

the neighboring poor to minister to their wants and cheer them on in life's dark journey. His sensitive nature vibrated at every touch of sorrow, and the song of the woodbird, or the note of a piano equally enchanted him. It is in precisely this nervous sensibility that danger lurks unseen and unsuspected, at the approach of all stimulants. The soul, of the society in which he was reared, he had, little by little, given way to temptation of strong drink, and before he suspected danger had fallen under the tempter's power. Such nerves as his could not stand fire, and they sent forth sweet music at the first impress of brandy; but soon they began to complain, and write on his pale features the terrible truth, that they were dying of intense action.

The day I was called, my young friend had gone out to take pickerel on the lake shore, and had sported till late in the afternoon, when he felt a sudden dizziness and languor, and reclined under the shade of a small tree to rest. He sunk into a deep slumber, and was awakened from it by a dear friend who found him in this condition; but he awoke raving and parched with fever. He insisted on returning to his sport, and refused to obey the hand that beckoned him towards his home; but other friends soon arrived and he was safely lodged under the paternal roof, where loving hearts and beaming eyes could minister to his wants and relieve his terrible agony.

I had long known a young girl of great worth and beauty who lived in the immediate neighborhood, without knowing the fact that she loved him most deeply. She was a real child of the forest, a daughter of Diana; she loved to wander in the wild wood and up the wild

mountain steep, through the deep ravines; and often when the storm was rising, her romantic spirit would drive her to the lake, and in a light shallop she would shoot out on the wild surface, and hazard life to converse with the spirit of the night tempest.

When bright, gay and sorrowful autumn had come, with its hue of many colored forest leaves and white frosts, and the butterfly and grasshopper were dead, she often staid away to the lake side with her fishing rod, and sported with the dashing reckless pickerel. In a cold frosty morning when no flies or food light on the surface of his water home, he will dart at any white object that falls on the surface of lake or river. Knowing this, and taking advantage of his hunger and recklessness, our fair friend often tempted him with a small white cloth attached carelessly to a hook on the current of the stream. A sudden dash in the waves, and the lying pretence on the hook is gone, his bright sides shine a moment in the water, and the line sinks rapidly from sight till a jar on the rod tells that he is hooked, and in an instant the foolish fish, deluded by a white rag, is flapping his tail on the green grass of the bank.

Our fair friend was out on one of these excursions, and by some kind spirit was directed to the fatal spot where the young man had fallen asleep on the bank. She thought him dead, and started back; his marble brow was partly covered by waving and beautiful hair, and his fine lips wore a higher color than usual. She dropped her fishing rod and fish, and knelt on the grass beside him, and pressed her cold lips on his cheek; he partly awoke and removed the terrible fear that had come over her spirit.