

gination at that time, surpassed everything I have fancied either before or since; spirits, some with sorrowful eyes, others with sad smiles upon their lips, beckoned to me, then shook their heads mournfully. Then I recognized my guardian angel, who raised her wings above my head as if to assure me of her protection. "Be not sad," she whispered as she bent over me, "for thy dead mother is even now interceding for thee."

Throwing myself upon my knees, I prayed for peace, then prayed that I might die—prayed that my guardian angel might receive the order to bear my soul away from the world whose trials it dared not face. As I was about rising from my knees, a cry, so piercing and wild that I clapped my hands to my ears in terror, came floating through the open window. Springing to my feet, I hastily threw a shawl over my shoulders, and flew rather than walked through the open door, down the long hall, until I stood knocking loudly at John Elmyr's door.

"What on earth is the matter, Fanny?" he said, as he opened his door, in dressing gown and slippers.

"Quick! no word! put on your hat and follow me; ask no question now, but for God's sake, make haste! Squire Walter is thrown from his horse and is dying!"

I have since been told that I glided away from the Hall, down through the long lane, and over the uneven road toward Giles' Brook, so swiftly and spectral-like, that John Elmyr half-believed himself the dupe of a fevered brain, or that he was decoyed away from his repose by some spirit of evil. For miles did I glide on, as though impelled by some unseen power that was no part of me.

"There he is, there!" I said, pointing to a dark object a few rods below a broken-down bridge, "quick or you will be too late!"

"A thrill suddenly shot through me, and I fell fainting to the earth. *
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I did not recover from my first experience at divining until Squire Walter had laid several weeks in the Elmyr vault. I then learned the kind message he had left for me, how he had blessed his nephew with his last breath, and moreover how kind Squire John had attended to me during the time that I was not in possession of my right mind.

It would be unnecessary to add that my name is not Jones now; if the reader could see the two bright-eyed boys, who lean over my shoulder as I write, and call me "mamma;" for it has been changed, long since, for the more musical name, Elmyr, and I cannot but think, as I contrast the ruinous old Hall of by-gone days with what it is at present, that ~~Elmyr~~ Hall has never been better cared for than at present.

BETA.