

duty, continue to intimate her worth, and be happy.' He bowed his head, and the gushing tears attested the fulness of his heart. He raised himself, but the form of Laura was motionless. There was the same benignity of expression upon the face; the richness of beauty upon the cheek; but the life-pulse had ceased its beating, and was for ever at rest. She died of an affection of the heart, and

'Was call'd home, ere from her brow  
One radiant trace of truth had fled.'

It is not for me now to depict the grief of the bereaved parent, the anguish of the stricken bridegroom, or the sympathetic concern of friends. The sudden summons of death at such a time, and under such circumstances, is terrible, and so it was felt to be.

"On the following day the church was opened, and a coffin was placed before that altar at which its inmate had knelt in maiden bloom and modesty, to ratify a convent of affection. How changed the scene! The father, who had united his daughter in her loveliness, to one whose heart beat in responsive and hallowed unison, sat with bended head, yet his face exhibited the calmness of resignation.—Afflictive dispensation had removed his last earthly comfort, and feeling the bitterness of his present loss, he had grieved; but his sorrow was that of one in whom the hope of immortality forbade the expression of murmuring. His daughter had lived a life of piety, and could her death then be otherwise than happy! 'Her sun had gone down while it was yet day, but it was to appear again with renewed and undying splendor in a new Heaven. Although alone, yet he, trusted to the faithfulness of a friend, whose dealings, if now enveloped in mystery, would hereafter be explained, and his wisdom and love be made manifest.

"The young husband seemed as if unable to realize the certainty of the scene before him.—Were his hopes to die thus early, even in the freshness of their being? It could not be!—And yet, why the saddened looks and swelling bosoms around? why the coffin and the pall? why those solemn words—'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust?' Alas! his hopes had expired, and were about to be entombed with the lowly being who called them into existence. The coffin was conveyed to the grave, the earth was thrown upon it, the green turf placed over it, and she was left to 'the starless midnight of the tomb.' On each returning anniversary of her death, fresh flowers are put by friendly hands over the place of her sleeping, and some friends may

often be observed to linger there in sweet collection of virtues which have been which were suddenly quenched.

"But see! the sun has gone down, and softened tints of the sky indicate the approach of evening. Let us return homeward, and of her of whom you have just heard our reflections may be in this wise:

'Be thy name whispered, where the silver  
Stealth the leaves of clustering roses thr  
With bright and freshening power  
And where the waters follow to the play  
Of earliest sunshine, o'er the sands awar  
At morning's hour.

Be thy name whisper'd, where the bough  
stirr'd  
To the last nestling of the wearied bird,  
Its silent mate beside;  
And where the voice of mirth hath ceas'd  
And far o'er fading paths the shadows fa  
At eventide.

For, thou, whose beauty to the dust hath  
Wert soft or joyous as the eve or morn;  
And therefore these should be,  
In hearts fill'd up with visions to the last  
Of thy young smiles, and winning accents,  
Memories of thee.

Be thy thoughts counted, where the star  
bright  
Within the chambers of the creamy night,  
Thy kindling thoughts, and deep;  
And where through summer clouds, the  
ning flings  
Quick, tremulous sparks from its flag;  
To banish sleep.

Thine outward loveliness! where'er they  
Light, blooming forms and ever graceful  
And voices sweet and gay,  
There duly, fondly, ere the joy be done  
Shall rise to faithful lips, the praise of  
Gathered away.

Thy grave! not far and lone its last rep  
As cold o'er some, alas! the mould doth  
Dead in a foreign land;  
Thou! with familiar things are gently h  
And oft may they who with thy char  
stray'd,  
Beside thee stand.

Thy rest! thy rest! go, where the sun is  
His golden glories unto souls adoring,  
Beneath this blessed even;  
Hath peace, hath confidence, not he  
E'en 'mid the lowly temples of the earth  
THOU ART IN HEAVEN."



Poverty has in large cities very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendour and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind, to conceal their digence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day lost contriving for to-morrow.—Dr. Johnson