

noticed, too, that she dwelt longer and more frequently on heavenly than earthly hopes.

One morning, it was just about noontide at that season when the gorgeous tints of our forest trees are at their brightest, when the nights are frosty, and the days warm and even sultry, that Mary begged Thyrza to lead her out into the stoop, where, seated in a high, pillow-backed straw chair, (such as the Irish straw chair-makers manufacture,) she could enjoy the soft sunny air, and look abroad upon the glorious colour of the changing trees that clothed the swelling hills beyond the little settlement.

"Mary," said Thyrza, as she settled a pillow at the back of the poor invalid's chair, "you are more feverish to-day, your hand is hotter than usual."

"I feel a restlessness of spirit," Mary replied, "that I can hardly describe, such as I have not felt for many months. What does it mean, Thyrza?" Then answering herself, she added, pressing her hand tightly on her heart. "It is the old complaint, 'hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick.' I had thought this foolish longing after earthly things had been quelled within me, but the fire was only smothered, it burns—it burns, here."

Thyrza sighed, and gently whispered to her, "My poor friend, lift up your heart in prayer to Him who knoweth and pitieth your weakness. This, Mary," she added, more gravely, "is a temptation and a snare from the evil one, to draw off your thoughts and affections from better things."

Mary seemed to hear, without heeding her friend's words; for, suddenly grasping her hand, she said, "Thyrza, I shall see my children, I know and feel I shall."

"Aye, Mary, if it be the Lord's pleasure, in heaven," replied Thyrza, looking upwards.

"Nay, even here, upon earth, on this very spot."

The compassionate Thyrza shook her head, while tears gathered in her mournful eyes, as she gazed sorrowfully on the fond and faded being before her. "Surely," said she to herself, "her reason is wandering, or, it may be, that she has seen some vision of her lost children. I have heard of such visitings before death."

By degrees, she strove to turn her thoughts into other channels. She talked of the warm air and the beautiful scene before them; but the mind of the sick woman seemed abstracted, and