

lends enchantment to the view;" but ardent piety, and self-sacrificing zeal, need not the enchantment which distance yields to develop their beauty and render them attractive.

It has been thought that something more than a mere obituary of the late Miss Victoria Maguire might be of interest to the general reader. To the mournful but pleasing duty of endeavouring to produce such a sketch, I very cheerfully address myself, humbly trusting that to the young disciple especially it may prove a blessing, by inducing others to emulate her example, and that all, both young and old, may say, "by the grace of God, I'll meet her in the better land." The task which I undertake will consist chiefly of selecting such extracts from her journal as will serve to develop a beautifully attractive character. She has left ample material out of which a volume of more than usual interest might be produced.

I know not that I can in any better way introduce her to the reader than by the following lively and somewhat playful account which I find recorded in her journal, under date of May 10th, 1860. It will be proper to state, that at this time she was at Portsmouth, in the State of Virginia. She had spent the preceding winter there as Teacher in a Lady's Seminary, and with the hope that a southern climate might tend to recruit her already somewhat failing health.

"Was thinking just now about a queer somebody with whom I am acquainted. I have a right to talk to myself about her, but to nobody else; hence I warn everybody to 'keep hands off' my book, or pay the penalty of reading my nonsense. Well, this somebody is a strange compound. She was born far away in the loveliest land beneath the sun—fair Canada—just one year after Canada's (Britain's) beloved Queen began to rule, and consequently took the honourable name 'Victoria'. Well, Victoria's parents were neither rich nor poor, and little 'Vic.' was petted by a pair of doting parents, two ditto of grand-parents, and one ditto of brother and sister, besides a host of other people. My petted friend was early an old-fashioned spoiled child. Change being the order of all sub-unnary things, no deviation was made in respect to my very important personage. Soon two little baby brothers came to usurp her throne, and instead of a place on somebody's knee, a seat in the great old-fashioned cradle, between the two little visitors was appropriated, and where royal fun was enjoyed in swaying to and fro, on creaking rockers, the pretty little sleepers. Ah, what happy hours are those of infancy! No cloud but a smile and kindly word dispersed; no pain but finds its panacea in a mother's kiss. Unspeak-