

deavor to do mine, too. Father of mercy!" she continued, in almost a whisper, "spare him! spare him!" and clasping her hands upon her brow, as if she feared its bursting, she sank upon a settle by the bedside, and sobbed audibly. Oh! there he lay, the beautiful, the good, of a few days since, worn by disease to the shadow of humanity—the eyes half closed, dim, and unspeculating—the lips apart, thin, cracked, and bloody—the teeth stained with sordid matter—in all scarce distinguishable from the festering things of the grave itself, save by the uncertain heaving of the chest, and the sigh-like breathing. Sorrow, as every other passion, must be allowed its moment of mastery; so for awhile I spoke not. I listened (how my heart-ached) to the mutterings of that parent, whose broken spirit was murmuring orisons to Him who alone might turn back the slayer. At length she grew more calm. I then addressed her:—"Mrs. B., we must not even now decline all means. Let me have some wine—I spend the night with you."

She sprang up. "Wine—wine—ah, yes! I have some. We have had it years. No, nothing must be spared, nothing forgotten. He may yet live. Doctor, doctor, say so—say he may yet live!"

I was now standing by his bed. Did I dream?—was it real?—I thought my hand felt something like moisture on his brow. Again, I was not deceived. I turned to her, and said solemnly—"I do say so—he may yet live."

She literally drank up my words, as they had been the awful breathings of some oracle of old days. "This is almost too much, and—" I stopped her. "The wine, madam, the wine!" She was gone, and in another moment she brought it to me.

How shall I describe that long, long night. Hour by hour we hung over him, without a word; we communicated by a look, a gesture, electrically, as the soul ever does, when roused in truth. All without was hot as a furnace. A thousand voices of the night were chaunting the dreamy melodies of darkness. The cricket and the catydid, the rustling leaf, even the owl's rude hoot, blent well together. We heard them, indeed, and felt that it was good—no more. The time was out of joint; our hearts strained, and striving with their own fulness. At last, toward morning, the atmosphere became so oppressive, that I walked to the open door, to breathe, if possible, somewhat more freely. The heavens were studded with stars, palpably hung in ether. You could see far into the deep blue, below, above, beyond them. And all these, I thought, are worlds, as ours; as full of beauty, truth, life, happiness, perchance of sorrow. And man doubts, for what unaccountable ages have they rolled on; what millions of spirits, restless as our own, have trod them. Is death amid them, and change? I turned, after two or three steps, to the