

A dazzling sun sheds its cheering beams around,

"Lighting the ship and the feathery foam,
And gladdening the sailor like words from home."

And under its benign influence, the most timid forget their fears, and the weak grow strong again.

The passengers on deck are variously employed; some conversing, some gazing listlessly on the sea, anticipating, doubtless, a speedy meeting with loved ones; while others are walking up and down its spacious decks, perhaps recalling the shady walks of their own native land, and wondering how soon their feet shall tread its blessed soil again. Among the latter are two persons, to whom we would direct the reader's particular attention.

The one, a noble-looking man, with stalwart frame and ruddy countenance, though his silvery hair and furrowed brow betoken the advance of age; while, leaning on his arm, clad in deep mourning, is a lady, still youthful and fair, but wearing that subdued and pensive expression, which past sorrow often leaves as its imperishable record.

"What a lovely day, is it not, Uncle," said the lady, addressing her venerable companion.

"Yes, very fine," was the reply; "and yet dear, I am afraid there is a storm at hand."

"A storm, why Uncle, you are not going to become a prophet of evil, are you, for surely there is not the least sign of one now? See, the sky is almost an unsullied blue, with the exception of those few fleecy clouds yonder."

"Yes; but they betoken, if I mistake not, a coming tempest, and one of no slight character. The