

ror-stricken at beholding their beloved mistress apparently in the agonies of death!

"The doctor! a doctor, quick!" I shouted—"she will die—she will die!"

In a second they were all gone save her maid, who was sobbing and praying, while she wiped the blood from the blue lips of her expiring mistress. O, what agony I suffered during the interval which ensued before the arrival of the physician! I called her by the dearest titles; I begged her but to speak one word, I entreated her to forgive me—only to smile once more? She slowly opened her large eyes; a slight smile passed over her face, and she was—dead! Just then the physicians entered. I would not—I could not believe that she was really no more—that God had taken her from me. I begged and prayed of them to exert their skill—to save her!

"It will be useless to attempt it," was their passionless reply; "no human power can restore life!"

I did not believe them. My wife was not—could not be dead! I clasped her in my arms; I kissed her brow—her lips; and all became a blank!

What passed afterwards I know not.—When I awoke to consciousness I found myself lying on a bed in a darkened room. A strange female was standing by its side, talking in a low tone of voice to another stranger.

"He seems better to-day, doctor," said she, "much better."

I asked for my wife: they told me to be quiet, that I had been very ill, and inquired how I felt? I answered not, for gradually past events came back to my recollection. I remembered every thing—even my last kiss on her clay-cold lips. I knew that she was dead, and asked them what they had done with her? At first they hesitated, but at length they told me that she had been buried. Buried! my Emily! my wife!—Again I ceased to remember. The delirium which accompanied the fever that had attacked me, returned. All was chaos.

Several months elapsed ere I recovered, and since that time my days have been passed in tears, and in prayer, at her grave; my nights in dreaming of her goodness, her affection and my terrible sin. Years have passed away since she was consigned to the tomb—years of suffering—of remorse—in which

I clothed my spirit with sackcloth and heaped ashes on its head. My deep repentance has at last procured forgiveness. Last night she smiled upon me in my dreams and beckoned me away. I most joyfully acknowledged the summons. Ere many days I shall pass the portals of that mystic land where sorrow comes not, and forgetting all my crimes I shall abide with my angel forever and forever!—*Graham's Magazine.*

For the *Mayflower*.

The Widow of Nain.

Forth issuing from the gates of Nain,
Appears a dark funeral train;
And every follower's downcast eye,
Is wet with tears of sympathy;
And pitying sighs spontaneous rise,
From all who view those obsequies;
Nor few their number—aged men
Are there, with younger citizen;
And matron grave, and youthful maid,
And children, with their laughter staid;
All moving on with measured pace,
To the last solemn resting-place,
Of him, last scion of his race.
Each face shews grief, but one is there,
Whose woe seems merged in stern despair;
The rigid lip, the sunken eye,
All speak of that keen agony,
Which rends the tortured human heart,
When feeling its last hope depart;
That in its wild excess of pain,
The very life-blood seemsto drain;
And while it makes the heart its throne,
Transforms the outward man to stone.
The anguish in her bosom pent,
Seeks no relief in loud lament;
And no external sign betrays
The grief that on her spirit preys,
Save, that with tight, convulsive wring,
Her stiffened hands together cling:
Like moving statue, onward led,
She follows close behind her dead;
No husband's arm her form sustains,
Sharing, and light'ning all her pains;
For he who once that title bore,
Has long since left this earthly shore;
And, with its heritage of tears,
A widow's mournful name she bears.
No son with tender, filial clasp,
Unlocks her cold hands' icy grasp;
Her soul's last prop extended there,
Onward she moves in mute despair;
With eyes her lost one fixed upon—
He was that widow's only son.
But, hark! approaching steps she hears,
And, lo, a travelling group appears;
A King is there! though no display
Of regal splendour marks his way:
No proud, and stately cavalcade,
In trappings gorgeous array'd,
Attends his course, nor armed band,
His progress heralds through the land;
The followers that around him throng,
To lowest earthly grade belong;
And worn, and travel-soiled appear,
The coarse habiliments they wear:
But, oh! the King on whom they wait,
Requires no aid from outward state,
To prove his high descent,—his deeds,
That power of mortal man exceeds;
His strength to save, his power to heal,
All his high lineage reveal:
The dumb, and deaf must speak and hear,
The unclean spirits, in their fear,