



THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the
night—
Her breathing soft and low—
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our weary hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied ;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed ; she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

AS the member of an infant empire, as a philanthropist by character, and, if I may be allowed the expression, as a citizen of the great republic of Humanity at large, I cannot help turning my attention sometimes to this subject, *how mankind may be connected, like one great family, in fraternal ties*. I indulge a fond, perhaps an enthusiastic idea, that as the world is evidently much less barbarous than it has been, its inclination must still be progressive ; that nations are becoming more humanized in their policy ; that the subjects of ambition and causes for hostility are daily diminishing ; and, in fine, that the period is not very remote when the benefits of a liberal and free commerce will pretty generally succeed to the devastations and horrors of war.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.