

when his soul returned to Him who gave it. Wretched man—his was the fearful end of a miser!

At the window of a large farm-house, shadowed by stately trees, stands one from whose cheek the hue of health has faded. It is the first night of his return home—for long was he a wanderer. Many a time, when far distant, had he longed to gaze on the familiar scenes that are now before him! How often sighed to see once more the loved faces of those who are now sleeping near him! He looks towards the fields, where, when a boy, he played—the old church spire is distinctly visible in the moon beams. He will again enter the church where years ago, Sunday after Sunday, he worshipped. The grave yard is close by, but thank God! none of his family have been laid there in his absence. He is again in his childhood's home; his native air may restore his health, and if not, he will pass peacefully away, for dear ones will be near him at the last sad hour.

We will now peep into one of the vine-wreathed lattices of that pretty white cottage. In a small neat chamber kneels a young girl. Gently the moonbeams fall around her, casting their soft light on her lovely countenance. Her head rests on her hands, her dark hair escaping from the comb intended to confine it, has fallen in rich masses on her fair shoulders. Her heart is too full, she cannot sleep, for tomorrow she will leave her humble home the bride of one of Earth's proudest sons. And though she loves him, yet she is sorrowful—for must she not leave her beloved parents—her fond brother, her affectionate sister, and all the cherished friends of her youth? Oh how the thought of this parting saddens her. She looks around her little room. She re-