

him to be careless of that letter, but he throws it into the fire to escape temptation. In many of the letters he finds scraps of poetry, and in one there is a forgotten photograph. In a few are amateur drawings of well-remembered or long-forgotten faces and scenes. Perhaps a lock of hair peeps from the end of an envelope. And then he takes from its resting place a package of his own letters, written years ago with infinite care to a maiden rather higher in the social scale than himself, and considered at that time to contain many brilliant, love-inspiring, admiration-producing passages of fine writing. But she had married another, and had exchanged letters by express. When they were received he laid them carefully aside, after wondering how she could be unintellectual enough not to appreciate them, with the expectation that when he should have become a great man they would be published and become more famous than Swift's letters to Stella. At the recollection of such folly he nervously casts them into the grate, and, nearly exhausted with the work he has been engaged in, but with a sensation of relief, he throws himself upon the sofa to rest, and thoughtfully watches the flakey remnants of the old letters disappear.

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

(*From the German.*)

BY J. J. CAMERON.

My wounds flow fresh, my pale lips shake,
I feel my heart beat faint and still,
Here on the shore of life I take
My final stand. Thy Holy will
Be done. Oh God, thine am I still.

How many pictures traced in gold,
I've seen to hover round my way,
Golden visions of a day!
Dissolved in dirges sad and cold,
Courage! What in my heart I hold,
So true, its life eternal shall unfold,
Shaped in beauty's matchless mould.

That which I knew as sacred here,
For which I glowed with ardour bright,
For which I spent my youthful night,
Whether I name it country's Love,
Or, Liberty for which I strove.
When bright seraphs round I see:--
And as my senses slowly flee,
Aurora-tinted heights appear,
And zephyrs waft me gently there.