

"My son, you will soon be deprived of a mother's love and care. You hear me speak for the last time on earth; but when my voice is hushed in death, and my body laid low in the tomb, remember my dying words. Resist temptation; and if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Pray to thy God, morning and evening; and when you kneel alone, remember how often I have knelt down with you, and told you that you had a parent in heaven, who would always take care of you. May your mother's dying blessing rest upon your head through all the trials of this life; and when you are tempted to sin, remember that her last breath was spent in prayer for you." She paused for a moment, and when she spoke again her voice was faint and husky.

"My husband, come hither; place your hand beneath my head, and let me rest upon your bosom. I would feel your breath upon my cheek, and hear your voice once more."

He did as he was desired, but a convulsive sob shook the strong man's frame as he pressed her to his heart, and the tears that he struggled not to restrain, flowed down his cheeks. She raised her eyes, beaming with the intensity of woman's love and exclaimed with sudden energy, "Oh! 'tis very hard to part with you; but we shall meet again, in heaven."

Her head sunk back, a slight convulsive passion over the pale face, and was succeeded by a smile, and all was still. The mourners were alone with the dead. The eyes that once beamed with love and gladness were closed, the tongue that never spoke but to bless was silent, and the heart that beat with all the woman's generous feelings and warm affection was still forever.

The wife and the mother was dead, but she still lives in the hearts which had loved her. The son never forgot her dying words; and in after years, when upon the verge of crime the same sweet voice seemed to whisper in his ear, "My son, resist temptation." That husband never suffered another to beguile his heart from its homage to the dead, but ever treasured her memory, and looked forward to the time when he should meet her in a happier world, never again to part.

A CHAPTER ON TEMPER.

How inconceivably would the social and public happiness of man be improved, by the universal prevalence of good temper. The principal evils of life are not inevitable. They do not arise from poverty which cannot be averted, or pain and sickness which cannot be avoided, but from the infictions of bad temper. We suffer from the ebullitions of others, and what is worse, we suffer from our own. The passionate, the fretful and peevish, the irritable, the provoking, the envious, not only scare peace from their own bosoms, but drive it from their firesides and neighbourhoods. Like the ocean, they are never at rest, but foaming, roaring, and "casting up mire and dirt." Evil temper is a fiend, which, on its entrance, has converted a happy house into a bedlam, alienated the dearest friends, and clouded the most pleasing prospects of worldly enjoyment.

"How happy," said Lorenzo, "must Philander be: his estate is large; his house, garden, and park are furnished with every luxury which invention could suggest, or wealth purchase; his wife is beautiful and intelligent, and his children are growing up around him in health and manly beauty."

But how mistaken was Lorenzo; true happiness was a stranger to Philander's house; passionate and fretful, he would neither be happy himself, nor suffer those around him to be happy. His servants hated him, his children feared and avoided him, and his wife was rendered discontented and peevish by his unreasonable petulance.

The inevitable ills of life might be endured with comparative ease, were it not for the perpetual annoyances from this source. What is

poverty to a mind which is exempt from envy and peevishness? And what is pain to one whose mind is at peace? But evils of this kind are indefinitely increased in magnitude and pungency, where they fall upon one who has not learned to control and subdue his own temper.

Serenity of temper beautifies the countenance, and counteracts a mere defect in features; it beams forth so pleasantly as to attract general admiration: while, on the contrary, the most regular and beautiful features are distorted by the scowl which a bad temper imprints upon them.

Who, then, wishes to be beautiful and beloved, a blessing to themselves and to all around them? let them cultivate a right temper, which shall neither annoy themselves, nor disturb their neighbours; and never let it be forgotten, that in order to success, the holy aids to religion must be sought.—*Presbyterian.*

BIOGRAPHY.

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NOTES ON THE LAST ILLNESS OF MRS. HEMANS.

"For she was born beyond the stars to soar,
And kindling at the source of life adore."

It is peculiarly delightful to the intelligent and devout mind to learn, in any instance, that an individual possessed of superior acquirement, and pre-eminent talent, is under the influence of the grace of the gospel, and that that individual enters eternity, reposing unlimited confidence in the love and atonement of the Redeemer; and when this person is one who exerts a commanding power over his age, as a writer, whether in prose or poetry, it is most refreshing to ascertain that the divinity of the Christian religion is recognized; and the claims of that religion are experienced; and that in the dying hour the supports of that religion are enjoyed.

Few writers of the age, it is obvious, have imparted so much pleasure to persons of cultivated minds, poetic taste and sensibility, in every district of the land, as the late Mrs. Hemans; and in the productions of few female authors do we find more beautiful specimens of polished language, vigorous imagination, graceful, tender, and glowing thought. The versification of her poems, the imagery employed, the range of subject, and the vivid and impressive manner in which her principal compositions are penned, combine to render her one of the most captivating and influential writers of the British empire. How delightful, then, is it for the Christian to be able to cherish the hope that, during her last illness, she was brought effectually to the Saviour, and that when she expired, she died calmly and happily in the Lord,

—"Soaring to the world of light, and fadeless joys above."

A few concise notes to exemplify the correctness of these observations, may prove interesting and beneficial to every enlightened believer in Jesus who peruses these pages, and may augment the gratification of those who often read her exquisite poems, "A Domestic Scene;" "The Graves of a Household;" "The Better Land;" "The Silent Multitude."

Shortly after her arrival in Ireland, where Mrs. Hemans died, she was extremely unwell. When among the mountain scenery of the fine country of Wicklow, during a storm, she was struck by one beautiful effect on the hills; it was produced by a rainbow diving down into a gloomy mountain-pass, which it seemed really to flood with its coloured glory. "I could not help thinking," she remarked, "that it was like our religion piercing and carrying brightness into the depth of sorrow and of the tomb." All the rest of the scene around that one illuminated spot was wrapt in the profoundest darkness.

During her last illness, Mrs. Hemans delighted in the study of sacred literature, and particularly in the writings of some of our old and choice divines. This became her predominant taste, and it is mentioned respecting her, that the diligent and earnest perusal of the Holy Scriptures was a well-spring of daily and increasing comfort. She now contemplated her afflictions in the right manner, and through the only true and reconciling medium, "and that relief from sorrow and suffering for which she had been apt to turn to the

fictitious world of imagination, was now afforded her by calm and constant meditation on what alone can be called 'the things that are.'"

When the cholera was raging in Dublin, she wrote to a dear relative—"To me there is something extremely solemn, something which at once awes and calms the spirit, instead of agitating it, in the presence of this viewless danger, between which and ourselves we cannot but feel that the only barrier is the mercy of God. I never felt so penetrated by the sense of entire dependence upon Him, and though I adopt some necessary precautions on account of Charles, (her son) my mind is in a state of entire serenity."

While the work of decay was going on surely and progressively, with regard to the earthly tabernacle, the bright flame within continued to burn with a steady and holy light, and at times even to flash forth with more than wonted brightness. On one occasion she finely expressed, when there was a favourable change in her condition—"Better far than these indications of recovery is the sweet religious peace which I feel gradually overshadowing me, with its dove-pinnions, excluding all that would exclude thought of God."

This gifted lady wrote, with peculiar beauty, on another occasion, "I wish I could convey to you the deep feelings of repose and thankfulness with which I lay, on Friday evening, gazing from my sofa upon a sunset-sky of the richest suffusions, silvery green and amber kindling into the most glorious tints of the burning rose. I felt his holy beauty sinking through my inmost being with an influence drawing me nearer to God."

The sufferings of Mrs. Hemans, prior to death, were most severe and agonising, but all were borne in the most uncomplaining manner. Never was her mind overshadowed by gloom; never would she allow those around her to speak of her condition as one deserving of commiseration.

Her sister finally remarks, "The dark and silent chamber seemed illumined by light from above, and cheered with songs of angels, and she would say, that, in her intervals from pain, no poetry could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than those even that were given to temporary repose."

At times her spirits would appear to be already half etherealized. Her mind would seem to be fraught with deep, and holy, and incommunicable thoughts, and she would entreat to be left perfectly alone, in stillness and darkness, to commune with her own heart, and reflect on the mercies of her Saviour. She continually spoke of the atonement, and stated that this alone was her rod and staff when all earthly supports were failing.

In the heaviest affliction, she desired the assurance to be given to one of her friends, that the tenderness and affectionateness of the Redeemer's character, which they had contemplated together, was a source, not merely of reliance, but of positive happiness, to her:

"The sweetness of her couch."

The powers of memory, for which Mrs. Hemans had already been so remarkable, shone forth with increased brightness while her outward frame was so visibly decaying. She would lie for hours without speaking or moving, repeating to herself whole chapters of the Bible, and page after page of Milton and Wordsworth.

The conviction of the inestimable value of affliction, as the discipline of heaven, was ever present to her mind, mingled with the deepest humility, the most entire resignation, an equal readiness to live or die, a saying with the whole heart, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it unto me according to thy word."

"I feel," she would say, "as if hovering between heaven and earth," and she seemed so raised toward the sky that all worldly things were obscured and diminished to her view, while the ineffable glories of eternity dawned upon it more and more brightly.

In her physician, Dr. Croker, Mrs. Hemans was wont to say, she had at once a physician and a pastor. He frequently read to her from a little book which she dearly loved, and which he had first made known to her—a selection from the works of Archbishop Leighton. The last time of her listening to it, she repeatedly exclaimed, "Beautiful! beautiful!" and with her eyes up-