

frantic mother, sobbing convulsively. The gentle invalid raised her head, feebly essaying to rise, while she fixed her dark lustrous eye with such an intensity of gaze on the physician, as if she would have read in his face a confirmation of her worst fears. At length faintly she said:

"Doctor, I have no pain—nothing but delirium."

"My poor child!" soothingly said the physician, "you will soon be better!"

Then pressing her thin hand, he left her, promising to call on the morrow; but, alas! the morrow was the last that was to dawn on poor Louisa. During the long night, her pallid lips seemed to move in prayer, and several times she was heard to pronounce the loved name of her husband.

"Mother! pray for me. James! I die happy!" All knelt and prayed, but when they rose from their knees, Louisa had ceased to breathe.

And now the Pastor's clock struck the deep midnight hour. Fair creature! I think I see her with her soft dark eye fringed by the transparent lid—that eye which was so soon to be closed on this world. And that tiny, drooping hand on which the fair, calm cheek so lately rested; and those rich, dark tresses, as they fell in sweet and rustled luxuriance on her white and attenuated shoulders. Sweet sainted spirit! he should not mourn thy loss. Oh! no! thou art now as ever, a pure, stainless, holy thing, only fit to be a worshipper of God and a companion of his angels.

While silently performing the last sad offices, a loud knocking was heard at the door of the manse, and poor I—— was announced. Dashing up the stair like a maniac, he entered the room, where lay the statue-like form of his departed Louisa, and after clasping her remains wildly to his breast, he placed one hand on her heart, while with the other he gently withdrew a small locket containing his own hair. After kissing the relic reverentially, he with a sob of anguish replaced it on the cold and snowy bosom of his sainted wife. The necessary arrangements were made for bearing the precious remains to the last resting-place, and poor I—— returned to his home, a lonely and heart-broken widow.

And now, turn with me to the anniversary of that mournful night. In a dimly-lighted room of the same house, uncurtained and uncarpeted, stood a tall, graceful form, chastely clad in simple white; at her left, in the act of placing a plain ring on the virgin finger of his fair bride, stood a pale, fragile young man, of about twenty years of age. Directly opposite the youthful pair, stood an elderly man, who, with hands and

eyes upraised, dispensed the nuptial blessing. At a little distance were grouped five sorrowing sisters; and at a still further distance, with his hand shading his manly brow, stood a young stripling, supporting his almost fainting parent, on whose arm reposed a sweet cherub, of surpassing loveliness.

And now, the dread—the parting hour is at hand—the scene of poor Louisa's marriage is all too vividly portrayed, and the mother sinks motionless into the arms of her husband, who gently raising her wasted form, entreated her to bestow her parting blessing on the head of her gentle daughter. But these words were not heard by the unconscious mother; and taking advantage of this temporary suspension of all feeling, J—— tenderly but hastily lifted his sorrowing bride into the carriage, she having first convulsively kissed the pallid lips of her emaciated parent, and wildly strained her weeping father and sobbing sisters to her fond heart.

And now my humble tale is at a close. The incidents are all *too true*, and Maria still lives the daughter and wife of "a Village Pastor."

M. H. N.

Beauharnois, March, 1846.

SONG.

O, who would harry the wee bird's nest,
That sings sae sweet and clear,
That bigs for its young a cozy biel,
In the spring-time o' the year;
That feeds its gapin' gorbins a',
And baps them frae the rain...
O wha would harry the wee bird's nest,
Or gie its bosom pain.

I wouidna harry the little's nest,
That whistles on the spray;
I wouidna rob the ha'cock,
That sings at break o' day;
I wouidna wrang the shilfin',
That chants so sweet at e'en;
Nor plunder wee wee Jenny Wren,
Within her bower o' green.

For birdies are like bairnies,
That dance upon the lea;
They winna sing in cages
So sweet's in bush or tree.
They're just like bonnie bairnies,
That milners lo'e sae weel...
And cruel, cruel is the heart
That wouid their treasures steal.

W. U.