

tapping earth 'Twas poor mockery of his humble state;—and yet perhaps it was meant kindly—Three days after this he was borne away in a hearse, and I let out my grief in tears.

I scarcely know how it is, but the deaths of children seem to me always less premature than those of older persons, not that they are in fact so, but it is because they themselves, have little or no relation to maturity. Life seems a race which they have yet to run entirely. They have made no progress towards the goal. They are born—nothing further.

The Spirit of an Infant to his Mother

Mother, I've lain upon thy hushing breast,
And felt thy gentle breathing on my brow;
My little frame is in the earth at rest.
But my young spirit hovers near thee now.
*I cannot leave thee, though on e'er'g beam
A beckoning angel harks me from above;*
(Sleep, mother, sleep, I'm with thee in thy dream;)
*Oh! e'en for them I cannot leave thy love,
Thou who wouldst murmur to me till I crept
Into thy blameless bosom, where I slept.*

*There is my little cot—no tenant now
Presses its pillow—all is still as death:
The nightlight gleams like moonbeams on her brow,
Her lips apart are rosy with her breath,
Moveless is that white arm on which I've laid,
And veil'd that bosom where I used to rest.
See, see, a tear from the fair lid has stray'd,
Mother! sweet mother! thy young boy is blest;—
He lies no longer near thy beating heart.
But thou and he will ne'er be far apart!*

But it seems hard when a man has toiled high up the steep hill of knowledge, that he should be cast downwards in a moment; that he who has worn the day and wasted the night in gathering the gold of science, should be with all his wealth of learning, all his accumulations, made bankrupt at once. What becomes of all the riches of the soul, the piles and pyramids of precious thought which men heap together? Where is Shakespeare's imagination—Bacon's learning? Where is the sweet fancy of Sidney, the airy spirit of Fletcher, and Milton's thought severe? methinks such things should not die and dissipate when a hair can live for centuries and a brick of Egypt will last three thousand years! I am content to believe that the mind of man survives (somewhere or other) his clay.

Death is the tyrant of the imagination, his reign is in solitude and darkness, in tombs and prisons, over weak hearts, and seething brains. He lives without shape or sound, a phantom, inaccessible to sight or touch, a ghastly and terrible APPREHENSION.

All that has been, and is, and is to come, must die, and the grave will possess all—already the temple

of Death is stored with enormous treasures: but it shall be filled, till its sides shall crack and moulder, and its gaunt King, "Death the Skeleton," shall wither like his prey.

M.

STANZAS,

But did thy virtuous bosom never feel.
Those blighted hopes which thought could never heal?

Did thy capacious wisdom ne'er explore
An unseen world, where fame shall be no more?
Wast thou content mind's purest joys to know;
And in the silent grave, those joys forgo?
The towering heights of reason's lore to try,
To plume thine eagle fancy and to die?

Did no still voice e'er whisper in thy breast,
That those fond aspirations to be blest,
That feverish restlessness, that mortal strife,
Were the sure earnest of immortal life,
Seeds of that flower that was again to bloom,
More bright, more fair, and live beyond the tomb?
Unhappy! from these truths thou turned'st away,
Nor halt'st the morn that brings that glorious day.

ON TIME.

The doctrine, that time exists only in remembrance may serve to explain some apparent inconsistencies in the language which we use respecting our sense of its passage. We hear persons complaining of the slow passage of time, when they have spent a single night of unbroken wearisomeness, and wondering how speedily hours filled with pleasure or engrossing occupations, have flown, and yet we all know how long any period seems which has been crowded with events or feelings leaving a strong impression behind them. In thinking on seasons of *enjoyment*, we have nothing but a sense of length, we merely remember that we fit the tedium of existence, but there is really no space in the imagination filled up by the period. Mere time unpeopled with diversified emotions, or circumstances, is but one idea, and that idea is nothing more than the remembrance of a listless sensation. Time then is only a notion, unfelt in its passage, a mere measure given to the mind to its own past emotions. A night of dull pain and months of lingering weakness, are in the retrospect nearly the same thing. When our hands or our hearts are busy we know nothing of time, it does not exist for us, but as soon as we pause to meditate on that which is gone, we seem to have lived long, because we look back through a long series of events, or feel them at once peering one above the other, like ranges of distant hills.

Actions or feelings, not hours, mark all the backward course of our being. Our sense of the nearness to us of any circumstance in our life is determined on the same principles, not by the revolu-