

she said, cheerfully, as she noticed that the widow's tears still fell fast, though silently. 'But look, Mrs. Leslie,' she added quickly, 'you have a visitor' as the coach stopped before the gate and some one sprang out and approached, laden with luggage.

Helen turned from the window as a brisk step was heard crossing the snowy pathway; and in a moment, without knock or summons, the door was opened. The servant opened for him the parlour door.

It needed no second look to tell who that stranger was: time had added manhood to his countenance; travel and toil had altered and embrowned; but less keen eyes than those of mother and betrothed, could have told that it was Henry Leslie.

We essayed to paint the scenes of sorrow, through which the stricken family had passed; but we will not attempt to tell of the happiness, the joy of that unexpected but blest return. It was long before he had time or words to tell his story, or gratify his eager listeners, by the recital of his escapes and adventures.

A heavy gale had overtaken the 'Mermaid' on her homeward voyage, and all but himself and two others were lost with her. They were clinging hopelessly to the wreck, when the ship of which the vessel who brought the sad intelligence had told, discovered them, and came to their rescue. She was bound for California, that Eldorado that was then beginning to attract thousands to her treasures; and Henry, with the other sailors, began to consider their shipwreck a fortunate circumstance, as it was to lead them to that golden shore.

On arriving there he determined to stay, and wrote letters by the first homeward vessel, acquainting his family with his decision. The ship was lost when but a few days out of port, and consequently his letters were of no avail. The country was then most unsettled and lawless. It was difficult to procure the material for writing, and as much so to forward it when written.

Henry was so engaged in his multiform occupations, that though most anxious to hear from home, and despatching other letters as soon as he heard of the fate of his former ones, still he had but little time for anything but work, which accumulated rapidly, as did his wealth. A year passed in this way, and his thoughts began to turn homeward. Emigration to California had not yet commenced from his native land, and he heard no intelligence from those at home. He had been fortunate beyond his most sanguine expectations; to him it had been a golden land; and after a few months more of toil and exertion he had secured enough to render himself independent for the rest of his life.

He embarked in the first seaworthy ship sailing for New York; and on arriving there met with some Halifax friends who told of the changes that had occurred to his family, and of their certainty as to his death. Personal assurance he knew would be better than written hope; and though the securing his