

Erewhile, living of rapture without end,
Perchance, their sublime courses worlds shall bend
Attentive on my music hung.

Erewhile...but ah !—hath touch'd my lyre's strings
The dull cold hand of Death ;—it breaks and flings
A stifled mournful sound upon the breeze,—
And now 't is mute !—Seize yours, friends whom I love :
My soul shall from this world to that above
Ascend with your saint melodies.—



ISABEL DOUGLAS, OR A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

ISABEL.—Dearest, do you doubt my constancy ? Can you for one moment suppose me such a *heartless being as to forget* the only one I ever *have, or ever can love* ? No, witness High Heaven my sincerity, and should I prove false or *forget* you, may heaven forget me ; wear this, continued he, casting a gold chain around her neck from which was suspended his own likeness, and should what I have vowed to you be false, trample it *boncath your feet together* with the remembrance of me as unworthy a place in your dear heart. Such were the parting words of Lionel Grenvill to Isabel Douglas his affianced bride as he folded her to his heart for the last time previous to his departure on a continental tour ; but in one year, dearest, I shall return to love and Isabel.

Isabel could only answer by her tears,—she loved him with all the strength of woman's love—and although separated from him, yet she felt such a confidence in the depth of his affection that she was comparatively happy. But ah, deceive not thyself nor trust too much to man's promises for they are as transient as the bubble of the deep. His letters were at first couched in the warmest terms of love and faith, but soon they came less frequently, and she perceived a coldness in them that she could account for in no other manner than by the decrease of his love. It cannot be, thought she, that he does cease to love me, no ; and a thousand excuses were conjured up by her imagination.