

still higher meaning. There is appointed for us a still longer voyage to a much more beautiful country. The whole earth, on which we dwell, is like an island. The land here is, indeed, a noble one in our eyes, although only a faint shadow of heaven. The passage hither over the stormy sea is—death; that little boat resembles the bier, upon which men in black apparel shall at some time carry us forth.—But when that hour strikes, then we, myself, your mother, or you, must leave this world. So fear not. Death is for pious men who have loved God, and have done his will, nothing else but a voyage to the better land.”

“Expectant of eternal peace,
The Christian feels Death's terrors cease;
And, led by God's paternal hand,
Mounts upward to the better land.”

MY FIRST LIE.

I shall never forget my first lie, although it happened when I was a very little girl. My younger sister had a farthing, with which she wished to buy a fig; and, being too ill to go down to the shop herself, she engaged me to go. Accordingly I went. As I was returning, with the fig nicely done up in a small paper, suddenly the thought occurred to me, that I should like to look at the fig. So I very carefully opened the paper, when the fig looked so very tempting, I thought I could not help tasting it a little at one end. I had scarcely despatched that bit, before I wanted it all; and, without much more thought, I ate up the whole fig! Then, when the fig was all gone, and I had nothing to do but to think, I began to feel very uncomfortable: I stood disgraced before myself. I thought of running away off somewhere, I did not exactly know where, but from whence I should never come back. It was long before I reached home; and I went as quickly as I could, and told my sister that I had lost the farthing.

I remember she cried sadly; but I went directly out into the garden, and tried to think of something else,—but in vain. My own guilt stared me steadily in the face, and I was wretched.

Although it wanted a few minutes to our dinner-hour, yet it seemed very long to me. I was anxious some event might intervene between me and the lie I had told. I wandered about the garden with a very heavy spirit. I thought I would give worlds if it had not happened. When the dinner-hour came, I was seated in my high chair, at my father's side, when my sister made her appearance, crying, and looking very much grieved. My father immediately inquired what the matter was. Then my mother stated the story; the conclusion of which was, that I had “lost the farthing.” I can never forget the look of kind, perfectly unsuspecting confidence with which my father turned to me, and, with his large blue eyes full in my face, said, “Whereabouts did you lose the farthing? Perhaps we can find it again.” Not for a single instant could I brave that tone and that look; but, bursting into tears, I screamed out, “O! I did not lose the farthing: I ate up the fig!” A silence, as of the grave, ensued. No one spoke. In an instant I seemed to be separated at an immense distance from all the rest of the family. A great gulf yawned between us. A sense of loneliness and desolation came over me, the impression of which, I presume, will go with me forever. I left the table; and all that afternoon, the next day, and during the week, my feelings were melancholy in the extreme. But, as time wore away, and my father and mother, brother and sisters, received me back to their love and favour, my spirits recovered their wonted tone. The whole event left an indelible impression on my mind and heart. It convinced me that “the way of the transgressor is hard.”