

remained on my memory—"Lead her not into temptation, but deliver her from evil." This was my mother's last prayer! in that imperfect sentence her gentle voice went out forever.—Young as I was, that prayer had entered my heart with a solemn strength. I raised my head from its beautiful resting-place, and gazed awe-stricken upon the face of my mother. O, how an hour had changed! The crimson flush was quenched in her cheeks, a moisture lay upon her forehead, and the grey mysterious shadows of death were stealing over each thin feature, yet her lips still moved, and her deep blue eyes were bent on me, surcharged with spiritual brightness, as if they would have left one of their vivid, unearthly rays, as the seal of her death-bed covenant. Slowly as the sunbeams pale at nightfall from the leaves of a flower, went out the star-like fire of her eyes; a mist came over them, softly as the dew might fall upon that flower, and she was dead. Even then I knew not the meaning of the solemn change I had witnessed, but when they bore me forth from my mother's death-bed, my heart was filled with fear and misgiving.

All were overwhelmed with the weight of their own sorrow, and I was permitted to wander around my desolated home unchecked and forgotten. I stood wondering by as they shrouded my mother, and smoothed the long hair over her pale forehead. Silently I watched them spread the winding-sheet, and fold those small pale hands over her bosom, but when they closed the blinds, and went forth, my little heart swelled with a sense of unkindness in shutting out the sunshine, and the sweet summ. air which had so often called a smile to her lips, when it came to her bed fragment from the rose thickets, and the white clover-field, which lay beneath the windows they so cruelly darkened. The gloom of that death chamber made me very sorrowful, but I went to the bed, turned down the linen, and laid my hand caressingly on the pale face which lay

so white and motionless in the dim light. It was cold as ice. I drew back affrighted, and, stealing from the room sat down alone, wondering and full of dread.

They buried her beneath a lofty tree on the high bank of a river. A waterfall raises its eternal anthem near by, and the sunset flings his last golden shadows among the long grass that shelters her. I remember it all; the grave with its newly broken sod—the coffin placed on its brink. The clergyman with his black surplice sweeping the earth, and the concourse of neighbours gathered around that grave, each lifting his hat reverently as the solemn hymn swelled on the air, answered by the lofty anthem surging up from the waterfall, and the breeze rustling through the dense boughs of that gloomy tree.

Then came the grating of the coffin as it was lowered into its narrow bed, the dull; hollow sound of the falling earth, and those most solemn words of "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes." With mournful distinctness were all these things impressed on my young mind, but my mother's last prayer is written more forcibly than all, in characters that but deepen with maturity. It has lingered about my heart a blessing and a safeguard, pervading it with a music that cannot die. Many times, when the heedlessness of youth would have led me into error, has that sweet voice, now hushed for ever, intermingled with my thoughts, and like the rosy links of fairy chain, drawn me to my purpose. Oft when my brow has been wreathed with flowers for the festival, when my cheek has been flushed, and my eyes have sparkled with anticipated pleasure, have I caught the reflection of those eyes in the mirror, and thought of the look which rested upon me when my mother died—that broken supplication to Heaven has come back to my memory, the clustering roses have been torn from my head; sad, gentle memories have drank the unnatural glow from my cheeks, and my thoughts have been