that picture in Cowper's poems where a horse has rushed, with his rider, to the brink of a precipice, when, frightened at the fearful depth below, he halts, and his master is thrown over his head into the unfathomable gulf? I have often wished I might, outside a dream, experience that man's sensation; I always feel so when at a great height, as if something were impelling me forward to jump. One must have some of those feelings, intellectually, when a clock stops, as you said this one used to do."

"Perhaps it is foolish," replied her companion, "but I have an irresistible inclination to try the experiment; and, being a complete believer in the constancy and honesty of clocks, as well as in not unreasonably strange supernatural occurrences, I propose that we wait here till one o'clock, and see what will happen." With these words she led the other to the lounge that stood against the opposite wall of the hall.

Sitting side by side, with hands clasped, they had no inclination to talk. Each was deeply engaged in her own thoughts. At first there was a slight rustle in the upper hall, as of some one swiftly passing along it away from the stair head; then all was silent, — silent till the silence grew oppressive and the ears throbbed in the intervals of the ticking of the clock. Those old, slow-beating horologes are fit reminders of our ancestor's leisureliness; few men of this day could hurry, or think of keeping business engagements by them. In reality time goes much more slowly according to those outlived relics than by our little modern clocks.

Nearer and nearer came the moment when the new year's first instalment of eternity would be given over to the past. Neither of the two watchers had any means to tell how the time passed, but each grew conscious that the moment was upon them and clasped tighter their companion's hand. And listen! Hark! was that the death-rattle of the expiring hour, — hoarse, indistinct? Hash! Can you distinguish the ticking now? No! the clock has stopped! It could not so easily leave in oblivion its year's companion and take up without a sigh a task under the giddy young boy that had been born that night.

The hands of the girls are pressed closer to each other as the silence grows intolerable, and each strives to speak, when — ah! what is that? The door of the clock is opening; see, how that bent and withered man comes forth, his white hair is loose around his shoulders and his grizzly beard sweeps over his breast, barely distinguishable in the darkness! The weary form totters down the steps and wanders aimlessly, blindly, pitifully toward the moonlit window. Some great grief must have descended upon that aged head; he is bowed almost to the ground. He buries his face in his hands and a sound of weeping strikes upon the ears of the petrified observers. Ah! what a deadly sadness is that old man's lot. He raises his eyes to the glorious moon who sheds her light through the window upon him. Then he shrinks back into the shadow and dissolves into darkness.

For a second all is still, and the young girls draw closer to each other; but as yet their awe detains them in their seats.

And now a sound breaks upon their ears. It is that cheering sound, the morning cock-crow. They are sure that day will come at last, though long delayed. The lonely sound dies away, but before it is answered by another there stands in the moonlight the figure of a youth, — lusty, strong, healthful. A rippling, softly musical laugh falls from the lips, and with a noble stride he advances up the room. The figure pauses before the watchers, bows, and quickly passing up the steps to the landing, vanishes within the clock's ample walls. A moment more and the clock takes up again its weary task of marking the seconds of a century.

"Was it not strange?" said one girl to the other, when silence was again broken by the ticking and they had recovered from any little uneasiness they might have experienced.

"Yes," returned the other, "but very well done."

"I must acknowledge I don't see how he got into the clock with it going and all of us around