

mother. But adversity, which strips the sails from the barque of fortune and the mask from human nature, had visited too rudely the Captain's heart. He had no strong high principle to fall back upon, to withstand the severe disappointment. Instead of sheltering himself in the strong security of household love, and turning from the heartless world to the inner beauty and wealth of home, he visited the sense of his misfortunes on those who had least offended him, thinking much of the instruments, and little of the creator.

### LETTERS FROM 'LINDEN HILL.'—No. 5.

*Most wise and critical of Modern Athenians* :—Small hope should I have of deluding you into the belief that you were once more reading a letter, if you were one of those—

“Lords of high emprise,  
Who war on women and on boys.”

Most fortunate is it for me, that like that renowned ‘Don of old,’ you will, in the cordial credulity of a knightly spirit, have sufficient faith in appearances, to take the ‘brazen basin’ for a helmet.

Shall I tell you first, that part of my story that will interest and sadden you most. You will not hear unmoved, that the good and upright man, of your own country and profession, whom only three years ago you called ‘that fine old Titan,’ is visible no more among us. He passed suddenly away, scarce missed from his accustomed ground, until his first and last conqueror laid an unrelenting hand upon him. Many griefs had swept and surged around him, but in passing through deepest waters the strong man lifted a brave head above them, nor when the floods were heaviest did they overflow him. A wife whose memory was dear as had been her living presence; two sons, and four fair daughters grown to sweet and cherished womanhood, vanished successively from his home; while he, their wise and tender guardian, watched and waited for each beloved one's doom, striving to delay what he could never avert, and hoping against hope, in the dignity of great and silent sorrow. In many ways did he grow familiar with bereavement, for independent of his closer sorrows, he lived to see some who were near to him stript of their dearest shield and blessing; and thinking of this, I put my hand into the old portfolio beside me, and turn to a page written not very long ago, which tells how—to use your own words—‘you ran across the Frith of Forth to see the young Nova Scotian bride, who was visiting her new friends in a beautiful sequestered spot in the heart of fair and famed Mid-Lothian.’ Little did you think then that the happy husband and superior man, of whose friendship you were