

this is no fanciful impression induced by low spirits, but a sad truth, for which I feel it is my duty to prepare you."

"Julia," replied Raymond, deeply agitated by this unexpected communication, "do not, I entreat—I implore you—give way to such thoughts as these; a little while, and you will rally, I feel assured you will."

"I have tried to think so, Henry, but it is useless, for there is a silent monitor within, that warns me that my days are numbered. Listen, then, and do not let this my last request pass unheeded.—When I am gone, seek your father, submit yourself to his wishes, and be guided implicitly by his advice; perhaps my death may pave the way to a lasting reconciliation, and if so, I shall not have died in vain. You will not have so difficult a task as you imagine; for I have already called at his house, where I heard with pleasure that he had been absent upwards of a year, and most likely therefore had not received the letter which you sent him some months ago. However, be this as it may, make the effort, as you value your own peace of mind, and respect my memory."

"I will—I will!" exclaimed Henry, the tears streaming fast down his cheeks, "and you shall yet live to rejoice in our reconciliation."

Julia shook her head—"For your sake, love, I could wish that it could be so, for the absence of a familiar face to which we have been long accustomed, is a sore trial—and too well I know what you will feel when you first miss me from your side; still I cannot disguise from myself, that we shall soon be lost to each other. I will not ask you to keep me in your recollection; for affectionate and confiding as you have always shown yourself, Julia, I know, will long be uppermost in your thoughts; but, dearest, let me beg of you, whatever be your destiny hereafter—and God grant it may be a happy one!—to check those violent emotions which I have lately seen preying on your mind, and unfitting you for the duties of life. Reflect solemnly on what

I now say, and whenever henceforth you feel any disturbing passion rising within you, think that Julia addresses you from the grave, and for her sake endeavour to practice self-control."

Raymond made no reply, for his grief impeded the power of utterance, but pressed his wife's hand close against his heart.

"Henry," continued Julia, casting on him a look of inexpressible tenderness, while her voice sank almost to a whisper, "believe me, I have not spoken thus to give you pain, but to prepare you for an event which must happen in a few weeks, perhaps a few days.—When that event takes place, lay me in the same grave with Charley; and when your last hour too arrives—and far distant be the day—I should wish that you also should be laid beside us. Henry, I have prayed long and fervently that my approaching end may be tranquil, that my senses may be preserved to me to the last moment, that my dying eyes may be fixed on yours, my hand clasped in yours, and my lips give and receive the last kiss of love and peace. And I feel assured that my prayers will be answered, and that the voice whose soothing tones I most love to hear, will whisper comfort to my parting spirit. Henceforth be as much with me as possible; for the sand in my hour-glass is fast running out, and I shall consider every minute wasted that is not spent in your society. And now, dearest, let us return home, it is growing late, and the wind comes chilly to be across these open fields.

So saying, Julia rose from her seat, and leaning on her husband's arm for support, walked slowly and silently back to Islington.

The effort Julia had made had so exhausted her strength, that on reaching home she went instantly to bed, and after a restless and feverish night, was seized at daybreak with the pangs of premature labor, and soon afterward was delivered of a child, which survived its birth but a few hours. For the two following days the young mother went on—to use her medical attendant's