

he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in her youthful days, before ruin had blasted her once noble husband; and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, destruction, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

'Can you forgive me, Emily? I have been a brute, villain—oh! can you forgive me? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God annihilate me for my guilt.'

'Charles!' said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through the chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit—'I forgive you, and may God forgive you too,—but oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish.'

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

'Charles,' at last continued the dying woman, 'I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry.'

'God forgive me for my wrongs to him too!' murmured the repentant man.

'I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in, I feel that I shall never see another sun.' A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

'Oh no, you must not, will not die,' sobbed her husband as he supported her sinking frame, 'you'll live to save your repentant husband.—Oh, you will.'

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her own hand on his and continued feebly.

'Day and night, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come: for I have felt that within me which whispered that as all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner—some happiness then might have been mine again in this world—but God's will be done.—I am weak—I feel I am falling fast—Henry, give me your hand.'

The little boy silently placed it within hers, she kissed it and then laying it within her husband's continued

'Here is our child—our only horn—when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender—it is the only thing for which I would care to live'—she paused and struggled to subdue her feelings, 'will you promise me, Charles?'

'I will, as there is a maker over me, I will,' sobbed the man; and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with emotion.

'And you, Harry, will you obey your father, and be a good boy;—as you love your mother you will?'

Oh: yes! sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, 'but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you?—oh! don't die!'

'This is too hard,' murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her, 'Father give me strength to endure it.'

For a few minutes all was still,—and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low death like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother; and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on his bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

'Henry, where are you?' faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in his low, mournful voice.

Henry,—Henry,' she said in a louder tone, and then after a second added, 'poor babe, he doesn't hear me.'

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet how the senses gradually fail the dying; he was perplexed; the tears coursed down his cheeks; and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's, and pressed it.

'Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love, I can't see—has the wind—blown—out—the light?'

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

'Oh! God,' murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter and fainter—'this is death!—Charles—Henry—Jesus—re—'

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the drunkard. Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse. He could not endure the look of that still sainted face. He covered his face with his hands and burst into an agony of tears.

Long years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society. But oh! the fearful price at which his reformation was purchased.

THE PORT OF AMOY.—This celebrated part of the Celestial Empire is situate in the province of Fo-kien, and, in the Mandarin dialect, is called Hea-mun, which is pronounced by the natives Ha-moy. It is stated by Davids to be "a fine shelter for any number of large ships;" and the town itself is represented to be the emporium of the commerce of the province. The province itself, however, is the most barren in all China, not only yielding nothing for exportation, but being dependent even for the necessaries of life on the neighbouring island of Formosa. Still the merchants of Amoy are characterized as among the most wealthy and enterprising in the empire, having formed connexions all along the coast, and established commercial houses in many portions of the Eastern Archipelago. Most of the Formosian colonists are emigrants from the district of Amoy, with capital supplied by its merchants; and in proportion as the island has flourished, so has Amoy increased in wealth and importance. The port was resorted to formerly by Europeans, but was abandoned when foreign commerce was restricted to Canton. There are several temples in the place, particularly one of great celebrity, dedicated to the god Fo or Budha (who, according to the homilies of the priests, exists "in forms as numerous as the sands of the Heng-ho.") This temple contains a statue of the god of colossal size. During the south-west monsoon the merchants of Amoy