

The Church.

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Poetry.

SAMUEL'S PRAYER. (From "Lyra Innocentum.")

With joy the guardian angel sees
A dutious child upon his knees,
And writes in his approving book
Each upward, earnest, holy look.

Light from his pure aerial dream
He springs to meet man's orient beam
And pours towards the kindling skies
His clear, adoring melodies.

Some glorious Scraps, waiting by,
Receive the prayer to wait on high,
And wonder he soars, to read
More than we know, and all we need.

More than we know, and all we need,
Is in young children's prayer and creed.
They for their Home, before Him fall,
He, for His Church, receives their call.

They cry with simple voice and clear,
"Bless Father, Mother, Brethren dear!"

For the Priests of His dread Son.
Accounts the blessing ask'd and won.

For holy Priests and Matrons mild,
For penitents and undefiled.

For dying Saints, for babes new-born,
He takes their offering, eve and morn.

He gives the frail and feeble tongue
A doom to speak on sin and wrong;

Unconscious they stern lightnings alight,
When His ten Precepts they proclaim.

Thus in the Tabernacle shade
At morn and eve young Samuel pray'd,

Nor knew his prayer God's ark should win,
Forself, Priest's and people's sin.

To Eli thus drear words he spake:—
Ye heart profane, with thy penance aye;—

A wondrous peal o'er Israel rung,
Heaven's thunder from a child's meek tongue.

CURCH AND STATE.
(From the *Guardian*.)

The nomination of Dr. Hampden to the See of Hereford does unavoidably suggest one most grave and important subject in connection with the position of the Church in this country. It brings out, and puts prominently before our minds, a question which is ever hanging over us, and always waiting to be answered: and which is, for various good and proper motives, put aside and deferred; people naturally hoping and wishing that an answer to it will never really be wanted, and, therefore, that, practically speaking, they need not trouble themselves about it. We refer to the question, What means the Church has of watching over the appointments to her principal and most delicate posts, and of securing some respect and attention to her own doctrines and faith in such

We must own ourselves to be no enthusiasts on the matter of the absolute separation of Church and State. Where there is an established Church the State will, of necessity, have large powers with respect to the Church. It always has had, and it always will have. In France, the Church is not established; and yet the Crown has a modified nomination of the Bishops. In Austria, the Crown has exceedingly strong powers. It is visionary to expect that so long as this is an established Church, the State should not have great powers with respect to the nomination of Bishops; and this necessity must be fairly looked at and acknowledged.

But, it is to be supposed that, because the State holds certain great powers attached to the Church and State connexion, that, therefore, those powers are absolutely unlimited, and without check? This is the question we have to consider. The supposition, surely, is monstrous, and untenable that they are.

No Church in the world could for an instant allow it; it would be a denial of its own existence to do so; We look around us, and see the world full of connexions, alliances, relations, in which both sides have their rights.

The whole system of things—social, political, and mercantile—is made up of such cases.

Each side, in all these connexions, has its powers; but each side has its check from certain rights on the other side.

It is the business of lawyers and statesmen to defend and to superintend the constitutional conduct and carrying on of these relations. The whole is systematized and brought under rules.

The world, consequently, is one vast corporate witness in favour of a particular kind of power, viz., a checked constitutional power—of rights on one side balanced by those of the other.

It is quite evident, that, whatever powers the State has with respect to the Church, they must be of this constitutional kind. They cannot be boundless. Nobody can assert that the State has positively a right to do whatever it likes with the Church, and toward the Church.

As it has not that right, its power is what is called a constitutional one, and the very nature of the case demands that the Church should have some check, on its own side, to the power of the State, to be able to use on occasions. This is the real question for Churchmen to consider. Do not let Churchmen go off upon dreamy generalities about dissolving the alliance between Church and State and the like; but let them bring their thoughts to a point. When they have brought their thoughts to a point, they will find that what they mean is, that the Church ought to have some real check upon the appointments of the State.

Now, we mean to assert that there is sufficient strength in the Church in this country, if she will fairly embrace this idea, to establish ultimately, however up-hill work it may be, some check of this sort.

These are days in which, on the whole, common-sense claims have weight, and gradually advance. This is a common-sense claim, if ever claim was one. That the Church should not have some solid, legitimate, acknowledged means of interposing, if necessary, in the case of a Ministerial appointment, and of legally testing the orthodoxy of a Crown nominee, is preposterous. The plain equitableness of this idea must make it grow, if it is once taken up.

We beg, therefore, earnestly and sincerely, to recommend this idea as one to be entertained, thought of, discussed in proper ways, spread by all means by which ideas are capable of being spread, and infused steadily into the general mind of the Church. Only let not people expect to gain it too easily; and we are persuaded, that there is strength in the Church to gain more of a check on the appointments of the State than she now has. A kind of notion of the impossibility of doing any thing in the matter has brooded over her, and has a prescriptive possession of the Church's mind. It is a sort of axiom, a first principle, that a Premier can do anything he likes with respect to Church appointments; people do not reason or examine or ask themselves about it; there the idea is, it has possession of the field, it is seated, established. But the remark is not a new one, that the mind of man is gifted with reason. In the case of the animal creation, an idea once fixed, is fixed for good: it cannot be thrown off. Thus the idea of the domination of man sits with immutable fate upon the mind of the brute creation; that mind could no more throw it off, than it would do any thing else contradictory to its being: it is passive, it bears the impress which is stamped upon it with the resignation of physical nature, and we gaze with a kind of awe on the mystery of such absolute powerlessness. But the human mind is capable of throwing off ideas. It can reason, and go back to principles, and ask questions, and say this is my impression, but is it a right one? What ground have I for it? Perhaps I have not a good one? In this way society, in the course of ages, throws off certain ideas on certain subjects and adopts

others. Thus, new principles of trade and finance, new rules of art, new law, new manners, costume, words, and tastes and forms of daily life come in. Thus, this nation has just now cast off a great idea of the protection system in commerce, which had sat upon it for ages; and, many years ago, it cast off a great idea of absolutism which had sat upon it. For right or for wrong the power of throwing off ideas acts; but it does not act and act effectually. The whole history of the world, from the beginning, is a history of ideas thrown off to make way for others.

The belief in the absolute omnipotence of the State, which presses so upon the Church, is an idea of this class. It is capable of being thrown off like other ideas. This taking for granted that the State is safe, and deity, and irresistible law, is a blind idea: there is no sense or moderation in it: it is not the result of judgment and correct appreciation, but an idea by itself—a prescriptive imagination. Let the Church reason like a man, and not be simply impressed like an animal. Very great power is yet susceptible of checks, and, we think, the Church has strength to compass some form of check.

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA OF GALILEE. (From "Short Meditations," by Dr. Hook.)

There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee.—St. John ii. 1.

How happy was this marriage which our blessed Lord was pleased to honour with His presence and His first miracle! He was the author and institutor of marriage, and was pleased to give it a sanction and a blessing by assisting at it.

Let me remember that He, our blessed Saviour, came to marry, as it were, by His incarnation, our human nature with His divine person; He came to marry Himself to His Church, and has raised Christian matrimony to a high dignity, as being a sacred and mysterious sign of His perpetual union with His Church.

Let me remember that in the midst of the marriage feast the wine was wanting; how deceitful are the pleasures of the world, how often they fail us when we expect most from them. It is Jesus alone that can furnish our immortal souls with the true wine which maketh glad the heart of man; He only can present us with pure delights; and He alone can turn the tasteless, even the bitter things which are set before us, into that which strengthens and refreshes the weary soul.

The first miracle of our Lord was a forerunner and to that last and greatest miracle which He wrought at His last supper, and which He is now continually working for those who are elect and precious in His sight. Behold His table spread! the bread and wine thereon become to the faithful soul of the true believer His body and blood? O marvellous love of our gracious Saviour! To the faithful soul He gives Himself! Consider this, O my soul, and join with the Church in celebrating with love and gratitude this miracle which is the forerunner of all thy good; it exhibits thy Lord unto thee changing water into wine; and by the eye of faith thou lookest forward and seest Him giving Himself to be thy spiritual sustenance, if only thou do, as the servants at the marriage in Cana, whatever He saith unto you.

I picture to myself the room in which the marriage is held; there sit the meek and blessed Virgin; there also is Jesus. The feast proceeds; but, owing to the poverty of the entertainers, there is not enough wine for the guests. Mark the mother of Jesus turning and saying to Him, "There is no wine;" and after, the words spoken to her in return, which show that no human eye can draw Him to His ministry; mark the *way* in which He has given the command. The servants are told by Jesus to fill the water-pots with water; the divine command with which He spoke must have inspired them with awe, or, in spite of the Virgin's injunction, they might have objected to pouring in water when the question was about wine; but much more would they have demurred to obey the command of "Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast;" but "they bare it," and when the governor tested the water which had been made wine, they knew whence it was, and so had the privilege of those who minister unto Christ in holy things. The governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and seemed to remonstrate upon the unusual proceeding, saying, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Blessed Jesus! Thou hast indeed turned water into wine, Thou art ever merciful and pitiful; and it is to the poor in spirit and the humble, that Thou shonest thy tenderness and compassion.

The empty vessels of human nature were filled to the brim, but with the observance of the law; it was not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats could wash away sins, neither could water wash away the impurities of the soul, until Christ came, and forthwith the water is made wine; and truly may we say, when we have been washed in the waters of baptism, and are made partakers of the wine of the chalice, when we feel the strengthening and refreshing of our souls, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

The good wine, which maketh glad the heart of man, and which is to be kept in new bottles, in

hearts prepared and seasoned for its reception, is of

sovereign efficacy for the diseases of the soul; but we

repair to the feast with Jesus; He alone can make it wine to us; and only those whom He commands can serve us with it. As we go on in faith receiving this, it will become to us better and better until when at last we shall be more perfectly prepared to meet the Lord; all the occasions of receiving His benefits will become more precious to us, and we shall confess that we have kept the good wine until now."

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The Church.

him for a vacant Bishopric some divine who had set forth certain unsound doctrines, which, however, he afterwards retracted. "I have for my new Bishop," said the good King, "some man who has nothing to retract."

"But a third coming, I have said, is taken to remove from

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The Church.

THE APOSTOLIC VISIT. (From "Scenes on the Lake of Tiberias," in the Maple Leaf.)

It was the year 66, after sentence of banishment had been superseded by the just and humane Nerva, in favour of the Christian exiles. Jerusalem had been captured, and the nationality of the Hebrews was on the point of extinction. On a quiet summer's eve in that year, two men of very unequal ages—one of whom had attained nearly a century, the other not more than a generation—stood upon the western shore of the lake, at no great distance from Tiberias. Sadly they gazed upon the traces of war still visible around them. Their attire indicated that they belonged to the Christian Priesthood. In order they were equal, for both were bishops in the primitive Church; Christ; yet—though occupying the same spiritual office—they stood in the relation of master and pupil: the scholar was Polycarp—his tutor, the Apostle and Evangelist St. John.

Eleven of the Apostolic thrones, surrounding the Son of God, had been filled: the twelfth was awaiting the departure of him who was now bending his eyes in thoughtful contemplation upon the water so often crossed—once through the perils of a storm—in the company of the Saviour of mankind. Whilst he was thus absorbed in devotional musings, his thoughts doubtless turned to those poor fellow-labourers who had gone before him; for, raising his hand, he pointed out to his companion one of the spots on the other side, which had been consecrated by the presence of the Son of Man—accompanying the action with these words:

"There it was, Polycarp, that our Divine Master spoke unto Peter that prediction concerning me, which thou hast before heard from my own lips. At first that prophetic saying was to me as dark as to others; but the Spirit of the Holy One had enlightened my mind as to its meaning. I have waited its fulfilment through scenes and tales of woe. In spirit have I seen the Messiah come to destroy unfaithful and apostate Jerusalem."

"If these places," said Polycarp, who wished to turn his aged friend's attention to those sacred recollections, the recital of which afforded him peculiar delight—"If these places be holy and dear to me and to all that are in the Lord, how great must be thy joy to revisit the consecrated ground where thou hast walked even with the Son of God!"

"Over against us," replied the Apostle, pointing out a particular spot on the other side: "Yonder, on the height which still seems green—for there was much grass in the place!"—He who wrought miracles by his own power, blessed the few loves and fishes, and they sufficed for the wants of a great multitude. Above us is Capernaum, where he told the same multitude, who had come to seek Him, that He was 'the bread of life.' There, too, you may see the country of the Gergesenes, where evil spirits confessed his might; and where 'the herd of swine ran down a steep place into the sea,' (for you perceive that the shores of these lakes are steep the whole way round), 'and perished in the waters;' and not far from us, is Magdala, where she lived who, though her sins were great, was forgiven, 'because she loved much.' Before us, upon the waters now so still, the boat which carried the Lord of life, was tossed by one of those tempests which I have known often to rush down suddenly from the mountains, and cause great fear and danger to the Galilean fishermen. But see, the sun is almost hidden behind Caesar's steep, and the dews of night are falling fast,—chill and heavy as when they descended on the Man of Sorrows in His midnight prayers. We must depart.

"One word more, honoured master, and I go with you. Thou hast been favoured with a near view of heaven, and with wondrous revelations of the future. Thou hast described the past history of these places: canst thou tell me what shall be hereafter?"

The Apostle's aged form shook with strong emotion, as he thought of the unearthly sights which his eye had been miraculously strengthened to behold.—"When the bottomless pit was opened to my sight, and from the smoke thereof proceeded God's avenging armies, I saw them pass over these places, and 'torment those men which had not the seal of God in their foreheads:' they were 'like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men: and they had hair as the hair of women.'" Even now do I see them trampling the Cross and slaying the angels of the Churches. More than this hath not been disclosed to me; yet surely God will raise again the Cross of Christ, and Israel shall be restored.—Content with this knowledge, let us leave this place—thou for Smyrna, I for Ephesus." And so they departed; the Teacher, to "sink to the grave with unperceived decay," the Pupil to win his crown through martyrdom of fire.

THE FRUITS OF EQUIVOCATION. (From the West Jerseyman.)

"Oh! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

I was married while young, to a man of my choice, and how happily my married life was, I can hardly bear to think. Mr. Percy was —; but no matter, I must not venture to give words to my full heart.

We lived in London. My husband's profession made a city residence almost necessary, and confined him very close to his office. But what signified this? There are happy hearts, and unspeakable enjoyments, in the closest and most crowded streets of a city, and ours was a happy home.

For ten years after our marriage we had never left London, except for an occasional days recreation. Would that we had never thought of leaving it. But at that time we had two children—boys; and I, foolish as I was, thought that they were delicate—that they pined for fresh country air. I said so, and urged my husband; for, he, too, I thought, was wearing himself away by keeping himself so close to his office. I urged him to retreat from business and London for a few weeks, and take us all in the country for a change of air. I had never proposed any plan to which Mr. Percy was not willing to accede, and he now took pains to gratify me. He could not leave London entirely, he said, but he would look out for a cottage a few miles in the country, to which I might take the boys, and he would come and see us as often as possible.

Well, we went into the country; I and my children. It was a pleasant village (at least I thought it pleasant then), about eight miles from our London home, and two or three times a week my husband left business early in the afternoon to spend the evening with us, and returned early next day.

One day—oh! I never shall forget that day—I received a note from a friend who lived three or four miles from our cottage, inviting me to spend the day with her. That friend was the mother of our dear Lucy —. I determined to go; and after the lunch with my boys I prepared for the walk. I preferred walking there, and my friend had engaged to see me home at night in her carriage. I had no expectation that my husband would visit us that day. Indeed I believed it impossible that he could, as I knew he had an appointment to keep with some committee that very evening.

I had given directions to my servant, and told her that I should not return till late, but had not said whether I was going, and was leaving the door of our cottage, when my youngest boy (a dear little fellow not quite five years old) ran up to me and asked—

"Mother, where are you going?"

I evaded the question! for I feared the boys would wish to go with me, if I should mention the name of Mrs. —, and I had made up my mind to go to her.

* The Saracens, who were celebrated for their gaily laced and effective cavalry, wore turbans or mitres—mainly, as to the appearance of their heads, but having the hair of their heads flowing and plaited like women.

But Willy clung to my hand, and in his winning way said, "You must not go, mother, without telling me where you are going." And his brother ran out and put the question in another way. "Are you going to London to see father?"

Ungrudgingly, thoughtlessly, and yet, oh how criminally, I answered, "Yes, yes, to be sure; I am going to London." Little did I anticipate the train of miseries which followed on that answer. How could I?

More than once during my walk the thought obtruded itself that I had deceived my children, and I felt ill at ease. Had I even then listened to the proofs of conscience, foregone my anticipated pleasure, and returned to undeceive them, all would have been well. But I quieted myself with some wretched sophistry—I have not told an untruth—I am going to London, but not to-day, I did not say I was going to-day.

I had my pleasure—the last day of pleasure I ever enjoyed in this world, or shall enjoy even though I live a hundred years, and I then returned. It was about nine o'clock. I found my boys out of their beds, and the first question they put to me was,

"Did father find you?"

"Father find me. Father find me? What do mean? and why are you not in bed?" I replied.

The story was soon told. My husband had arrived at the cottage about an hour after I had left it, and was told that I had gone to London; that I was walking thinner even then; that I had received a letter that morning which I put into my pocket, and that I seemed in a great hurry to go after the letter came.

On hearing this my husband, according to our servant's account seemed troubled, and instantly, without waiting for refreshment or rest, returned, leaving word that he would be back with me, and that our boys might sit up till we came, if it were not very late.

All was mysterious to me except that part of the account which related to my deception. I could understand that, alas, too well. But as to why Mr. Percy had come so early in the day or how he could have come at all, I could not understand—or why he should be so anxious to see me.

I did not wait long in suspense. The sound of wheels was soon heard—a hansom coach drew up to the door, and my husband sprang out. His first exclamation was one of thankfulness that he had at length found me. His first question was, "Dear wife, where have you been?"

My account was soon given. "But," said he the boys told me that you had gone to London."

"Oh! I said, "that was a mistake."

"But mother," interposed Henry, our eldest boy, "you said you were going to London."

I did not reply, for I saw that my husband looked terribly fatigued, and very anxious, and I busied myself in doing something for comfort, and then put the boys to bed.

And then came my husband's explanation. He, too, received a letter, that fatal morning, of far more importance than mine—a letter that he thought required my consideration, as well as his own, and setting aside all other business, he hastened to consult me. There was no available mode of conveyance to the village at that time unless he had chosen to hire a coach, and had there been perhaps he would have preferred walking. At all events, he did walk, and that hastily. It was a hot summer's day, but this would not so much have mattered, had he found me at the cottage, or even had he known certainly where I was to be found. Even if I had left no message as to whether I was going, no harm might have arisen, for then he would have thought of our friend —, and have sought me at her house. But my unhappy, my wicked deceit. Oh! it was that did all the mischief. The instant he was told that I had received a letter and had almost immediately after started for London, he became troubled, anxious less some bad news had arrived from a quarter unknown to him, and hurried back still more hastily than he had walked from London, hoping to reach the city as soon myself. He wondered that we had not met; but it was possible we had taken different paths on some part of the journey.

When my husband reached London he found him self exhausted and unwell with the very hot, long and fatiguing walk; and he became nervously excited when he found that I had not reached home before him.

He waited impatiently for some time, too much disturbed by the pressing business which had caused his unexpected visit, and by my unaccountable absence, take the refreshment he so much needed. After waiting for some time in great and increasing suspense, he went to another of our London friends, imagining the possibility of my being found there—nothing doubting the reality of my journey to London. How was he to doubt it? he asked. Had I not explicitly told our boys that I was going thither? and had I ever deceived him or them?

At length distressed beyond measure by the joint effects of disappointed anxiety, business engagements, and bodily fatigue and sickness, my husband once more reached his office, and finding that I did not make my appearance, determined to take a coach, and returned to the cottage with the vague hope that he had misinformed me. This ended that terrible day—terrible at least in its consequences.

I must pass over, continued Mrs. Percy, the remainder of my history as briefly as I can.—I dare not dwell upon it.

That night, instead of enjoying the rest he so much deserved, my husband complained of pain and weariness. The following day his sufferings increased; we sent for a physician. It was putrid fever. The infection might have been taken from the coach in which Mr. Percy travelled. We never ascertained whether or not it was so. But were this the case or not, mine was the guilt, and mine has been the punishment—My husband died! Poor little Willy was the next victim, and then his brother. In less than a month from the day of their falsehood, had neither husband nor son.

West of England Broad Cloths, Cassimères, Doeskins, Beaver and Pilot Cloths, &c. &c.

WITH VESTINGS IN GREAT VARIETY,
(From the National Intelligencer.)

He faded, yet so calm and meek,
So gently wan, so sweetly weak."

The bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down, the hands piped below, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me; the late strife, the hardships of my early life, and a thousand other things mingled together as figures on a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up I bethought the surgeon's mate.

"Little Dick, sir, is dying," said he.

At once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protege of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to nature; and from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned for him: for I, too, had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me, in confidence, of his mother, whose memory he regarded with holy reverence, while the other boys of the ship he had little to say; for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often when they jeered at him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed on him continually. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I had given directions to my servant, and told her that I should not return till late, but had not said whether I was going, and was leaving the door of our cottage, when my youngest boy (a dear little fellow not quite five years old) ran up to me and asked—

"Mother, where are you going?"

I evaded the question! for I feared the boys would wish to go with me, if I should mention the name of Mrs. —, and I had made up my mind to go to her.

* The Saracens, who were celebrated for their gaily laced and effective cavalry, wore turbans or mitres—mainly, as to the appearance of their heads, but having the hair of their heads flowing and plaited like women.

wardly resolved to use all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requisition, for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet—

"My God!" I exclaimed, "you're not meant it? He is not dying?"

"I fear sir," said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, "that he cannot live till morning."

"And I have been lying idle here!" I exclaimed with remorse. "Lead me to him!"

"He is delirious, but in the intervals of lunacy he asks for you, sir;" and as the man spoke, we stood beside the bedside of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around was too stifling; but had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the schooner was in motion, while the clear, calm blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away.

How calm it smiled down on the face of the dying boy. Occasionally a light current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool and refreshing in that pent up—held edown the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as with his head resting in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber.

His shirt-collar was unbent, and his childhood bosom was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying had been intensely painful, but within the last half hour, had somewhat quieted, though even his thin fingers tightly grasping the bedclothes, as if he

should be about to die.

The surgeon said—

"He is going fast—poor little fellow—do you see this?" as he spoke he lifted up a rich gold locket,

which had lain upon the boy's breast. "He has seen better days."

I could not answer for my heart was full—was the being to whom, but a few hours before I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me, with death already written on his brow—and yet I had never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me in that hour. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman that held up his head—said sadly,

"Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one, when your log's out"—he spoke with emotion—"to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and looked vacantly around.

"Has he come yet?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Why don't he come?"

"I am here," said I, taking the little fellow's hand, "don't you know me, Dick?"

He smiled faintly in my face. He then said,

"You have been kind to me, sir—kind—than most people to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it's all I have."

I burst into tears; he resumed,

"Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?" said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Darnforth."

"I can do nothing for you, Dick?" said I; "you saved my life. I would coin my blood to buy yours."

"I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live only, if it is possible, let me be buried by my mother—you will find the name of the place, and all of it in my trunk."

"Anything—everything my lad," I answered, chinkily.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky overhead. His mind wandered.

"It's a long—long way up there—but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I can see sweet faces smiling on me from among them. Hark! is that music?" and lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead. How was he to doubt it? he asked. Had I not explicitly told our boys that I was going thither? and had I ever deceived him or them?

At length distressed beyond measure by the joint effects of disappointed anxiety, business engagements, and bodily fatigue and sickness, my husband once more reached his office, and finding that I did not make my appearance, determined to take a coach, and returned to the cottage with the vague hope that he had misinformed me. This ended that terrible day—terrible at least in its consequences.

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