

recovered from the effects of his accident, and this of course was the reply. He did not break the seal until he reached the Hall, where, having delivered Emma's budget, he encoined himself in his room and proceeded to peruse the letter which ran as follows :

"EDENNILLE, Nov. 29th, 1856.

"MY DEAR SON FRANKLIN,—

"With feelings of profound gratitude and joy I received your letter, which has relieved my mind of great anxiety, for as I had read in the 'Times' of the total wreck of the 'May Queen,' I feared you and others had met with a watery grave. I feel thankful to God that in his providence he safely brought you to land and though you have suffered much from the accident, that you are now much better. Please write me particulars of your miraculous escape, the circumstances of which you have carefully avoided to mention. You astonish me by mentioning the fact of having met Mr. Vanners in America, under such peculiar circumstances. I am sure you must have a pleasant companion in the person of your youthful friend, Miss Vanners. I trust you may soon procure a situation, which I know you will fill with integrity and ability. Please convey to Mr. Vanners and his brother my kindest regards. We all are well and send kind love to you.

"I remain,

"Your very affectionate father,
J. F. LENWOOD."

Franklin handed this letter to Emma for perusal, and she was very much delighted with it. She had also received a letter from her father, intimating that he and his brother would return to the Hall about Christmas.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

ON THE LAKE.

A RHAPSODY.

I.

The blue expanse of the heavens unroll'd
Is an ocean deep and wide,
And our wake is a highway of 'ashing gold,
As we sweep o'er a sapphire tide,
Afar the misty hills are sleeping
In the golden evening's light
Like lofty sentinels silent keeping
Their vigils through day and night.

As I silently glance
O'er the vast expanse,
My soul spreads her airy wings,
And joyously floats,
Keeping time to the notes
Which Fancy so witchingly sings.

II.

The winds which so ceaselessly play
With the bounding and foam-crested waves,
And the vastness which stretches away,
Till invisible landscapes it laves,
Seem to loose every fetter that tie,
To the tangible practical world,
And from island to island I glide,
Every sail to the breeze is unfurled—
To the winds which sweep
Over thoughts troubled deep,
Whose wonders I gaily and swiftly explore,
Till my spirit is lost,
On the wide billows toss'd,
And I see neither island nor shore.

III.

Through the cloud-rifts I wistfully gaze
On the blue of the far distant heaven,
Which reposes serene, beyond clouds all ablaze
With the glory and splendor of even.
Thus drifting in fancy I float
Like a thistle down swept by the breeze,
Through regions of thought, far remote,
Over peaceful, or foam-covered seas;
And questioning start
In my rapt yearning heart,
Full of mysteries rayless and deep—
Of life and the soul,
And life's final goal,
Which God and eternity keep.

IV.

I think of the years which have fled—
Of the longings and fancies of youth—
Of the hopes that lie withered and dead—
Of the yearnings for knowledge and truth,
That have lived through the swift-footed years,
Of the joy, which like sunsets of gold,
Was followed by darkness and tears.
But what shall the future unfold?
I fain would explore,
That mist covered shore,
But vainly my fancy her pinions has plumed
The fate-burdened years,
With their gladness and tears,
Are in pitiless darkness engloomed.