

Spirit ! thy labor is o'er,  
 Thy term of probation is run ;  
 Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,  
 And the race of immortal's begun.

Spirit ! look not on the strife,  
 Or the pleasures of earth with regret ;  
 Nor pause on the threshold of immortal life,  
 To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit ! no fetters can bind,  
 No wicked have power to molest ;  
 There the weary like thee—there the mourners shall find  
 A Heaven—a mansion of rest.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in vain for her father's approving smile. It was the still passionless smile which the wrapt and joyful spirit had left with the seal of death upon those features. She was alone.

The circumstances under which Mozart arranged this beautiful melody, which we gather from history, and here relate, are full of touching interest. More than half a century since, a poor shopkeeper, named Ruttler, a dealer in small wares, dwelt in the suburb of St. Joseph, at Vienna. The scanty profits of his business hardly sufficed to procure the comforts of life for his large family. Ruttler, however, was kind-hearted, and desirous of serving his friends. His roof, though poor, was hospitable, and the needy traveller never left it without having been comforted. An individual, whose serious deportment, and benevolent countenance were calculated to create respect, passed regularly every day before the door of Ruttler's shop. This person was evidently struggling against the influence of wasting malady. Nature seemed to have lost her charms for him. A languid smile animated his pale lips as Ruttler's children, morning after morning, saluted him, or heedlessly pursued him with their infant gambols. On these occasions, he would raise his eyes to heaven, and seemed silently to implore a better fate than his for these little ones. Ruttler, who had observed the stranger, and who seized every occasion to be of service, had obtained the privilege of offering him a seat each morning on his return from his usual walk. The stranger cheerfully accepted the civility, and the children often vied with each other in placing the humble stool be-