

phantoms of the brain which aggravate every present suffering, that feeds such morbid fancies—racking cough and burning thirst, the feverish pain of accumulated ills—suffering from hunger and cold—unable to read, with no refuge from wasting thought, and heart-sick yearnings—feeling as if a burden upon the sympathy and efforts of those who are willing to bestow them, and helpless beneath unfeeling reproaches of selfish unkindness. Imagining all those evils, the situation of James H—— may be conjured up, not in the smallest degree exaggerated, and then in contemplation of this scene of want and suffering, does his patience strike us in its brightest phase. It is examples such as his that teach us how humanity should bear the sorrows imposed by a mightier and a wiser will.

Nearly a year had passed away since the commencement of his illness; a long and dreary winter had been experienced, but his sufferings were now drawing to a close; he had borne his burden well and the All-Merciful inflicted nothing more. His little strength failed rapidly, his cough for some time increased and then left him altogether. He knew the voyage was nearly over, and he feared no shipwreck now. But his intense yearning once more to look upon the blue waters, where so many of his years were passed, grew more passionate and strong. 'Oh, I could die in peace if I could only see the sea again,' was his vehement expression. The window of the cottage commanded a slight peep of the distant ocean, but so faint that only a keen eye could discern it plainly. A few days before his death, his father yielded to his entreaty and carried him to the window, that he might have one last look at the element with which he had been familiar from boyhood. But his sight had failed him, he could barely discern the faint trace of the Atlantic Ocean, his strength was gone, and he begged to be laid down once more—never to rise again.

A little while, and all was over. The closing scene of the voyage had been very stormy, and faintly shone the stars through the gathering darkness, but he felt that the sailor on the ocean of life, has a sure chart, which if used aright will lead to a safer port than ever received the earthly mariner; where, after the waves of a tempestuous sea, he may rest in peace and happiness. It mattered little then to poor H—— in that harbour of refuge, how rough had been his passage or how numerous the quicksands—

*"When the shore is won at last
Who will count the billows past."*

He died as he lived, patiently, humbly. When the hand of death was at last visible on his frame, his stepmother, to find favour in the eyes of her neighbours, affected tears of sorrow at his condition. And even then, in that last moment, as he watched her heartless duplicity, the keen flush of indignation passed over his dying face, leaving it more pallid than before. It seemed sacrilege so to disturb the repose of the dying.