

drops to roll down my cheeks at will. There is a luxury in such grief.

That evening beheld us rolling through Hyde Park into the city of London, where I tarried a few days with my brother, by whom I was very cordially entertained. Here also I found several cousins, in prosperous circumstances, whose kindness contributed not a little to my enjoyment. Having visited St. Pauls, the Museum, Madame Tassard's magnificent collection of wax figures, and other curious and remarkable places, I took a trip to Walthamstow, the former residence of my aunt Turner. This good lady was dead, and almost forgotten by the people; her twenty-two children were all either dead or wandering, the neighbors knew not whither. Alas for the mutations of time!

A walk of two miles farther on, brought us to Wanstead, my birth-place. Here everything seemed natural, though great changes had passed over the people since I lived there, a thoughtless child. My common school teacher and my Sunday school teacher had both gone to their spiritual destiny. My aunt was yet alive. My brother asked her if she knew me. Peering through her spectacles, and summoning up the imagery of the past, she at length called to mind her former protoge, and clasped me to her arms, with evident gratification. It occasions melancholy feeling to see the ravages of time on the persons and places one has not visited for years!