

ciety the laws of feminine reserve restrain enjoyment; and where the license of ungoverned passions, or the negligence of a careless following the multitude, trenches on propriety, leads to error after error, and too often plunges into vice and misery. The same design and animating spirit pervades her succeeding novel of "Coming Out;" which, in a most impressive and engaging manner, portrays the triumph of principle over passion, in the character of her youthful heroine Aheia, a young Irish beauty, who made her perilous debut in the court of fashion in England.—It was in this novel that Miss Anna Maria Porter, by the vividness of her description of such a scene, gave the idea, that the *tableau vivant*, so long a part of courtly and tasteful entertainment on the continent, might be introduced for the same purpose into our elegant circles; and from that time there is scarcely a house of rank and fashion in England that has not its "living pictures."

In the spring of 1830, our authoress published her last, and, we would say, her best work—"The Barony," a novel of the times of James II. It may fairly be called her profession of faith—of her principles as a Christian—of her sentiments as a woman—of her duties as a daughter, sister, friend—of her feelings of tender charities to all that lives. It was "the last notes of the dying swan,"—oh! rather, the last strain of the future seraph passing to her heavenly sphere. The year after it was written, she lost her justly prized mother; who died at Esher in the month of June, 1831. This bereavement so deeply affected the health of the devotedly attached daughter, that her no less mourning sister, Miss Jane Porter, determined to take her on a short travel for change of air, and to cheer her general spirits by a succession of visits to valued friends. To this end, they left their home in March, 1832. Their first sojourn was in London, where they divided a few weeks' stay between their friends. After leaving London early in May, 1832, and passing that month at a friend's house, near Bath, the sisters proceeded to Bristol, to abide awhile with their brother, Dr. Porter, who had for some years been settled as a physician in that town. There, on the 6th of June, Anna Maria was suddenly attacked by a typhus fever, which terminated her mortal life on the 21st of the same month, just one year after both sisters were deprived of her who had seemed to be the bond of their earthly happiness—their honoured mother. One was now left alone. But she does not mourn with the desolation that has no comforter. She saw her sister resign her soul, on so instant a summons, with the fulness of faith, into the hands of that Saviour who called her, and by whose grace she had "kept it unspotted from the world."—Her remains were interred in the church-yard of St. Paul's, Bristol, in a vault made by the direction of her brother, Dr. Porter, who had watched over her in illness with unceasing care; and when medical skill proved vain to arrest the mortal stroke, his votive affection planted, with his own hands, her last earthly bed with rose-trees and laurels, emblematic of the character of her he lamented.

#### THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

"Dear father, I ask for my mother in vain—  
Has she sought some far country her health to regain,  
Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow,  
For some warm sunny land where the soft breezes blow?"  
"Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy lov'd mother has gone  
To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown;  
Her spirit is strengthened, her frame is at rest,  
There is health, there is peace, in the Land of the Blest."

"Is that land, my dear father, more lovely than ours;  
Are the rivers more clear, and more blooming the flowers;  
Does summer shine over it all the year long,  
Is it cheered by the glad sounds of music and song?"

"Yes, the flowers are despoiled not by winter or night,  
The well springs of life are exhaustless and bright,  
And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are address'd  
To the Lord who reigns over the Land of the Blest."

"Yet that land to my mother will lonely appear,  
She shrunk from the glance of a stranger while here:  
From her foreign companions I know she will flee,  
And sigh, dearest father, for you and for me."  
"My darling, thy mother rejoices to gaze  
On the long-sorved friends of her earliest days;  
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest,  
And they welcome their child to the Land of the Blest."

"How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss,  
That land must be surely more happy than this;  
On you, my dear father, the journey depends,  
Let us go to my mother, her kindred, and friends."  
"Not on me, love; I trust I may reach that blest clime,  
But in patience, I stay till the Lord's chosen time,  
And must strive, while awaiting his gracious behest,  
To guide thy young steps to the Land of the Blest."

"Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy,  
Thy peace it may blight, and thy virtue destroy,  
Nor wilt thou, alas! be withheld from its snares  
By a mother's kind counsels, a mother's fond prayers.  
Yet fear not—the God, whose direction we crave,  
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield, and to save,  
And his hand may yet lead thee, a glorified guest,  
To the home of thy mother, the Land of the Blest."

#### NOT FORSAKEN.—A FRAGMENT.

"Through life, in death, what'er betide thee,  
To have that seraph form beside thee."

"I am not forsaken," said Lesslie; "the hand of affliction has been laid heavily upon me, but the same power which, in its wisdom, visited me with sorrow and distress, administered also a strength which enables me to bear the painful vicissitudes of human life. I have the consolations of the Christian, who, submitting his own will to that of Heaven, beholds, in all the dispensations of Providence towards him, the indulgent and the chastening hand of a father: I have more, my friend, (continued he, with much emotion,) I have more than this; I have a daughter—excuse a father's feelings—who inherits all her mother's gentleness and virtue, and whose only study is to cheer the bereaved heart of her remaining parent."

"These consolations," returned Wilson "are peculiarly yours; they are the natural consequences of fervid piety to heaven, and the paternal solicitude which you have displayed towards her who is to be the joy and comfort of your declining days, and whose smile of purity shall speak to your soul that peace, of which it is truly said, that it endureth forever."

Lesslie took Wilson by the hand, and led him into the garden. He pointed out to him the small white marble urn, consecrated to the memory of his deceased wife. There was a beautiful myrtle beside it, which Flora was endeavouring to train round the cenotaph. It had been planted by her mother; her father looked upon it with interest, and she valued it highly as a memento of her dear deceased parent. Lesslie indulged his feelings for a few moments, and stood wrapped in sorrowful reminiscences.

Rousing himself from his reverie, he exclaimed to his companion: "I cannot expect that these things should greatly interest you, but you have a sensible heart, and can appreciate the feelings of a husband and father. When I