

appears when cursorily glanced at in all our youthful mirth and buoyancy. Believe me, there is nothing but a simple trust—a firm, appropriating faith in Christ as our Redeemer, our Saviour, our Rock of Ages, which can impart peace to the tired spirit. When dark shadows of long forgotten sins start up before the terrified spirit—when the dim vista of the unknown future harrows the distracted soul—and the awful question of responsibility forces itself home upon the heart—then, then, dear Bryant, a Saviour's Cross is appreciated; and the suffering spirit humbly, yet firmly resting on His atonement, can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." I know you do not understand all I say; you think my head is affected; or at least that I am quite enthusiastic. Yet promise me one thing, dear Bryant, promise, and I know you will redeem your pledge. Recollect it is the last request of your Emily. Promise, as in the unveiled presence of that Omniscience which I shall soon behold more clearly than at present."

"I do promise," replied Bryant, with much solemnity.

Emily drew from beneath her pillow a small Bible, and placed it in her brother's hand without speaking. Then after a brief pause she added:—

"You will read that volume daily, dear Bryant. I know you would prefer to remember Emily in any other way—but you have promised. I know there is much you can not understand with your own unassisted intellect, powerful as yours is. But pray—pray earnestly, and you will receive answers of peace, and blessings which at present you can not comprehend. Oh, I am sure you will become all my most earnest supplications have ever sought. Yes, dearest Bryant, something whispers me I shall yet welcome you to the happiness of Heaven, through the sacrifice and merits of that Saviour whom the world, with its fashions and its follies, and Satan, with his malicious artifices, aided by your own evil heart, would now tempt you to despise and reject. You wonder to hear me talk thus, I know; but for many months these thoughts have occupied my mind. It was last summer, when visiting Laura Clifford, in her last illness, that these things came before me with vividness and power. I saw her suffer every affliction which could be heaped on her. I saw her sensitive spirit crushed by her husband's haughty neglect—her sweet infant suddenly snatched from her arms—and the kind aunt on whom she had ever leaned for sympathy, removed thousands of miles from her dying couch. Yet never did a murmur pass her lips. I was anxious to learn the secret of her serenity. From that book I obtained it, and I have found peace in its precepts and its promises, which I never knew before. Beloved Bryant, you will find it so, I trust."

Emily ceased, quite exhausted. Bryant bent anxiously over her; for some moments it almost seemed that life was extinct. Bryant hastened to fling open the Venetians, and admit the fragrant air of the parterre into the apartment. But he did not ring for assistance. He was alone: nearer the presence of death than he had ever before been. Solemn thoughts crowded into his mind. His spirit, proud as it was, was wholly subdued before the sweet pleadings of Emily; and he watched her slow return to animation, with emotions to which he had hitherto been a stranger. At length she opened her eyes.

"Dear, kind Bryant, are you watching over me? How sweetly refreshing is that balmy air! How lovely is everything in the lingering rays of the setting sun! Yet I go to a brighter, happier clime, where the sun shall never go down, or a cloud shade the landscape. You must follow me, dearest Bryant. Let me enjoy the sweet assurance that you will never rest until you can say without hesitation, yet without boasting, "I know in whom I have believed;" "That you will meekly bear His Cross till He shall give you an unfading Crown."

Again Bryant folded her in his arms; and Emily heard the response she longed for; she felt his warm tears on her fair neck. She was happy—she knew her prayer was answered.—A long pause ensued, which was broken by the entrance of Agnes.

"Will you wheel my couch to the window, dear Bryant?" Bryant instantly complied.

"Now suffer me to lean this throbbing head once more on that faithful heart, where it has ever found its sweetest, softest

repose. And you, dearest Agnes—one more, last embrace. Do not be alarmed—my hour is come. I go to those mansions I told you of the other evening. Dear sister, I have not rested on a cunningly devised fable, but on the unmoved, immovable Rock of Ages. The morrow's sun shall rise, but it will rise on the lifeless form of Emily Lindsay. Sorrow not for me. I think of those precious words, "Those who sleep in Jesus shall He bring with Him." Adieu! kiss me once more!"

Agnes sprung to her arms, and their adieu was most affecting.

"Bryant, one more token of affection. My last prayer is for you."

Bryant bent over her, and fervently kissed her now pallid cheek.

"Now farewell. The chains which have riveted me to earth are severed, and my freed spirit soars to Heaven—to glory—to peace! peace! I come! I come!"

These last sentences were pronounced with difficulty, and at intervals. There was a long breath—then a long and solemn pause, and Bryant and Agnes were alone with the dead.

Years passed on. The Spirit of Truth struggled with the proud heart of Bryant. He never forgot the evening of Emily's decease, nor her parting words; but for years they were as a sealed scroll to him. Again and again did his promise present itself to his mind, even amid the hours of gay dissipation. At length he became a real seeker, and firm disciple of the despised Nazarene. Olive branches clustered round his table; and as he stood beside the baptismal font, and named his second daughter "Emily," it seemed to Agnes that the spirit long redeemed from earth bent down with joyful emotions, and raised a higher psalm of praise to redeeming love.

MARY ELIZA.

January 8th, 1848.

Education in Prussia.

ALL children between the age of seven and fourteen years are directed to be sent to school, or educated at home, by their parents. If the latter plan is preferred, the municipal authorities are to be informed in what manner the education is provided. If the former, attendance is ensured by keeping a list of absentees, and submitting them at short stated intervals, to the inspection of the local committees. These are empowered to summon the parties in case of negligence, and to reprimand them; or, in extreme cases, to punish them by the infliction of such penalties as are commonly awarded by police tribunals—this is, we presume, by fine and imprisonment. The parents are also deprived, as a measure of extreme rigor, of all participation in the public provision of the poor. On the other hand, if poverty be the cause of absence, the commune is to furnish needful assistance, in the shape of clothes, or otherwise.

Taste for Reading.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown against me, it would be a taste for reading.—Sir J. Herschell.

JERUSALEM.

City of God! deserted now,
Thy glory seems for ever past;
Thy radiant beauty, too, at last
Hath left in gloom thy glorious brow.

City, where David woke the strains
Of lofty praise, and solemn mirth,
Thou, once the joy of all the earth,
Now sit'st a captive queen in chains.

Gone thy Shekinah's gleaming bright;
Thy temple's purest worship gone;
In sadness now thou mourn'st alone,
Shrouded in sorrow's darkest night;
Yet still in mem'ry there is ample room
For thee, thou city of the cross and tomb.