

tude for all the blessings with which she is surrounded; and not alone either, for Lucy and her husband—the village schoolmaster—live in the same cottage. The establishment of Manvers is also to be seen in the chief street, more prosperous than ever. But the old man and his son have long since been laid in the quiet churchyard side by side; and Robert, with Florence for his wife, is now, by his uncle's desire, the proprietor of the long-established concern.

THE DYING BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

Mother, mother, let me kiss thee
Once again before I die;
Let me clasp my arms around thee,
On thy bosom let me lie.
Earth is fleeting, fast decaying
From my weary, weary sight—
Dearest mother, let me kiss thee
Ere I bid a long good night!"

Ah! how sorely it doth grieve me,
Gentle mother, thus to know
That I may not live to see thee
When thou art oppressed with woe.
Thus to leave thee, and for ever
From my home and friends to part;
Every tie of love to sever,
That hath bound my hopeful heart.

Oh! 'tis painful, very painful,
Thus to meet the silent tomb;
Torn from all that's bright and lovely,
To endure a fearful gloom;
Forced from all the little pleasures
That have joy'd my youthful mind—
Innocence, and love, and friendship,
Every cherish'd thing resign'd.