

‘ But, hark ! the murmur of a voice hath spread
Around me words of an unearthly lore :—
‘ To the dark tomb its denizen restore !
Give back the dead, oh ! king, give back the dead !’

‘ I hear thee !—and although my heart will yearn
For the lost fellowship it has confessed,
Still I will give thee to thy silent rest,
And to the dead I will the dead return.

‘ But I will raise a noble monument
In Alcobaça’s ancient walls, and there,
With many a sacred mass and holy prayer,
Shall that bright form to its last home be sent.

‘ That, in the after-time, may many then,
Knowing thy spirit hath become divine,
Find a sure refuge at thy honoured shrine,
For sinful deeds done by repentant men.’

Of what avail was all this gorgeous scene—
Thus proudly garnishing the earth-worm’s feast ?—
Nought ! for at the same table served have been,
King, courtier, and priest.
Mock not the grave, for in a little space
There shall we all have place.”



MARIA, THE ORPHAN.

BY MRS. H. BAYLEY.

Author of “*Tales of the Heath*,” “*the Widow and Daughter &c.*”

I recollect Maria Austin, as the most beautiful, most love-able, and lovely creature my memory recalls, and whose uncomplaining sweetness and cheerful endurance of those thousand petty but galling annoyances to be found in the dependant life, have left an impression on my mind never to be obliterated.

The first hour she saw the light of day deprived her of a mother, and from that moment, she became the sole consolation and darling object of her surviving parent.