

if it were to be obtained by such a union, and much was done to hinder it. At length, only the fear that her already shaken health would give way under the struggle, led her father to give his consent; and while yet only in her nineteenth year, she became a wife. As soon as she had taken possession of her own house, I went to visit her.

I found her busily occupied with household care, and her eye brightened as I entered; but while I sat, a sadness often gathered over her countenance, which made me fear that some cankerworm already lodged amid this opening blossom of earthly joy.

The all-engrossing occupations of a wife and a mother seemed soon to absorb her whole being; and Lilly, ever busy at home, was never seen elsewhere,—so busy, indeed, that one felt as if intruding when they ventured, for a little while, to seat themselves by her fire. On all such occasions, one only theme occupied her,—the training of her children; and I often remarked, that her husband's name was never mentioned; but, ere long, I learned from others, that there was too good cause for this strange silence. What she so carefully concealed, I desired not to uncover;—it is enough to say, that the midnight hours, which she passed in watching and laboring for him and his children, were spent by her husband in scenes of folly and of vice; and that the fruit of his industry, which should have ministered to her comfort, was often bestowed on those who loved not her peace; but still she labored, and still she suffered unrepiningly, and still she gladly welcomed him when he came; and when arrested in his career of heartless folly by the stern hand of disease, she nursed and tended with as much devotion the last fleeting days of his life, as if the strength and vigor of its prime had been consecrated to her; and she mourned, in the hour of his removal, with a bitterness which that heart only knows that can cling, even amid unkindness and neglect, to the object which has once secured the homage of its warmest affection; and now, this object removed, her heart seemed to turn with increased love to her children. But, alas! here too it was to be wounded and torn.

A neglected wife is too often a dishonored mother. The son too surely follows in the steps his father trod; and when she who meekly and silently bore the transgressions of a husband, perseveres to reprove the same in a vicious son, how often are words of indignant contempt the only return!

But even worse than this was her lot. Hard words were succeeded by harder blows, until both flesh and heart failed under them. And where now is the daughter who had once been her joy and delight, while her mother languishes on the bed of sickness and of death?

She too has forgotten her. The magic cir-

cles of the merry dance enchant, and she cannot leave it.

It was on the afternoon of Hallowe'en that I last entered her dwelling. I had not marked the day, and thought not of it; but I found her alone, and she assigned this as the reason.

She was so weak, I could with difficulty catch the words she uttered; but they were words of peace and hope, and spoke of a Friend and Comforter ever present,—of a home prepared, where there could lack no joy.

While I listened, the change of death seemed to pass over her countenance, and I felt I could not leave her; but I went to call a neighbor, to whom I imparted my fears. It was indeed the change of death; and in one short hour, the work of the last enemy was done.

I gazed on her worn and pallid face, aged through sorrow, though still in her prime, and remembered the merry happy girl I had once seen her. "Behold what desolation he hath wrought!" was the utterance of my heart; and never did the work of the Redeemer seem more glorious, nor the hope of His speedy coming, to deliver from the hand of the oppressor the whole creation, more precious, than in that sad and solemn hour.

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CATARACTS OF THE ORINOCO.

From the rock of Manima a wonderful prospect is enjoyed. A foaming surface of four miles in length presents itself at once to the eye: Iron-black masses of rock resembling ruins and battlemented towers rise frowning from the waters. Rocks and islands are adorned with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropical forests; a perpetual mist hovers over the waters, and the summits of the lofty palms pierce through the cloud of spray and vapour. When the rays of the glowing evening sun are refracted in these humid exhalations, a magic optical effect begins. Coloured bows shine, vanish, and reappear; and the ethereal image is swayed to and fro by the breath of the sportive breeze. During the long rainy season the streaming waters, bring down islands of vegetable mould, and thus the naked rocks are studded with bright flower beds adorned with *Melastomas* and *Droseras*, and with small silver-leaved *mimosas* and ferns. These spots recall to the recollection of the European those blocks of granite decked with flowers which rise solitary amidst the glaciers of Savoy, and are called by the dwellers in the Alps "Jardins," or "Courtils."

In the blue distance the eye rests on the mountain chain of Cunavami, a long extended ridge which terminates abruptly in a truncated cone. We saw the latter (Calitamini is its Indian name) glowing at sunset as if in roseate flames. The appearance returns daily; and no one has ever been near the mountain