

rushing down towards them, with tremendous speed, followed, at a measured pace, by the shrouded form.

As the man neared them, many cried at the top of their voices. "Great God! It is Jethro Sans!" and sure enough it was him, but in his fright he had never noticed his neighbors; but with convulsive and haggard features, wild eyes and streaming hair, he sped past them like lightning; and before the company had time to think even of arresting his progress, he was out of sight and hearing.

They now turned towards the advancing figure in white, and observed that its steps were feeble and slow.

"Let us go to it," observed the neighbour who had first spoken; "I know it must be poor Sarah Rill; and it proves the doctor's words to be true, for he said he didn't believe she was fairly dead, but only in a syncope like, when they buried her."

"It's only her ghost," cried others trembling, "and its not safe standing even here;" and they began to move away. But now the form staggers and almost falls.

"Shame on you for cowards!" indignantly cried the first neighbor, "will you desert a poor fainting creature? See! she can hardly walk. I'll go to her, anyhow."

"And I'll accompany you," cried Jut, as they both started off to meet the figure. And it was well they did so, for they had scarcely reached it, before it was about to fall to the ground, when they caught it, one by each arm, and supported it between them.

"Sarah Rill!" cried the friendly neighbor, "it is you, yourself, praised be God!"

"Take me to my mother," gasped the poor girl, as she closed her eyes through faintness.

They bore her carefully to her home; and, amidst the assembled village, delivered her to her astonished, and confounded mother. In a short time the girl was able to converse, though feebly, and related the dreadful sensations she had experienced when the opening of her grave, by jarring her coffin, had brought her out of her death-like sleep, to become sensible of her horrid situation. She said that her distress was unspeakable, until they had torn off the lid of her coffin, when the cool air gave her strength to rise, and confront the men who were the unwitting means of restoring her again to life.

All that night was spent in talking over, by the inhabitants of the village, the wonderful events that had terminated in such astonishing things. On the next morning they went to the grave, and lo! at the bottom of it, was the body of Mengog the Indian. It was lifeless; and that same day

it was respectfully interred in the grave in which it was found; and which, in company with the deluded Jethro Sans, it had violated, in search of the golden images of his fathers.

These extraordinary occurrences coming to be noised abroad, gave to the lake, and the village on its shore, the name of Mengog; which, to this day, with some slight alteration, is applied to them.

#### CHAPTER V.

MOXTUS have passed the depths of snow heaped upon the earth—the Mengog's icy surface—the busy plying of sleighs, trains and carioles, and the merry jingling of sleigh bells, not to say anything of the numerous antics and pinchings of Jack Frost, all proclaim the mighty presence of Old Winter.

Winter! how many and various are the associations that cluster around thy ancient and rugged brow. Fit representative art thou of the desolation and silence of Death! As Death cuts down all living beings and deposits them in the grave, so hast thou ruthlessly stripped nature of her emblems of life, and locked her in thy cold, icy, all powerful embrace. As death reigns in the grave, so thou reignest over nature; and yearly dost thou present to reflecting mortals, a sure type, in thy presence, of their latter end.

But this is only one of thy lessons, and thy only sad one. As in the midst of thy gloom nature begins to spring anew from her deathlike trance, to reach, by midsummer, regenerated life, so thou teachest man that, rising beyond the tomb, he blooms again in spirit, when time changes not and happiness never ceases.

But what a source of comfort, of pleasure, and of joy, art thou to the bold husbandman; and of delight to his mirth loving sons and daughters. The former welcome thee as the season of rest from the toils and sweat of the summer, when he can enjoy the abundance his honest hands have, through the blessings of a kind providence, brought him. The latter hail thee as the time of gaiety, of rides, of mirth, of weddings, balls and routs! All classes view thee as a season of pastime. What matter if thou bringest to their view some severe samples of distress and sorrow. They are driven quickly into the back ground, by thy soul stirring power.

But to return. We said it was winter. It was new year's day, that most jolly day of all the year. It was evening, and in farmer Demster's house was gathered a party, composed of young and old, but principally of the former. The simply furnished but comfortable "square room," was resplendent (as much as mere candles could make a