

diet, produced a favourable change in little Harry—but to Fanny's grievous disappointment it was only temporary, for before the bottle of wine was half emptied, or the arrow-root consumed, he relapsed into his former state of debility and languor. Fanny was greatly discouraged and alarmed,—but the apothecary happening to call in, told her she was pursuing the right course—so she thought she would follow it a few days longer, and if Hal then grew no better, she resolved to ask for him the advice of some experienced physician. An unexpected circumstance, however, hastened the execution of this purpose and wrought a material change in the situation of Fanny and her brother.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

### LINES,

#### ON THE DEATH OF A MOST BELOVED CHILD.

And this is death? Ah! yes, 'tis he,  
And yet so lovely in its form,  
That one might fancy, through these veins,  
There courses still, the life-blood warm:  
So fair, so sweetly calm art thou,  
While death's cold signet's on thy brow.

Thy cheek hath lost the brilliant glow  
Which thy soft skin was wont to dye,  
While on its marble surface now,  
The dark fringed lid droops wearily;  
The beaming eye is closed in death,  
Hushed is the soft, and fragrant breath.

Thy lips are parted, by a smile  
Of holy, pure, and chastened light,  
Unlike the eager laugh of joy,  
Which burst from thee, 'mid health's delight.  
That smile, it is sereener far,  
Than morning dawn or evening star.

What doth it speak, my angel babe?  
Tells it of joys, unknown before,  
That in Christ's arms, o'er death's cold wave  
Thou'rt safely borne to th' heavenly shore—  
Thy soul hath found a joyful rest,  
Forever pure, forever blest?

But yet, I feel with anguish keen,  
That thou art gone in life's first morn,  
And spon from me, ah! dreary thought,  
Thy precious body will be torn.  
That form I've cherished next my heart,  
And must I, can I, from it part?

Oh! what can soothe my sorrowing soul,  
While dwelling on a scene like this,  
And pressing on th' unconscious brow  
One tender, lingering, parting kiss?  
Nay, all thy joys are worthless now,  
Vain to alleviate my woe.

But ah! a gleam of holy light  
Irradiates this dreary hour,  
Dawning upon my breaking heart,

And soothing it with heavenly power:  
This light which can such peace afford,  
Is found not, but in God's own word.

Then if with anxious love I ask  
Where is my darling cherished one?  
In accents kind, this word replies,  
"He dwelleth now near Jesus' throne:  
For Christ, 'the Lord our righteousness,'  
Hath said, 'Of such my kingdom is.'"

And if I ask, why am I tried  
By agony, and grief like this?  
It still replies, "'Tis sent in love  
To fit thy soul for heavenly bliss;  
For whom God loves He chastens still,  
To mould them to His holy will."

Oh! blessed Bible! thanks be given  
To God, who sent this word to man,  
Revealing, in its priceless truths,  
"The glorious Gospel," wondrous plan  
To save from death, our fallen race,  
Restoring man to holiness.

Haste then, oh, Lord! the happy time,  
When through this earth thy truth shall spread,  
While o'er the darkened mind of man  
Its holy influence is shed:  
Then new-born souls, shall praise thy name,  
And heaven be found on earth again.  
July 18, 1843.

### OH! WHAT A GLORIOUS TASK WAS THINE.

BY E. J. D.

"And there appeared an angel unto him from Heaven, strengthening him."—LUKE, xxii. 43.

On, what a glorious task was thine,  
Thou spirit high and blest!  
To comfort in the hour of woe  
The Saviour's anguish'd breast:

To pour into his weary soul  
The gift of strength, to bear—  
And from his tortured brow to wipe  
The drops of misery there.

To bring, when earthly friendship failed,  
God's comfort from above,  
And fill his sad and heavy heart  
With all the Father's love.

Blest angel—blest beyond all thought!  
Surely that hour to thee  
Was fraught with joy, enough to fill  
Thy whole eternity!

Oh, Jesus! who art now so high,  
So perfect in thy rest,  
Would, for Humanity's sweet sake,  
Thou wert again distressed—

That we might shame e'en angels' love.  
In pity for thy pain,  
And prove, with tearful gratitude,  
Thou hast not died in vain.