

and more noble, as not being content with their common condition, and to lift them up as high as heaven. We can by Chymical Instruments search out the virtues of plants, and better than the ancients could do by tasting them. What therefore, could be thought on that is greater? It is nature's part to produce things, and give them faculties; but art may ennoble them when they are produced, and give them many several qualities. Let one that loves learning, and to search nature's secrets, enter upon this: for a dull fellow will never attain to this art of distilling."

Concluded in next number.

LINES

On seeing the remains of the truly amiable and much lamented Miss —, (who departed this life Sept. 6, 1830, in the 21st year of her age) borne to the house appointed for all living.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

THE Church bell tolls! its solemn knell,
Repeats the mournful sound of death,
And deeply wounds the breasts that swell,
And pant with grief, as if for breath.

Lo! while I write, the mournful train
Pass slowly, sadly, by my door,
With them I truly feel the pain
Of having lost a friend—'tis sore!

Oh Death! can none thy power withstand?
Can none escape thy ruthless sway?
Can beauty, virtue, or love's band
Not stem, nor turn one dart away?

Nor friends' nor parents' praying breath,
Avail'd with thee, to spare one hour
The lovely being—reckless Death,
That was by sickness 'neath thy power?

And we must mourn this sad event,
Long as our mortal lives shall be
Yet own it an all-wise intent
That gave such pow'r, O! Death, to thee.

And let us humbly praise His hand,
Though it has this affliction sent,
And own his love gave the command,
With an unquestioned, pure intent.

And let us so prepare to lay
Our bodies with her in the dust,
That we may on the Judgment day,
Arise triumphant with the just.

SARAH.