

peal stopped, and Asenath felt as if its silence were her death-knell. In two hours the bells chimed out for morning service; she could hear them more plainly, could hear the voices now of passers-by. She fought, she screamed; she felt her prison walls rock a little, but not give way. Wheels began to approach slowly, for it was on an ascent of a hill. Another desperate effort—a long, loud moan—a battle with the ice-bound tomb. Then the wheels stopped. Asenath recognised the voices of Farmer Miller and his wife, heard them commenting in puzzled tones upon the noise she was making. The farmer got out of his gig, and thrust the butt-end of his whip into the high drift again and again. But Asenath's powers held out no longer. When his perseverance had enlarged the opening,—had made out a bit of a woman's gown, then the side of the large market-basket, then, with his wife to aid, had torn down the snow, it was a white, dead-looking creature indeed, that they discovered; rigid, emaciated, cramped from the position of all those days, but still warm, and with a heart whose beatings were quite perceptible.

Rescued just in time from a living tomb, the farmer and his wife took her carefully to her home (the door of which had been left unlocked), summoned one or two neighbours, sent for the doctor, and the rest we know.

A week in bed—with all the care that Fryer and Susie could use—and Asenath was able to be driven to church in Farmer Miller's gig the next Sunday, to return thanks for her merciful and wonderful escape from death to life.

There is no moral in the story; nothing more to say; except to apologise to the Vicar of the parish whose register gave me the materials for building up the sketch.

Asenath Fryer lived many years after that seven-days' burial. Her *real* funeral took place on her eightieth birthday.

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IN NOMINE TUO!

<b>P</b> AIN came to her, my love, who was so young—	He came to her who was so gay and bright,
To her so fair, so rare, so nobly made;	And tears came welling o'er her stricken cheek;
Cruel, her youth he stole, and o'er her slung	Laid heavy hands upon her spirit light,
A shadow drear and sere like leaves that fade.	And left her laughing voice all faint and weak.
Pain came to her, my love, who was so fair,	And then he fain would touch her soul, but lo!
And scorched the flower-bloom from out her face;	Her soul uprose, and with no earthly might
He spoilt the splendour of her shining hair,	Flung back the conqueror, and trampled low,
And robbed her dear eyes of their tender grace	The victored victor sought his kindred night.

Then grew a radiance into her face,  
A halo glinted o'er her silver hair,  
Each gentle movement wore a patient grace,  
And oh! my love, she is so fair, so fair!

T. W. O.