

growth, so, also, Ordellia was slowly destroying her health. The day arrived when they expected another to bless their family circle. Great hopes were entertained that the little stranger might be a daughter ; to their joy, their hopes were realized. Alas ! how often when the heart rejoices in the very height of happiness, the cherished blessing is removed, and that heart is left to bleed with anguish, until it saps at the fountain springs of life. So it was with them.

The fair flower was taken away, e'er she knew her mother's smiles. Many think that the death of an infant, before it has entwined itself around the affections, by its tender smiles, and its winning voice, is but a small source of sorrow. 'Tis not so with the fond mother, who in her anguish has seen her beloved infant form carried away, and she unable to follow to see where they have laid it. How sadly does she feel the loss. She even longs to bestow that care upon some object, which it would have been her pleasure to have performed for her child. She arouses from her quiet slumber at the slightest noise. It is my child, is the first thought flits through her mind. But, alas ! she finds her child is not there, and the encouraging truth flashes across her aching breast, that she will never more behold its lovely face in this world ; that it is among the bright angels of God, who are his peculiar favorites ; and perhaps, at that very moment, its little spirit is hovering around her head, whispering this cheering sentence, " Weep not for me. "