

and prepare for his great change. I learned afterwards, from his cousin, that time had been given him, but the warning was unheeded, and he passed into eternity with his heart full of earth's hopes and wishes, refusing to believe that his sun was setting. I will give the account of his last illness in Mrs. Ellesmere's own words :—

"I had been from home for some time, and on my return found Frank very ill. He had been seized with hæmorrhage from the lungs one very sultry day, after fatiguing himself with too violent exercise. Dr. Varney, an old family friend, was called in, and he said there was no danger if he would take care ; but Frank scarcely knew the meaning of the word ; he was determined, as he said, to enjoy life, and he no sooner felt a little better than, in spite of his mother's and sister's prayers, he joined his young companions in their usual amusements. The consequence was, that the bleeding returned a second and a third time, and reduced him so much that when I saw him he was so much altered that I scarcely knew him, and he had been close confined to bed for some time. On leaving his room, I asked my aunt what the doctor thought, and she told me, between broken sobs, that he considered his case a very serious one—there was no saying how suddenly he might be cut off if the bleeding returned ; and he had thought it his duty, as an old friend of the family, to warn Frank of his danger, and point out to him that he might already be trembling on the verge of eternity. Anything, however, that was said to him on this subject had only the effect of displeasing him, and my poor aunt begged me to try if I could say something to lead him to consider how uncertain his life was. I returned to his bedside, and taking his hand, remarked that I thought he was looking very ill. He started, and looking coldly at me, said, in a tone of selfishness I had never heard him use before, 'To be sure I am ill, or I would not be lying here ; but you do not think I am dying, do you ?' I replied, that the doctor thought his case very serious. 'Oh ! my mother has been telling you what he says,' he exclaimed ; 'you didn't say anything about thinking me so ill when you were before. It's too bad in Dr. Varney ; he frightens my mother, and comes to my bed and shakes his head, and talks about eternity. I wonder that he has not the sense to see that it's the worst thing he can do to talk so to a patient.' I answered, 'He does it because he is a *true* friend, my dear Frank, and does not wish to deceive you, as perhaps many doctors might do.' 'Well, I believe he means it kindly,' he responded ; 'but I am just in the