

poverty had spared to the deceased, that must be the treasure which she desired to be buried with her, from which death was not to sever her, which in her grave was to be beside her.

No clue had been discovered to her history, and the locket, though minutely investigated, revealed nothing more than her name. On one side was the painting of an open, generous and manly eye, fringed by a cornice of darkly curved silken lashes, fit enclosure for an orb, rivalling the gazelle's for softness, yet bright in its colouring as the sky of the tropics. This beautiful memorial of the absent, which beamed serenely and constantly beneath the perfectly arched eye-brow, had been fitly placed close to the fond heart of the grief-worn girl whose mortal remains lay stretched upon that humble bedstead. On the other side of the locket two locks of hair had been treasured; one of a dark brown chesnut color, enclosed the name of Hereward, the other of a golden and a fairer tint and more silken texture, embraced the name of Ada.

Besides this the last remains of her humble treasure, she possessed nothing beyond her Book of Common Prayer, which had evidently been worn by long and frequent usage. In the first page was written "Mary Hayworth," no name no date, no residence gave clue to her history, and all that could be inferred was that the unfortunate girl had been betrayed and deserted; and that, shunned by her friends and abandoned by her destroyer, she had been left to perish in indigence and misery.

Her remains were consigned to the grave, all inquiry was fruitless, the eye which beamed so beautifully in the locket was regarded as belonging to the author of her misery, and the fond heart was mourned for as the victim of its wiles.

(To be continued.)

LINES

WRITTEN UNDERNEATH THE PICTURE OF A
LITTLE BOY WITH HIS MOTHER'S SPEC-
TACLES ON.

BY E. B.

THE WINDOWS OF AGE.

Why hast thou left thy childhood's plays,
Thou beauteous boy! and thus bent thy gaze
Through the *windows of age*? Dost thou hope to see,
The things that the future enshrouds from thee?
Thy *baubles* neglected! Thy *sports* laid by!
What is it thou seek'st, with that straining eye?
Thou *mimic of age*! Oh! forbear to know!
What time through those *windows* to all must show.

Through these *windows*, so bright to thee now, my boy!
Comes the darkness of sorrow—the light of joy!
But the joys that stream through, like the morning flower
Wither and waste in their short lived hour!
Would'st thou know more?—Then drop thy gaze!
Still leave thy *baubles*! thy *sports*! thy *plays*!
And list while I tell thee—the things that be,
By these *windows*, yet *curtained* and hid from thee!

The *eyes* of thy Mother that o'er thee bend!
Whose heart-strings around thee so closely wend
Time has made *dim*—through life's lengthened view—
And her look from these *windows*, she now sends through!
Oh! what are her hopes—her joys—her fears
As she marks the steps of thy youthful years!
Afar, through the *windows*, her eyes now stray,
To warn thee of dangers, that round thee lay.

Would'st thou know more? those eyes of love!
Bent first on her boy!—then to God above
In prayer, that his life may all blameless flow,
Till he reaches the land where the pure spirits go!
Those *eyes* have looked 'neath the coffin's lid!
Where the loved, and the cherished, in death lay hid!
Oh! then *dark* was the rain, those windows o'er,
From the heart of that Mother! Dost thou ask more?

Age is preparing, life's wintry storm!
Its snow wreathes, to circle that Mother's form;
The finger of death on her brow will lay!
The warm blood—cease through her heart to stray!
The frosts of time, on these windows bright
Will weave a heavy, yet mystic light!
For angels will come in their brightness fair,
And mingle their beauteous tracery there.

Oh! then look no more! thou bright-eyed boy,
Through the windows, to gather thy dream of joy,
Go! bend by thy Mother's loving knee,
And learn the lesson she'll teach to thee,
'Twill be this! to throw life's *baubles* by!
And bend thy heart to thy God on high!
And through faith e'er feel that *this Scripture* page
Is the *blessing of youth*—*The Window of Age*!

SONG.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

When kindred hearts are parting,
And tears from fond eyes starting,
Wilt thou remember me?
When sailing o'er yon azure main,
Think that we yet may meet again,
Beyond the western sea.

When moonlight on the wave is glancing,
And white tipped billows round thee dancing,
And fretful breezes sleep;
Let fancy whisper in thine ear,
The prayers of those thou can'st not hear,
The sighs of those who weep.

Or paint the blissful meeting,
The tender, heartfelt greeting,
Of mutual sympathy—
The tears that on thy pensive cheek
Tell but the words thou can'st not speak,—
I yet am dear to thee!