

tribute of love and filial duty? Ah! thine own heart tells thee the cause of their absence. But why is thy countenance blank and horror struck, thine eyes wandering and fearful in expression? and why do thy lips utter curses on the very threshold of eternity? Is it that thou dreads to leave the gods of earth, which thou *hast* worshipped, to go to meet the God of Heaven whom thou hast *not* worshipped?

A violent paroxysm shakes the frame of the dying man; and after this is abated, he whispers to his faithful domestic: "Ask Florinda to come to me—just for one moment, I would see her face once more!"

The maid vanishes, and in a few moments returns with a young physician, and a lady, whose costly rings and ear knobs, and whose rich apparel bespeak her to be a leader of the "ton." The physician with officious kindness hastens to the bedside of the patient, feels his pulse, and remarking with professional sagacity that "he is not so well," starts off to give some directions to the servants below.

Jethro Sans, with a beseeching look, stretched out his trembling hand towards his daughter, "Florinda, dear Florinda!" ejaculated he in a tender appeal.

The lady sails to the bedside. Her countenance is full of health and beauty, but her eye is cold, and her manner unmoved. She mechanically touches the hand of her parent, but the latter falls listless on the bed clothes. Jethro Sans' eyes close, a convulsion seizes his lips, and frigid despairing expression overspreads his face. He is dead! That cold look and careless bearing of his darling Florinda, in that trying moment, was more than the parent's nature could endure, and he sank to forgetfulness in death! Thus died Jethro Sans, and here ends our tale's contrast. If the reader can gather instruction therefrom our end is gained.

CURIOSITY IN TEXAS.

MR. KENNEDY, in his late work on Texas, says one of the most remarkable natural curiosities is a petrified forest, near the head of Pasigono river. It consists of several hundred trees, in an erect position, turned to stone. Trees now growing are partially petrified.

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

It is not generally known that the present Emperor of Morocco was originally a merchant in Mogadore; that the previous Emperor bequeathed the crown to him, in preference to his son who was a *bad scapegrace*; and that that very son is now with Abd-el-Kader.

ONCE IN THE ROSY PRIME OF YOUTH.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Once in the rosy prime of youth,
When fancy wore the guise of truth,
And joy around my footsteps hung;
And hope in syren numbers sung,
And life was like an April day
Whose frowns by smiles were chased away—
A gentle dream my soul possessed,
I loved, and deem'd my love was blessed.

Long years have flown—but on my sight
She rises now, a form of light;
With flowing locks of sunny hue,
And laughing eyes of liquid blue,
And snowy brow and dimpled chin,
And ruby lips with pearls within,
And cheeks whose blushes came and went,
As her young soul grew eloquent.

But why name features passing fair,
The coldest breast such charms may wear,
They did not give the mental grace
That lighted up that speaking face;
The mind that breathed in look and tone
Formed the bright links in beauty's zone;
If she had faults—they were to me
Spots in the sun—love could not see.

She was a thing of smiles and tears,
A child in heart, though not in years;
As bright a soul as e'er took wing
With fancy through the realms of spring.
Her gentle grief, like summer rain,
When sunbeams chase it over the plain;
Her joy, a burst of transport gay,
That wold dark visag'd care away.

Oh! such was Mary—ere the world
Its subtle toils around her furld,
And selfish interest claim'd a part
In that young, warm, and guileless heart.
And fashion taught her to despise
Those charms so precious in my eyes:
I wake—and steel'd my breast with pride
To hail my love another's bride!

S Y M P A T H Y .

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Long I looked on the face of night,
At her hosts in glory shining;
One lovely star shed a softer light
In the rosy west declining,
I gazed on its beams till I felt that thine eyes,
Like mine own, were raised to the glowing skies.

Thy soul met mine in that silent hour,
Thy kindred heart was sighing,
And felt at that moment the magic power
On my own dark spirit lying.
Yes: we met in the shadowy world of thought,
Now blissful the meeting that fancy wrought.

Digressions in a book are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own; and often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.—*Swift*.