

"But there is redemption—there is hope.

"Whilst thinking of the fearful change which betokened my heart, that its partner was about to be taken away, a heavenly light beamed on my thoughts and taught me to understand the visions which have so often visited me on my couch.

"We shall not die—there is a costly ransom provided—we must sleep under the cold earth, but we shall rise again in the freshness of that youth which we first enjoyed; and purified from all sin, we shall walk in our Eden seven times more beautiful than when we first roved amidst its fruits and flowers. And there will be thousands, who inheriting our evil natures, will have found a powerful Physician. And there will be that mighty Physician, whose presences shall awaken ten thousand harps to melody.

"This earth too, so long, so grievously cursed for our sin, will come forth more than the beauty of its pristine youth.

"Thou wilt go a little before me to the grave; but we shall rise together with the glad shout of gratified jubilation; and with us millions of our posterity, ransomed from the curse."

Adam paused, his eye fell on the face of his wife—a smile seemed to play in the brightness of hope on her pale lip, but the heart had ceased to beat, and that sleep had fallen on her which the trump of the archangel only shall disturb.



A **FALLEN AMBITION**.—On the broad way of human life I met with a young man apparently lost in the deepest contemplation. Seemingly he had not yet obtained his thirtieth year. My approach seemed to rouse him from the reverie of his senses. Aware that I had observed him, he unfolded the thoughts that had been passing within him, he had been immersed in the reflections of his own brief existence, chequered, and blunted with vicissitudes. He bethought him of its worth, moralized upon its cares, was distressed at a fallen ambi-

tion, and even hinted at the horrors and consequences of a suicide. He had lost all his chattels, the mere baubles of the hour, and what was more cheerless, he found his *friends* who once pretended to advance, now indifferent to his welfare. *Friends*—that is too warm a word, the frigid, the heartless, they whose avarice and selfishness ride above the considerations of another, are not what might be called friends. The friends, the true friends of better, and warmer, and brighter days, had departed from and forsaken this dismal earth. His wife had gone, his children had gone, and shivering, houseless, cold, and homeless, he lingered yet in the busy theatre of life,

"Weary! and way sore."

The father, the fond kind father who had indulged him early and late, the mother who had blessed the pillow of childhood, the sister who shared in his joy, or was depressed in his wo, the brother whom he loved and by whom he was beloved in turn, had all passed from the arena of this "busy hum of men." They had departed from life, they had found a resting place, and the tomb was sacred to their memories.

Touched with his griefs, I enquired if nature otherwise had treated him kindly, if his health had been preserved to him? if he was an hungered or athirst?

Alas! he said, my friend, my last crumb is exhausted, my purse is empty, and these rags are but the remains of an abundant wardrobe—and the secret monitor within bids me prepare, although kind nature has heretofore granted me health, even that is denied, and every sun that rolls down beyond those hills, reminds me of the melancholy truth, of the evening of my existence, for me it goes down with smiles, not in wrath—and leaves me the solitary assurance, that while I may enjoy a resting place beyond this earth, I shall soon be an outcast to the warm and the frigid, the young and the old, the high and the low, the bond and the free, and that the grave at least will fold me in her lonely and sacred bosom: I felt for him and