

and God, who is rich in mercy, will comfort you when I am gone. And now, dear mamma, will you raise me up, that I may look upon the setting sun once more before I go hence."

Her mother did as she desired, when, after gazing a short time, Josephine addressed a few words to each of her surrounding friends; then, turning to her mother, said:

"Mamma, let me lean my head upon your bosom, and sing to me that little song you used to sing in the days of my childhood—it begins, 'Jesus can make a dying bed;' come, dear mamma, do sing!" she murmured.

Mrs. Stanley succeeded in conquering her emotion sufficiently to commence singing, but ere she had finished, Josephine's spirit had returned to God, who gave it. She departed calmly, without a struggle or a groan. Gently did her Saviour lead her through the dark valley; not a shade of care or trouble was discernible on her placid countenance, but she passed away as calmly as a child sinks to sleep in its nurse's arms.

Deep, though not loud, were the expressions of grief that filled that house of mourning. Mr. Bailey officiated on the funeral occasion, and delivered an impressive discourse from these words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" and many fervent aspirations rose from young hearts, that they might live the life, and die the death, of their young friend and companion.

Gentle reader, we have already exceeded the limits we at first anticipated, but, for the satisfaction of those who have followed us thus far in our simple story, we will add, that Adela adhered to her good resolutions, and is an exemplary member of society. Many poor orphans and widows have cause to bless her name.

In about a year subsequent to the death of Josephine, the newspapers contained the following announcement:

"Married, at Grove Cottage, the residence of Mrs. Stanley, on the 15th inst., Edward Denham, Esq., M. D., to Miss Adela, only daughter of the late Henry Stanley, Esq.; also, at the same time and place, the Rev. George Bailey, to Miss Amanda Montrose, niece of Mrs. Stanley."

The cousins still continue to reside in the village where they were first introduced to the reader, Mr. Bailey having succeeded Mr. Lawton, the former minister.

Mrs. Stanley divides her time between her daughter and niece. They live quite retired, enjoying as much happiness as this world is capable of bestowing; and whenever a thought of Josephine steals over them, it is succeeded by the hope that they shall, ere long, meet where parting is unknown.

Gentle reader, we crave you, in your mercy, not to criticise our little story too harshly. It was not originally intended for publication, but should it be the humble means of beguiling one lonely hour, or of lending one young friend to follow in the steps of "our Josephine," we shall be amply rewarded.

LOVE AND FANCY.

Love caught me (yet a little boy)
And bound me in his chains of Joy;
Then with his fillet seal'd my eyes
To all Life's grim realities,
And left me blind to wander through
The maze of life without a clue.
Dut, pitying my forsaken plight,
Kind Fancy left her balls of light—
(Love's Sister, who with gentlest art
Extracts her cruel brother's dart,
And heals the lover's bleeding heart.)
She came, and led me by the hand,
Through all Romance's fairy land;
O'er Hope's high mountain' bode we climb,
And with the eagle ride sublime
The mighty winds: and strike my lyre,
Shrined in the lightning's virid fire.
There might I echo ev'ry hymn
Of the night-watching Seraphim,
And as the strings my touch beneath
Rang forth sweet Music's mellow breath,
My eyes grew founts—whence swiftly swept
Tears that 'twas rapture to have wept.
Oh! had I from that cloud-paved height
Beheld misfortune's gath'ring night;
The shadow of each coming year
That crushes hope and fosters fear;
How gladly had my half-freed soul
Flung off mortality's control,
And left so dark a world as this.
To dwell for aye in realms of bliss.

A RHAPSODIST.

Fredericton.

TIME.

When we look back on hours long passed away,
The nothings of that time which now is nought,
The unnoted acts and long forgotten thought,
Wherein we lived through many a yesterday,
We marvel how so fast our years decay.
On flies unlagging Time, that ne'er hath brought
Fulfillment to our hope; yet still untaught,
Unransom'd, we plod on our darkling way:
And whither? to the morrow that shall be
Uncalender'd for us;—to the strong gate
Whence none reissue, where all seemings vanish.
Is this to live indeed? or else do we
But faintly dream towards the morn, and wait
Till very life our sick illusions banish?

E. W. S.