

ber of her mother. Before leaving the room, she drew the ring from her finger, and passing a ribbon through it, she suspended it round her neck. Then, striving to assume a look of calmness which sat but ill upon her pale and troubled face, she sought the chamber of her mother, whose slumber still continued, and this gave Ellen time to collect her scattered thoughts before she should again meet those eyes which had always beamed upon her with confidence and love, and whose glance she had never feared to meet, till now.

(To be continued.)

CONSUMPTION.

BY THE LATE JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ., 42ND REGT.

She was a thing of morn, with the soft calm
Of summer evening in her pensive air;
Her smile came o'er the gazer's heart like balm,
To soothe away all sorrows save despair;
Her radiant brow scarce wore a trace of care—
A sunny lake, where, imaged you might trace
Of hope and memory, all that's bright and fair—
Where no rude breath of passion came to chase,
Like winds from summer waves, its heaven from that
sweet face.

As one who looks on landscapes beautiful,
Will feel their spirit all his soul pervade,
E'en as the heart grows stiller by the lull
Of falling waters when the winds are laid;
So he who gazed upon this gentle maid,
Imbued a sweetness never felt before.
Oh! when with her through autumn's fields I've strayed,
A brighter hue the lingering wildflowers wore,
And sweeter was the song the wild bird warbled o'er.

Then came consumption with her languid moods,
Her soothing whispers, and her dreams that seek
To nurse themselves in shades and solitudes:
She came with hectic glow and wasted cheek,
And still the maiden pined more wan and weak,
Till her declining loveliness each day,
Faded like the second bow; yet she would speak
The words of hope, e'en while she passed away,
Amidst the closing clouds, and faded ray by ray.

She died i'th' bud of being, in the spring,
The time of flowers, and songs, and balmy air,
'Mid opening blossoms she was withering;
But thus 'twas ever with the good and fair—
The loved of Heaven:—ere yet the hand of care
Upon the snowy brow hath set his seal,
Or Time's hour frost comes down to bleach the hair,
They fade away, and scape what others feel,
The pangs that pass not by—the wounds that never
heal.

They laid her in the robes that wrap the dead—
So beautiful in rest, ye scarce might deem
From form so fair the gentle spirit fled,
But only lapped in some Elysian dream;
And still the glory of a vanished beam,
The lingering halo of a parted ray,
Shed o'er her lonely sleep its latest gleam
Like evening's roselight when the summer's day
Hath fled o'er sea and shore—and faded far away.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY IMIAC.

Star of the evening, peaceful star and lovely!
Haste thee to rise in all thy brightness beaming,
And from thy throne behold our earthly dwelling,
Flmet enchanting!

Now not a cloud through heaven is intervening,
Hushed is the last faint sigh from Thine breathing,
And the deep lake in waveless silence shining,
Waits to reflect thee.

Whether thou art perchance a radiant mansion
Decked for a sinless race of Seraph being,
Or on thy plains be heard to our's responsive,
Sorrow and gladness.

Haste thee to rise! a thousand young eyes smiling,
All lovely as the glowing train thou leadest,
O'er the wide lands with many a song of softness
Gladly shall hail thee.

Thou art the trembling virgin's voiceless signal,
While at the chosen hour the youth impatient
Waits to behold thee rise, and ris'n adores thee,
Never deceiving!

Many an aged mother's tears of transport,
Many an aged sire's have fondly hailed thee,
Many a sister's grateful smile received thee,
Author of Mercy.

Far o'er the briny waste when storms were raging,
And the wild waves of ocean madly foaming,
While the deep sun was hid, nor one poor beam
Lost Delia yielded.

Thou, my bright beacon, o'er the cloud suspending,
Oft hast beheld the grateful prow pursue thee,
And the dark rock that lurked in ambush deadly
Robbed of its victim.

Whether he sailed the dark Mæotis over,
Or where famed Ister rolls his wearied water,
Or where high Calpe braves the western billow,
Fearfully foaming.

Or when his round of patient toil is o'er,
And a brief respite to the swain is yielded
Thee from his humble home he sits beholding,
As thou descendest;

While all around his blooming children joyful,
Urge the gay dance or mix in sportive revel,
And by her goodman's side, stands pleased and smiling,
Their happy mother.

Thee, too, the sage, his rock-hewn cell deserting,
While from below the silent shades are stealing,
From the dim mountain's side enraptured hails, and
Deeply revolveth.

He in thy mystic wanderings, rapt with wonder,
As on the downward wave of heaven thou sailest,
Traces the hand of thine All-wise, Eternal,
Wonderful Author.