

"You were ever, my friend, of a melancholy temperament," I said, "and too little disposed to hope. Indulge in brighter views of the future, and all shall yet be well."

"I can now hope that it shall," he said. "Yes, all shall be well with me, and that very soon. But oh, how this nature of ours shrinks from dissolution! — yes, and all the lower natures too. You remember, mother, the poor starling that was killed in the room beside us? Oh, how it struggled with its ruthless enemy, and filled the whole place with its shrieks of terror and agony! And yet, poor little thing, it had been true, all life long, to the laws of its nature, and had no sins to account for and no Judge to meet. There is a shrinking of heart as I look before me; and yet I can hope that all shall yet be well with me, and that very soon. Would that I had been wise in time! Would that I had thought more and earlier of the things which pertain to my eternal peace! — more of a living soul, and less of a dying name! But oh! 'tis a glorious provision, through which a way of return is opened up, even at the eleventh hour."

We sat around him in silence. An indescribable feeling of awe pervaded my whole mind; and his sister was affected to tears.

"Margaret," he said, in a feeble voice, — "Margaret, you will find my Bible in yonder little recess: 'tis all I have to leave you; but keep it, dearest sister, and use it, and in times of sorrow and suffering, that come to all, you will know how to prize the legacy of your poor brother. Many, many books do well enough for life; but there is only one of any value when we come to die.

"You have been a voyager of late, Mr. Lindsay," he continued, "and I have been a voyager too. I have been journeying in darkness and discomfort, amid strange un-