

whip-poor-will, which harmonizes so well with the solitary wilderness where he dwells, and the cry of the tree-toad were the only sounds heard. There the robin and wren sang a requiem to the departed day, if not with tones so rich, varied and harmonious as the songsters of England, yet with full sweet notes which fell upon the listeners ears like voices from their native isle, and called up memory to dwell on vanished scenes and by-gone hours, till with fancy's fond faith, they dreamed that the dark gleaming lake at their feet, was the ocean which girdled their Fatherland, or followed in thought the course of its huge stream till it mixed with the blue waves, and laved the white coasts where the spirits of our exiles would fain have followed it.

In general, perhaps, the summer sun-sets of America are inferior in beauty to those of Britain, the sky being commonly destitute of those light, moist clouds, whose fanciful shapes take hues so varied, and so lovely, from the departing god of Day. But at times, the golden-haired Helios sinks with a lustrous splendor, rivalling that which Italian skies boast, as peculiarly their own, filling the heavens with heaved-up waves of gold, interspersed with a net-work of purple, rose color and aquamarine. As he drops behind the mossy of woods his rays gleam through the green canopies which veils his glories, in every variety of light and shade, while the whole atmosphere is filled with a richness and intensity of glowing beauty.

One evening, Helen gazed on such a sunset from the fallen oak, till the crimson flush of the skies faded away and the short twilight came stealing on; then the thickening dews and increasing darkness reminded her of the necessity of returning home. She called Frank, who had been playing near her, and receiving no answer, a vague feeling of uneasiness took possession of her mind. He could not have gone to the house without passing the spot where she had been sitting, and again and again she called him, but no sound answered, except the echoes of the forest which, as if in mockery, repeated her cries. Now seriously alarmed she entered the wood, wandering about she scarce knew whither, till she had passed the fringe of shrub and underwood which skirts a forest clearing, and entered its high and gloomy arches. She now regretted that she had not at once returned home and procured assistance in her search, as she had not the least idea in what direction to proceed. The thought of Frank passing the night alone in that dismal place, a prey to all those terrors which a child would naturally feel in such a situation, filled her with almost insupportable agony, independent of

the danger to which he might be exposed from wild beasts and the uncertainty of his being found in the morning. Darkness, except the faint light of the stars, had now settled over the forest, and it was with the utmost difficulty Helen could advance through the mouldering trunks of trees, fallen branches, and up-turned roots which every moment beset her path. To her excited imagination the fire-flies which sparkled before her, seemed to blaze with supernatural light, the forest seemed full of whispering voices and inexplicable sounds, and every blasted bough or skeleton trunk appeared some monster of unknown and horrible form. Each moment she fancied that snakes and toads were crawling over her feet, and the leafy twigs which smote her face, made her start as if from the tongue of a viper. Still she pressed on, for it was not for herself she feared the gorgons, hydras and chimeras dire, which her imagination had conjured up, but for the dear little fellow, every one of whose fancied fears found an echo in her bosom. At last worn out with fatigue and grief, and despairing to discover the lost one in the depths of that interminable wilderness without a clue, she threw herself on her knees beside a stone over which she had stumbled, and burying her face in her hands gave way to a burst of tears; at the same instant the bark of a dog at no great distance reached her ears.

"Surely it is Jason," exclaimed Helen, all her fatigue vanishing at the sound, and springing to her feet with renewed hope. "Can he be with Frank?"

Again the well known bark reached her ears, followed by a long drawn and melancholy cry which was repeated at short intervals, as Helen endeavored to reach the spot from whence the sound proceeded. Once more she awoke the echoes with Frank's name, and who that has not felt some similar sensation, can imagine the flood of joy which rushed to her heart as she heard his childish voice return a faint but joyous hullo! The sound seemed close at hand, and Helen no longer found it difficult to overcome the impediments in her path as she hurried towards it. The next instant, with a cry of delight, Jason sprang upon her, licking her hands and feet and whining from very anxiety to express his joy.

"Frank, are you here?" cried Helen, too much agitated to return the caresses of the faithful dog.

"Yes, I am here," answered Frank, in as manly a tone as he could assume, "and I am very safe, so you needn't cry."