

must be left to the imagination of the lover of picturesque scenery. Marjorie was delighted, at least, if her cousins were not, when a letter arrived from her father, telling her that he was on his way northward, and would reach her almost as soon as his letter. It need scarcely be said that she was eagerly watching at the pier when the steamer's smoke was seen in the distance, rounding the promontory ~~above~~; and that when it drew near enough at last to admit of distinguishing the figures on board, her eye soon detected the familiar figure that was as eagerly looking out for her. And when she was once more clasped in his embrace, and his familiar tones were in her ear, she could scarcely believe that he had been so long away.

Mr. Fleming was as delighted as Marjorie had anticipated with the charming scenery of Murray Bay. He and she had many pleasant walks together, in addition to the more extensive family expeditions, during which she unfolded to him the various experiences of the past months, so much more fully than she could do in letters. And he was astonished to find how much she had grown in mind and character, and how much she knew, thanks to Professor Duncan, of the old heroic age of Canada.

Gerald and he had many talks, too, and Mr. Fleming was much interested in the thoughtful, ambitious lad, who reminded him strongly of his own early self.