

wineglass, a spoon and a bottle of Port wine. He soon felt strong enough to arise, which he accordingly did, and having finished his toilet, he entered the large sitting room where Mr. Vanners was cosily reading, who arose to greet him, wished him a hearty good morning and was evidently pleased to see him so much recovered. Emma, after leaving the first invalid's room, repaired to that of the younger to ascertain how he was progressing. She was informed by Janet, the housekeeper, who had remained with him through the night as watcher, that he had been very ill, that he had raved most of the time, and was very feverish and restless. As soon as Emma became cognizant of this state of things she quietly suggested to her father the propriety of sending to the village for the physician. To this he quite agreed, and despatched Jacob in all haste to accomplish this mission.

The physician arrived about an hour afterward, and was ushered into the room where lay in a critical and painful condition the young man. After due examination he pronounced him in a dangerous condition, still, with care, he gave hopes of recovery in the course of a few weeks, as he had received no serious internal injuries. He then gave prescriptions and departed, promising to call again and see him in a day or two.

The medicines were duly administered and every attention was paid to the patient so that in three days afterward he had become so far convalescent as to be able to converse; yet, he at times experienced acute internal pains.

Mr. Vanners having saluted the recovered patient, beckoned him to a comfortable seat beside him and handed him a periodical. As he did so the stranger asked if he were the only one of the boat's crew saved.

"No," answered Mr. Vanners, "there is a young man lying very much exhausted in the next room, who was rescued with you; the other two were drowned ere we could render assistance. The physician who visited him this morning says he will recover, by careful attention, in a few weeks."

The stranger expressed himself as being much pleased at this as, he said, it was through his recommendations that the young man had gained from his parents consent to visit America, and had he been drowned it would have been a keen blow of sorrow to his friends in England.

"You need not doubt his recovery," responded Mr. Vanners, "he will receive every attention until he is fully restored to health. My daughter is a good nurse and possesses no small share of the spirit of a Grace Darling and of a Florence Nightingale, and she will attend to him. Many before you and him have received at her hands attention."

"Thank you, thank you," rejoined his now delighted guest, "you are indeed generous."

At this juncture Emma appeared and informed her papa that dinner was waiting. Mr. Vanners arose, and, followed by his guest and Emma, repaired to the dining-room.

(To be Continued.)

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Fire in the Woods, or the Old Settler's Story.

BY ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

When first I settled in the woods,
There were no neighbors nigh,
And scarce a living thing, save wolves,
And Molly dear and I;
We had our troubles, ne'er a doubt,
In those wild woods alone;
But then, sir, I was bound to have
A homestead of my own.

This was my field of battle, and
The forest was my foe,
And here I fought with ne'er a thought,
Save "lay the giants low."
I toiled in hope—got in a crop,
And Molly watched the cattle;
To keep those "breachy" steers away,
She had a weary battle.

The devil's dears were those two steers,
Ah! they were born fence-breakers,
And sneaked all day, and watched their prey,
Like any salt-sea wreckers;
And gradually, as day by day,
My crop grew golden yellow,
My heart and hope grew with that crop,
I was a happy fellow.