

remembering that

"The spirit walks of each departed hour,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns."

C. M.

Worse than War, Worse than Pestilence.

BY ———

CHAPTER III (*concluded*.)

Just previous to this sudden interruption from the person across the way the countenance of Mr. Abbott presented a tranquil and pleasing appearance. Mr. Abbott had just entered the stage, and Mrs. Abbott stood at the open doorway of the vehicle, imparting words of consolation, enlivening the present, o'ershadowed with gloom, and holding out the future, as we look forward in the dreary chills of winter to the balmy days of spring. It was thus that Mr. Abbott had been helped in keeping alive his courage and fortitude. But at the moment that Mrs. T—— appeared at the open window across the way, Mrs. Abbott's countenance suddenly changed from a hopeful to a lurid and troubled expression,

When the parting scene was ended, and the driver about to put the whip to the horses, there was seen through the dim twilight of morning the form of a man, rushing frantically down the street in his bare head, heralding the news of a victory won by the confederate army. When this wildly excited person eyed the departing stage he shouted in threatening and abusive language after Mr. Abbott. In his turbulent spirit he drew a concealed weapon and fired after the receding vehicle. The stage was safely out of reach, but the occurrence caused great excitement among the group that had just stood at the stage door. Uncle Ben fell upon his knees and exclaimed, with uplifted hands, "Oh! de good Lord in de heavens save our massa!" The loud shrieking of Aunt Betsy, mingled with the faint screams of Mrs. T——, were very doleful to the ear. Even Mr. Sparks turned pale and nerv-

ous. But Mrs. Abbott stood motionless and serene with the two affrighted children clinging to her waist, as though she were meditating the siege of Gibraltar. Could we have read her thoughts, we would have found that there was something in her mind that weighed heavily against the effects of this startling scene. This ultimate calamity, unseen by others, but plainly seen by Mrs. Abbott, absorbed her mind to such a degree, that she barely saw that her husband's life was endangered. We little heed our troubles, save when we have no greater ones.

After the party had retraced their steps to the dwelling, the Newfoundland house dog, as though he augured the future calamity of his master, lingered at its gate, dolefully whining the departure of his friends.

"That was a pretty lively drive," said the stageman to Mr. Abbott, after he had got outside of the stage beside the driver. As Mr. Abbott was the only passenger, he preferred the outside for the sake of company and that he might receive the morning breeze.

"Yes," replied Mr. Abbott. "My life has been in great jeopardy for some time. Though I myself have safely escaped, I feel greatly troubled about my family."

"There," said Mr. Abbott, as the stage turned the corner, on the brink of the river, and pointing to a boat that lay moored to the bank, in the placid stream below, "There is our pleasure boat that the children have named the 'Swan.' Many are the pleasant hours we have had on the river in that boat. But I fear we no more shall sail that noble stream."

As they reached the top of an elevated bluff, Mr. Abbott turned to the left to look at the village, as it lay gently nestled in the valley below.

"There is the most beautiful scene on the American continent," said Mr. Abbott, pointing to the village illuminated with the morning sunbeams. As the sun cast its rays aslant on the pinnacles of the steeples, their silvery balls looked like