

the deck, leaving both Lady Harriet's servants so very sick below, that instead of being able to attend on them, they gave nine times the trouble that any other passenger did on board, and were not visible again during the whole voyage. The two young travellers now sat down together and watched, with great curiosity, several groups of strangers on deck, ladies, half-sick, trying to entertain gentlemen in seal-skin travelling caps and pale cadaverous countenances, smoking cigars; others opening baskets of provisions, and eating with good, seafaring appetite; while one party had a carriage on the deck so filled with luxuries of every kind that there seemed no end to the multitude of Perigord pies, German sausages, cold fowls, pastry, and fruit that were produced during the evening. The owners had a table spread on the deck, and ate voraciously before a circle of hungry spectators, which had such an appearance of selfishness and gluttony, that both his young friends thought immediately of Peter Grey.

As evening closed in, Harry and Laura began to feel very desolate, thus for the first time in their lives alone, while the wide waste of waters around made the scene yet more forlorn. They had enjoyed unmingled delight in talking over and over about their happy meeting with Frank, and planned a hundred times how joyfully they would rush into the house, and with what pleasure they would relate all that happened to themselves, after hearing from his own mouth the extraordinary adventures which his letters had described. Laura produced

from her reticule several of the last she had received, and laughed again over the funny jokes and stories they contained, inventing many new questions to ask him on the subject, and fancying she already heard his voice and saw his bright and joyous countenance. But now the night had grown so dark and chilly that both Harry and Laura felt themselves gradually becoming cold, melancholy, and dejected. They made an effort to walk arm-in-arm up and down the deck, in imitation of the few other passengers who had been able to remain out of bed, and they tried still to talk cheerfully; but in spite of every effort, their thoughts became mournful. After clinging together for some time, and staggering up and down, without feeling in spirits to speak, they were still shiveringly cold, yet unwilling to separate for the night, when Harry suddenly stood still, grasping Laura's arm with a look of startled astonishment, which caused her hastily to glance round in the direction where he was eagerly gazing, yet nothing became visible but the dim outline of a woman's figure rolled up in several enormous shawls, and with her bonnet slouched far over her face.

"I am certain it was she," whispered Harry, in a tone of breathless amazement; "almost certain!"

"Who?" asked Laura eagerly.

Without answering, Harry sprang forward and seized the unknown person by the arm, who instantly looked round. IT WAS MRS. CRABTREE!

"I am sorry you observed me, Master Harry! I

did not intend to trouble you and Miss Laura during the voyage," said she, turning her face slowly towards him, when, to his surprise, he saw that the traces of tears were on her cheek, and her manner appeared so subdued and altogether so different from former times, that Laura could yet scarcely credit her senses. "I shall not be at all in your way, children, but I—I must see Master Frank again. He was always too good for this world, and he'll not be here long. Andrew told me all about it, and I could not stay behind. I wish we were all as well prepared, and then the sooner we die the better."

Harry and Laura listened in speechless consternation to these words. The very idea of losing Frank had never before crossed their imaginations for a moment, and they could have wished to believe that what Mrs. Crabtree said was like the ravings of delirium, yet an irresistible feeling of awe and alarm rushed into their minds.

"Miss Laura, if you want help in undressing, call to me at any time. I was sure that doited body, Harrison, would be of no service. She never was fit to take care of herself, and far less of such as you. It put me wild to think of your coming all this way with nobody fit to look after you, and then the distress that must follow."

"But surely, Mrs. Crabtree, you do not think Frank so very ill?" asked Laura, making an effort to recover her voice, and speaking in a tone of deep anxiety. "He had recovered from the fever, but is only rather too weak for travelling."

"Well, Miss Laura, grief always comes too soon, and I would have held my tongue had I thought you did not know the worst already. If I might order, as in former days, it would be to send you both down directly, out of this heavy fog and cold wind."

"But you may order us, Mrs. Crabtree," said Harry, taking her kindly by the hand; "we are very glad to see you again, and I shall do whatever you bid me. So you came all this way on purpose for us! How very kind!"

"Master Harry, I would go round the wide world to serve any one of you! Who else have I to care for? But it was chiefly to see Master Frank. Let us hope the best, and pray to be prepared for any event that may come. All things are ordained for good, and we can only make the best of what happens. The world must go round,—it must go round, and we can't prevent it."

Harry and Laura hung their heads in dismay, for there was something agitated and solemn in Mrs. Crabtree's manner, which astonished and shocked them, so they hurried silently to bed; and Laura's pillow was drenched with tears of anxiety and distress that night, though gradually, as she thought of Frank's bright colour and sparkling eyes, his joyous spirit and unbroken health, it seemed impossible that all were so soon to fade away, that the wind should have already passed over them, and they were gone, till by degrees her mind became more calm; her hopes grew into certainties; she