

shadow that declineth,—I am withered like grass, yet thou, Lord, will sustain me.”
 ‘Father,’ she continued, ‘you will not weep for me, when I tell you I am very happy. I am going home,’—and in a voice of smothered emotion,—‘where I shall see my mother! I will tell her how kind you have been to me, and that you will join us there—will you not?’
 After a long pause, she said again,—‘Give this,’ pointing to a locket which contained one of her hair, cut from her head when she was an infant, ‘to my dear Alice, and tell her this yourself,’—she slipped a ring from her delicate finger, and placed it on his hand,—‘and do not forget one who loves you too dearly to part willingly, except it were to meet in a world where sorrow and sighing were away,’ and with these words yet hovering on her lips, her spirit winged its flight.

On the mid seas a knell; for man, was there anguish and love—the mourner with his dead! Long low rolling knell, a voice of prayer, dark glassy waters like a desert spread; when the broad lovely sunshine, and the plash to the sounding waves.”

Who shall tell of the deep sense of desolation that sat upon that father's heart, as year after year, he lingered in this weary world, haunted by the image of these lovely beings whom his love had been the seal of miserable death,—for 'twas unhallowed love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GOOD CHARACTER.

That, like the wife of Cæsar, is above reproach,—he alone is the fittest person to undertake the noble and often adventurous task of turning the shafts of calumny from him who has been wounded without cause, has fallen without pity, and cannot stand without aid. It is the possessor of unblemished character alone, who, on such an occasion, may be trusted to stand, like Moses, in the gap, and stop the plague of detraction, until Truth & Time, slow but steady friends, shall come up to vindicate the protected, and to dignify the protector. A good character, therefore, is not only to be maintained for the sake of others, if possible, but for ourselves; it is our coat of triple steel, our security to the oppressed, and our protection to the oppressed, and our shield against the oppressor.

“In great matters of public moment, where both parties are at a stand, and both are pertinacious, slight condescensions cost little, but are worth much.’ He that yields them is wise, inasmuch as he purchases guineas with farthings. A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a tun of vinegar would only corrode the wheels and cumber the movements.

The Christian should be careful how he mingles with the world, or his Christian profession, like a sword exposed to moisture, if it do not lose its edge will certainly lose its polish.

SOLITUDE—A FRAGMENT.

Oh! there are holy hours in the dull round of human existence, and they come around us like the dark and shadowy, yet mild and beautiful visions of our dreams. Interrupted alone by the wild and fitful gustings of the care subdued and humbled spirit, hovering around the flickering lamp of existence, they come up with their thousand hopeless realities and visionary joys to the chafed and sicken tablets of our hearts, lulling into calmness our ambitious soarings, and lighting up the unfitly tenement for the abode of higher and more holy aspirations. When the voice of the spirit wanderer is upon the earth, speeding us onward, and the magic touch of inspiration is upon the winds—when the warping of our unearthly passions is tearing away the slender fibres of our hearts, and breaking up the sealed fountains of our earthly enjoyments—how sweet are the sequestered haunts of solitude, unbroken by the deep weight of care. We turn away from the world, sick of its recklessness, to commune with our own souls. We pierce through the dim vista of future years, and behold the last twilight of time lingering around the brow of heaven, when the stars shall have closed their nightly vigils, and the sun sunk in darkness to rise no more for ever: and but hail that as the foretaste of the better land, ‘formed for the good alone.’ Old Time, who, with hoary head and grisly beard, has marked each victim as his own, seeks not our pathway. He may see the leaves—he may blight the flowers and still the music of the winds—but there are hours of holy purity and beauty, broken only by the deep thirst of feeling and our unearthly yearning.