

She charmed his soul,—and won him to forget
 The cherish'd dead, he had so long deplor'd.
 With timid touch, he clasped her small white hand
 And led her to his tent, and knelt with her
 Before his hoary sire—the Patriarch smil'd,
 And bless'd their mutual love, and prayed of God,
 To hold them in the hollow of his hand,
 Safe from all harm,—from sin's pollution free,
 Till they were gather'd to their final rest,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.
 And there in Sarah's place, Rebekah dwelt,
 Dispensing joy, and shedding o'er the heart
 Of him she came to bless, comfort and peace,
 Till in the gentle light of her dear love,
 He mourn'd with soften'd grief for her who slept
 Within Machpelah's cave.

E. L. C.

Montreal, November 15, 1838.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE DEATH-BED.

It is sad to look upon the anguished features of those who mourn the death of one they love—aye, though the departed may have died in the fulness of honoured years. The mourner, when he sees the place vacant, so long filled by the one now lost, cannot calculate that nature hath waited until the last hour, to claim the debt so long owed to our first father's crime, and if he weep as one not altogether without hope, it is in the blest belief that an all-good Redeemer hath promised a new life to those who die in him.

But, oh! it is doubly sad to see the aged and toil-worn sorrowing for the departure of those who are yet scarcely beyond the rosy freshness of life's spring-time—to see the young and promising shoot cut off, and the old tree left to wither, alone and leafless, the spring of its existence dried.

A grey-haired mother sat by the bedside of her dying one—the last of many, whose sunny smiles had softened the sorrow of her widowed heart—whom she, fragile as she seemed, had seen, each following each, laid beside their unforgotten sire, under the hallowed turf in “the old kirkyard.” Her eye was tearless, and her brow was calm; but the pale cheek and the quivering lip, told of the warring tempest of agony within. The dying one was a fair being, whose life had been prolonged only until that time when the world is dearest, for she had herself felt the joyous cares of the young mother's heart, and her cherub boy now lay on her bosom, and his young fingers wandered among her clustering tresses—childhood playing on the breast of death. It was a melancholy scene; but while life lasted, she would not lose his loved caross.

And he, the lover-husband!—how his writhen features speak of the struggling agony at his heart of hearts, while he gazes upon her in whom his earthly hope is centred, gasping for the departing breath. He cannot yet yield to the hope with which she is buoyed, that they shall soon meet where there is no parting—he only sees the dread gulf which shall separate them, dreaming not how soon he shall himself pass it. It were well for him, could he read a lesson of patient sorrow from the time-worn mother of her he loves. But she is inured to woe—her heart and hopes are already with the grave—to her it indeed seems the bourne for which the weary traveller longs.

And she is dead! and the stricken husband gazes upon the pale countenance that so lately gave back his glance of true affection, and his soul-heaving sigh is unheard and unheeded by her who was ever so ready to share his grief or pain. The form so lately animate with loving life, is cold and passionless as the earth in which it shall soon rest.

The fountains of the heart now overflow, and the tears course freely over many cheeks. It were unwise to check too rudely the current of their grief. Never was one more worthy of the purest tribute of human sympathy. Gentle and kind, she was one of those rare beings whom all admire, and her bosom ever heaved with the sympathetic sigh, when scenes of sorrow met her eye or ear.

Weep on! weep on! and when thy tears have calmed the wounded spirit, thou wilt feel that He who is all-wise hath only claimed of thee that which is fully due—reliance on His will! And, oh! remember, and therein thou wilt find that which should console, that by following as nearly as frail humanity permits, the example of Him who was meek and lowly, thou wilt again meet her for whom thy soul yearns, in that world where there are no tears—where, together ye may again offer the song of praise and love, free from the grosser earth which encumbered her gentle spirit here!

YOUNG girls, who have more vivacity than understanding, will often make a sprightly figure in conversation. But this agreeable talent for entertaining others is frequently dangerous to themselves; nor is it by any means to be desired or encouraged very early in life. This immaturity of wit is helped on by frivolous reading, which will produce its effect in much less time than books of solid instruction; for the imagination is touched sooner than the understanding; and effects are more rapid as they are more pernicious. Conversation should be the *result* of education, not the *precursor* of it. It is a golden fruit, when suffered to grow gradually on the tree of knowledge; but, if precipitated by forced and unnatural means, it will in the end become vapid, in proportion as it is artificial.