

A sudden blast of wind drifted the snow from one side of the street to the other; the cloaks were drawn tighter, and the wearers braced themselves and walked faster.

Emma turned towards the glowing fire in her own apartment, sank down in her easy chair and congratulated herself that no necessity compelled her to be exposed to the weather. She took up her work, and, for ten minutes, was quite industrious. Some little difficulty perplexed her, and she concluded it was folly for her to spend her precious time in such tedious employment, and that Pauline might as well work the flowers as to do the ground work. No she would send it to some one else—Pauline was not to be depended upon; she had promised that the piece she had taken should be sent home the previous evening; it was shameful to disappoint her so—and it was very wrong in Miss Grey to recommend one so unpunctual.

Emma moved aside her worsteds and canvas, put her feet upon the fender, took up a French novel, containing much that was artificial and distasteful, intermingled with some pathetic scenes of suffering among the poorer classes, read a few chapters, and then fell asleep, and slept as soundly as one well could who had been awake but three hours.

It was high noon as her aunt passed her door. Her attention was awakened by a moaning sound, and perceiving the young lady was not comfortable, she awakened her.

Emma started and gazed around, and exclaimed: "It was but a dream after all, but it was frightful!"

"My dear you are not well," said her aunt. "What caused you to fall asleep? do you know your fire is almost out?"

"Don't ask me anything aunt; I have had a very strange dream."

"What was it?"

"I thought I was at Pauline Conte's house. It was a dismal place; there was no furniture in the room but a red-hot stove, which gave me a dreadful headache, a table and a bench, where Pauline was sitting by a dim light, sewing on my chair-cover; her face was flushed, and she worked steadily like a machine. Then there was a sound of bells, and a young man and woman came in and begged her to take a ride with them.—She replied, no, it was impossible; she had pledged her word to Miss Carey that she

would finish her work that night; but when she undertook it, she had no idea the canvas was so fine. I looked at it—it seemed to be close muslin. I tried my best to tell her to go, but I could not. They left, and she went on working faster and faster. Suddenly the fire went out, and the room was icy cold. She turned deathly pale, and, instead of tears, blood streamed from her eyes. I tried in vain to scream, and you must have heard me making the effort when you awakened me; for I think I heard it myself.—Now aunt, I must go and see her, for it may be true."

"My dear you are excited; and your father and mother are using the horses."

"I can walk; I feel so strong when I think of her weakness, and all for my inconsiderateness in asking her, when there was no necessity, to do in a week what I should not accomplish in a month. Janet knows where she lives, and will go with me."

Not until Emma had reached the humble abode, did the idea strike her, what Pauline would think on seeing her.

The poor foreigner opened the door, and exclaimed, "Oh, I know you are come to upbraid me. My poor mother has had another illness, and was so nervous last evening that I could not keep a lamp burning in the room. I have not wasted a minute, but filling up takes more time than you would think. You shall have it to night."

"Pauline, give it to me, will you, I must have it to day, and I will pay you well for what you have done."

While the girl was out of the room, Emma looked round in vain for the stove, and wondered that she had forgotten Pauline had a mother; but she was still so impressed with the reality of her dream, that she could not help asking whether she had ever been invited to take a sleigh ride?"

"Oh, no, I should like very much to go, but I should fear the snow might pain my eyes."

Emma looked up, and saw that they were much inflamed.

"Do they ever bleed?" she inquired.

"Oh, no, ma'am; the doctor says if I could give up work for a while they could be cured, but you know that is quite impossible." * * *

Emma reached home before dinner, with a healthier glow on her countenance than