

beechen trees, looked inviting, giving one an image of home comfort, such as is to be found generally in the modest villages of that part of the country. The hotel was near the water, and after tea, I sat down by the open window in my room, where I could hear the subdued sound of its wavelets, and drink in the flood of beauty, with which the moon had mellowed the scene, and so absorbed was I in my own reflections that I did not at first hear voices near me. I soon, however, became conscious that there were others in the world besides myself. The tones seemed to come from the next room. A voice of singular sweetness, and of that peculiar pathos that touches the heart seemed to answer some one.

"I cannot, dear Albert, overcome my belief that our search will prove successful. I feel a strange drawing to this quiet little village; let us remain here a few days at least, until we can make minute inquiries."

"Oh yes, Eveline, I like the spot; there ought to be fine fishing up here in these pure streams; and Vermont fish may perhaps be attracted by Virginia baits. I have ordered the carriage to be put up, and mean to ransack the whole vicinity, not excepting "the fishing grounds," if there are any, and you can have ample time for your object."

"Bless you dearest, you are too good; I try to find words to express my love for your patience with me; if I do find my sister, how happy I shall be; it seems to me, that this intense desire will break my heart if it continues."

Here the voices seemed to move away; but I had heard enough to set a train of thought in motion, and taking out my pencil I noted the incident, hoping sincerely that the amiable couple might ever be as confiding and devoted to each other as now; little thinking how my own future was to be entwined with theirs, or how our paths, hitherto so divergent, were so soon to meet.

Montreal, March, 1854.



The plant that for years has been growing distorted, and dwelling in a barren spot, deprived of light and nourishment, withered in its leaves, and blighted in its fruit, cannot at once recover from so cruel a blast.