

I hear it, yes, that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of the soul.

Death has again visited earth, and wrapped another form of life and beauty in his dreary mantle. The sweet voice is hushed; the brilliant eye has lost its dazzling hue; the cold pale hands lie motionless on the pulseless bosom; and on that fair brow is set the signet of the king of the land of shadows. An infant—one just entering upon the threshold of existence, full of loveliness, purity and beauty, has passed away from this earthly sphere to the spirit-land—to mingle with angels and adoring seraphs, around the throne of the Omnipotent. Oh, why should *such* loved ones die? Why must they depart almost ere they are known and loved! Ah, this question cannot be answered,—Heaven only can tell why ties like these, so sacred, pure and strong, are thus quickly severed. Earth has many mysteries we seek in vain to know.

And yet we should mourn when a cherub child bids this dark earth adieu. Oh, no, it escapes so much of sin and pain, of sorrow and care, that we should rather rejoice at its being free from the vicissitudes of this changing life. The angel one but just sips of the cup of existence, and then enters upon a new and endless field of joy and happiness, to taste the bliss and rapture of heaven. Flowers are withering and fading now—fit time for the pure and beautiful to pass to the spirit-land. That was a tender, beautiful thought of Willis, when he was laying the fond idol of his affectionate heart—his lovely and only child—in the cold dark tomb: "Room, gentle flowers, my child would pass to heaven." How much touching beauty and simplicity is expressed in these few simple words.

The fair bright blossoms of earth soon fade and die; but spring, with its genial warmth and enlivening influence will again restore them to life and beauty, and scatter their fragrance upon the air; they shall bud and bloom

again as lovely as before. Thus will it be with the blossoms of youth and beauty, that so quickly fade from our vision and are summoned to the tomb. They linger a little while upon the shores of time, just sip its sorrows and joys, and then pass away to a fairer and more congenial clime to unfold their petals and display their loveliness in immortal bloom—in eternal youth. They, too, shall be revived again, and stand arrayed in the glorious robes of immortality, with crowns of glory upon each brow and palms of victory in their hands. Then why should the tear of sorrow fall for departed loved ones, when we have the sweet assurance that they rest in peace in that haven of eternal rest, where the storms of this world can reach them no more. Oh, no; rather should we rejoice at the blissful exchange they have made, and lull our emotions by the belief of their happiness, and live so that when death shall call us hence we may pass triumphant the stream of death, and land safely on the shores of immortality, where we may be welcomed by those dear ones long gone before, and with them, forever around Jehovah's dazzling throne,

"Sweep a harp of sweetest sound, with glory
on each brow."

A Good Example.

In my last letter to my young friends I said, "*Doing right makes people happy.*"

Charles D——, when he was seven-teen years old, went to W——, and engaged to work by the month for Mr. M——, a wealthy man who lived there. He was an active and faithful youth, and Mr. M—— was very well pleased with him. All went on well between them till one Sabbath morning, when Mr. M—— wished him to do some work which it was evidently not necessary to have done on that day. Charles told him that he did not like to do it on the Sabbath. Mr. M——