

fondly beloved home after a long absence will recollect that they have done all this,—we were at least an hour in going from the mansion to the hamlet.

As we approached the cabin we saw my father sitting bareheaded upon the green turf before the door, smoking his pipe: as the wind blew his long gray locks about his head, he looked truly patriarchal. As he rose to meet us, it did not escape my observation that he was dressed in a new suit of gray cloth, of a better texture than I had ever seen worn by a man in the hamlet, that his beard was short, and his shoes new and shining, that even his cane had undergone a metamorphosis from an unlicked white-oak sapling to a varnished staff, handsome enough to prop up the limbs of a man of condition. But it was evident that though there had been a change in his apparel there had been none in his heart. He was still overflowing with simplicity, goodness, and rational piety,—a man living in a world of sin almost without sin, and presenting the best picture of the “just man made perfect” that I have ever seen in my pilgrimage.

“My dear son,” said he, tears coursing each other down his furrowed cheeks, “blessed be God, we have met again. And who is this? That beautiful creature Mary Danvers, as sure as I live. Look, see, my son, why I’ll be hanged if she is not kissing your poor father!”

“I should not be surprised if she was to kiss poor father’s son or father’s poor son before the month is out,” said I.

“Ah, you are a wild—good boy, and always was. And yet she is blushing, I declare; but I am old, and can’t read its meaning. Go in, my children, and may God bless you. But you have brought no news of your poor sister,” and he fairly burst out laughing. “Sorrow has crazed his brain,” said I, mentally, “his troubles have been too much for him. Alas! my father.”

We followed him into the house, and there too the same change was visible. The room had been newly painted, the windows hung with new curtains, the old chest of drawers replaced by a new bureau, but the alterations had been magnificent. “Don’t you think matters have been vastly bettered with me?” demanded my father, with a