dark as night. In the fury of the storm I was washed overboard and narrowly escaped being drowned. We also passed a huge iceberg on our way, when the warm genial air of the early autumn was suddenly changed to cold chilliness of winter.

My family were not in Halifax when I arrived, and I proceeded at once to the country, where they were spending the summer. I came in upon them just as they were having a delicious feast of corn. The corn was forgotten and I was immediately surrounded by a laughing, dancing group of children, glad to see "Father" at home once more, and I felt that although I had not gained the immense fortune I had

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