A TIME TO DIE.

BY THEOPHILUS FRISX.

Look at that smooth and bloodless brow, of one of earth's loveliest daughters, borne back to her natal bowers from a long pilgrimage, in search of the lost treasure—health.—Like a pale perishing blossom, she is laid in all her fading beauty, down in the home of guileless infancy, amidst happy scenes to which her memory fondly clung. The hopes that had nestled in the he art of many a faithful friend, had one by one departed as they marked the hectic spot upon the wan and palid cheek, the thin attenuated fingers of the tiny hand, the faltering step, the sunken eye—these told in soleum language that the time was rapidly approaching when they must prepare the coffin and the shroud.

A few short months only had passed, since she stood before the alra, a laughing bride, her slight and finglie form surfounded by troops of admiring friends.—Her name is changed, she returns to her father's house but to leave it for a land of strangers. All little did they think, on that day when tears and smiles were mingled—when they looked upon that bright face with its beaming jay and youthful gride, that its glow was lighted with the fevered breath of the treacherous disease—consymption. Little did the fond father think when he lets at tear of mingled jay and sorrow upon her cheek at parting, that she was so soon to be borne back to the home of her youth in comfortless sorrow.

Death regards not a father's love, nor a husband's

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POETRY, &c. BLESSED ARE THE DEAD. Trans. stoomhile.
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They dread no storm that lowers,
No perished joys bewail.
They pluck no thorn-clad flowers.
Nor drink of streams that fail :
There is no tear-drop in their cyc.
Nor change upon their broy.
The placid bosom heaves no sigh,
Though all carth's idols bow. Who are so greatly blessed?
From whom both sorrow fled?
Who find such deep, unbroken rost,
White all things toil?—The dead?
The boly dead!—Why weep ye so
Above their solds hier?
Thrice blessed! they have done with
The living claim the tear. Go to their sleeping bowers,
Deck their lone couch of clay,
With early spring's uncolored flowers;
And, when they finde away,
Think of the amaranthine wreath,
The bright bowers never dim,
And tell inc why those fleet from death,
Or hid'st thy friends from him? We dream, but they awake:
Dark visions mar our rest;
Mid thems and snares our way we take,—
And yet we mourn the blessed.
Por those who throng the eternal throne,
Lost are the tears we shed:
They are the living, they alone,
Whem thus we call the dead.

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open her cheek to the home of her youth in comfortless sorrow.

Death regards not a father's love, nor a husband's grief—she is laid in her shrouded beauty beneath the spreading cypress of her native hills, in calm, unbroken, pantless sleep. She has seen the moonlight resting upon her native valles for the last time—the sun to her glids the hill-tops no more. The spirit emancipated from the heavy shackles of mortality, has joined the great congregation of the ransomed ones in the paradise of love. Why weep yo then as those who have no hope that their darkness is changed to day—that a sun has risen no more to set—that the fetters of earth have been exchanged for robes of hight and life—that the dark portal of death has been unclosed which opens upon an endless day—that the music of another voice is added to that unceasing song in a world where pang and parting are known no more!

Tears may fail when the beautiful and the good are called away; but there is unfading consolation in the darkest hour. The oracles of truth point the mourning soul to the land of perfect bliss, where the spirit never dies, and pain never comes.



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