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BY MRS. NOODIE.

This day of life is closing—the long night
Of dreamless rest, a dusky shadow throws
Between the dying and the things of earth ;
Enfolding in a chill oblivious pall,
The last sad struggle of a broken heart—
Yes—ere the rising of to-morrow's sun,
The bitter grief that brought him to this pass,
Will be forgotten in the sleep of death.

S. M.



T was in the month of September, 1832 that we arrived in Canada, and our long and fatiguing journey, westward, terminated for a few weeks at C——, a pretty village, (though at that

period a place of small importance) pleasantly situated on the shores of Lake Ontario.

My husband had been strongly advised to purchase a farm in that neighborhood ; and it was necessary to remain for some time at the hotel in the village, while examining the lands for sale in its immediate vicinity.

A residence in a house of public entertainment, to those who have been accustomed to the quiet retirement of home, is always unpleasant ; but to strangers as we were, in a foreign land, it was doubly repugnant to our feelings ; and in spite of all my wise resolutions not to yield to despondency, but to battle bravely against fate, I found myself daily yielding up my whole heart and soul to that worst of all maladies, Home sickness.

It was during these days of loneliness and dejection, that I had the good fortune to form an acquaintance with Mrs. Edwards, a Canadian lady who boarded with her husband in the same house. My friend, was a young married woman, agreeable in person, and perfectly unaffected in her manners, which were remarkably frank and kind. Her's, was the first friendly face I had seen in the colony ; and it will ever be remembered with affection and respect.

One afternoon while alone in my chamber, getting my baby, a little girl of six months old, to sleep, and thinking many sad thoughts, and shedding some bitter tears over my altered fortunes, and the loss of the dear country and friends I had left for ever, a slight tap at the door roused me from my painful reveries, and Mrs. Edwards entered the room.

Like most of the Canadian women, my friend was small of stature ; slight, and delicately formed ; and dressed with the smartness and neatness so characteristic of the females of this continent ; who if they lack some of the accomplishments of the women of England, far surpass them in their taste for dress, in their choice of colors, and the graceful and elegant manner in which they wear their clothes. It is true that this passion for dress often involves their families in difficulty, but a