

always in attendance upon her ladyship, ready to engage in any fun, frolic, or excursion, in the direction of fields or woods—no less a personage than John Douglas; no longer important Johnnie, but a well-bred gentleman, hearty, jovial, merry, with bravery stamped upon every lineament of his face. Some are missing. Sir Thomas Seymour has not lived to see this. Lady Bereford is also among the number. She has paid her last debt.

Having brought before you most of those in whom you have no doubt became interested, we now bid them all a tender adieu. It is hard to part with friends who have shared our sorrow, our sympathy, and our joy, but in so doing may our prayers follow each throughout time, hallowed by fond memories of the past.

A second thought to Lady Rosamond before turning forever from the light of her lovely smile. In her great happiness there are moments when holy thoughts arise, having a purifying influence upon her life. She never can forget the past, while the present begets the consciousness of having trodden the paths of duty and right with firm, unfaltering steps, never looking back until the goal was reached—the reward gained.

“When life looks lone and dreary
 What light can dispel the gloom?
 When Time's swift wing grows weary
 What charm can refresh his plume?
 'Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth
 O'er all that we feel or see;
 And if man of heaven e'er dreameth
 'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,
 O woman!”

THE END.