

of pleasure. The sun had just sunk below the waves, and the broad sea, mingling with the horizon, lay like a smooth mirror beneath the glowing sky. Eagerly, but vainly the poor Emigrants strained their sight to catch a glimpse of the wished for land;—it still lay far beyond the ken of any but the most experienced eye. They were dispersed with rude jests by the sailors, and returned disappointed to their allotted places. Seated on the bulkhead there remained one group, apparently too much absorbed by their own sorrows, to observe anything passing around them. A young man of perhaps thirty years, was holding on one knee a sickly looking little girl, and on the other, an infant of some eighteen months sat quietly nibbling a crust, and vainly trying to win a smile by holding it coaxingly to her father's lips. A sturdy little boy nodded at his feet, while the mother, sitting beside her husband, leaned her head on his shoulder, and wept bitterly. That day, her mother and an only brother had been consigned to the deep.

“Do not fret so, Bessy dear,” said the husband tenderly, “it cannot call back the dead, and fretting only wears the life out of you. Just think of the bairns now,—you will make them grit too.”

“The poor bairns, God keep them,” sobbed the wife, “and you too Allan, but you do look