

the little volume, which she had so recently put within it ; and when I looked down upon it, and renewed my steadfast gaze at the still form before us, the connection between life and death was so startlingly close, that the mind seemed scarcely able to sustain the solemn contact of the two contrasted ideas. The thought that she was before the throne,—that the spirit which had so recently bowed with us in prayer on earth was now bowing in glory and unspeakable joy before the presence of her God,—gradually stole over the spirit, with its softening associations, and tears at length brought relief to the overwhelming solemnity of that hour. The old and long-attached servants, who had gathered around their mistress in her dying moments, while she lay fainting, rendered the scene more affecting by their touching, though subdued, grief. The carriage, which she had kindly and thoughtfully herself ordered to be at the door to take us home, before she went her drive, arrived ; and the coachman, horror-struck, learned that his mistress was dead. We left the house we had entered three hours before under such different circumstances ; and deeply solemn was the feeling with which, ere we quitted the drawing-room, we looked round upon the altered scene. In the centre, upon a bed-frame, brought down for the occasion, was laid out the form of the friend who had there received us in apparent health. In every other respect the room was undisturbed. The flowers still bloomed freshly and sweetly from their vases, as if in triumph over the scene of human mortality ; while life, and the first beauty of death, had fast faded from the pale cheek of her who now lay awaiting the silent grave, as nothing but frail and failing clay, rapidly returning to its kindred dust. “ All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away : but the word of the Lord endureth for ever ! ” “ Frailer than ourselves,” these flowers seemed to say, “ O when will mortal man learn to estimate aright the momentary tenor by which only he can call life his, and rightly value the things of eternity ? ” Take from such a scene as this, the relief which the word of God, and all its blessed truths, afforded in the case, and it would be fearful. Connect with it that word, as loved and hidden by the subject of this sketch in her heart, and such a scene is but a threshold to immortal glory.

CHURCH-TIME.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
 And send them to thy heart ; that spying sin,
 They may weep out the stains by them did rise ;
 Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
 Who marks in church-time other's symmetry,
 Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part ;
 Bring not thy plots, thy plough, thy pleasures thither.
 Christ purged his temple—so must thou thy heart—
 All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
 To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well,
 For churches either are your heaven or hell.

HERBERT.