

for good, to assist him in the painfully-pleasing task of comforting Louisa's afflicted parents. Our path lay along the banks of a lake\* which has been celebrated from age to age, the picturesque beauty of which was at that moment heightened by the crimson rays of the sun just sinking behind the majestic range of the Jura, and given back to the eye in the tranquil mirror of the blue waters below; while it was rendered more deeply impressive by the mournful nature, though it was not without its peculiar alleviations, of the duty we were going to fulfil.

As we approached the spot, which had only that morning been bereft of one of its greatest ornaments, our minds would necessarily be occupied with a variety of emotions. The peaceful scene around us—the site of the house, which commanded an extensive view of the lake and the surrounding mountains, and had just received the farewell salutation of the setting sun—the vines which covered the hill descending by a rapid declivity to the edge of the water, that murmured faintly on the pebbly strand, appearing already to mourn the absence of his smiles; reminding us of that other vineyard in which we had been called to labor, where all “is joy and peace while our Master lifts up the light of his countenance,” but where gloom and sorrow succeed “the hidings of his face”—above all, the reflection that another spirit, delivered for ever from sin and its attendant trials, had winged its way to “the city of habitation,” and joined that “innumerable company,” which ceases not day or night to sing the new song, “Thou art worthy; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests”—was more than sufficient to move the most obdurate heart,

Praying, as we opened it, that it might be granted to us, “to speak a word in season,” my friend and I passed in silence the gate that conducted to “This sweet abode of piety and peace.”

Scarcely had we entered it, when we perceived that the Lord was there. No loud lamentation! No cries of agony “that would not be comforted!” No shrieks of despair! True it is, indeed, that when the inmates saw us, in the beautiful language of inspiration, “they lifted up their voices and wept;” yet theirs was a sorrow which “humbled itself under the mighty hand” that afflicted, and bowed without a murmur to the divine will—a sorrow that “had hope in death”—a sorrow, which would not surely be disowned of him who, “in the days of his flesh,” thought it not unbecoming his equality with God, to shed tears beside the grave of a departed friend.

When the first burst of grief, occasioned by our arrival, had in some degree subsided, we were shown into the chamber, whence the happy spirit of Louisa had taken its flight. Here it was, indeed, consolatory to witness the sufficiency of the grace of God. O, Sir, may we not cry, with the exultation of assured confidence, when we behold such blessed effects,

“Hail glorious Gospel! heavenly light whereby  
We live with comfort, and with comfort die;  
And view, beyond this gloomy scene, the tomb,  
A life of endless happiness to come.”

The father and mother of the departed saint now approached the bed together, on which was stretched the pale, lovely corpse, in whose countenance there was still a something that seemed to say to us, “Weep not for me!” and drawing back the curtains gazed on it for a few moments. The former then, as if yet unwilling to believe that all hope had vanished, put his hand upon her cheek; and as he did so, the tear rolled slowly from his eye, gently exclaimed, “My dear daughter!” The mother added, without emotion, “How changed since morning!”

During this touching scene, my friend and I stood silent spectators, admiring the wonders of that grace which could thus strengthen the tenderest of parents to survey, with the calmest resignation, the remains of a beloved child. Bereaved, it is true, they had been “of the delight of their eyes” by a “stroke,” the severity of which is known, perhaps, to none but those who have been called to endure its weight; yet were they conscious that she had only preceded them in bidding adieu to “the changes and chances

of this mortal scene; that she had only a little earlier than themselves exchanged time for eternity, earth for heaven. Therefore it was that, while they mourned over an only daughter thus prematurely snatched from their embraces, they were enabled to “rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

We then bowed down together in prayer; and, while my friend offered up “supplication with thanksgiving” on behalf of a family “sorrowful yet rejoicing,” we found how true it is, that “the throne of grace” is a refuge “that the world knows not of”—a refuge which all its smiles cannot purchase, and of which all its frowns cannot deprive.

A few days after, I had the melancholy pleasure of following what was mortal of Louisa to the grave. The place where she was laid was a sweet, though lonely spot, situated on an eminence, which seemed as if formed to guard the remains of “those who had fallen asleep in Jesus,” till the voice of the Archangel break the bands of death.

“Twas not a place for grief to nourish care,  
It breathed of hope and moved the heart to prayer.”

While we committed the body of our sister to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, we were comforted with the assurance that corruption would one day put on incorruption, and Louisa rise to the life immortal. And while we beheld her father kneel upon the sod that covered her, and heard him praise that gracious Lord who had sustained him under his trials, we felt that “the Gospel is” of a truth “the power of God.”

TO THE MEMORY OF LOUISA.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.—Psalm ciii. 15, 16.

Thus have I seen where two lone hills unite  
Their clear, cold waters from the Jura's height,  
Graceful and fair, the valley's vernal pride,  
A lily, smiling on the faithless tide.

'Twas very lovely, fragile, and consign'd  
Its tender sweetness to the waves and wind:  
It moved my pity; for the slightest storm,  
Methought, were heavy on so frail a form.  
At eve I wander'd, musing, by the spot,  
And sought its beauty—but, alas! 'twas not.

So bloom'd and past Louisa. Yet, while death  
Chill'd the sweet current of her vital breath;  
Affection, weeping o'er its tarnish'd gem,  
A flower, though faded, lovely on the stem,  
Wiped the warm tear that would bewail her rest,  
Or stay her longer in a world unblest.

Hush! from the distance, happy in its gloom,  
Didst thou not hear her call from out the tomb?  
“Weep not for me! Though death's dark vale I trod,  
'Twas but the spirit as it went to God:  
Weep not for me! here sin and sorrow cease;  
For here, dear Saviour, is thy reign of peace!  
Weep not for me! life's toils and trials past,  
My Lord receives me to his joy at last.”

QUESTION.—Whether Society or Solitude be most preferable, in order to the noblest ends of man?

ANSWER.—Some of the best thoughts on both sides may be met with in Mr. Cowley's Essay for Solitude, and Mr. Evelyn's against it. Honest old Aristotle has summed up almost all that can be said in a few words. “A solitary life,” says he, “is either brutal or divine, above or below a man.” Whence his other assertion is clear, a man must be a poetical, or, if you will, a social animal. We must confess, could we believe a man answered the end of his creation by an ascetic hermetical life, we do not doubt but it would give the highest pleasure he is capable of in the world, by contemplation and meditation. But we are not yet so happy, nor ought we to be so,—that being a cowardly sort of content, which is got by running away from whatever displeases. Should all good men thus take a whim of leaving the world, what would become of it? And would it not be just such a piece of justice and kindness, as for all the physicians in a nation to go and live in a wilderness, lest their patients should infect them? We do not in the least doubt but that it is much more difficult to live honestly in the midst of so many thousand temptations, which are unavoidable in this world, than to do so when retired from all things of that nature. But, though difficult, it is possible, and the more difficulty the more honor, Not but that we think the greatest trial a truly good

man will have of his virtue, while he remains on the scene of action, lies on the contrary side to that where it is generally suspected. He has more need of his patience than his temperance; and he must be better humoured than most men, if, when he once knows it well, he does not almost lose all his charity for this world.

BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

The British Constitution is the proudest political monument of the combined and progressive wisdom of man; throughout the whole civilized world its preservation ought to be prayed for, as a choice and peerless model, uniting all the beauties of proportion, with all the solidity of strength. But nothing human is perfect, and experience has shown that this proud monument of human wisdom, wants that which its earlier designers had conceived that it possessed; a self-preserving power. Those therefore are its truest friends who are most vigilant and unremitting in their efforts to keep it from corruption, and to guard it from decay; whose veneration, as it regards what it has been, and whose affection, as it relates to what it may be, is exceeded only by their fears for its safety, when they reflect upon what it is. And it is a feeling as dishonourable to those who entertain it, as unmerited by those against whom it is entertained, to suspect that those hearts and hands that are most zealous and vigilant in preserving this beautiful fabric from decay, would not be equally brave and energetic in defending it from danger.

QUESTION.—Whether Riches and Honour are really of that intrinsic value as the eager and general thirst after them would argue?

ANSWER.—It has been affirmed that opinion is the rate of things; but a truer maxim is, that reason is the true rate of things, and truth is always itself without change. When, if I take my measure in any thing according to my opinion to-day, I may change them again to-morrow, and both times miss the truth, and so make a third choice, which fully shews the etymology of an opinionist, viz. one that looks only on the surface, or appearance of things, which is a very mean character for a rational being. Riches or property are as they are used, and not as they are esteemed, unless by wise men. A man cannot be unhappy under the most depressed circumstances, if he uses his reason, not his opinion; for those ends it was sent him; and the most exalted fortunes are, if reason be not consulted, the subject of a wise man's pity. Bajazet the first, after he had lost the city of Sebastia, and therein Orthobulus his eldest son, as he marched with his great army against Tamerlane, heard a country shepherd merrily diverting himself with his homely pipe, as he sat upon the side of a mountain, feeding his poor flock. The king stood still a great while listening to him, to the great admiration of his nobility about him; at last, fetching a deep sigh, he broke forth into these words, “O happy shepherd, who hast neither Orthobulus nor Sebastia to lose!”

It is not known where he that invented the plough was born, or where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world, than the whole race of heroes and of conquerors, who have drenched it with tears, and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage, and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.

He who bears and forbears, will always be a valuable member of society, whatever may be his situation in life.

FANATICISM.—Fanaticism, whether religious or philosophic, is the child of Pride, a violent and terrible power! Reason, on the contrary, even when she deceives us, is a mild and tranquil influence, free from passion, and never inducing men to quarrel with each other.

BEASTLY INTOXICATION.—Not long since, an old cow, as if to shame men, and see how much below the common brute level she could go, ventured up to a certain still-hot door—drank herself tipsy, as most others do who frequent such places— staggered away as no brute ever staggered before, fell down, and died.—Western Intelligence.

\*The Lake of Geneva.