

The Pastor fell on his knees in the moonlight, and clasped his hands, apparently lost to what was passing around.

" Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his grey holy hair."

" But ah! that patriarch's aspect shone,
With something holier far—
A radiance all the spirits own,
Caught not from sun or star.

" And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'erweeping death."

" Grandfather!—dearest grandfather!" said Jane in trembling tones, placing her hand on his shoulder.

" I am called away," softly ejaculated the Pastor, looking upwards. " Hark!—again! I come—I come! Lord receive my spirit!" and so saying he fell on his face.

He was immediately raised and carried to the mansion, where festivity and mirth still reigned with unbroken sway, but were now to be suddenly banished by the awful tidings of *sudden death*. But the habitual state of preparation for eternity in which the Pastor had lived, together with his great age, precluded any feelings of extraordinary surprise or horror at the event.

The mansion witnessed no more bridal merriment, but a solemnity, rather than any more oppressive feeling, pervaded it. The friends kept the singular circumstances of his death secret among themselves. The shock was soon subdued to a placid hallowed regret, saving only in the bosom of Lady Hester, who never smiled afterwards. She lived to an advanced age always firmly