

near the city in which his earlier years had been passed. His wife and daughter shared this pleasant abode with him; and it was my privilege to be regarded almost in the light of an adopted child, by each member of this interesting family.

In front of the house was a very pretty garden, where my beloved Mr. W—, delighted to pass his leisure hours, and where I was ever a privileged intruder. Neatness and taste presided over every arrangement of this parterre; but the most attractive object to me, was a row of fragrant myrtles, which were ranged on a dwarf wall, extending the whole length of the garden. Many happy hours have I spent in that garden—hours which I trust I shall be permitted to review with pleasure in that land where an un fading bloom reigns forever. It was whilst sauntering up and down this pleasant spot that I received some of the most affectionate counsels prudence could suggest or love dictate. But to endeavor to trace the resemblance between my type and antitype. The first point of similarity I shall notice is, that the myrtle, though not so gaily clad as some of her sister shrubs, is evergreen, and retains her glossy verdure when many of her companions are rudely stripped of their leafy honors by the frost king's stinging breath. So was it with my venerable friend. He might not attract by the brilliant flashes of his wit, or astonish by the efforts of his genius; but it was impossible to converse with him for half an hour without being convinced that he "walked with God"—yes, verily walked; even as a child with its hand in that of a beloved father—held high, and sacred, and close communion with his God. Oh, I have seen him come from his morning retirement bearing the impress of communion with eternal realities—looking so cheerful, so happy, and yet so serious, that those who looked upon him doubted no more the agency of the promised comforter.

Mr. W— was emphatically a cheerful christian, and like the myrtle, while others were drooping and ready to die, his faith and joy remained unmoved. And the secret of his joy lay in this, that whilst others stooped to drink at the muddy streams of worldly mindedness and half-hearted profession, he had tasted of the perennial spring which gushes from beneath the throne of God and the Lamb. His life was a holy one—it was truly hidden with Christ in God. His daily petition was, "gather not my soul with sinners"—and it was granted. Yet, there was no bitterness, no sarcasm in his spirit. He was a happy, sunny character—one which refreshed the mental eye to gaze on; even as his antitype does the natural eye, amid the dreary sterility of winter. But the time drew nigh when this precious plant was to be transplanted to the genial clime of heaven.

My family had removed from the vicinity of Mr. W—'s residence to the village where my beloved father had first drawn the breath of life. Numerous entreaties were made by Mr. W— and his amiable family, that I might be permitted to visit them once more. In compliance with this request, I passed some weeks of the summer of 183— under their hospitable roof. Young as I was, I perceived a serious alteration in the health of my fondly cherished friend. He suffered from disease of the heart, and was subjected to alarming attacks. Time passed rapidly, and too soon the hour fixed for my return home arrived. I felt I was leaving my old friend for the last time—something whispered sternly "thou shalt see his face no more!" and his manner told me, that he too felt the same. The evening previous to my departure, he conversed with me relative to the success of a cause very near my heart, and his also. My beloved parents on their arrival at A—, had found religious profession at a very low ebb—with a large population, the means of public worship were extremely limited—they, relying on their heavenly father for support, had commenced a Chapel and Sabbath School, on their town responsibility and expense. It was with reference to this endeared subject Mr. W— and I conversed, on this, the last evening we were permitted to enjoy together. I carefully cherish to this moment the advice he gave me; and his last fervent prayer yet rings in my ears.

"Eliza," said he, "my days are numbered—I shall soon prove the reality of those truths in which I have so often instructed you; but you, my beloved child, have, in all human probability, many years to live. Never forget the words of a simple, but affectionate old man. Remember when I am dead, that I told

you, a life early dedicated to the Redeemer's service, is the best preparation for a dying hour—that true happiness is only found in the path of duty." He added much more, and concluded by commending me to His care, who had led him all the days of his pilgrimage.

The morning came, and with it the vehicle which was to convey me to my own sweet home; yet, it was with feelings of poignant regret that I suffered my friend to place me in the carriage. His fervent "God bless thee, my child," still vibrates on my ear. I saw him no more.

The friends of Mr. W— had felt much anxiety in anticipation of his sufferings immediately preceding his decease, fearing from the nature of his complaint, they would be very distressing. On the contrary, he appeared much better—had taken his tea as usual and was reclining on the sofa, when his daughter, who was standing by the window, thought she heard a slight noise, as of some one breathing hard; she instantly turned to her father—but alas the spirit had fled—the sorrows and vicissitudes of time were passed forever—the bright light of eternal glory had burst upon his freed spirit. Truly

"The angel of death stood before him
And pointed to Jordan—its cold wave passed o'er him—
One touch of his dart—one last beckon away—
One signal to quit his low prison of clay—
The summons he heeded—the soul rose from its clod
To the rest which remains for the people of God."

The minister who improved the death of Mr. W—, founded his observations on those words of holy writ—"And Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him." And surely never was there a more appropriate designation.

Let us rejoice that another plant is gathered to the bowers of Paradise—that the beautiful myrtle is safely housed where storms can never come—where no invidious worm shall affect its beauty, but firmly planted on the borders of the river of life its roots are laved by its refreshing waters, and its meek blossoms rear their head amid angelic compeers. May it be ours to follow him, considering the end of his conversation—even Jesus our Saviour, the same, yesterday, today, and forever.

Do my readers deem my comparison far-fetched, or misplaced. I plead the example of the prophet Zechariah, who compares the people of God to myrtle trees; and the admonition "thou shalt remember the way the Lord thy God hath led thee through the wilderness."

MARY ELIZA.
Hamilton, February 19, 1848.

For the Calliopean.

THE EYE.

AMONG all the works of God, the most curious as well as wonderful machine, is the human eye. The eyes of man, and of all the higher animals, are similar to each other. Those animals living by violence have their eyes constructed in such a manner, that they possess the power of seeing in the dark.

In dissecting the eye, we come first to the socket, in which the it rolls. This is quite large, so that the eye may have sufficient room to perform its motions without friction. At the back part of the socket, we find an orifice, through which the optic nerve passes on its way to the brain.

Next, in order, we find the globe, which is provided with various muscles to regulate its motions. These are six in number—two oblique and four straight. The straight muscles enclose the eye on every side, and prevent its motions being too active. The first, or superior oblique muscle, passes from the globe through a cartilaginous pulley back to the orifice through which the optic nerve issues. The oblique muscles also give expression to the eye, as they allow it to move upward and downward.

The coats of the eye are three in number; the first of which is called the-sclerotic. It is thick, firm, and elastic; giving great security to the eye. The second coat is called the choroid. It is soft and fleshy, like velvet, and consists of a complete set of nerves and blood vessels, which give it a deep red color. The retina, or third coat, resembles gum-arabic. It is that part of the eye which reflects light, being an expansion of the optic nerve.