

The breath would ebb away—but while he gazed
The blood regained his cheek—the fire his eye—
His arm was raised as though again he urged
An army on to battle. 'Twas brief—
One little instant—and the next he lay
Pillowed upon a rock. More faint he seemed
With every passing heart-beat—how he longed
For one with balmy words, to soothe the pangs
Of that most lonely hour—to quench the fire
Of death that burnt within him.

"Roll on!" he faintly said, "oh many an age
Thou glorious river, shall thy billows rage,
Ere from thy waters shall be washed away
The blood-stained record of these dreary hours.
Roll on! it seems but yesterday I sped,
With buoyant heart, my tiny boat o'er thee—
Laughed at thy billows, and with venturous arm
Dashed thy bold waves aside, when whistling winds
Played 'mong thy foaming breakers. Well I loved
The pleasure which thou gavest, although full oft
It earned unheeded chiding—unheeded then—
But many a time recalled, with tear-filled eye,
And quivering lip, when she whose holy love
Mourned for my boyish recklessness, was laid
With him she wept—in my dead father's grave.

Will any weep
When I have followed her—when death hath set
His dreaded seal on me. Will any mourn
O'er the dark bed where the lone soldier sleeps?
I have no mother, father, sister, son,
Brother nor friend—no kith or kin have I!
But there is *one*—one loving trusty heart
Hath often leant on mine. Will *she* forget?

No! never, no!
If ever heart, in its affection strong
Scorned the controul of death, hers—hers will beat
As true as truth, for me, when mine no more
Can with an earthly love, return its warmth.

Scarce had the word
Passed from his trembling lip, ere, hurrying on,
A maiden, who with eager eye had scanned
The faces of the dead, approached the bed
Where the lone soldier lay. Her eye caught his,
And bounding forth, her flexile arms were thrown
Wildly around him, and she knelt to lay
His head upon her bosom.

A tear-drop sprang
From his glazed eye, and trembled on his cheek,
And his lip moved—in vain—no sound revealed
The joys of joys that struggled in his breast;
But the fair hand that lay in his, was pressed
To the true heart that ne'er with life could cease
To think on her it loved.

Oh! it was sad

That mourning lovers' meeting. Death had held
Revel around them—the red earth was stained
With deeds of woe and crime; and that fair girl
Knelt by the wounded soldier, and her prayers
Arose to heaven for him.

'Twas love in death!

The struggle now was o'er—the soldier lay
A soulless corse in that fair maiden's arms;
And she, the only breathing mortal, sat
Alone among the dead. She did not shriek,
She did not move—no sound
Told of the agony her spirit felt;
But, mutely eloquent, awhile she gazed
Upon the face she loved, and then her form
Shuddered and fell—her heartstrings snapt in twain:
And they, the loving and the loved, were laid
Together in the tomb.

A military officer, who most cordially detested the
halberds, used as a substitute for flogging to expose
delinquents upon parade with a large iron bomb-shell
attached to one of their legs. One day, when several
men were undergoing the punishment, a sailor, who
by chance had strolled near, called out to his com-
panions, "My eyes, shipmates! only just look here;
I'm blest if here isn't a sodger at anchor."

Recollect, when you are married you are tied by
the leg, Sam! like one of our sodger deserters, you
have a chain dangling to your foot, with a plaguy
heavy shot at the end of it. It keeps you to one place
most all the time, for you can't carry it with you,
and you can't leave it behind you, and you can't do
nothin' with it.—*Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick.*

THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.

THE Mussulman writers speak of an ignorant Arab,
who, being asked how he knew any thing of the exis-
tence of a God, replied, "Just as I know by the
tracks in the sand, whether a man or a beast has
passed there; so when I survey the heavens with its
bright stars, and the earth with its productions, do I
feel the existence and power of God."

AN Englishman lately visiting Niagara Falls was
asked his opinion:—"Very neat, 'pon honour—very
neat!"

"I would," says Fox, "a tax devise—
That shall not fall on me:"—
"Then tax receipts," Lord North replies,
"For those you never see."