

lred was surprised and deeply affected to see the passionate agony with which this poor young man regarded the beautiful dead. Alas! he had loved her for years, and only survived her funeral three days.\*

The Coroner's inquest on the body was over. Deep silence pervaded the house. Mrs. Stainer watched the sick bed of her husband, and tried to soothe his incoherent ravings. William, convicted by his own conscience, had left the Lodge, and was far on his way to London; and Mildred, to whom the sight of death was new, held by a strange fascination, found herself unable to leave the bier on which, shrouded in the habiliments of the grave, lay the earthly remains of her friend. Never until now had she realized her full value, had she discovered how deeply, how truly, she loved her. How intently did she recall every word, every look, of the preceding day. How did every unheeded sentence now seem fraught with meaning, and prophetic of her end! And then, her last words, her last kiss, how tearfully did she dwell upon and linger over these. Had she indeed passed through her room, on the way to that fatal spot? Was the moisture she wiped from her face as she awoke, the last tears poor Charlotte had shed upon earth! The thought made her bow her head upon the shrouded breast of her friend, while her whole soul seemed to dissolve in grief.

From such a stupor she was aroused by a deep sigh, and in speechless agony, the injured lover stood beside the newly dead.

The sad fate of his mistress had dissolved every earthly barrier between them. All respected his grief; no voice forbade his entrance there. He took his place as chief mourner by her bier, as such he followed her remains to the unblessed grave that superstition prepared for her. She lies at the back of B— church. No bell passed for the unhappy one who died by her own desperate act; no holy service was read over her, to soothe and comfort, by its blessed sympathies, the wounded hearts of sorrowing friends.

A plain black marble slab, now overgrown by weeds and briars, bears the name of Charlotte Stainer, who died on the twentieth of May, 1805, aged eighteen years. And he who should have been the happy husband of that alien from the common hope of her fathers, abandoned his home and country, and entered as a volunteer in the— regiment, then on its way to the continent. After signalizing himself in many actions, he died in the memorable retreat from Corunna; and his patrimony passed into another family.

So ended Mildred's acquaintance with this family, and with a mind solemnly impressed with these sad scenes, and deeply grieving for the untimely fate of one so young and beautiful, she returned to her mother's humble abode, sick at heart, and weary of the world and its crooked ways.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FREEDOM

"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—*John viii. 36.*

'Tis hard to see the fettered slave,  
Bound by oppression's iron chain:  
The sigh, the tear, the heaving breast,  
That pant for liberty in vain.

But oh! more sad to see the mind,  
The immortal mind, which God hath given,  
Blinded, and chained, by sin's dark power,  
And wandering far from hope, and heaven:

More sad to see the human soul,  
The prey of passion, pride, and lust,  
The warm affections of the heart,  
Debased, and grovelling in the dust.

Freedom to every soul is dear;  
The clash of arms, the din of strife,  
The widow's sigh, the orphan's tear,  
Treasures of gold, the warrior's life—

All, have not been too costly deemed,  
For boon of such high worth to yield:  
But there's a freedom, dearer far  
Than that obtained on battle-field.

The one doth free the tenement  
From aught that can alarm, oppress;  
But this, the immortal tenant gives,  
Peace, joy, and endless happiness.

For this the Saviour left his throne,  
For this, He shed His precious blood:  
To free the soul from Satan's power  
And reconcile lost man with God.

He can unchain the immortal mind,  
Bid warring passions all be still,  
And reigning in the ransomed soul,  
Mould the affections to His will.

He can destroy the fear of death,  
For he hath spoiled it of its sting;  
He tasted once its bitter cup,  
And conquering rose, a glorious King.

Oh! this is liberty indeed,  
Freedom from sin, from Satan's power,  
From fear of death, from every ill,  
With Christ to reign for evermore.

Then, if you would be truly free,  
Come hearken to the Saviour's voice:  
Cast off the galling chains of sin,  
And in Christ's liberty rejoice.

Then shall you walk, with joyful hope,  
The hour of death which sinners dread,  
When wholly free from sin and woe,  
You shall behold your glorious Head.

\* A fact.