

I saw one on whom Heaven had bestowed  
 its until it seemed he was in a higher grade  
 being than the world about him. Moreover  
 wealth lay around him in the profusion of the  
 and upon the sea-shore. But he gave not God  
 the glory, and wasted life in unceasing strug-  
 gles to find happiness in things of time. In  
 all these lessons I read, "This life is spent in  
 toil."

An autumnal evening saw me wandering  
 where naught met the eye but the perfect beauty  
 of a glorious world. The 'day-god' sunk upon  
 his couch, and the gorgeous drapery falling in  
 many a graceful fold, enclosed his resting-  
 place. I lingered on an eminence crowned by  
 wildering shrubbery, and the wild-wood tree.  
 A few days since, and they were clothed with  
 robes of an emerald hue. But winter's har-  
 binger had silvered the turf beneath them,  
 and though they reared their proud heads, and  
 stretched forth their stately branches in high  
 disdain—the messenger breathed on them as  
 he passed. Yet they needed not to fear his  
 chilling breath, for he had but imparted to them  
 tenfold beauty, and now their colouring  
 mocked the palette of the painter.

Above me was the glory of the heavens;  
 about me the glory of the earth. I revelled in  
 the delightful scene. I drank in its loveliness  
 until I seemed no longer a dweller in a world,  
 upon which was written—"passing away."—  
 The spirit sought communion with its Creator.  
 The soul panted for intercourse with the God  
 who gave it. Holy aspirations arose from the  
 heart, and *then*, even when images of mortality  
 seemed fading from my vision, and the glories  
 of another world about to burst upon my gaze  
 —the pall of darkness was folded about me;  
 the night-winds touched my burning brow  
 with their soothing influence; while in dirge-  
 like music they chaunted—"On earth there is  
 no rest. This life is a continued struggle for  
 something yet unattained?"



It may be said that disease generally brings  
 that equality which death completes. The dis-  
 tinctions which set one man so far above ano-  
 ther, are very little preserved in the gloom of a  
 sick chamber, where it will be in vain to expect  
 entertainment from the gay, or instruction from  
 the wise; where all human glory is obliterated,  
 the wit clouded, the reason perplexed, and the  
 hero subdued; where the highest and brightest  
 of mortals find nothing left but consciousness  
 and innocence.—*Addison.*

[From the Nova Scotia New Monthly.]

### THE FOSSIL.

ADDRESSED TO \*\*\*.

ONCE in the young earth's golden prime,  
 Ere care made grey the wing of time,  
 There fell a green leaf on the shore;  
 And it floated away on the wandering wave,  
 And found in the deep green sea a grave,  
 And ne'er was thought on more.

Agnes rolled on,—and the rocking earth  
 Had seen a new creation's birth,  
 And empires rise and fall;  
 But none e'er thought how that green leaf slept,  
 Like a treasured thing by Enchanter kept,  
 'Neath the old earth's marble wall,—

Till on a day, as it befel,  
 A sage unsealed the mighty spell  
 Of nature's treasure cave,—  
 And, changed to a hard engraven stone,  
 Lo! the frail leaf that, ages gone,  
 With its fall scarce stirr'd the earth.

And hath not the heart full many a dream,  
 That falls as that noiseless leaf on the stream,  
 And as silently sinks to rest—  
 And the tide of life rolls o'er its sleep,  
 In those shadowy caves—the wonderous deep  
 Of the fathomless human breast.

But when shall *those* caverns yield their dead—  
 The dreams of the past—the thoughts long fled?  
 Oh! not for the prying world:  
 But in that last dread day, when souls  
 Must give to light their hidden scrolls,  
 Will their secrets be unfurled.

And then on *my* heart will thy memory  
 Be read engraven lastingly,  
 Like that leaf on the marble bright  
 But halo'ed around with purity,  
 That will not shrink from an angel's eye,  
 In that blaze of perfect light.



### CONSOLATION.

THE Christian sage, in days gone by,  
 Stood where his dying infant lay,  
 And marked, with sad but tearless eye,  
 His beauty fade away.

"Dost thou not weep," one near him said,  
 "That these young sands so swiftly run?  
 Dost thou not mourn the hour of dread  
 Which robs thee of thy son?"

"Why should I weep," the sage replies,  
 "God's wiser will and better plan,  
 That he, an *angel* soon to rise,  
 Could not become a *man*?"