

wind, too, is rising rapidly in that direction; before night we shall have a perfect gale."

"Do you know, Alice," continued the old man, affectionately and impressively, as he clasped in his own, the little white hand, "I have had, ever since coming on board, a presentiment of evil, and last night it was confirmed by a singular dream.

"I thought my dear departed wife and your mother, both came to me. Their garments were white and glistening; their tread was noiseless, or rather, they seemed wafted along through some invisible agency. The beauty and bloom of youth were on their brow, but blended with a seraphic radiance, such as I never before beheld. They bent above me with looks of indescribable love, and then, in tones unutterably solemn and sweet, repeated these words, "Prepare, for the time is short;" and, having uttered this warning, they vanished, and I awoke."

"It was a singular dream," said Alice after a short pause; "but, Uncle, I have often heard you say you were no believer in dreams?"

"Nor am I, dear; in general they are but idle fantasies of the ever-active brain; fancy making riot, while reason is lulled to rest. But there are visions of the night, distinct from these, such as seem sent, by their solemnity and significance, as premonitions of the future, so that it find us not altogether unprepared."

"But, perhaps, I am wrong in thus disturbing your mind," for Alice looked unusually grave; "it may have no reference to our present voyage; and