

for themselves, for God was an all-sufficient father. His aunt was seldom from his side, she watched over him, with all a mother's solicitude, and prayed, and read, with and for him, while her two sons, who looked up to him as a father, now knew first what was "the bitterness of grief." The worthy minister of the village, impelled by lively interest, was frequent in his welcome visits, and every attention which kindness could supply, was not wanting, but "Death was in the cup."

Late on the tenth night after this visitation, the catterers were gathered anxiously round the bed of the sufferer, when a loud and unseemly knocking came to the door. The poor woman of the house, though characterized by piety and virtue, was not free from the superstitious dread natural to her situation in life; and, notwithstanding her sons had been taught to despise this fear, and were about to enquire into the cause of the disturbance, the mother was unwilling that they should; and in the momentary confusion the door was broke open, and a man bursting forward, presented himself, unceremoniously, in the little parlour. On casting his eyes on the sick-bed, he begged pardon for his apparent rudeness—said he was rather impatient, as he was the bearer of good news, and let them know that his name was Mr. Snipe, a lawyer in the nearest market town, at the same time handing Francis a letter, he hoped the contents would not be disagreeable to him. The invalid took it with trembling hand, and hurriedly scanning the address, read, "To Mr. John Morier, or his heirs." My father! he muttered, and had no sooner broken the seal, and glanced at the contents, than letting it drop, he gave way to a wild expression of feeling,—“It shall, it shall be accomplished at last!—thank God I have now the means!—thank God!” Overcome by the effort, he sunk back exhausted on his pillow; and, after a brief pause, the delusion was broken, and the big tears followed one another in rapid succession down his emaciated cheek. On the first burst of passion, all affrighted ran to his relief, except

the lawyer, who coolly picking up the neglected epistle, reassured them, with the most solid gravity, that what they saw was only the natural consequentia of extremissimum gladness. “I shall rehearse these delectable lines, that all may be alike exhilarated.” ‘Read,’ sighed Francis, ‘I am better;’ and their eyes were turned with intense interest on the man of law. The letter was written by that uncle who had so long ago disappeared, and who was now dead. It went on to state that he had reformed his manners in a distant land, had realized a handsome fortune, but was now on his death bed, and had given directions that his property should be equally divided between the families of his two brothers, who, he hoped, in conclusion, would not curse his memory. When he had finished, he was surprised that his communication made a less impression than he anticipated. “Thirty thousand pounds!” he bawled, ‘Thirty thousand,’—he would have continued, when to the astonishment of his relations, Francis sat up without assistance and gave such a look of agony, that it sunk deep, even into the careless heart of the lawyer, who answered it by saying, “I am afraid young man you are very ill.” ‘Peace,’ was the reply, ‘I have but a few moments to live, your money is too late for me, and but disturbs my dying hour. I had a wish ungratified, which it might once have supplied—nay, do not seem astonished, my dear aunt, that wish shall die with me: but even now I am consoled; I am content, and willing to leave the earth, and ‘to be with Christ, which is far better:’ and in departing I rejoice to think God is not forgetful of those I leave behind. May he abundantly bless you with spiritual, as he now does with temporal blessings: and may we all meet at last a happy company, never to be separated. These words were repeated in a clear distinct voice, but were like a flash of the expiring taper before its final extinction,—he ceased. Farewell quivered on his lips—a sweet serenity beamed upon his countenance—and the spirit was forever fled.