

Let it suffice now to know the mind will be happy hereafter, happy for ever—if it has delighted to contemplate the universe and investigate its phenomena, not only because it found therein an inexhaustible source of wonder and enjoyment, or solely from an intellectual thirst, but if remembering—"The tree of knowledge is 'nt that of life,"—it has sought to look into the mysteries of creation, and admire each discovery as a new development of Almighty Power, and has been led to bow with increasing reverence and awe before the glory and majesty of its Creator—if it has learned to recognise the hand of Jehovah in all events, delighted in His government, adored His attributes, desired to be like Him, it will go on unto perfection until it be "filled with all the fullness of God." For eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive, the things which God hath laid up for them that love him.



THE CONQUEROR.

It was a battle field;
 The work of death was done,
 And, like a crimson shield,
 Down sank the rayless sun.
 The trumpet's blare, the shout,
 The dread artillery's roar,
 The carnage and the rout
 Shook the red plain no more.
 Surrounded by the dead,
 Wherever strayed his eyes,
 His gory steed his bed,
 Young Harold strove to rise.
 Vain was the effort—vain!
 The death-wound in his side,
 The ebbing blood—the pain,
 Life's rallying power defied.
 "And must I, then," he said,
 "With all my dreams of fame,
 Of hosts to conquest led,
 Perish without a name!
 Oh, for my mother's voice!
 My home, my native sky!
 And her, my fond heart's choice,
 For whom in death I sigh!"
 He ceased. A page, whose hair
 Stream'd loosely on the breeze,
 Sank wounded by him there;
 It is herself he sees!
 Death! thou can'st not appal!
 Ambition! quit the field!
 Love is the Conqueror—all
 To woman's love must yield!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Love, in the heart of woman, is paradox, a strange compound of contrarieties—a bright and beautiful hope, overshadowed by anxiety and fear—a sweet and thrilling delight, troubled by the keenest sorrow. It is a plant that springs up and attains perfection instantaneously, yet are its roots so deeply imbedded in the soil which nurtures it, that no blast of adversity can disfigure its foliage; no storms of passion mar its enduring beauty. It is a flower of the brightest hues and sweetest fragrance, which bursts into full and perfect loveliness at the very instant of budding! Its brilliant colouring never fades—its grateful perfume never passes away, and while the life blood is warm within the heart that cherishes it, that flower is never known to change. Its early companions, Hope and Happiness, may pass away for ever—life may grow dark with despair—Poverty, Pain, and Sorrow, may come and shed their blighting influence around it, still it remains unchanged. The cold breath of indifference and neglect may be the only airs that fan it, still it does not wither. The rude foot of insult and oppression may seek to destroy it, by trampling it to the earth, but it will rise again in its purity, and the wrongs it suffers be forgotten, in the remembrance of earlier years, and the soft and serene loveliness of its spring time will again return in its freshness, and bloom. It is a beautiful mystery. Who can comprehend it?



WESTMINSTER HALL.—This stately relic is of exceeding great antiquity, its origin extending beyond the reach of either record or tradition. The first mention of it occurs in the time of Edward the Confessor, who, as we learn from the testimony of Ingulphus and others, kept his royal court at Westminster, and dying there, was buried in the monastery which he had built. Edward the first, established it as the regular residence of the sovereign, and either totally rebuilt it, or added to it so very largely, as generally to claim with posterity the honour of being the original founder. Westminster Hall has long been reputed to be the greatest room in Europe which is not supported by pillars, its length being 270 feet, breadth 74, and the height in proportion; but the size may be better estimated, when we are told that Henry the Third entertained in this Hall, and other rooms, on New Year's Day, 1236, six thousand poor men, women, and children.—It became ruinous before the year 1397, when