

trust, Marion, that if God in mercy *should spare your life*, you will be more humble, more watchful, from what has passed."

A slight paleness, succeeded by a deep hectic flush, passed over Marion's emaciated countenance during this speech; and she repeated, "If God should spare my life!—I am not so ill."

*Duncan.* "You are very ill, my child; but God is all-powerful."

*Marion.* "Does the doctor say I am in danger?"

*Duncan.* "He says your cough is very bad."

These words were uttered by Duncan with much suppressed emotion. Marion uttered a faint scream, and sunk on her pillow with a look of horror. Her mother came to her relief, and her unhappy father withdrew. The doctor had told him, some days before, that his daughter's danger was so very great, that he entertained no hope of her recovery, and that he expected her death to be sudden, and probably soon. Deeply as he felt for her, and painful as the idea of parting with his dear child was to his own heart,—the idea of her immortal soul,—the state of uncertainty he was in regarding its safety,—and the sanguine hopes she often expressed of her speedy recovery,—made him feel it his positive duty to inform her of her real situation. The pain it cost him, may be conceived by those who have been called to perform the like painful duty, but cannot be described. Marion continued much agitated, but spoke little.