

board with a silver cup in her hand, she was aware of some indistinct object to her left, between her and the window. She did not glance at it, but it seemed to be there, where nothing stood. She kept her eyes fixed on the cup and slowly recognized that what she saw was a plain deal table very much notched as if whittled by a knife, and covered with blotches of ink. Upon it was a heap of something, unformed; a yellow light as if falling from a lamp lay upon the whole. The picture slowly faded away.

That is very strange, she thought. Her first impression was to run and tell her mother, but just as she reached the door she remembered that her mother was out. Then she recollected that she had somewhere read that other people had had similar experiences. She resolved to keep the matter to herself, lest by communicating the occurrence she might break the spell and remove the possibility of receiving a similar visitation. At this resolve she turned faint with excitement and had to recline for some time before she could move.

Weeks passed, and July had come with its heat and its beginning of a dying summer. Christine had been away from the city in the mountains. She had not been the observer during this time of anything which she could trace to an actuality. Mr. Pangman having been recalled to the city on urgent business, had brought her for a companion. They had driven out in the morning through the park and Mr. Pangman had directed the coachman to stop before the new building for the Provincial Parliament. He had left the carriage and had gone within the walls, which had risen ten or twelve feet, with the purpose of seeing one of the contractors. Christine was left alone.

It was extremely warm. The carriage stood near one of the corners of masonry but there was no shade. Her eyes followed the lines in the purplish stone. Then without warning she became aware of the beginning of a picture between herself and the background of the wall. It was the same deal table as before; she saw it more clearly. The mass which she had before found undistinguishable, she now saw

was a heap of letters and papers. There was one parcel sealed, much larger than anything else on the table, except a leather satchel. The same yellow light flooded everything. Behind this scene she could plainly discern the purplish wall of the new building. As before, it soon faded away. It seemed to her she had seen a colored print in a book, the lines were of that sharp distinctness; but there was something familiar in the picture, as if the book were a book of memory.

As she was trying to recollect, her father came out of the works. As soon as she saw him she recognized that the leather satchel that she had seen was the image of one which had years ago belonged to him, when they lived at Sedgeford. He ran towards her with trepidation; she was pale and faint. The heat bore the blame of her condition and as fast as the horses could carry them they sped away to their cool house.

Mr. Pangman wished to send for his wife, fearing that Christine might be seriously ill, but she would not hear of it. In a day or two she was quite herself, and they carried out their plans of returning to the mountains. September found them again in the city. During this interval Christine had not had a recurrence of the vision, but she had succeeded in fixing the impression that it was her father's old satchel which she had seen. When she was a very little girl, she had frequently been within the Sedgeford post-office, which was merely a division of her father's shop, and she had, with partial success, called upon her memory to furnish details of the arrangements which would correspond with her vision. What she had twice seen would be repeated, she had faith; and, moreover, she began to think of the occurrences devoutly, as if they had some significance above the common level of her experience.

It was early in the morning when she saw it again. She awoke in the silence which she felt in her room after the departure of a pair of swallows which every year inhabited the eave above her window, whose purling notes were the first sounds she heard. The sun was nearly up, and her room was faintly