

visit of congratulation on his arrival, once more to enjoy the society of his native town; he now determined, therefore, to make a candid apology for his unpardonable neglect, and to open his whole heart to his indulgent master. Snatching up his hat, he now directed his steps towards the parsonage.

A lovely afternoon in the fall of the year, tended not a little to rouse Francis from his usual gloomy train of thought, and to restore to his spirits the gaiety and animation of youth.—The hedges, glowing with autumnal berries; the changing hues of the woods that skirted the town, reflecting their broad shadows in the river, whose silvery waters glided in ample curves through the extended plain; and the rich meadows, still decked with verdure, filled his mind with a sense of devotion, and a spirit of contemplation he had not often experienced since his communion with the world.

Those fields had witnessed the guileless sports of his childhood; in the quiet mansion, whose old-fashioned white turrets peeped through the lofty elms which surrounded it, he had, in the days of boyhood, received from Mr. Irvin's lips, the sacred lessons of religion and peace.—At that happy period his eyes would have glistened at the recital of a tale of sorrow, and his heart swoln