

by propitious winds they sailed gallantly by, or at times gathering pebbles and shells returning home with hearts overflowing with joy and on the village green playing with the trophies of their "march to the sea."

Days fled, and with kind attention Franklin Lenwood regained his health and was enabled after a long confinement, to walk forth into the open air of heaven. At this time Mr. Vanners and his brother bid a temporary adieu to the hall and proceeded westward upon a tour of observation endeavouring to discover a place suitable for beginning business; their absence would be of many weeks duration and the hall was entrusted to the servants. The season was delightful; "Indian Summer" had not yet past and during the pleasant afternoons Franklin and Emma wandered forth along the cliffs, or to such other places of interest as abounded in the vicinity; at other times they wended their way adown the winding pathway to the sea where they gazed on the scene of the recent shipwreck. The first time they effected a journey to the craggy shore the afternoon was a beautiful one; the sun stealing through the crevices of the mighty promontaries, cast its raidance on the sere foliage that occasionally was noticeable, and gave a rare beauty to the whole scene. They clambered over some broken rocks until they reached a level portion of beach where the continual flow of the waves had washed up pebbles and shells, and were it not for the huge pillars of rock that shot upwards a few feet behind them the whole shore would have presented a spectacle similar to the low beach that exists in the vicinity of Edenville. Here they at once recalled the transient joys of their early youth and recounted the many changes that had characterized each of their lives since they had parted. How the fond recollection of old sports forced itself upon their minds. So lost were they in their gentle reveries, that the sun had sat ere they recalled their position and in the calm twilight they hastily retraced their steps homeward reaching the hall as the shades of night were fast falling around. Tea awaited them, which they immediately partook of; afterward repairing to the sitting-room, before the blazing hearth they again began to recall reminiscences of the past years. Delightful task! ah! who has not loved to steal away from men and things for a quiet hour, to enjoy the recollection of a happy springtime of life and revel in the delight of the balmy but transient hours of childhood. With that zeal they listened to each other's story of the incidents of the years fled, and the history of their life from the time Emma had departed from Edenville for the western world. She had known many changes, had borne not a few crosses yet withal, so closely was she bound up in her father's love that adversity only increased her affection for him, but then there was the want of a mother, yes and what a want!

Franklin, too, had known many reverses. He had two years previous to this engaged on a merchantman bound to the East Indies, but as it was passing the island of Madagascar it was wrecked and he was washed ashore on a plank, picked up by a christian missionary and placed again in a vessel bound for Britain which he safely reached. Again he had met with another shipwreck, from the effect of which he was now only recovering. The earnest friendship of their early youth was revived, and the passing days were fraught with much pleasure to both Franklin and Emma. Days fled, the weather changed from its balminess to the sleety storms of November, and shortly into the bleakness and frost of winter, and the earth became enveloped in a snowy shroud. The precincts of the old hall became now sublimely desolate, as the wild ocean dashed against huge rocks, whose craggy summits were covered with snow. The trees were laden with the same pure element and all was a scene of loneliness. Not so within for a happy life reigned there. Franklin now assumed Emma's place in visiting the Post Office, and making weekly trips thereto. About the middle of December he repaired one forenoon to the office, where to his great delight he discovered with the parcel for Kolsey Hall a letter for himself addressed with an autograph he well knew—it was his fathers. We might here add that he wrote to his father as soon as he sufficiently