

with spectacles on, is painfully scrawling out a direction-card for a box ; there is a rough, thick-set, sun-burned sailor from the beach, who is leaning over him, evidently criticising the penmanship, but satisfied, apparently, that it may just pass ; and a tall stripling stands directly in front, prepared with a coil of cord to bear the box away. In an opposite corner there is a boy of the family parting with a favourite dog, which he is handing over, bound in a string, to a companion. The poor little fellow is much dejected, and not at all likely soon to forget Scotland, nor his dog either. The stroke is a fine one ; but there is a still finer stroke in the same part of the group. A barefooted, simple-looking lassie, of about fifteen, who has been living with the family, taking care of the child, a sweet chubby thing, is kissing her charge, not dry-eyed, and bidding it farewell ; and baby, though it does not exactly know what is the matter, is quite disposed to return the caress.

A vigorous man, in the prime of early manhood,—the father of the boy and the infant, and of two little girls in the foreground,—has turned round in a half-absent mood to the shut door. He has been bearing up, with apparent fortitude, for the sake of the others, and under a high sense of what constitutes the firm and the manly in character. The present, however, is a moment of partial forgetfulness ; the assumed firmness is laid down, and his thoughts are hovering in sadness, as he looks back on his humble dwelling, between the enjoyments of the past and the uncertainties of the future. His wife, a woman of great beauty,—not merely that of feature and complexion, which may exist wholly disjoined from all that we most value in the sex,—but that of expression and character also,—is leaning on the arm of her father-in-law, a venerable old man. Unlike her husband, she has had no part to act on the occasion, nor has she simulated the fortitude or the indifference which she does