

East. A gust of cold wind from that quarter spoke of an approaching storm. A change had taken place in my patient. A heavy fall of rain, cooling the hot earth, would greatly assist in his recovery. And there, there, in the East, were dark masses piling themselves up against the blue, and blotting star after star from sight.

I re-entered, and turning to Mrs. B., desired she would retire. "Happily," I continued, "you may do so in hope, in strong hope. A change has come over your son's disease; I may say that it is retiring before the earnest vitality of youth. Say not a word—go to your rest. The fatigue of the past, and the revulsion of the present, without rest, will prove too much. Besides, remember I must leave you to-morrow for a time, and to no one but you, in his state—a pendulum betwixt life and death—would I willingly leave him. For his sake, then, if not for your own, seek that rest which you so much need."

She clasped my hand thankfully, and without a word withdrew. It was not long before the voice of the distant thunder came down the wind. Every peal grew louder, and the flashes of the lightning nigh incessant. At last the desired rain came, too. First a few large drops struck the roof; then they fell more thickly; and then a hurricane of water. The languid sleeper felt the change. I saw it. He looked around; he spoke a few hoarse words. I caught but one—"mother." "She sleeps—she is well. Speak no more now." Yes, there was indeed hope. I listened to the howl of the wind, and the noise of the rushing rain, and felt it pleasant music.

Morning broke. A clear, cloudless sky was above, and the freshened earth and the forest looked green and beautiful with the spangling drops. A scent of flowers was on the air. The cattle in the fields, and the birds upon the wing—the former steaming as they grazed, and the latter carolling as they swept by—appeared equally to enjoy with inanimate nature, the shower of the night. My young patient lay awake, calm, collected, and refreshed also. I ministered to his wants from time to time, and he thanked me with a placid smile. But there was sometimes a more earnest enquiry—"She still sleeps." And long and deeply did she, that tortured mother, sleep. Time so rolled by; it was almost high noon; and then I heard the light footstep, and next her placid voice. She passed to the bed-side. No need was there to say how he fared. He knew her now—she saw it—and quietly sinking by his bed-side, silently poured a heartfelt thanksgiving for that mercy.

Why need I describe how from day to day he convalesced? It is enough, he prospered daily. My visits were distantly continued, and had soon ceased altogether, when Mrs. B. desired me to make one the following evening, as she had