

from whom her son fled, and whom she accuses of being the cause of his death. Michael anticipates the arrival of Father ———, and Mr. G ———, with feelings bordering upon despair; and prays that God may end his sufferings before his uncle reaches C ———.

Last night, Mrs. Macbride sat up with Michael herself, and would not allow us to do the least thing for him. This morning, her fierce temper seemed to have subsided into a stupid apathy, until her son awoke from a broken and feverish sleep, and declared that he could not die a Roman Catholic; and earnestly requested Mr. S. to send for a Protestant Clergyman. This gave rise to a violent scene between Mrs. Macbride and her son, which ended in Mr. S. sending for Mr. B ———, our worthy Minister, who unfortunately had left home for some days. Michael then eagerly asked if any one present would read to him a chapter in the Protestant Bible? This request excited in the mother such a fit of passion, that none of us dared attempt the task. I then thought of you—thought, that as a stranger, she might receive you in a less hostile manner; and if you are not afraid to encounter this ferocious old woman, do make the attempt for the sake of the poor, dying creature, who languishes to hear the words of life.

"I will watch the baby while you are gone."

"She is asleep and needs no watching—I will go," and I took my pocket Bible from the table, "but you must go with me. I do not know my way in this strange house."

Carefully closing the door upon the sleeping child I followed the light steps of Mrs. Edwards along the passage, until we reached the head of the main stair-case, then, turning to the right, we entered the large public ball-room. In the first chamber of many, that opened into this spacious apartment, we found the object that we sought.

Stretched upon a low bed, with a feather fan in his hand to keep off the flies, that hovered in tormenting clusters round his high forehead, lay the dying Michael Macbride. His face was wasted by disease and premature care; and if the features were not positively handsome, they were well and harmoniously defined, and a look of intelligence and sensibility pervaded his countenance, which greatly interested me in his behalf. He was death pale. As pale as marble, his large sunken eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy, their long dark lashes adding an expression of intense melancholy to the patient endurance of suffering that marked every lineament of his fine face. His nose was shrunk and drawn in about the nostrils, his feverish lips apart to admit a free passage for the laboring breath, and painfully contrasting with

the ghastly glitter of the splendid teeth within. The thick, black curls that clustered round his well-shaped head, were moist with perspiration; and the same cold unwholesome dew, trickled in large drops down his hollow temples. It was impossible to mistake these signs of approaching dissolution; it was evident to all present, that he was fast approaching his end.

An indescribable awe crept over me. He looked so tranquil and pure, so sublimed by suffering, that I seemed unworthy to be his teacher. "Michael," I said, taking the long thin white hand that lay listlessly on the coverlid, "I am sorry to see you so ill." He looked at me attentively for a few minutes.

"Do not say sorry, Ma'am, rather say that you are glad. I am glad to get away from this bad world—young as I am—I am so weary of it." He sighed deeply, and tears filled his eyes.

"I heard that you wished some one to read to you?"

"Yes, the Bible!" he cried, trying to raise himself in the bed, while his eager eyes were turned towards me with an imploring look.

"I have it here. Are you unable to read it for yourself?"

"I can read; but my eyes are so dim—the shadows of death float between me and the world—I can no longer see objects distinctly. But, oh, madam, if my soul was light, I should not heed this blindness. But all is dark here," laying his hand on his breast; "dark as the grave."

I opened the sacred book, but my own tears for a moment obscured the page. While I was revolving in my mind, what would be the best to read to him, the book was rudely wrenched from my hand by a tall, gaunt, fierce-looking woman, who just then entered room.

"Och! what do you mane by disthurbing him in his dying moments wid yer thrash. It is not the likes o you, that shall throuble his soul. The praste I tell you, is comin to administher consolation to him in his last exthremity."

The lad shook his head and turned his face sorrowfully to the wall.

"Oh! mother," he murmured, "is that the way to trate the lady?"

"Lady, or no lady, and I mane no disrispect, its not for the like o her to take God's words into her mouth. But if she will be rading, let her take this," and she tried to force a book of devotional prayers into my hand, but Michael raised himself and with an impatient gesture exclaimed, "Not that! not that! It speaks no comfort to my soul, I will not listen to it. Mother! mother do not stand between me and my Maker. I know