

ly, that he dreamed that, in taking down the abbey, the keystone of the arch over the east window fell from its place and killed him.— This dream he related to Mr. Watts (father of Dr. Isaac Watts), who advised him not to have any personal concern in pulling down the building; yet this advice being insufficient to deter him from assisting in the work, the creations of sleep were unhappily realized, for on removing some boards within the east window to admit air to the workmen, a stone fell upon and fractured his skull. The fracture was not thought mortal, but in the operation of extracting a splinter, the surgeon's instrument entered the brain, and caused immediate death.— Whether this accident occasioned a direct stop to be put to the demolition of the abbey, is uncertain; but the superstitious gloom which it generated has had an evident tendency to the preservation of its ruins in more modern times. Many parts of the walls are beautifully mantled with ivy and other evergreens, and the various trees and shrubs that have vegetated among the mouldering walls contribute to the picturesque appearance of the place. Among the ruins with which the ground is strewn, may be discerned various devices and armorial bearings to the benefactors of this abbey. The walls of the church are still in many parts as high as their original termination, in which remain the windows and other mural decoration, though much of the tracery of the former is destroyed. The columns and arches composing the aisles are fallen into prodigious masses of undistinguishable ruin. On the north side of the transept are the remains of a spiral staircase, that led to the upper part of the tower, which is said to have been ornamented with pinnacles, and served as a mark for mariners. The ruin, however, regarded as a whole, both on account of its size, extent, the elegance of its construction, the profusion of ivy with which it is overgrown, and which half closes its figured windows, serving by its sober colour to set off the more lively green of a variety of trees and shrubs that have spontaneously grown up within its walls, may justly be classed among the most distinguished monastic ruins of the day.—*Antiquarian Cabinet.*

Look on the good in others, and the evil in thyself; make that the parallel, and then thou wilt walk humbly. Most men do just the contrary, and that foolish and unjust comparison puffs them up.

Good men forbear to sin, merely from their love of virtue.

THE WATCHER.

BY MRS. HALE.

The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by,
When a watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye;
How wistfully she gazeth—
No gleam of morn is there;
And the look to heaven she raiseth,
'Tis the agony of prayer.

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darknes reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him—
She feels that this must be;
"But oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing—
They heed not morning there;
Oh, young and joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more.

The morning sun is shing—
She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her dead, reclining,
That pale, dead mother lay;
A smile her lips was wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still was breathing—
"There is light for us above!"



DURING the middle ages the beds, not excluded from the day apartments, often gave gorgeous testimony of the skill of the needlewoman, and were among the richest ornaments of the sitting-room, so much fancy and expense were lavished on them. The curtains were often made of very rich material, and usually adorned with embroidery. They were often also trimmed with expensive furs. Phillippa of Hainault, had a bed on which syrens were embroidered.

A YOUTH, introduced suddenly into life, feels as awkwardly as one immersed for the first time in water; and the chances are that he sinks as soon.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.