

"Like a tir'd hart, at bay I stand,  
 "Thy toils have compass'd me around;  
 "I wait the death-stroke from thy hand,  
 "And stand resign'd to meet the wound.

"Yet one fond wish still warms my soul,  
 "To thee in humbler hope express'd,  
 "That 'ere the sable shadows roll  
 "To close me in their final rest—

"Thou would'st some worthier aim inspire,  
 "Some living energy impart,  
 "Some holier spark of purer fire  
 "Rekindle in my dying heart.

"That when remov'd from grief and pain,  
 "This fragile form in earth shall lie,  
 "Some happier effort may remain,  
 "To touch *one human heart*—with joy.

"Some nobler precept to bestow,  
 "One kind, one generous wish reveal—  
 "To bid the breast with virtue glow,  
 "To love, to pity, and to feel.

"To sooth the ills *she* cannot cure,  
 "The sufferer's injuries redress;  
 "And through life's varied channels pour  
 "The living stream of happiness.

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"Smite, Lord! this frame shall own thy power,  
 "And every trembling chord reply;  
 "Smite, Lord! and in my latest hour,  
 "My drooping voice shall sing with joy!"

One morning whilst painfully reflecting upon his hapless condition, and enduring those heart-rending thoughts which were too apt to take possession of his mind, and whisper to him—but how untruly! of the faithlessness of his Ellen; he was aroused from his lethargy by the voice of his nurse, who informed him of the presence of a stranger, in the person of a distinguished physician, who entreated by Edwin's faithful valet, had consented to visit his unhappy master. A kind and benevolent countenance proved a ready introduction to the stranger. He feelingly expressed his sympathy and pity for the melancholy situation of his patient. Certain soothing remedies were prescribed, and the strange comforter tenderly bade his new acquaintance a temporary adieu, expressing a wish for his speedy return to health, and with ill-assumed confidence, his hope, that he might 'ere long enjoy it. In the evening, the good man with anxious solicitude returned to the sick chamber, and holding the hand of its weakly inmate, with anxious attention he counted the pulse, inwardly despairing of his recovery, and seriously regretting each

foreboding presentiment. Intent o'er his humane employment, and leaning over the couch of Edwin, a *miniature* accidentally fell from his bosom, which no sooner attracted the eye of Edwin, than with a melancholy groan, his soul

"Wing'd its way  
 To regions of eternal light!"

The astonishment of the physician was for a while superior to his grief, at the mysterious suddenness of the loss of an acquaintance, whom the intercourse of a few hours had rendered interesting to him. Oscar, Edwin's faithful valet, entered the room, and beheld with horror the cold hand of death thus suddenly stamped upon the brow of one, who by many kindnesses had rendered himself dear and precious to his fond domestic. The accidental production of the miniature was mentioned, but its fatal effects remained unexplained.—The medical friend of the deceased had now to perform what he conceived to be his last melancholy duty,—to superintend the interment of the remains of his unfortunate patient. A plain white marble monument, in the village Church-yard of L—— intimates to the traveller, that—

"The ashes of Edwin — lie here."

The following extract of a letter from a friend of Edwin's, dated at L——, to his sorrowing mother, will furnish the *denouement* to this melancholy history:—

"I most sincerely condole with you upon the loss of your truly amiable and accomplished son. You are aware no doubt, that he cherished an honourable affection for Ellen——, her letters were intercepted by a treacherous individual, who in vain endeavoured to supplant Edwin in Ellen's affections. Doctor ——, had intimated to Ellen, his resolution to travel in the south of France. Ellen revealed to him confidentially the tale of her sorrows, and entrusted him with her miniature, a gift from her lover, to present to Edwin, if he should meet with him. Poor Edwin was so much reduced by disease, as not to be recognized by the doctor, between whom there existed but a very slight acquaintance. The miniature which fell from his bosom, caught the eye of Edwin. The shock was too great for one in so deplorable a state of mental and bodily exhaustion, and immediate death was the unfortunate result of its accidental production.

"ANNA."

St. John, October, 1841.