

ice. He heard him shake his shaggy coat, and then, after a brief pause, as if in doubt whether to remain and share his master's fate, set off at full speed in the direction of his home. A ray of hope flashed at once through the mind of the despairing man. He well knew that Watch's appearance, alone and dripping with water, would arouse the fears of the anxious wife, who awaited his return; she would probably surmise the truth, and then he felt that nothing would be left undone that human power could do, to seek for, and if possible, to save him. Minute succeeded minute—time, which, to him, seemed like eternity, passed by, and still he clung with that vice-like grip to his frail support. Through his half-maddened brain all the scenes of his early boyhood, of his young, vigorous manhood, passed in rapid review; but above all rose the image of that fair, fond, young wife, as he had seen her that morning standing at his side, with her baby in her arms, and forcing him to repeat, again and again, the promise, that this journey across the lake should be *the last*. The last! the words seemed to ring in his ears; and as his brain whirled, and his senses swam, in that unutterable agony, a voice of fiendish mockery seemed to shriek them out—for the last time! for the last time!

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Meanwhile, in the neat, cheerful, humble home, on the farther shore, sat the expectant wife, awaiting the coming of her husband, listening eagerly for the first sound of his well-known bells. It was Saturday evening, and the small log house wore its neatest aspect, to welcome the return at once of the Sabbath and of its master. Everything, including Mary herself and her boy, was as neat and pleasant to the eye, as hands could make it; and a fair object she was, as, seated by the cradle of her child, she plied her knitting-needles busily, or now and then interrupted her occupation to raise her head and listen.

Suddenly she started up, as a scratching and whining noise at the door caught her ear. She threw the door wide open; and poor Watch sprang over the threshold, wet, panting, and alone. The moon was shining feebly now, and one glance showed Mary that her husband was not there—another at the dog's dripping coat, told her that her fears were but too