

A cheerful song of glorious bliss,  
 The product of the TREE;  
 A deep-toned song of thankfulness  
 To Him who died for thee.

I see thee in thy robes of white,  
 Once crimson like mine own,  
 By Him made pure,—bathed in that light  
 Which radiates round the throne

I see thee in thy bright attire,  
 Thou—a lost sinner—found  
 And in thy hands thou bear'st the Lyre,  
 The harp of solemn sound

Thy face is calm,—of light, a ray  
 Sleeps on thy placid brow;  
 Thou smilest upon me, call'st away  
 From this bleak world below.

Sister,—we mourn, but not as these  
 To whom no hope is given;  
 Thy bliss is perfected, and glows  
 With matchless joys in Heaven.

Montreal, October, 1853.

PERBOLUS.

## FRANKFORT CEMETERY.

The dead house, where corpses are placed in the hope of resuscitation, is an appendage to cemeteries found only in Germany. We were shown into a narrow chamber, on each side of which were six cells, into which one could distinctly see, by means of a large plate of glass. In each of these is a bier for the body, directly above which hangs a cord, having on the end ten thimbles, which are put upon the fingers of the corpse, so that the slightest motion strikes a bell in the watchman's room. Lamps are lighted, and in winter the rooms are warmed. In the watchman's chamber stands a clock with a dial-plate of twenty-four hours, and opposite every hour is a little plate, which can only be moved two minutes before it strikes. If then the watchman has slept or neglected his duty at that time, he cannot move it afterwards, and the neglect is seen by the superintendent. In such a case he is severely fined, and for the second or third offence, dismissed. There are other rooms adjoining, containing beds, baths, galvanic battery, &c., never-