

After having thus provided for his peasants, Stasric bequeathed six hundred thousand florins for founding a model hospital; and he left a considerable sum towards educating poor and studious youth. As for his sister, she inherited only the same allowance which he had given her during life; for she was a person of careless, extravagant habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

A strange fate was that of Stanislas Stasric. A martyr to calumny during his life; after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

LIFE IN DEATH.

BY KATE PULLAR, (HAMILTON, ONT.)

Toll ! toll ! toll ! the bell rang out to-day,
While the radiant sunlight flashed and fell,

Like golden sheaves it lay,
Or drew the lurking shadows out
In misty magic play.

Toll ! toll ! toll ! what did it mean to say,
'Tis only another form of clay
They mean to cover and hide away
From the happy smiling day.

Toll ! toll ! toll ! I listen'd in fear and doubt,
For did it not seem a heartless thing

To shut the sun beams out,
And leave her there in that dreary grave,
With shadows all about,
And life's swift river with rushing thread,
Flowing and flashing over head,
With never a thought of the vanished dead,
Low in her lonely bed.

Hush the jest ! let the voice be low,
Soft be the passing feet,
While in the chamber dusk and low,
We gaze on that strange sleep.

Let the sunlight fall with tender grace
Over the lines of the weary face,
Let the peace of death life's conflicts chase,
Here in this solemn place.

Hers was the common lot of earth,
Vistas of smiles and tears,
Days of weeping and days of mirth,
Chequer'd the changing years ;
Full many a tear she shed I know,
Though the patient lips n'er told me so,
But never yet did mortal go
Tearlessly here below.

Oh ! never in dreams of earthly sleep;
Was rest so sure and sweet,
For something still earth's slumbers break
But this the angles keep.
Past is life's stormy battle field,
The watchful eyes are set and sealed,
The lips with their secrets unreveal'd
Heart wounds that God hath heal'd.

And now the sound of that solemn bell
Wakens such visions as none can tell,
It soundeth out no knell,
'Tis rather the watchman's cheering voice
Calling "all's well, all's well ;"
For surely of all that life can bring,
It must be the strangest, sweetest thing,
This changing life of tears to fling
Aside for ever, and wake to sing
In the steadfast light of heaven.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Th se, owing to want of space, are laid over until next month.

Owing to the fact that the Literary Societies have closed their meetings for the summer months we have received from them no notices of importance. An article from R. D. F. entitled "Hints to beginners in public speaking" will appear in our next number and will be found very interesting to all members of Literary Societies."

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