

must wait, though every moment be an agony of suspense, for news of my loved one. I sat for some time on the floor, thinking over every possible explanation of the occurrence; I was willing to reason it out in every way but one; it could not, could not be that what I had seen had actually happened. No—no—it was a dream, an evil dream, produced by the wild storm and the thought that the day preceding had been our day of meeting, had I but been home. But so great was my anxiety that I felt as if I could throw myself into the water and swim the rest of the way, rather than wait in suspense.

When I went on deck, I found that it was about eleven o'clock in the morning. The wind had subsided, and the sea, though still high, was not nearly so much agitated as it had been during the past night. The captain and the mate smiled at me, as I approached them; and inquired how I felt. I asked them what they meant. They enquired in turn what I remembered of the night before. I felt myself turn pale at the question, and at that they both burst into a laugh. I asked again the meaning of what they said, and why they smiled. Then they told me that I had been discovered in a fainting fit, and carried below, about midnight. The supposition had been that I was afraid of the storm.

I was rather puzzled how to account for this fainting fit. To tell the truth it was impossible; and I knew also, that, had I told it, I would have received no comfort from either of them; as there are no more superstitious people in the world than