

healthy in nerve, and confident in hope and virtue, must the mortal be who can at all times exclaim with courage and with truth, "welcome life, whatever it brings, welcome Death whatever it is."

"Then tell me, frightened reason, what is Death,  
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath."

*Epitaph on the monument of lady Paston in the church of Paston, an obscure village in Norfolk, in England.*

"To the reviving memory of the virtuous and right worthy lady, Dame Katherine Paston, daughter unto the right worshipful Sir Thomas Knevitt, Knt. and wife to Sir Edmund Paston, Knt. with whom she lived in wedlock twenty-six years, and had issue two sons yet surviving viz: William and Thomas; she departed this life 10th day of March, 1628, and lieth here intomb-ed, expecting a joyful resurrection.

Not that she nedeth monnment of stone  
For her well gotten fame to rest upon,  
But this was rear'd to testify that shee  
Lives in their loves that yet surviving be;  
For unto virtue, who first raised her name,  
She left the preservation of her fame,  
And to posterity remain it shall  
When marble monuments decaye shall all.

Upon the base of the monument are the following lines:

Can man be silent, and not praises find,  
For her who liv'd the praise of womaukind?  
*Whose outward frame was lent the world to guess  
What shapes our souls shall wear in happiness.*

I have presented my readers with this epitaph, as a close to this rather serious paper, for the