

they enter the apartment with a footfall as soft as if they feared to disturb his rest. They speak not, or if they do, it is in a whisper. And now the coffin lid is drawn aside, and they gaze with strange emotions upon that altered countenance. What a change death has wrought. Life, what art thou, that when thou departest, the shrine thy presence made so lovely should become such an unsightly ruin?—that when the poor heart, which, as the great Haller beautifully expresses it, "is the first to live and the last to die," ceases to throb, all that wondrous machinery which its pulsation kept in motion should stand still, and forthwith dissolve.

The next morning the funeral took place. An idle crowd of curious spectators were assembled opposite the house to see it come forth; and I thought as I looked upon them, if a prophetic voice now could whisper to such of you as will return to earth before another year comes round, the startling news, how it would blanch those rosy cheeks, and dim the lustre of those sparkling eyes! One grey-headed old man, bent nearly double with age, dressed in the garb of a peasant, attracted my attention. He stood with folded arms and tottering legs, surveying wistfully the door through which the body was to be brought, and evidently meditating upon the very short space of time, be it never so long, that a like scene would take place, wherein he himself would be the principal actor. The same thought passed through my own mind. I was at my window, waiting to see one borne to the grave who, as regarded age, might have been my son, and I wondered, with a serious, but not a sad spirit, how long it might be before others would be so employed for me.

And now came the last scene. The bell began to toll, and then I heard the heavy shuffling of feet, and knew that the bearers were lifting up the coffin, and getting it along the narrow passage, and down the winding stairs; presently I saw it beneath the window, the pall flung over it, and the train moving slowly onwards to the churchyard.

In the evening of the same day I heard the mourners cheerily conversing, sometimes laughing, ay, and in the very room whither they had gone so noiselessly the evening before to look upon the dead!

"Well," I said, "there is no mockery here, at any rate,—and that is something in this world of outside show."

### CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Visitor.

#### TEMPERANCE—A CONTRAST.

Temperance hail! thy throne shall rise  
And wide extend her peaceful sway,  
In every land beneath the skies  
O'er every Island of the sea.  
Pure Majesty in truth is thine,  
Exalted high thy sway we'll own,  
Fly on through every age and clime,  
And bow all people to thy throne.  
Blessings exalted thou canst claim,  
The antients knew thy sweet repose,  
In health of days, and free from pain  
Which modern fiery draughts disclose.

What power proud Temperance is thine,  
The poor man's friend, fair virtue's boast;—  
Touch not the cup though fair it shine  
Its victims are a suffering host.  
The pallid cheek, the bloodshot eye,  
Alike proclaim life's pending doom,—  
Bright hopes and prospects, lo! they fly,  
With youth, a maniac to the tomb.  
Names of all classes swell thy train,—  
Who gives the power, by law or use  
To tax thee for a Country's gain  
For man's high nature to abuse.  
Reason arise, assert thy throne,  
No longer slumber with the dead,—  
Depict the Monster, thou alone  
Can shew thy ghastly senseless head.  
No mitre, crown, or length of days,  
Can this base foeman ere bestow,—  
In pain and suffering are his ways  
The world is witness to his woe.  
A Father's care a Mother's love  
A Son has fled; what Demon rife  
Has fir'd his breast abroad to rove  
And leave to care his once lov'd wife?  
An outcast from his native home,  
Where health and plenty were his lot,—  
A bloated beggar, see him roam,  
In envy, but the envied not.  
O cruel practice, man refrain,  
Let nobler deeds thy life adorn;  
The path of honour you'll attain,  
A crown without a living thorn.  
Fair virtue is her own reward,  
Unceasing comforts she displays;  
Of Temperance fair the youth regard  
She'll give both peace and length of days.  
Arise, ye noble of our land!  
Of every name, and every creed,—  
High virtue now lifts up her hand,  
And seals fair Temperance as her deed.  
The contract made, loud shouts proclaim,  
To man a jubilee is given,—  
The master tyrant we may maim  
By reason's law, the gift of Heaven.

J. W.

For the Visitor.

STEWIACKE, JANU. 21, 1841.

My dear Sir,—I arrived at Shubenacadie on Saturday, 7th inst., as it was an important stand—connecting the Counties of Hants, Halifax and Colchester. The Main Road, from Truro to Halifax, being removed from the East to the West side of the Shubenacadie River. These changes, as a matter of course, are destined (at no distant period) to make this a place of importance,—already, property in the vicinity has risen, within a short period, twenty per cent. in value. A number of applications have been made, for convenient places for the establishment of Inns; and already there are several places established—with full power to injure all persons who can be brought within their influence with Spirituous Liquors! It was thought very advisable to call a Meeting at this place, and see if any thing could