

"Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his gray holy hair."

"But ah! that patriarch's aspect shone,
With something holier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

"And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death."

"Grandfather!—dearest grandfather!" said Jane in trembling tones, placing her hand on his shoulder.

"I am called away," softly ejaculated the Pastor, looking upwards. "Hark!—again! I come—I come! Lord receive my spirit!" and so saying he fell on his face.

He was immediately raised and carried to the mansion, where festivity and mirth still reigned with unbroken sway, but were now to be suddenly banished by the awful tidings *sudden death*. But the habitual state of preparation for eternity in which the Pastor had lived, together with his great age, precluded any feelings of extraordinary surprise or horror at the event.

The mansion witnessed no more bridal merriment, but a solemnity, rather than any more oppressive feeling, pervaded it. The friends kept the singular circumstances of his death secret among themselves. The shock was soon subdued to a placid hallowed regret, saving only in the bosom of Lady Hester, who never smiled afterwards. She lived to an advanced age, always firmly believing that the spirit of her husband had appeared to summon the Pastor into eternity, and longing for the same summons to be made, in the same manner, for herself.

Mrs. Lee, the amiable and long-tried "Canadian Girl," died earlier, in the bosom of her family, peaceful and resigned. Of her married life, the words applied to an oriental pattern of conjugal excellence in Holy Writ, might with unvarnished truth, be said—"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." No flattering epitaph, however, marks her resting place in the valley. The secret tears of those who loved her, are her only eulogies.