

barrels throwing a lurid light into the closing night...

In these pits, near those pits, and filled on unapprecious locking mounds of earth in the vicinity of the tar barrels...

No! Not quite complete; the faithful minister of God stood firm to his post, nuttified by the awful plague...

Near the pit on the left which the negroes were filling, was a heap of four coffins, just deposited from one hearse...

The rude shock seemed to have brought back the fleeing spirit to resent the outrage offered the inanimate clay...

unable to move, or speak, a deep, bitter groan escaped him, as his whole body...

"Oh, golly! What a day!" exclaimed one of the grave-diggers, starting in affright...

"You're a fool, Mingo," replied the polite Jim, "ghosts is got summing better to do than go fooling about churchyards..."

"Dar, I tole ya so," exclaimed Mingo. "It's do debbil sure—Oh, golly! I scen' im was he tall."

"Taint no debbil," responded the matter-of-fact Jim, "debbil too busy now to go lying down in holes to get cubber up..."

"Taint no debbil, Mingo; do man orter be dead; an' ef his aint, he sams will be when you cubber 'em up; so shubbel in the dirt."

"Blest of I dese," responded Mingo, "ye can cubber 'em up youtself; I aint agwine to bury no live people."

"Eil suno enuf be dead," said the imperturbable Jim, taking up a spadeful of earth and throwing it over the body.

The slight shock of the earth striking him, seemed to infuse desperate strength into the weak frame of the boy, and, half raising himself on one elbow, he cried in a faint voice...

"Blowed of I see agwine to see a live man buried dead," said Mingo springing into the pit.

"Here Jim," he shouted a moment later, "God-omecy, ef 'aint Massa Harry. Here ye chhuman ole nigger len' me a han' an' get 'em out of de hole."

Jim finding the boy was really alive assisted Mingo in lifting him out of the pit, and laying him by its side. The sensation of relief at his rescue from a terrible death, and the immense regulation of feeling, proved too much for the feeble strength of the almost dying boy...

Meanwhile the clergyman had approached the group, and as he came near started with surprise and exclaimed, "Merciful Power! What is this? Some unfortunate being almost buried alive?"

"Golly, mass, he had a mity tite squeeze for it. Two minits mo' an' he was a dead boy for sure," said Mingo; "but I tink he's all rite now. I see agwine to tak 'em home 'is away."

"Who is he," asked the clergyman, "who has thus been saved from being hurried into his Maker's presence before his time?"

"Massa Harry Griffith."

"Harry Griffith! Poor fellow; the life you have saved Mingo will be blak enough, for he has not a relation left in the world."

"Is de ole man dead, sah?" asked Mingo with a touch of regret and respect in his voice.

"Yes; he died this mornin' shortly after his wife; and it was thought both children had followed their parents. The cholera took every soul out of that house, except it appears, the one which has been so mercifully restored to life. Poor fellow, poor fellow," he continued looking sadly at the boy.

"An' so de ole man's gone," said Mingo half soliloquizing, "I knowed de ole man ober since he war knee high to a grasshopper, an' now he gone dead. Wall, wall, I 'specs we's all agwine dat road purty sunc. I tink, Massa Parson, he continued, "I better tak em to Miss Morton, I 'specs she don't care nuffin 'bout collicer, an' de ole man an' she was grato frens."

"You are right, Mingo, the very person. Mrs. Morton is a good, worthy soul, and has been of immense service to the poor and suffering in this trying time. Take him there."

A stretcher was soon procured, the boy placed on it, and Mingo and one of his fellow-laborers bore it to Mrs. Morton's house which was quite close to the graveyard.

SCENE II.

IN THE ARMS OF LOVE.

Mrs. Morton was a widow with two children, the oldest, Charlie, was about seventeen and his sister, Mary—or as she was generally called, Mamie—was two years younger. Mrs. Mor-

ton's husband had been dead several years, but she remained a widow, preferring to devote her life to training her children to accepting her of the offers she had to change her condition. Her husband had left her modestly, but not boundedly provided for; and although the neat little cottage on Eagle Hill road belonged to her, she frequently found it difficult to make both ends meet, until Charlie reached the age of fourteen, when he left school and went to business with an old friend of his father's, who was a Commission Merchant, and the small salary allowed him helped to meet the family expenses. Charlie—no one ever called him anything else—had not been what is called a "smart boy" at school, quiet, patient, persevering, he had won his way to a good position in his class by dint of hard application, not a high place, scarcely high enough to be above mediocrity, but better than was expected of him. Diffident and shy, retiring in manner, rather awkward, and not at all self-asserting, he had attained the reputation of "Stupid," not a very enviable appellation, and one which he really did not deserve; for under that sluggish exterior there was more strength of purpose, more determination and more energy than he was given credit for. When he left school he selected to go into business in preference to studying for a profession; influenced mainly by a desire to afford some assistance to his mother and sister as speedily as possible, and in this he had been partially successful, thanks to his close application more than to his aptness for commercial pursuits.

He would have preferred to have been a lawyer; he had an idea that he was intended by nature for that rare avia, an honest lawyer; but he knew his mother could ill afford the expense of a college education for him, and he also felt that it might be many long years before he could expect to attain affluence, or even a bare competency by the practice of law, even if he were successful, which was doubtful; therefore, he gave up his own wishes and turned his attention to pursuits which promised more immediate remuneration.

Charlie had one idol; he loved his mother with tender filial affection; but he fairly idolized his sister, Mamie. All his hopes, all his plans, all his thoughts and cares for the future were based on her happiness, and all his finely built castles in the air had her for their protecting deity. No dream of success, or hope of greatness, was complete without her to share it; it was for her he had given up his own wish to become a lawyer, and adopted commerce as it promised a shorter and more direct road to wealth; for her sake he labored hard at mastering the un congenial mysteries of exchange and foreign values; for her sake he set late into the night studying the history of the commerce of various nations; reading of great discoveries and inventions of the day, and striving hard to solve that unsolvable problem, the short and easy road to wealth. Many times he thought he had found a certain path, but abandoned the idea when he found it would take years to accomplish.

Years, years; ah! how long they seem to youth, with all its bounding ambition; and how terribly short and startlingly fleeting they appear to our more mature conceptions. Ten years seems a lifetime to a boy of fifteen, and he would with difficulty be persuaded to enter on any enterprise which would need that period to accomplish; but ten years to a man appear a short time to wait, if the end to be gained is sure; and how many men of sixty, seventy and even eighty years of age, do we see entering on enterprises from which they can expect no return for ten or fifteen years, and doing so with little or no heed to the time necessary to wait for a fulfilment of their hopes, and un mindful of the fact that they will not, in all probability, live to see their hopes realized.

Mary Morton was in some respects a peculiar girl; peculiar in appearance, for she had that rare combination, raven black hair, bright, sparkling light blue eyes, and a clear, creamy complexion with ruddy cheeks. Young as she was, she gave promise of great beauty, and like all pretty girls she was conscious of it, and somewhat disposed to be a little proud; a trait in her character which was not lessened by Charlie's almost slavish adoration. In temper she was quite the reverse of her brother, quick where he was slow; seizing on knowledge with avidity where he could only acquire by steady application; self-asserting where he was diffident; bold where he was timid; it was often said in jest by their mother that it was a pity their sexes had not been changed, and Mamie born a boy. Charlie's love to her was amply repaid; no one was to her like him. From the early death of her father, Charlie had to some extent taken his place, and she looked up to him for guidance and counsel more than sisters usually do to an elder brother. She understood him better too than any one else, and could see what others failed to discern, that under his shy, modest exterior, there was a strength of character, and a depth of purpose which none expected to find

there, and which would one day bear their fruit in his future life. It was a happy household, and as yet no thought of care or sorrow seemed to cast its dark shadow over it.

The lamps were not lit in the modest little parlor on this evening of the nineteenth of May; and Charlie was lying on a sofa by the open window, gazing idly out into the closing night and basking in the magnificent caress of the air, while the queen who was to inhabit them sat at the piano in the darkened room, her fingers straying carelessly over the keys, and occasionally picking out the notes of some plaintive air. It was a favorite fashion with them of spending the twilight hour, and to Charlie at least it was the most enjoyable period of the day; to lie there gazing out into the night, planning future greatness for his darling, and to have her playing gentle, touching airs, was the perfection of bliss to him. Presently the music ceased, and Mamie looking up and noticing Charlie's absent manner, knew well he was indulging in a day dream, and said gaily:

"A penny for your thoughts, boy?" "Boy" was a pet name with her for her brother, and, indeed, she rarely called him anything else; no rather liked it, too; if anybody else called him a boy he resented it, and indicated that he was a "young man," but somehow, from Mamie it appeared to have an ancient sound, and to be in some inapplicable manner, a sort of deferential acknowledgment of his two years' seniority. The sound of her voice broke the spell of his dream, and he turned on the sofa to face her as he said:

"They are worth more than a penny, child, although they were very good." "Oh! I" was his pet name for her, and she rather liked it.

"Tall me what they are, boy, won't you?" she said, crossing to the sofa and sitting by him; "tall it big sister, who has been bothering 'he poor little boy to-day."

"Nobdy has been bothering the poor little boy," he said smiling, and smoothing affectionately the long black hair which fell unconfined over her shoulders; "I was not thinking of myself, I was thinking of the poor Griffiths; so sudden and so terrible. The cholera seem to be spreading more and more, and I was 'nking whether we could not afford for you and mother to go to Saint Vincent until it is over; the steamer leaves the day after tomorrow, and I think we might manage."

"An' leave you behind to die? Don't get such a stupid notion in your head, boy, for if we go you go with us. But I don't think mamma will consent; she says if God wills that we should die of cholera, we will die, no matter where we go; and if he does not, there is no danger for us anywhere; and I believe so too, Charlie, and I don't like the idea of running away. Tell me about the Griffiths; Mamie went there as soon as she heard Mrs. Griffith was dead, but she has been out all day and has not come back yet."

"It was very sudden, and very sad; Mrs. Griffith was taken ill early this morning, and died about ten o'clock; her husband never left her until he was seized with the cholera himself, and he died within an hour after she did."

"Oh! I'm so sorry. Poor Harry! Poor Harry! What a dreadful blow for him."

"Harry, Harry?" said Charlie, with a puzzled, troubled air. "Why don't you know? He left the house when he heard his mother had the cholera, and refused to go back. Poor fellow, he was taken back dying two hours after, and was laid in the grave with his parents and his sister, this evening. It almost look of like a judgment on him for his conduct to his mother."

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie it can't be true!" she exclaimed passionately, throwing herself on her knees by his side and hiding her face in her hands, while she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Charlie let her cry for some little time, smoothing her hair meanwhile and caressing her in his fond affectionate way. Harry Griffith had grown up almost as a brother with them, and his own heart felt heavy enough at his sudden death; it was only natural that Mamie should express great sorrow for the loss of her playmate. He waited for some time for her grief to spend itself, and then said gently:

"Come, come, Mamie, it's no use crying. Poor fellow, I feel his loss heavily enough myself, but tears won't bring him back; and, after all, perhaps, it is just as well; you know his father was utterly ruined by Danver's running away, and I fear poor Harry would not have made a good man, if he had been obliged to fight his way against the world."

She drew back a little, and flashed up at him instantly, with more anger in her tone than it was usual to find there:

"He was the noblest, best hearted boy I ever knew, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak of him so, Charlie, now he is dead. Dead! dead! Oh, I can't believe it!" and she threw herself again on her brother's