

myself that I would not be utterly deserted by the world. I was disappointed. They came to honour and pay their last respects to her ashes; but not to favour me. When the coffin was deposited in the earth, and the turf laid over it, each separated in silence and in sadness. None spoke to me. I was shunned like a scorpion, and returned alone and unpitied to my desolate mansion.

I raised, in the burying-ground, a monument to Eliza's memory. It was of marble and of virgin whiteness—an emblem of her own purity. I had it encircled with a railing, and planted within with flowers. It stood in the centre of the church yard, and was altogether a beautiful and affecting object. On the Sabbath, the congregated multitudes who came to worship the Lord, would assemble around it; and many a tale had they to relate of the lovely being whose ashes slept beneath. My house was not far off; and they would point to it, embosomed among its trees; and tell how I had broken her heart—how I had destroyed her friend—and how, as a memento to her worth, I had caused this sepulchral column to be raised. I have perhaps spoken of these things as events which once had existence; but they exist still. The tomb is yet visible from my parlour window, and I do nothing but sit there from morning till night, gazing upon it. Sometimes, at midnight, I have ventured out to Eliza's grave, and walked around it, and whispered her name. Sometimes I have even tried to pray; and if my heart is anywhere filled with the Divine Spirit of repentance, it is there.

But the spirit of Mary haunts me still. Wherever I go, she comes at the fatal hour—at all seasons, and in all places. To get rid of this nightly visitor, I have tried every scheme. I have gone to foreign lands, and plunged headlong into society. I have joined in the dance and the masquerade; but it is the same. As the destined hour approaches, lo! she appears, and the unvarying word comes from her mouth—"Repent!" I have remarked, however, that her aspect changes in proportion as my soul is gay or melancholy. When I mingle with mirth, and try to drown my sorrow in forgetfulness, she seems more sad and afflicted, and stands longer by me, and utters her admonition in more impassioned language. When, however, my heart is subdued with a sense of its crime, and calmly awaits the trial that attends upon it, her melancholy is tinged with a sort of placid de-

light—her black eyes roll more softly upon me—she lingers but a moment—and the warning, as it flows from her lips, comes upon my ear like a strain, of not unpleasant music!

But lately, and I went to my sister's tomb. I threw myself on my knees before it, and wept at the recollection of former days, and the deeds I had done. My heart was melted. I felt the bitterness of remorse, and raised my hands to heaven, while I entreated forgiveness in the language of agony. Suddenly the clock of the church struck ten, and Mary stood before me. I never saw her look so beautiful. She was melancholy; but a smile sat upon her lips, and she regarded me with a look of divine satisfaction. My heart leapt with joy, for I found that what I had done was good. She vanished away in the darkness of night; but the admonition with which she had hitherto charged me, followed not, and I drew from it an omen that my repentance had truly begun.

I need not pursue this subject farther. I am an altered man. The blood of a fellow-creature still cries against me; but a contrite heart may do much to silence its voice. The appearance of Mary is no longer terrible—now that the change has commenced within me. She has been my good angel since the moment of my crime till the present day. She has hovered around me; and, by appearing at short intervals, has terrified me from a commission of iniquity. She has kept my conscience awake, and at last melted its stubborn nature to virtue and repentance. Heaven did not send her to be my punishment, but to be my guide. For years I have regarded her as a demon come to torment me; but this was only while I was hardened in sin. Without her warning voice, I had travelled on in my former ways, and perished unforgiven. Even now, I feel I could not do without her. I cannot trust my own strength, and nothing but her nocturnal visits could keep my spirit in the true path to wisdom and happiness.

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Emerson, the mathematician, once maintained a stout argument regarding the value of *nothing* in a mathematical sense. He was happily ridiculed in the following enunciation:—The infinitely high power of nothing approaches infinitely near to something, and the infinitely low power of something approximates infinitely to nothing."