

as to the time being short, that, viewed in the light of eternity, it will certainly prove to the youngest."

But come, dear, I see you are shivering; it is really getting quite cold, and the wind is gradually increasing; I think we had better retire to the saloon."

Alice Weldon—for we presume the reader has already recognized her again, had been, for the past five years, a loved and cherished inmate of her Uncle's home in Australia. Under the care of a friend, she had gone thither after her mother's death, who lingered only for a few months since we last beheld her.

A week or two previous to her decease, a warm and affectionate letter was received from Mrs. Weldon's only brother, with a remittance sufficient to pay the expenses of both; for unaware of his sister's dangerous illness, he urged them both to join him in his distant retreat.

"His sister," he wrote, "should have every comfort; and childless himself, he would welcome and cherish her daughter as his own."

Too late, alas, too late for the dying woman, came the message; but it brought her sweet consolation in the knowledge that, from henceforth, her daughter would be comfortably provided for; and she charged Alice, as soon after her death as possible, to place herself under the care of the friend recommended by her uncle, who was soon to leave for Australia, and thus find a home and kindred, though in a distant land.