A Revelation.

IT was August. The long Institute months, from the first of October to the first of June, strange as it may seem, had been spent in a profitable manner by the author. But now, in contrast to those days of toil, there were continual days of rest and pleasure. How enjoyable is life at a seaside place, with the blue and glittering ocean always before you, and a magnificent sky above! For four months, at least, Institute men who can afford the time can settle down with the determination of having a good time, and make life apparently well worth the living.

Although there had been a time two or three months before when I had become rather desperate, I now really felt as though I were enjoying the world. I was visiting a friend, a family connection, who owned a large summer residence on the Massachusetts coast. A considerable number of young folks were congregated here, as is usually the case with large summer residences of private ownership. During my entire stay the party was composed of a very convenient number, whose quality was unapproachable. At least, I am sure there was one among them whose beauty and purity of character had never before been equaled in the eyes and opinion of the author. I cannot but mention it; for this being was, the cause, more or less indirect, of a circumstance of very considerable importance in my own history.

We were taking a short cruise in the yacht. We had already been out two days. The weather was perfect, and altogether affairs had gone very pleasantly for everybody on board, even for mesdames les chaperons, who found themselves especially well provided for in the persons of two lively old gentlemen,—one a bachelor, the other a widower. On this particular day we were near the interesting coast of Maine, gliding along through the magnificently tinted water almost as if the prow of our vessel in her advance met with no opposition whatever. The evening was approaching, though the sun was still above the horizon; and the entire view was one to bewitch the eye of the artist,—entrancing even to one of much more vulgar taste. Better than all this, better than anything of which my excited brain might conceive, better than all honor or fame, was the fact that two beings were the only occupants of a position in the extreme aft of the yacht. It is needless to say that one of these beings was the fairy mentioned above, the other myself.

Why was I so excited? Why did I hold her tiny hand so tightly, and hold my breath so faithfully, lest I should by the slightest noise call forth all our merry companions? It is not hard to guess. A man is seldom found in such a state unless he is searching for some sign, listening for some sound, which shall betray to him the purpose of his companion. I had, as you have divined, asked her to be my wife. For days I had thought of it, tried, and failed; but now I had finally accomplished my purpose, and with inexpressible excitement awaited the result. It came. Unutterable joy! Everlasting is my happiness! She bowed her head, and softly answered, "Yes." Desperately I left my seat, touched but once the railing, and was in the sea below. I was resolute. Without one cry for help, one backward glance, without one struggle to regain my human life, I sank into the watery region below. Earthly beings, why do you avoid the sea? To drown is the sweetest, happiest, most pleasant of all roads to eternity. I tried to breathe, but only filled my lungs with water. I gasped, and cried for help; my cry reached but the end of my lips, and, touching the briny fluid, was overcome by its greater strength. I struggled, and tried once more to breathe. I failed; and now, after a few intervening moments, inhabit these regions beyond the grave.

Men of the Institute, come and join me. Why grind until your eyes are dim when the sea alone is your path to everlasting happiness, honor, and fame? Do but give yourself up