

Should my Eleanor's presentiment be indeed fulfilled, and I become the victim of revenging a father's wrongs—let me conjure you, oh! best beloved of my heart! my Eleanor! and you, my dear, my precious sister! to bear your afflictions as Christians should—you must henceforth be all in all to each other. After all, I may not fall—but, God's will be done!"

Such was the letter, which it may well be believed, tended but to deepen Mary's grief. One good effect, however, it had, viz.: that of encouraging her to persevere in her arduous attendance on the poor unconscious widow of that beloved brother.

"That is all I can now do for him," said Mary to herself—"and with God's assistance it shall be done."

Two weeks of harassing suspense had passed, when the hour so anxiously looked for arrived at last—Eleanor became the mother of a son, who scarcely opened his eyes on this world of sorrow, when he closed them again in death.

"Happy innocent!" sighed Mary, as with fondness all but maternal she gazed upon the dead child—"happy in having escaped the weary lot of mortals—and yet, I could have wished that you had lived; but such was not, it appears, the will of God—let me then bow in submission to His decree."

But alas! for the fallacy of human hopes—the birth of her child, and its speedy dissolution, were alike unnoticed by the unfortunate mother. She who would have hailed the one event with rapture, and the other with anguish, was alike insensible to both, and as this fact became apparent, the humane physician, who had been called in on the occasion, turned away with a sigh of sad disappointment, and Mary wept in silence, for she then knew that the case was hopeless.

Several days—nay, some weeks had gone by—Eleanor's bodily health seemed somewhat re-established—so that she could walk about without support, and Mary began to hope that this last memento (wretched as it was) of her brother, might yet be spared to her. The cruel malady by which Eleanor was afflicted, had gradually taken a milder form, and began to subside into a quiet lethargic melancholy, so that the poor creature gave but little trouble to any one. It was always necessary, however, to keep her motions under a strict *surveillance*, lest she might encounter some accident. She seemed to recognize no one—not even Mary, but there were times when she spoke of the "quiet churchyard," as she called it, and expressed a wish to visit it. To this, however, Mary could not assent, fear-

ing the inclemency of the weather, for the winter had set in.

It was now the middle of December, the moon was at its full, and the hoar frost lay white and crisp on every object without. One evening, just at that time, Mary had noticed with pleasure that Eleanor manifested a sort of glimmering recollection. Delighted at the change (trifling as it was) she had failed to mark the unusual lustre of the wild, restless eye, or the deep red spot which burned on either cheek. Mary had taken the unconscious sufferer to her bed, earlier than usual, hoping that rest might be productive of benefit. On that night her slumbers were unusually heavy, and the day was already dawning when she awoke. Starting up quickly, she threw on a dressing-gown, and approached Eleanor's bed, which since their return she had kept in her own apartment. With noiseless touch did Mary draw aside the curtain—Heavens! Eleanor was not there!—Ringing the bell violently, Mary was speedily surrounded by every domestic of the family.

"Run all of you," she cried in breathless alarm, "disperse and examine every nook and corner where Mrs. Newburk may be found."

She then hastily dressed herself, and by that time many of the servants had returned to report their failure. Mary looked out; the morning was fine for the season, and she proceeded to tie on her bonnet, when, throwing a shawl around her, she desired some of the servants to accompany her, and under the influence of a sudden inspiration, bent her steps towards the churchyard, the servants following at a respectful distance. As Mary approached the little cemetery, her heart beat tremulously; she opened the gate—before her, in the gray cold light of the wintry dawn, stood the little church. Her eye turned mechanically to the mausoleum of her family, and there, on the marble slab, extended at full length lay the object of her search. A wild scream from Mary at once drew the servants forward, and as each looked on the sad spectacle a cold chill fell on their hearts. Dressed only in her night-clothes, Eleanor lay with her cold cheek resting on her husband's name, the identical inscription she had seen in her dream so many months before; while her hair streamed in wild disorder from under her small cap. She was dead! apparently some hours dead; she had departed long hours before in the stillness of the night. With the ingenuity so often displayed by mad people, she had contrived to escape from the house, and having sought the churchyard, had laid down tired and exhausted on the Newburk monument. Poor Eleanor! none may now tell whether a gleam of reason visited thy