

MEMORIALS

OF

MARGARET ELIZABETH,

ONLY DAUGHTER OF

REV. ALBERT DES BRISAY,

OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.

BY A FRIEND.

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

YOUNG.

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## P R E F A C E .

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THE person upon whom has devolved the pleasing duty of preparing the following memoir, is one who was intimately acquainted with its subject from her earliest childhood, and who enjoyed the privilege of residing under the same roof with her during the greater portion of the years that intervened between her infancy and her death. The facts contained in the following pages are detailed, therefore, from personal knowledge; and, after witnessing such a career and its termination, a strong conviction has ensued, that so bright an example of early piety and excellence should not be permitted to sink into oblivion, but should be held up, however feebly, to the imitation of the young, especially of her own sex. The ruling wish while living, of the departed, was to do good; and though she would have shrunk from public notice or approbation, yet now that she has put off the tabernacle of clay, and become even as one of "the angels of God," may we not also believe that she is also divested of all mere human feelings, and that the

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timidity for which she was once remarkable is swallowed up in the one desire that God may be glorified?

May not the hope also be indulged that the grace of God, as it was manifested in her, being faithfully set forth, his blessing may accompany this feeble effort, and thus the sequel prove that Margaret Elizabeth neither lived nor died in vain? Mysterious indeed are the ways of the Allwise in the economy of his providence and grace; numerous and diversified, minute as well as great, are the means which he employs in the establishment of his kingdom! "He bringeth to naught the counsels of the wise," and useth the "weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty," "that no flesh should glory in his presence." With a deep sense, therefore, of the impotence, considered in themselves, of all human instrumentalities, however imposing in appearance, and however well arranged and efficient in operation, and with an equally lively conviction, that the weakest attempt to show forth his praise may, crowned by his sanction, result in much glory to him, and good to immortal souls, this little volume has been prepared for publication.

May the Almighty bless it to the spiritual good of the young, and may his Spirit whisper, with a voice that may not be disregarded, into the heart of each one that may peruse its pages, Go AND DO THOU LIKEWISE.

A. E. M.

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MEMORIALS  
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MARGARET ELIZABETH DES BRISAY.

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CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY CHILDHOOD.

MARGARET ELIZABETH DES BRISAY was born at Sheffield, New Brunswick, March 23, 1836. In her infancy she was extremely feeble and delicate, but by the time she had completed her second year, she had entirely recovered her health, of which blessing, from that period, she enjoyed as large a share as generally falls to the lot of mortals. The first seven years of her life were nearly all spent in the town of St. Andrews, to which place her parents removed a few months after her

birth. In this secluded spot, her principal companions were the members of her own family, the most of whom had attained to years of maturity. To supply the want of associates of her own age, her lively imagination, at three years old, conjured up ideal beings, in converse and intercourse with whom, amid imaginary scenes, hour after hour would pass away, in what afforded her the utmost enjoyment. Each individual of her *dramatis personæ* was represented by herself, and her action, language, and tone of voice, varied so as to be in keeping with the character of each. Had this early taste been fostered and allowed fully to develop itself, what an important bearing might it not have had on all Margaret's future course! and what a different being would she have become at the age of nineteen! Her mother, however, fearing that this amusement would have a tendency to encourage a love for theatrical exhibitions, at length forbade its further indulgence. It is a proof how firmly the habit of obedience had, by this time, been established in her mind, that as

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soon as the maternal prohibition was issued, this, her favorite recreation, was at once, and forever, uncomplainingly abandoned. The sacrifice, however, as she has since acknowledged, cost her many silent tears.

Soon after this her attention was directed to the subject of learning to read. She had previously been taught the alphabet, and to spell words of one syllable, but now, her father having presented her with a New Testament, her ambition was fired to obtain the key which could unlock all its treasures. She therefore set herself to work, with the greatest energy, to master its contents. Beginning at the first part of the book, she went regularly on, studying carefully each word, as it occurred, until perfectly acquainted with it. Carrying the volume about with her, she had recourse, when at a loss, to any person she might meet, to solve her difficulties, and to inform her "what such a word was," and "what such letters spell." In this manner, and without any other assistance, she taught herself, in a few weeks, to read

with great ease, not only the Testament, but any common book. And now a wide and an exhaustless field was opened before her, which her ardent and inquiring mind, through all her subsequent life, never wearied in exploring, where it never flagged in its onward progress, till the iron pressure of mortal disease, paralyzing the physical energies, cast its benumbing influence also over her mental powers. The love of knowledge being so early awakened within her breast, ceaseless and untiring, henceforth, were her efforts in its acquisition. But those efforts were willing and spontaneous, such as the heart puts forth for the possession of the object of its homage. Continually adding to her fund of information, these increasing accumulations of mental riches were hoarded up by her with a miser-like care and watchfulness.

Her acquaintance with the Scriptures began at the time of learning to read, and as years rolled on, it became more and more intimate and extensive. Besides daily reading the Bible, and having it ex-

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plained, and learning portions of it on the Sabbath, she commenced the practice, which she ever after continued, of committing to memory one verse or more each day. It was, no doubt, this study of the sacred volume, combined with religious instruction and training, which, under the Divine blessing, was successful in exciting in her mind, from a very tender age, an interest in sacred subjects. In her seventh year, this interest deepened into an anxious concern for her salvation. "I cannot tell," she would say, "why I am not a Christian. I am sure I wish to be with all my heart, and I am always praying to the Lord to make me one." In this inquiring state she remained some time, till at length, one day, conversing with a friend about her feelings, the way of salvation was explained to her in a simple manner, and she was encouraged to believe that God was willing to forgive her sins now, because the Saviour had died for her. While her friend was speaking, her countenance suddenly became irradiated, and she burst forth into expressions of wonder and praise.

“Could it be true that she might now be forgiven for Christ’s sake? Yes, it was true.” She could no longer doubt “the fact, for the light of the glorious Gospel,” God reconciled in Christ, “shone into her heart,” and she was “filled with joy and peace in believing.” “O,” she exclaimed, “it is now all plain and easy to me. Before, when I used to think of becoming a Christian, it seemed to me as if there was a high wall just before me, but now it is all gone.” How descriptive, this, of the barrier which unbelief opposes to the entrance of divine truth into the human mind! Thus did Margaret, at this very early age, not quite seven years, clearly experience that great change which translates the soul from the darkness of nature into the light and liberty of the children of God. The reality of her conversion was proved by the permanence and influential character of her religious feelings, and by a general consistency of conduct truly remarkable in one so young. Her goodness was not “like the morning cloud and the early dew, which soon pass away,” but

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“as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

From this period, through all her after course, she seemed ever actuated by firm religious principle, and by a conscientious regard to duty, though she was not without those variations of feeling which generally mark the experience of the Christian. Truly interesting and affecting was it to witness, in this infant believer, the development of Christian motives, hopes, joys, and affections; in short, to contemplate in her all those distinctive traits which are characteristic of the “new creature in Christ Jesus.” Among these, one of the most early observable, was an ardent desire for the spiritual welfare of others, particularly for that of the junior members of her own family. Carefully did she watch to discover in them any indications of good, such as increased seriousness, or attention to prayer. “I really do believe,” she exclaimed, one day, running into her mother’s apartment, “that A—— has gone into his own room for prayer;” and she skipped up and down with every demon-



stration of delight. She was not mistaken in her surmise; and when, shortly after, her wishes, with respect to him, were accomplished, nothing could exceed her joy. As a further evidence of the genuineness of her piety, we may mention her great tenderness of conscience, and her sensitiveness to any wanderings of mind from God, or diminution of her religious joys. As an illustration of this, a circumstance may be related, which occurred about two months after her conversion. She was, at that time, attacked with the measles, and became quite ill. Her mother, one morning, commiserating her suffering condition, she replied: "Yes, mamma, I am very ill; but do you know what has been comforting me in my affliction? that passage, 'Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'" On recovering so far as to be able to sit up and amuse herself, she was detained in her own room, on account of the severity of the weather, for several days, with a little brother, a few years younger than

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herself. It was observed that she appeared more than usually engrossed in play, and that no remark was volunteered by her on the subject of religion. When permitted to leave her apartment, as might naturally be supposed, she was much delighted. She hastened to her mother, who, after fully sympathizing with her in her feelings, at length said, "And how is your mind, Margaret? do you feel happy now?" Her face, which had a moment before been radiant with pleasure, suddenly changed its expression; she hesitated, and, at first, made no reply. On being urged on the subject, "No, mamma," was her answer, uttered in a low tone. "What is the reason? have you been committing sin?" was the inquiry. "I don't know," she replied, "that I have committed any sin, only I have been playing so much with A——, that I am afraid I have forgotten God." She was directed to retire, and ask the Lord to pardon her for Christ's sake, and assured that he would again restore her happiness. She went away for that purpose to a small

room allotted her as a place of devotion, but on her return expressed herself as feeling no better. "I do not see," added she, "how the Lord can forgive me." "My dear," said her mother, "he is as willing to pardon you now as he ever was. Can you not go to him as you did at first?" But her mind was now clouded, and the way of access to God seemed involved in obscurity. Again and again did she withdraw to her little closet to implore forgiveness. The blessing was more easily forfeited than regained. Persevering prayer, however, cannot, in the end, fail of success. She came at length, and with a countenance beaming with joy, exclaimed, "O, mamma, the Lord has again forgiven me, and I now feel as happy as I did before."

One of the most early indications of Margaret's spirituality of mind, was the great interest manifested by her in religious conversation. Every opportunity of being alone with her mother, did she eagerly improve for this purpose. "Now, mamma," she would say, "there is no

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one here, and we can have a nice time to talk about *good things*." Then drawing her little chair near, she would sit with her face upraised to her mother's, drinking in every word uttered by her, with as lively a zest as children generally listen to an amusing fairy tale. While thus engaged, an hour or two would pass away without her attention in the least degree wandering.

A part of the Sabbath was always spent in this manner. The afternoon of that sacred day, she and the little brother before mentioned passed with their mother, reading, learning and repeating hymns, and portions of the Scriptures. This employment interested them much, as did also a little prayer meeting, which it was their practice to hold at those times. Accustomed almost from infancy to pray vocally, Margaret could express herself, even then, with much readiness and appropriateness. This capability increased by exercise, and in after life ripened into a rare and beautiful gift in prayer, distinguished for humility, fervency, and propriety of

expression. While attending the public worship of God, her conduct was such as to be observed by those around her. "Your little girl's behavior at church is really remarkable," said a friend to Mrs. D.: "she sits apparently absorbed, never taking her eyes off from the minister, as if she would not lose a word he says." It cannot be supposed that a child of seven could fully comprehend all that was uttered on such an occasion, but she understood and remembered enough to be able to repeat at home not a little of each sermon she might hear. This was her invariable custom; and in a few years, so great became her proficiency in this art, that it was observed, a more satisfactory account of a discourse could be obtained from her than from any other member of the family.

As has been intimated, Margaret had become enthusiastically fond of reading, but her favorite book, when a young-child, was, next to the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress. Over its pages she hung entranced, and such a hold had its most

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interesting scenes taken upon her imagination, and so firmly were they impressed upon her memory, that, without having intentionally learned a sentence, she could repeat verbatim a great part of the volume. In after life, she has said that she could well understand and sympathize with the feelings of the little girl who imagined the story to be literally true, and actually set forth herself on a pilgrimage. She (Margaret) was only waiting for an opportunity to do the same.

When Margaret was about nine years old, she had a very severe illness, so that her life was considered in danger for some days. Her mind was in a peaceful and happy state, and quite resigned at the prospect of death. Her mother inquiring of her why she was willing to die, she replied, "Because I think the Lord has forgiven me all my sins." During the whole of her illness, her composure was equal to that of an aged, experienced Christian; she seemed to be resting on a solid foundation.

## CHAPTER II.

## SCHOOL-DAYS.

IN June, 1843, Margaret's family removed to Sackville, where nearly all the remainder of her short life was passed. Her intellect was now rapidly expanding, and she evinced powers of thought and reflection that might be called precocious. Being placed under a regular course of instruction, her education began to be systematically carried on. This afforded her much gratification, so ardent was her desire for improvement. Close application to study, far from being considered by her a wearisome task, was her delight. No incitement to diligence was necessary in her case, nor was any supervision required with respect to her attending to her studies. This was left entirely to herself, and the result always proved that she was fully prepared at the appointed time.

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Her assiduous efforts, combined with her excellent natural abilities, could not fail of making her successful in acquiring a knowledge of the different branches to which her attention was directed. But it was in the general culture of the mind that she particularly excelled. This, at ten or twelve years old, was far in advance of her age. Her understanding seemed intuitively to take in the ideas and views that belong to a more mature period of life, and her language and mode of expressing herself indicated this in no small degree. A rich intellectual repast did she enjoy when permitted to listen to the conversation of persons of education and refinement. At such times she would ensconce herself in a corner, and, silent and almost motionless, with her eyes riveted on each speaker alternately, appear lost to all surrounding objects. As soon, however, as the company had withdrawn, and the family were again alone, she would manifest her pleasure by her usual demonstration of lightly skipping about the room, repeating over what had



particularly impressed her imagination, such as a new fact or a striking sentiment.

Margaret's mental constitution disposed her to be singularly alive to all that was beautiful around her. The visible creation, the varied landscape, awakened early in her breast emotions of admiration, and stirred up within her poetic thoughts and images.

Passionately fond of flowers, she considered it one of her highest indulgences to cultivate a little plot of ground, that had been granted her for a garden. Combined with her love of nature, and of intellectual pursuits, was a taste for the simple and innocent pleasures suitable to her age and circumstances. She was a child of great vivacity of disposition, and entered into the sports of her little companions with the utmost zest. But she was always remarkable for gentleness; never, in her moments of the greatest exhilaration of spirits, being rude or boisterous. She possessed, also, a great fondness for those domestic animals that are found

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in every house, and the very sight of a cat or dog, or a bird, would throw her into raptures of delight. So strong, indeed, was her propensity for petting various kinds of living creatures, that it was often smilingly observed, should she ever be mistress of a house of her own, it would be turned into a menagerie.

Of acute and tender sensibilities, it was essential to Margaret's happiness to love and to be loved. Naturally amiable, affectionate, and obliging, a word, a look from her parents or friends was sufficient to guide her; as, therefore, harshness and severity were in her case unnecessary, so they were never employed, and to her were entirely unknown. It is a matter of rejoicing to her family now, that her childhood was so eminently happy. Living from her earliest years in the atmosphere of kindness and affection; endowed with susceptibilities that made it a necessity of her nature to derive pleasure from each object of beauty or sublimity that met her eye; the "ample page" of knowledge unfolding itself daily to her inquiring

gaze, how many were her sources of enjoyment. But to these she added one still richer, being even at that early period in possession of "the faith which touches all things with hues of heaven." How vividly is she now before the "mind's eye," as she then appeared; a bright, a joyous little being; all life, all animation, bounding along with a bird-like motion, her countenance lighted up with an expression indicative of the gladness within!

Before Margaret had fully attained her ninth year, she commenced penning down her thoughts on paper. Her first essays at composition consisted chiefly of descriptions of natural scenery, and reflections upon the characters and facts she became acquainted with in her reading. They were written in a kind of poetical prose, and were the spontaneous effusions of her own mind, her friends not being aware for some time of the habit she had formed, or in what manner she was engaged. We insert one or two of her earliest attempts, not, of course, for their intrinsic merit, but merely as specimens of the thinking

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and writing of a child of nine years of age.

“NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

“Where is that warrior now—the mighty dead? Is he where holy angels hymn their sacred numbers forth to God, their King? or is he where no ray of hope can ever penetrate? He opened wide the portals of eternity to hapless thousands; now he himself hath passed into that dread and changeless state! Even hope, with sweet and cheering aspect, scarcely dares to wave her pinions o’er his tomb. How vast, yet unlamented, was the sacrifice on which he raised the costly fabric of his fame! Thousands of treasure and of human lives composed the mighty hecatombs; yet he who caused this wanton waste of treasure and of blood, who deemed his glory and his name alike imperishable, and who thought this world of ours too small to fill the lofty grasp of his ambition, died an outcast, exiled from his country, friends, and home—a lonely prisoner on a distant, rocky isle.”

## "THE ESCURIAL.—A FRAGMENT.

\* \* \* \* \*

"All that imagination paints of beauty or magnificence, to please the most refined, luxurious taste, lie spread in rich profusion through thy spacious courts and lofty corridors—save in those dark abodes of death, where sleep Iberia's kings. Thy gloomy founder, too, more fitted for monastic cell than for the pomp and splendor of a court, unconsciously reposes 'neath thy stately towers, alike incapable of forming schemes of vengeance 'gainst the virgin queen of Albion's favored isle, or persecuting, with a blind and fiery zeal, the opposers of his faith. How many years have circled out their revolutions since he passed from off this stage of action, and is his name or are his deeds forgotten? No! impartial history, with her during pen, hath marked them down for future generations, and drawn with pencil, dipped in deepest shades, the outlines of the dark and furious persecutor."

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About this period a circumstance occurred evidencing her conscious and glowing love to God, and at the same time her tenderness of conscience. She had met for some years in a class that assembled in her mother's parlor, and might be said to be a member of the Church, regularly receiving her tickets. Though her extreme youth had hitherto prevented her attending the Table of the Lord, yet she had been well instructed as to the state of mind necessary to qualify one to be a worthy partaker of the sacramental bread and wine. One Sunday morning, on returning from public worship, whither she had gone unattended by any of the senior members of the family, she came into her mother's room, apparently laboring under great mental agitation. On an inquiry being made as to what had disturbed her mind, she burst into tears, saying, "O mamma, I am afraid I have done wrong; I did not think of it till afterward, but I am afraid it was very wrong. Mr. — to-day so earnestly invited all who truly loved the Lord Jesus, to come forward to

the Sacrament, and I felt I did so love him, that I went, and now—I fear I ought not to have gone—I ought to have spoken to you first.” Her distress appeared so great, that it was necessary to comfort her with the assurance that she intended only to do what was right; but some time elapsed ere her tranquillity could be restored.

The following letter, written when she was scarcely ten years old, is expressive of her ardent affection for her brother, and also of her desire for intellectual improvement. It is the only one of her early letters that could be found.

SACKVILLE, March 11, 1846.

“MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—Children of the same parents ought never to be at a loss for subject-matter when they write to each other. As you are at such a great distance from us, it is necessary I should remind you, that my love for you is not at all abated; indeed, I think that the longer you are away from me, the more I love you. O then, dear brother, how happy I shall feel when your five years

are expired! But I am looking forward to a shorter period than five years; my thoughts are frequently occupied with the nearness of the time when we hope to see you here, on your next visit in July or August. The necessity of a female academy here has lately been suggested, and it is thought that the project will be carried into effect. For my part, I hope it will, before my day of improvement is passed, that the mists of darkness with which my mental horizon is beclouded, may be dispelled, so that I may not be quite an ignoramus.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ We have no female school during the winter, but E. and I attend to our studies after dinner, under the very efficient superintendence of ——; and, *mon cher frère*, I have lately commenced the study of French, and am much interested in it. If you do not look about you I shall run ahead of you, *monsieur*, which would be rather an awkward circumstance, considering I belong to the weaker sex. I hope to be able, in about a month, to write you a French note, and you could not do me a

greater favor than to answer me in that language.

“You will recollect, that in the afternoon, the sun shines in very brightly at the parlor windows, and some member of the family frequently observes, ‘The sun shines in so brightly it almost looks like summer.’ A smile generally passes around the room, intimating that when summer comes we shall see you. A—— is learning to read nicely; his favorite chapter is the second of Exodus, the story of little Moses. He is so fond of reading it, that one day, on mamma’s saying, ‘I think A—— has read that so often, he can repeat some of it,’ to our surprise, he rose and repeated twenty-five verses.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Now, dear A., give my kindest and best love to *dear* grandmamma, for though I have never seen her, I love her *very* much indeed, as it is probable that she is so much like papa. Give also my best love to all my other relatives, and believe me, dear A., your very affectionate sister,

“MARGARET.”







READING TO A BLIND MAN.



She possessed very tender and sympathetic feelings, which never failed to be deeply stirred at the sight of woe or misfortune. When she was between ten and eleven years of age, a gentleman came to reside in Sackville, who labored under the deep affliction of being blind. He was a person of superior education, and quite interesting in appearance and manners. Margaret's sympathies were immediately enlisted in his case; so much so, that even the sight of him at a distance would excite her in a very great degree. Her family having formed some acquaintance with him, nothing gave her greater pleasure than to render him any little kind attention, or contribute in any way to his comfort, when at her father's house. She also, at her own most earnest request, and with her mother's permission, was in the habit of going to his residence for the purpose of reading to him. The volume she chose for these occasions was "Headley's Sacred Mountains," a book which, from her previous reading, and acquaintance with the details and scenes illustrated in

its pages, she much enjoyed. The fact of her selecting and being able to appreciate such a work as this, may give some idea of what was then the matured state of her intellect, taste, and religious tendencies.

The melancholy circumstances of this gentleman made so deep an impression on her mind, that her feelings were poured forth in the following manner :

“ THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY SEEING MR. ——.

“ 'Tis noonday, and the glorious sun is shining brightly in the unclouded sky. All nature is hushed, and naught is heard save the soft rippling of the waves, and the wild murmuring of the dashing waterfall. 'Tis evening, fleecy clouds traverse the wide expanse of heaven ; the retiring sun is gently sinking to his rest behind the western hills. ‘Soft and pensive twilight’ steals along with magic wand, ready to gently wave it over all the earth, hushing it into soft repose. These, these, are beauteous all, and I, in days gone by, have gazed with rapture on them. But ah ! a

change has o'er me passed! On my vision rests a shadow, dark, profound; and while the 'vital spark' retains its power, I ne'er again shall gaze upon these scenes of nature, all glorious as they are.

..... And who can paint how fraught with anguish is the thought, the oft-recurring thought, that I shall never more behold those cherished ones, that call me by the endearing name of husband, father, friend! O, there are moments when the memories of the past sweep o'er the soul with sadness, deep, unutterable, like to the music of a mournful dirge, heard from a distance far.

"But is there not a hope beyond this fleeting life? Is there no glimmering ray of light to illumine the dreary path that spreads itself before me? Must darkness ever settle down upon my spirit's view? Must stern despair forever set its seal upon the future? It need not, must not be. There is a brighter, better world above, a holier, happier clime! There is a lovelier region far away, where those who have meekly trusted in their God, who

have trod the narrow, toilsome way of life with firm and steadfast steps, shall find their resting-place, their home. No deepening shadow flits across the spirit in that land. Premature darkness never settles on the eyelid there; but life, and joy, and brightness hover o'er those blessed abodes. Mount upward then, my soul, and with the eye of faith look through the vista of the coming years, into the boundless regions of eternity; there is thy home, thy blissful home! Then let the memories of the past, with all the rich enjoyment unrestricted vision can command, forever be forgotten, or eclipsed in the unfading and eternal joys that lie beyond the tomb."

It not unfrequently is the case, that the reputation of cleverness in a child is attended by the disagreeable accompaniments of vanity and forwardness of demeanor. From such defects as these Margaret was unusually free. Her parents had ever carefully avoided anything like a display of her peculiar traits and acquirements, being of opinion that exhibitions of

this kind, whatever stimulus they may afford to education, are, in their general effect upon the female character, unfavorable, inducing a love of notoriety, and having a tendency to destroy that modesty of deportment, or, as the apostle expressively terms it, "*shamefacedness*," which is the peculiar ornament of the sex. This course of procedure, combined with her naturally retiring disposition, resulted in the formation of a character and manners singularly modest and unassuming; and during the period of childhood, she was known to all beyond her own domestic circle, as a well-behaved little girl, remarkable only for being very quiet.

## CHAPTER III.

## TRYING SCENES.

THE happiness of Margaret's childhood has been spoken of as being sunny, and bright, and without a sorrow. Not always was this state of things to continue. A cloud at length arose, which cast a shade over her future life, and tinged her feelings with a sadness ever after perceptible. Her mother, who, though for many years in delicate health, and, in a measure, laid aside from the active duties of life, had yet been able to mingle, with cheerfulness, in the domestic circle, was, in the arrangements of an inscrutable but all-wise Providence, in August, 1849, attacked with a violent disorder, which prostrated her upon a bed of intense suffering, from which she has never since arisen. Soul-harrowing was it to witness her paroxysms of agony, and, as weeks and months lengthened into years,



to behold the sufferer still lingering, at times in the extremity of distress.

Upon Margaret now, at this early age, devolved the duty of assisting to nurse and wait upon her mother; and though, on account of her extreme youth and inexperience, she could act only in a subordinate capacity, yet day after day found her in the darkened chamber, beside the sick couch, endeavouring, in every possible way, to administer to the relief of the afflicted one. Most melancholy were the circumstances in which she was, now placed. Besides the privations consequent to her upon her mother's illness, such as the suspension, for the time being, of her studies, and of her intercourse with her young companions, and the cutting off of her usual sources of enjoyment, she had now to endure what to her was more deeply painful, to be a daily beholder of almost unparalleled sufferings in a parent so tenderly beloved. What wonder is it that, in such a situation, the sensitive mind of one so young should receive a wound from which it never recovered! Though

years brought to the sick one an alleviation of distress, and caused affliction to press more lightly, they could not restore to the youthful spirits their former freshness and buoyancy. Her very countenance, from this time, changed its expression, being ever after of a decidedly pensive character. In the following fragments, written by her in a small book, she alludes to the alteration in her feelings, produced by her mother's illness, and by an expectation of her removal.

“*December 1, 1849.*—The present year is closing swiftly, and soon the year 1850 will dawn upon us; and O, what a contrast will its opening scenes present to the joyousness, and almost mirthfulness with which we welcomed *this* year! Were I to dwell upon the change which, as a family, has passed upon our spirits in one short year; were I to permit myself to brood upon the recollection of days that are past, the thoughts that come crowding upon me would wring from me tears of bitterness. But it may not be. I must

live to the present moment. Let me cherish the sweet and hallowed memories of the past, but let me not mourn over the sorrows of the present, or the prospects of the future; for before winter shall again close upon us with his icy blasts, a yet darker and deeper shadow may have fallen upon us; our pathway may be yet more cheerless; our fireside may be yet more desolate; we may be yet more widely separated. There may be none to gather in gladness about our hearth, and almost the last remaining link of affection, which once bound us so closely and lovingly together, may have been rudely sundered.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I am no longer the joyous, blithesome creature that I was, when last December

\* \* \* \* \*

“The year 1850! with what is it fraught? with happiness to some, and misery to others:

‘He comes on his car of state  
To weave our web of fate.’”

In the following brief extracts from let-

ters written at this period, she expresses also the same feelings.

“As to dear mamma’s health, it continues about the same as when I last wrote. Constant suffering appears to be her lot. Neither night nor day has she any rest or cessation from pain, though nature sometimes sinks exhausted, and she sleeps more, I think, than when you left. You may be sure that no schemes for mental improvement are in progress now. How often do I look back from my present position on those happy days, when dear mamma was in the enjoyment of a moderate degree of health, when you were with us, and we were pursuing our studies, and were all so happy! Alas! I fear those are to me indeed ‘departed days, departed never to return.’

“I hope, dear E., you will never know the real heart-sorrow we all feel at present, in seeing poor mamma suffer, without the power of even alleviating her sufferings. Ah! how changed are our home and our prospects, from what they were at this period last year! for though mamma has

been many years afflicted, yet such was her cheerfulness and fortitude, that her affliction never appeared to interfere with our enjoyment; indeed, she was the life and soul of our family circle. But now, O how greatly changed! Our home was then a scene of quiet, cheerful happiness, but now there are no plans for mental improvement, no instructive reading, no delightful conversations; but substituted for these, we are compelled to witness the intense suffering, and many times to hear the sighs and groans of the person we love best. Ah, dear E., it is sad indeed; and I often think that I was not half aware how happy we were before mamma's illness; but now I know by sad contrast! How willingly, were I possessed of all this world's wealth, would I give it, could mamma be restored to her former state of health! Could we indulge a hope as to her ultimate recovery, this would sustain us; but we fear there is very little prospect of this."

Margaret carefully concealed her feelings from her mother, and endeavored to appear as cheerful as possible in her pres-

ence. She spoke lightly of the sacrifice she was obliged to make of her opportunities for improvement. When her mother would lament the interruption to her studies, and that her time was thus, as it were, being lost, she would answer with a smile, "O, do not say lost, mamma; I am learning to *nurse*." Indefatigable was she in her attentions to her afflicted parent, and never did she, by word or look, intimate aught but the deepest sympathy and affection. One more willing, indeed, could not be found to perform all within the compass of her power, both on this and every other occasion, in which there was necessity for extra exertion.

At length, Mrs. Des Brisay's disease, which had at first been acute and agonizing, assumed a milder form, and settled into a chronic affection, attended, however, by not unfrequent paroxysms of suffering. Owing to these mitigating circumstances, Margaret, after about a year's intermission, was, in some measure, relieved from her strict confinement in the sick chamber, and enabled, in a degree, to resume her

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various pursuits; but no period was there, during her mother's illness, in which, when present and in health, she did not spend a great part of her time, and fully share with others in the duty of waiting upon the invalid.

For a year or two previously to this period, Margaret had acted as her mother's amanuensis, and upon her had devolved the labor of keeping up a correspondence with absent relatives and friends. This to her was a pleasing recreation. She had "the pen of a ready writer," and she required but to place that pen upon paper, and thoughts and words flowed forth with ease and rapidity. Never stopping until her letter was completed, or her sheet filled, she seemed to know nothing by experience of the disagreeable circumstance of being brought to a stand by the inward inquiry, "What shall I write next?" Her mother would say, "Margaret, I wish a letter written to such a person, and such and such things mentioned." This was all that was necessary to be said or done. At the proper time, the letter

would be forthcoming, and would be found to contain all that was required, expressed in appropriate, and often felicitous language. Her usefulness in this way cannot be estimated. The perusal of Margaret's letters would cast a clearer light on her character, and give a more correct view of it than anything that could be written on the subject; but they are, with a few exceptions, of so strictly private a nature as renders them unsuitable for publication.

During the winter of 1851, favoring circumstances allowed Margaret more leisure than usual for improvement, and several hours each day was she spared, in which she devoted herself to some favorite pursuits. Perhaps she became unduly engrossed in her occupations, or permitted her mind to be too much taken up with youthful associations. We know there is a tendency in human nature to pursue immoderately, what is innocent and even laudable, and to allow objects and individuals, excellent in themselves, to draw the heart away from what is spiritual and divine. Certain it is, that her religious enjoyment

was, during these months, at a lower ebb than had ever been the case since her conversion. Though she had not "wickedly departed from God," it was evident that her delight in him, and in his ways, was lessened. Intervening objects had come between her and her Saviour, and now prevented her rejoicing under "the sweet shining of his face." So decided and so joyous had been her former experience, that the change in her feelings was the more easily observed, and could not but be regarded by her friends with mingled emotions of sorrow and anxiety. But this state of things was not permitted to continue long. In the month of April a protracted meeting was held in Sackville, by the resident minister there, which resulted in a revival of religion. Many were converted to God, and many members of the Church aroused to renewed diligence in the divine life. Among the latter was Margaret. Deeply feeling the necessity, in her own case, of the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit, she presented herself publicly, with a number of her young compan-

ions, for the prayers of God's people. Nor did she thus wait upon him in vain. She was restored, abundantly restored, to all that she had formerly enjoyed; and the blessing thus regained was faithfully preserved during the remainder of her life. Several of her youthful friends, to whom she was fondly attached, were also, at this time, made happy in religion, and they were now a loving little band, united by the most endearing of all ties, those of Christian friendship. They now proved great assistances to each other in the path of piety, taking "sweet counsel together," and walking "unto the house of God in company." Margaret ever looked back upon those days, spent thus together, with tender recollections, and regarded that peculiar period as a sunny spot in life's dark pilgrimage; and thus she expressed herself but a few days before her death. From some of these beloved associates she was soon, in the progress of events, called to part, to meet no more on earth; but her feelings toward them, of cherished affection, ever remained the same, and with

several of them she maintained a correspondence until her last illness. She had, indeed, a heart peculiarly fitted for friendship. Possessing an eminently social disposition, warm and generous sensibilities, and a lively appreciation of excellence in character, her attachments were alike ardent and durable. The disinterestedness and unselfishness of her regard were not less remarkable. Unlike some who cannot behold, with unalloyed satisfaction, superior talents, accomplishments, or personal attractions, even in their most intimate friends, Margaret was incapable of feeling any other emotion than that of pleasure, when those she loved were the objects of admiration, even though she herself were cast into the shade.

Her school-days might now be said to be over, as after this period she never received lessons from any regular teacher. It is true that both her friends and herself were looking forward to the time when the female academy in Sackville should go into operation, with the expectation that she would then be able to enter it as a pupil,



and more fully finish her education. Alas! the realization of this hope was prevented by her illness and early death. How consoling, however, is the consideration, that in that bright world of glory, of which she is now an inhabitant, her desire for knowledge is being satiated at its fountain head; that her powers, expanded in a manner, and to a degree, incomprehensible to us in our present state, are occupied with the study of loftier subjects, nobler themes, than this earth can offer, or than "hath entered into the heart of man to conceive!"

During the last few years of Margaret's life, as childhood ripened into womanhood, and as her duties became more numerous and important, she evinced a corresponding conscientiousness and fidelity in their performance. Fondly attached to her own home, she made it the center of all her hopes and joys. Her inclination, as well as her principles, led her to seek her happiness there, and to endeavor, as far as possible, to contribute to the general comfort of her household. Cheerfully did she take her part in domestic labor and cares,



and ever desirous was she to accomplish all within her power in this respect. Attention to her mother, however, claimed the largest share of her time and efforts. A chief part of every day was necessarily passed in attendance upon her, ministering to her wants, and performing each kind office of love and filial duty. To enliven the tedium of her monotonous circumstances, she was fruitful in inventions, and was always contriving some little agreeable surprise. She was also in the daily habit of reading aloud to her mother for hours together. Occupied in these various employments, her life had, indeed, become a busy one. She learned to value time, since so little of it was at her own command. Though her desire for improvement continued as ardent as ever, yet the moments that she could snatch for that purpose were "few and far between." In her attempts at composition, also, she labored under great disadvantages, writing generally in great haste, frequently in the midst of her family, and always with little opportunity or leisure for correction. To

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her friends it has ever been a matter of astonishment, that she was not perfectly discouraged by the obstacles in her way, and prevented from making any efforts of this kind. But the secret of her perseverance was, that her burning thoughts and emotions, too big to be restrained within her own breast, *must* pour themselves forth in language, and thus relieve her burdened spirit. Never sitting down for the express purpose of composing, it was the ideas that came rushing unbidden into her mind that were penned down, and these just in the order, and in the words in which they first presented themselves. Thus it did not seem optional with her whether to write or not; a necessity seemed laid upon her in this way, to give vent to the powerful sentiments within. Often would she be observed with her lips slightly moving, while going about attending to her accustomed duties; then, on the first moments of leisure, she would disappear, and on her return, one of her productions would be forthcoming. Perhaps it should be mentioned, however, that

it was generally on some interesting occasion, or after having listened to the relation of some striking incident, that she seemed operated upon in this manner.

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## CHAPTER IV.

## LEAVING HOME.

IN the summer of 1853, Margaret received an invitation from her uncle, Dr. McLeod, then residing in Halifax, Nova Scotia, to spend the ensuing winter in his family. Duly appreciating the kindness which prompted such a proposal, to have accepted it would have afforded her unalloyed pleasure, had not an obstacle to such a step presented itself in the state of her mother's health. This, in her opinion, was of so formidable a nature as to be insurmountable, and not till the matter was brought before her by her family, did she seriously contemplate it for a moment. To them it appeared highly desirable that she should be relieved for a season from her arduous duties, and should avail herself of the opportunities for improvement which a sojourn of a few months among her kind friends offered. Her reluctance,

however, to leave her mother was great. When first consulted on the subject, she burst into tears, exclaiming, "O, mamma, do not send me from you; I cannot bear the thought; I am sure something will happen to you in my absence, and then I should never forgive myself." But though these were her feelings, yet, to the wishes of her parents, now as ever, she was as the yielding wax. When, therefore, she saw that they were really anxious that she should pay the proposed visit, judging it for her advantage in different respects so to do, she no longer offered any opposition, but acquiesced in their will. In the following extracts from a letter written at this time she alludes to the subject:

"TO MRS. MACLEOD.

August 18th, 1853.

"MY OWN DEAR AUNT,—I cannot tell you how welcome and precious were the little note and remembrancers from you, which reached me last night. Very dearly shall I always prize them, and most cordially do I thank you for them; for I had

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scarcely dared to hope that you would find a vacancy in your affections and sympathies for one so insignificant, and so entirely a stranger. And yet surely we are not strangers *now*; we are linked by ties sacred and enduring; and I cannot but reiterate the hope to which you have so kindly given expression, that we may meet, ere very long, 'face to face.'

"Very delightfully comes the thought, that I may claim a place, however small, in your heart and memory; for never had I dreamed, while pouring forth the undisciplined fancies of a stray moment, that aught of mine could win an echo in a land so distant.

"I would indeed that I could have been with you in your journeyings. I have always fancied that one glance at Niagara would bring with it its own enchantment, and weave a spell over the heart which might hardly be broken. There must be a grandeur, a mysterious solemnity, in the sound of that strange minstrelsy which has rung there for ages gone; and the memory of the pale dead, who have passed into



eternity by so wild and fearful a gate, would shroud the scene with a peculiarly mournful interest. Your visit to Buffalo would, I can imagine, prove very interesting to you, as the renewal of cherished intercourse with a beloved friend, whose exhaustless flow of chastened mirthfulness has won for her a name, even among the dwellers in Sackville.

“The thought of a visit to you and my ever-kind uncle is very, very bright; too bright to cherish, except in the far distance. Duty should ever, I know, take precedence of pleasure, and I could not, even for the joy of greeting those who are so dear, resign the privilege of ministering to a suffering mother. So thought I, as first your kindly message met my eye; but mamma appreciates so truly the advantages of a temporary sojourn in Halifax, that she begs you will allow her to defer a decisive answer till next week, when we will probably communicate with — on the subject. I cannot but picture your household group to myself, and then comes the longing wish to take one glance in upon you.

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“My mamma, who, as you may have heard, is yet the ‘prisoner of the Lord,’ wishes me to assure you of a warm place in her heart, and to say you are to her, even now, as an own beloved sister. She delights to trace the Providence which has transplanted you from your Southern home to the shores of Nova Scotia, and made you the nucleus round which centers so many hopes.”

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It is to be lamented that we have no record remaining of Margaret’s religious feelings, traced by her own hand. It is true, she commenced keeping a diary when but about the age of eight, and continued it through many years; but we regret to say, that when leaving home at this period, she committed it, with a number of other private papers, to the flames. The state of her mind, however, is known from other sources. The following extracts are from a journal, undertaken by her, for the information of her family, with respect to her movements during her absence.







PARTING WITH HER FATHER

On October 20, Margaret left her father's house for Halifax. Being then in the enjoyment of perfect health, little was it foreseen under what circumstances she would return to it.

*“Friday, October 21.—At Parrsborough.* Rose this morning at five o'clock, dressed hastily, swallowed some breakfast, and, after bidding Mrs. L., my hostess, adieu, set off with papa to go down to the landing. On arriving there, found everybody asleep, and no signs of the vessel going. The drive down was delightful, although pretty cold; the moon and stars shone most brilliantly, and the high, dark hills around us, were mantled with their radiance. As soon as it was light, papa and I set forth for a walk round the village. The country is hilly and romantic, but the village itself has an ancient and deserted air, calculated to make one feel rather somber, and disposed to moralize in gazing upon it. Had a delightful walk on the beach. About eight o'clock, signs of life and motion were seen about the vessel, and presently the call came for passen-

gers. A boat came ashore for them, and I was handed in. Bid papa good-by, and pulled down my vail to hide the blinding tears which would come. Sat and watched papa standing on the wharf, as we rapidly retreated from him. Felt rather melancholy, as his form slowly faded in the distance. The boat soon reached the vessel's side, and I hastened to the cabin, as soon as I got on board, to indulge in the genuine luxury of tears. In this design I was fortunately arrested by the descent of an old lady, who, I soon found, was my only female fellow-passenger. She somewhat won me from my sadness, by chatting very pleasantly, and I soon ensconced myself by her side for the rest of the voyage. The day was delightful; sea as smooth as glass, and the gentlemen were wishing for a breeze, and prognosticated a long passage. Twice a gentle breeze sprung up, and wafted us along in fine style. About twelve o'clock I was sitting, gazing listlessly at the distant horizon, and thinking it was the haven for which we were bound, when I overheard some person

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asking the captain how far we were from Horton. "Two miles," was the answer. Turning my eyes in the direction of the speaker, I discovered, to my utter astonishment, the Horton shore directly before me, in all its far-famed beauty. Eagerly did I scan every outline of the smiling coast, of which I had heard such glowing tales. It was, indeed, bright and beautiful, and soon the cottages and groves of Lower Horton came in view. As we neared the wharf, I felt most painfully that I was indeed, for the first time, a stranger in a strange place. Surveyed every inch of the wharf before me, in hopes of seeing a friendly visage of some kind. Looked anxiously for Mr. ——. No person, however, answering to his description, was to be discovered, and I began to have some sinkings of heart about my prospects. Just then, raising my eyes, I saw a respectable-looking gentleman seated alone in a carriage on the wharf. This proved to be Mr. ——, who received me most kindly and cordially; and now, behold me perched up alongside of Mr. ——, whirling

through the streets of Horton. Arrived at his house about two P. M., and saw Miss — and other members of the family. Met with the greatest kindness and hospitality. Sat down and took some dinner, after which a walk was discussed. While meditating such an excursion, some friends called, and kindly volunteered a drive for me to Wolfville. After a few moments' delay we set off. Wolfville is very pretty, and Acadia College is a handsome building, embosomed in trees and shrubbery. Had a long talk about home and Sackville friends, and was besieged on my part to delay my journey to Halifax till Monday, which would give me the pleasure of another drive to-morrow (Saturday) to some other of the neighboring localities, so famed for their beauties, and also secure me the advantage of the protection, on my journey, of Mr. —, who goes to Halifax on Monday. Partly promised to do so. Went also to Gaspereaux River, a most beautiful little stream, meandering through upland meadows. Came home about five. Before tea, sat in the twilight, and dis-

cussed 'Flora Neale's' writings and personality, and the philosophy of spirit-rappings. After tea resumed the subject of spirit-rappings, and finally relinquished it for some music and chat around the piano. Promised to write a note to Halifax postponing my visit till Monday.

"*Saturday, 22.*—About eleven this morning, the clouds, which had threatened rain, began to disperse, and the sun shone out brightly. After taking some lunch, set off on our drive. Drove to Hantsport, made a call there, went through a new Baptist church, which is very neat and pretty, and after dinner drove to Hardscrabble, Bagtown, and Glen Anna. Hantsport is a pretty little place, and some parts of the road thither are picturesque and the views fine. But O! the view from Hardscrabble is beyond description. All Lower Horton and part of Cornwallis burst upon you, and in the distant horizon, Cape Blomidon, near which Mr. Very and Professor Chipman found an ocean grave, is just discernible. The whole is like a magnificent

panorama, and we sat and gazed for some minutes, almost breathless. Had a long and very interesting conversation on different subjects, among the rest, Dr. ——'s preaching. Returned home at last about half-past five P. M., rather tired, having been driven twenty-five miles. After tea had the pleasure of looking over a volume of the National Magazine, and Strong's Harmony of the Gospels, and finally relinquished them for some conversation.

"*Sabbath, 23.*—To-day it has been most dismal, as far as the weather could make it so. Went to the Episcopal Church in Wolfville, accompanied by Miss —— and L——. The latter and I chatted together all the way, going and returning. She is a sweet, interesting girl, and the misfortune under which she labors seems to throw around her a charm, rather than otherwise. She is very lovable, and withal most intelligent. I am sure I shall always remember her with pleasure and affection. Stayed at home the rest of the day, and read 'Summerfield's Life,' a very interesting book. Rained hard all day.

"*Monday, 24.*—I am at last in Halifax. Rose this morning early, on the *qui vive* about my anticipated journey. About half past eight the coach came in sight, and I once more felt that I was to be thrown among strange scenes. However, made my parting salutations to the friends that were with me, and mounted, not the rostrum, but the stage-coach, looking as heroic as possible. Was gladdened with the sight of A.'s handwriting on a newspaper, handed to me through the window by a friend. After some delay, the word was given, and I was whirled away, amid the kindly greetings and adieus of those I left. Horton will always be fraught with pleasant memories for me. It has some of the loveliest scenery I have ever seen, and among my friends there, I met with most true and warm-hearted kindness. Felt somewhat sobered down, as the coach rattled along, bearing me from the place. After a few miles had been passed, began to feel very giddy and sick, in consequence of sitting with my back to the horses. Tried to keep quiet till we



got to Windsor, but carried this resolution rather far, and just as I was on the point of fainting, a lady opposite saw my appearance, and spoke, and Mr. — changed seats with me. After some time the fresh air revived me. This move introduced me to a lady, who proved to be rather an amusing acquaintance. There are some pretty views on the road to Halifax, particularly about Windsor, of which I caught glimpses through the windows; but, on the whole, the drive was very fatiguing, and I was glad, heartily glad, when the gaslights of Halifax were seen through the darkness. Reached this city about eight P. M., and after some delay was met by A. and A., who showed the way to their father's door. Was received at the entrance by uncle, and several other members of the family, but found, to my deep regret, that my aunt was very ill.

“*Saturday, Oct. 29.*—My first week in Halifax has passed quietly, but very pleasantly, with the exception of the gloom thrown over us all by my aunt's illness. She is yet ill, but Dr. — thinks her



improving on the whole. Went with E. on Thursday, to take my first walk in Halifax. I scarcely know what idea to form of the city. From some points of view, it looks really beautiful, but when you approach nearer, it has almost an ancient air, and the houses seem dingy, and many of them far from being handsome externally. This appearance is very striking to a person coming, as I do, from a country village, where everything is new and fresh.

“*Sabbath*, 30.—It has been very fine weather on this my first Sabbath in H., and I have had the pleasure of attending church twice, which is somewhat unusual. The text this morning was from Zechariah iii, 2: ‘Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?’ I enjoyed the service very much.

“*November* 15.—Rose this morning, and found the sun shining, and everything giving promise of a pleasant day, after yesterday’s storm. About ten o’clock, suddenly took the fancy to accept an invitation to spend the day in Dartmouth.

Accordingly equipped myself, and set off on my way to the market wharf, accompanied by Cousin A——. The day was most delicious, almost like summer, and the trip across the harbor was really delightful. Almost as soon as we landed, left for a drive in the environs. Some of the views around are very pretty, and the view from some of the hills of Dartmouth itself, and also of the city and harbor, is extremely fine.

“*Sabbath, Nov. 27.*—Heard a sermon to-day from Psalm lxxvii, 13: ‘Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary:’ very delightful and impressive.

“*November 29.*—This morning finished a ‘Leaf from Life,’ which I commenced last night. Finished it, but not to my satisfaction. It wants power, vividness, and life, and has numberless faults of style and expression. I do not know what mamma will think of it.

“Received a letter from —— this evening; a very kind, affectionate one, which cheered my spirits considerably. She says her father received lately a letter

from papa. If there is anything which comes to the weary, home-sick heart like 'cold water to a thirsty soul,' surely it is a letter from a friend; it acts like a charm to revive and animate the flagging spirits. Read the first book of 'Jerusalem Delivered.' I should judge it very fine, and probably the interest deepens as the work proceeds.

"*Wednesday.*—I have longed to-day for home as, I think, I have never done since I have been in Halifax. I am sure to-night, that one glimpse of the dear circle I have left, at the group surrounding the sick couch, would be worth more to me than anything else earthly. How often do these words come to me in this city of strangers!

'Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?' &c.

"I do not think anybody *can* miss *me* at home, unless mamma sometimes misses the sight of a melancholy face from her bedside, and possibly papa may miss somebody teasing him late at night, when everybody else has gone to bed. With

these trifling exceptions, I flatter myself, all whirled on in the domestic circle as noiselessly as ever. But this I know, I miss them; I cannot so easily tear myself away from them as they can from me. However, I live in hopes of seeing papa at Christmas, which event, I fear, will cause such a violent reaction of spirits, that their exhilaration will exceed all bounds.

“*Thursday*.—Attended, this evening, the quarterly love-feast, in Argyle-street Church. Dr. — and Mr. — were in attendance. A good influence seemed to pervade the assembly, yet I did not, on the whole, enjoy the meeting as much as some I have attended in Sackville. To-day is the first of another month. The weeks glide so rapidly away, that ere long I shall look forward to bidding adieu to the circle in which I now move, and reuniting once more with the loving band, around whom every affection of my heart is intertwined. The thought of again beholding the faces of those so dear, of being allowed to view the pale features of my

mother, lit with a hope and cheerfulness not of this earth, and to twine my fingers in the dear locks so softly tinged with silver, clustering around my father's forehead, fills me with an exhilaration I cannot express."

Margaret was, at this time, among the most affectionate of friends, and in her letters to her family she expresses her deep sense of the kindness shown her. "Everybody is so kind to me," she writes, "I cannot tell why it is so." Yet, notwithstanding this, we see, from the above extracts, how her heart pined for home. We cannot wonder at these feelings, when we consider her mother's circumstances, and that this was the first visit of any length in which she had been away from the parental roof.

To her father she writes, November 24: "I cannot resist the temptation to write a line, just to tell you how I long to take one glance in upon you this afternoon. It is a most dreary day, the first snow we have had, and, as in fancy I leave the



shelter of my present habitation, I seem attracted, in opposite directions, toward Sackville and toward Sydney.\* What would I not give for a visitor from each place! I am looking forward, however, joyfully, eagerly, and earnestly, to Christmas, for a glimpse of your face. You will not disappoint me? I dare not think of it too often or too much, for sometimes, when I get thinking about it, my heart yearns so for a sight of you, that it seems as if it were impossible for me to live and wait till Christmas."

The following is to her mother at Christmas:

"A glad and happy Christmas to you, my dearest mother, is the greeting I would fain whisper in your ear just now. This, however, I cannot do, and instead, I can only put on paper my fervent wishes for your comfort and relief from suffering. How can I tell you how my thoughts have been hovering to-day around you at home, and dear A—— in his island

\* Alluding to her brother, who was then at Sydney, C. B.



dwelling? My thoughts, and, no doubt, yours also, have gone back to this day year, when we were all together, with the exception of A——. Probably you also remember this day two years, when he also was with us. It seems so sad that we are now so far severed from each other. May we meet again when 'spring shall revisit' the earth, without a broken link or a vacant seat.

“I have been very busy during the past week, helping to preparê for Christmas. To-day I scarcely realize that it is here. For the festivities of to-morrow, everybody and everything have been put in requisition. All the presents are to be put on the breakfast-plates to-morrow morning, and in the number, papa has not been forgotten. Need I tell you how delightful it is to have him here with us at this time? His presence has been the purest comfort I can think of; the only alloy is that you are not with him. In the midst of the confusion and bustle, I have been quietly moralizing on the flight of the year. The result of my meditations you have probably seen in

‘Memories of the Year.’ *Qu’en pensez vous?* May I tell you that I have had a Christmas gift already from a friend? ‘Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands,’ by Mrs. Sigourney. My first thought was, what a nice time I should have reading it to you when I get homē.”

During the winter which Margaret passed under her uncle’s roof, she possessed many advantages, which she did not fail to appreciate. In his family she had the privilege of companionship with individuals, not only highly gifted and educated, but of gentle and loving hearts, and sincere though unassuming piety. With these “kindred spirits” she enjoyed a daily interchange of thought and feeling, the effects of which may be imagined upon the mind of one so alive to all that was refined and elevating. Her plans for improvement, also, did not prove abortive. Though she experienced some unavoidable interruptions, yet she made a respectable progress in different pursuits which she had undertaken, and her time was

fully occupied in attending to duties of various kinds. Though from under the eye of her natural guardians, with her disposition it was impossible for her to be idle; still must she be employed in something useful, either for herself or others. Her visit, therefore, did not fail of the end proposed, and so many were her sources of enjoyment, amid her invariably kind relatives and friends, that it passed as pleasantly as it possibly could do, away from her parents and her own domestic circle.

In the month of March of this year, the Wesleyan Church in Halifax were aroused to greater degrees of zeal and activity in the Redeemer's service, and, as a consequence, were led to put forth extra efforts for the revival of "pure and undefiled religion." Margaret, in her letters at this time, makes frequent allusion to this circumstance, and to the blessed results produced on herself and others. To her father she writes, March 16: "I am sure you will be pleased to hear that the ministers in this place have, for the last three

weeks, been holding a series of services, morning and evening, for the promotion of a revival of religion. The meetings in the morning were first held at seven, but are now at half past six o'clock. I, with other members of the family, attend regularly. For some time everything proceeded very quietly, and without much apparent result; and even now, the work is going on more in families, and in a seemingly noiseless manner, than manifesting itself in great excitement in the meetings, though, within the last few days, several penitents have gone forward and found peace. Among the people of God a most blessed influence has gone forth, some having obtained the blessing of perfect love. . . . I am thankful that God has been very good to me personally, in drawing me to give myself anew to him, and in giving me a view of the Saviour, which fills me with peace. I think that the Spirit of God is also working on the minds of those around me. — is a most punctual attendant on the means of grace, and is really, I think,

deeply serious; and E—— has, I believe, met with a genuine change of heart.”

In a letter about the same time to her mother, she says: “I wish you could look in upon us to-day; I think there is a great deal of pure, genuine happiness among us. How delighted —— would be to see the change in E. She seems to have lost all fondness for light or trifling conversation, and will steal away from the rest to get alone with the Bible or some devotional work. She expresses herself as never having felt anything like it before. To-night is band-meeting; we are going, and I should not wonder if she spoke. I feel that God has been abundant in goodness to this family, and also to me, in placing me here in the midst of so many delightful privileges, and I praise him that I feel, in some measure, that joy ‘which nothing earthly can destroy.’”

The following memoranda are made by her about the same period:

“*Friday.* Rose this morning at six, and went to meeting. A very delightful influence pervaded the service. Attended

meeting also in the evening. *Saturday.* This evening Miss — took tea with us, and we went to band-meeting. E— had previously made up her mind to speak, if possible, and she succeeded in the effort. She spoke very briefly, and simply of what God had done for her. Came home, and planned going to meeting in the morning. *Sunday.* — preached this morning at Grafton-street Church, and E. and I walked down to hear him. The sermon was most delightful, from Rev. iii, 8, 'Behold, I have set before thee an open door,' &c., &c. Went to Brunswick-street Church in the evening, and heard —. The sermon was very solemn and impressive."



## CHAPTER V.

## LAST SCENES OF LIFE.

It was in attending one of the early morning meetings that Margaret took a cold, which laid the foundation of that insidious but fatal malady, consumption, which, alas! in little more than a year, made her its victim, and laid her in an untimely grave. Her cold, in a short time, settled into a slight dry cough, not, to a superficial observer, of sufficient consequence to excite apprehensions. It was not long, however, before her pallid countenance, wasting form, and failing strength, bore indubitable evidence that disease, like an incubus, was pressing upon her. Still she did not seem aware of this herself, or, at least, did not acknowledge it. Her natural disposition led her always to conceal, as far as possible, any bodily ailment or uncomfortable feelings that she might have, and from a fear of causing

uneasiness to her friends, and especially to her mother, she carried this to an extreme. It was a matter of great difficulty, under any circumstances, to draw from her an acknowledgment that she was not well. The fact must be so self-evident, and commend itself so palpably to the notice of those around her, as to render a denial useless before she could be brought to admit it. This peculiarity of hers may account for her so studiously concealing from the friends with whom she was then residing, all that she was able of her unfavorable symptoms. It induced her also to keep her parents in ignorance of her failing health. Not the least allusion to such a state of things is made in her letters; and thus, while every succeeding day saw her bowing more fully before the power of disease, they supposed her to be perfectly well, and were delighting themselves with the idea of her return home in high health and spirits. Margaret's unselfishness of character lay at the foundation of this disposition. She was so much occupied with others, and thought so little

of herself, that her own feelings she passed lightly over, and really did not think them of sufficient importance to obtrude on the notice of her friends, especially when the result might be that of exciting anxiety on her account. Home-sickness was, in truth, the malady with which she believed herself affected, and as this, since her declining state, had come over her with irresistible power, she mistook the effect for the cause of her illness, and had no doubt in her own mind that, could she once get home, she should again be quite well. But of this she said nothing; and though her heart went forth with an indescribable yearning toward the spot where were the dearest objects of her love, she remained, waiting with patience, till the summons should arrive for her return. This could not be very soon, for it was now the season of the year when the roads were in such a state as to be nearly impassable.

In the mean time, the friends with whom she then was, watched over her with tender care, and endeavored, as much as possible, to recruit her strength for her

journey homeward. As the time drew near, she rallied all her energies, and, inspired by the hope of soon again seeing her parents, and joining her own domestic circle, she really persuaded herself that her health was improved. Her invariable answer to the inquiries of her friends was, "that she had not been well, but that she was now better."

As giving a view of the tone of Margaret's feelings, and of the light in which she regarded the events of life, the following extracts are inserted, taken from the albums of two young ladies, who had requested something from her pen ere she left Halifax. It is a truly affecting circumstance, that the young lady addressed as I—— has since fallen a victim to the same fatal disease which brought Margaret to an early tomb, and that but a few months after the death of the latter, they met again in the spirit land:

"Strange thoughts and sad are guests with me to-night, dear L——, as I attempt to trace a broken line in this your cherished souvenir. Memories come crowding

thick and fast about me, of the hour when we met, and scarcely can I realize that six months have nearly winged their solemn flight into eternity since then. Yet so it is, and now very suddenly are we called to give the farewell greetings, and sever the companionship of months. He whose far-searching eye can read the limitless pages of the dark future, alone can tell whether we shall meet again in the fleeting, shadowy space of time, that we call life, or whether our next meeting shall be where all is reality forever.

“What a blessed hope it is, dear L——, and to those who are parting, doubly dear, that of *another home*, a *changeless* home, which the homes of earth, bright as they are, only image faintly forth.

“May I ask that sometimes, amid the pleasant scenes of your own sunny land, and amid the groups of those on whom affection has flung her brightest garland, you will bestow a passing remembrance upon one, far away in a northern clime, who will ever link your image with the recollection of bright scenes of joy?



Memory has garnered up many a loving recollection of you ; they are graven where time cannot efface, and hope, unreasonable hope, whispers in my ear that you may once more return to our shores.

“May the eternal arm be ever around and beneath you in all your journeyings, granting you a joyous gathering once more around the household hearth, and may we, when life is over, be presented ‘faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.’

“*April, 1854.*”

“A parting greeting is mine, dear I——, to-night, as I pen a wandering line for your eye. Moons have waxed and waned since first we met, and now the hour draws nigh when the parting words must be said. Such is life ; now a brilliant burst of sunshine, then the storm cloud and the tempest. Such changes would make this earth of ours, fair as it is in its natural adornment, very dreary, were it not for the hope we have, the glorious hope, of a home where change and parting come

not. So should each of life's changes  
speak to us of a world

‘ Too high, too fair  
For the spoiler's breath to enter there.’

“Let us both, looking aside from the  
fleeting scenes of a heartless world, fix  
the unfolding affections of the youthful  
spirit on Him who so loved us, that, cen-  
turies ago, he poured forth his blood for  
us on the mountain top.

“ *May, 1854.*”

At length, having received a letter from  
her father, fixing the day of her leaving  
Halifax, she set out at the time appointed,  
accompanied by one of her cousins, for  
Sackville. We shall pass over the details  
of her journey homeward, merely remark-  
ing, that the exposure and fatigue attend-  
ing it would have been, even to a person  
in health, sufficiently great; but to her,  
in her circumstances, they were perilous  
and well-nigh fatal.

Margaret's family, in the mean time, had  
been looking forward eagerly and joyfully  
to her return; and her father and brother

now set off for Parrsborough, to meet her and her cousin on the way. On the day the whole party was expected home, every heart beat high with delightful anticipations, and smiles sat on every countenance. All the domestic arrangements were made in reference to this event, and as the afternoon waned away and evening approached, there was an eager listening, while quick feet hurried to the windows at every sound from without. Not till after nightfall, however, did the carriages which contained the travelers drive up to the house. And now, while some of the family hastened out to meet them, how impatiently were the eyes of those within turned to the door, through which they expected to see Margaret come bounding in to rush into her mother's arms! But an unaccountable delay seemed to attend her movements, which, in those accustomed to her usual mode of proceeding, excited even at that moment a vague wonder. This wonder deepened in intensity, and became mingled with feelings of a more painful character, when a poor, emaciated

invalid, whom her own mother hardly recognized, the very wreck indeed of her former self, tottered into the apartment. O, what a havoc had disease effected! In the sharpened features, deathlike pallor of countenance, and sunken eye, from which every trace of its former animation had departed, what a tale of suffering was unfolded! As the whole truth broke upon the minds of those present, they felt that she was gone, gone. That night, each one of that household band lay down with a stricken heart, on which pressed a weight of sorrow.

But not without a vigorous struggle would the parents yield their beloved one to the grasp of the destroyer. "While there is life, there is hope," is an old but true aphorism, and acting on it, they determined that if aught of human effort, either in the way of medical treatment, or of tender and unwearied care and nursing, could avail to save her, she should be saved. In the morning, therefore, a physician was called in, in whose professional abilities they had the highest confidence.

Alas! his opinion confirmed their worst fears; she was pronounced far gone in consumption. Her journey homeward had, indeed, greatly accelerated the progress of her malady, and had brought on most alarming symptoms. Her cough was now so distressing that she was not able to lie down for a moment, but it was necessary to support her with pillows in an upright position, both night and day. So complete, also, was the prostration of her strength, that she was incapable of walking a single step. Altogether, she appeared to be in dying circumstances, and for some weeks lingered in the most precarious state, her physician and friends being prepared, at any moment, for her death. They still continued, however, to use every possible means that could conduce to the alleviation of her sufferings, if not to her ultimate recovery; and after a season, to the surprise of all, she began to rally and revive, her worst symptoms abated, and it was soon beyond a doubt that her health was slowly but certainly improving.



Although Margaret had been reduced so low, yet for some time she was perfectly unaware of her danger, it never having, strange to say, occurred to her mind that there was anything serious in her case. When at length she was informed by her father of what was her real state, the truth broke upon her with the suddenness and shock of a thunder-clap. "Is there no hope?" she asked, while her countenance plainly revealed how painful to her was the idea of dying. It was not the fear of death in itself, but other thoughts that filled her mind with anguish. Nature was now speaking in her heart's inmost depths of the severing of the ties that bound her to parents, brothers, and friends; and the foreshadowing darkness of the grave, "darkness that might be felt," was now coming down and settling upon the vista of her future, but just before so softly gilded and studded with the anticipations and sanguine schemes of youth. These all, with her, had been intimately connected with and controlled by her ruling passion, the desire for usefulness. "O,"

she said on this occasion, "there does appear to me so much to make a Christian wish to live, one might be so useful." But now these her cherished expectations were about being wrested from her grasp; and thus, amid the wreck of earthly hopes and purposes, and ere the hand of faith had fully lifted the veil which shrouded from her view the yet more distant, the glorious, the eternal future, what wonder was it that the soul's wailing should be heard? To her parents, however, it was distressing in the extreme to behold her apparently sinking into the grave, while her heart clung with such tenacity to life. "Could I but see her willing, entirely willing to go," said her mother, "it would extract the bitterest drop from this cup."

Margaret's convalescence removed this trial. The Lord in mercy saw it best not to take her then. He spared her for a little, until every earth-tie was so fully loosed, that she could say with the apostle, "To depart and be with Christ is far better."

The following imperfect lines, penciled on a scrap of paper, refer to her illness,

and though without date, were evidently written by her about this period :

o o o o o o o "The shadow  
Of the past lies trembling on my spirit.  
Months have waned, and I have been a wanderer  
From my home. Life was bright, and many a fount  
Of pleasure was unsealed, and deep I drank  
Of the pure flowing stream, yet drank not joy.  
Hope was around my path, and many a kindly voice  
Spoke loving words unto the stranger one,  
And many a hand guided most tenderly  
Her steps. Yet amid the blossoming  
Of joy's first dewy flowers, and amid  
Caressing love of all around, there came  
A longing, deep and undefined,  
A fervent yearning, for those so far away—  
For a mother's gentle smile ; and there came  
That "warrior in somber harness mailed,"  
And laid his chilly hand upon the heart,  
Palsied the frame, and bade the life-blood creep  
But slowly through the veins. Long did those who  
watched  
Deem that the race was run, and the soul's fetters  
All unbound. But there came at last  
A feeble wakening to life, and hope again  
Springs up, where she had been so long a stranger.  
And though life seems yet a trembling vision,  
Which may quickly fade before a breath,  
Yet there is hope."

In a letter to a friend, dated the 27th of September, she says, "I would that I could

see you to-night, dear L——, just to sit beside you, and talk over some of the changeful scenes that have come and fled since we parted. I could tell you how the distressing languor, which chained me in lassitude and weariness for some time before I left Halifax, proved to be, though I would not acknowledge it, but the first stealthy approach of disease. But with this I will not weary your patience; through the mercy of Him 'who doeth all things well,' I am much, very much better, and once more the long-forgotten hopes of life are springing up in my bosom. Pray for me, dear L——, that every hour of life's history may bear upward, before the throne, a record for good."

The means employed for her recovery were (so far successful, that by the latter part of the autumn, her health seemed wonderfully improved, so that, to use her own language, "she felt nearly as well as she had ever done." Her friends were now greatly encouraged, and fondly imagined that the bitterness of death was past. They flattered themselves, that though she

might never, perhaps, be as robust as formerly, yet that she might attain a comfortable degree of health, and be spared to them for years to cheer, by her presence, their hearts, and enliven their circle. But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts: these hopes were doomed to disappointment. About the beginning of the year, notwithstanding all the precautions used to prevent such a result, Margaret took cold, and from that time her health began again to fail. Her decline was steady, but so gradual as to be at first almost imperceptible. After a few weeks, new and alarming features began to develop themselves, which, in the end, merged her original disorder into one of a still more distressing character. Medical skill and all other means were now alike unavailing. Time, which speeds on his way with a noiseless, but unimpeded wing, saw her becoming each day weaker and weaker, her sufferings greater, and her case more complicated and hopeless.

Although very feeble, yet for a long



while she could, with assistance, rise and dress each morning, after which she would go to her mother's room, at first being able to walk thither, afterward, when her weakness had increased, being drawn in a chair. She would there recline during the day on the sofa, sometimes lying for hours with her eyes closed, clasping her Bible in her hand, or with her hands folded on her breast, as if in prayer or meditation. Who may enter into her thoughts or emotions while in this position, from day to day, or calculate the alternate ebb and flow of the contending tides of natural and gracious feeling, ere the latter triumphed? Imagination may picture the struggle, as also the depth and solemnity of those sensations, arising from a conviction forced upon her mind, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the world was actually receding from her, and eternity drawing near. How little, however, can we appreciate the profound character of those mental exercises, whose result was so complete a revolution in her wishes as it regards living! The change in her state of feeling manifested





READING THE WORD OF GOD.



itself in due time, but the process by which it was effected is hidden in secrecy, and can be known only to God and her own spirit. Even then, however, though she was silent with respect to her experience on this point, it was apparent that earth had lost its hold upon her affections and attention. Her conduct and manner seemed to indicate that the world and its concerns were now as nothing to her. Even before she was incapacitated by weakness, she turned with indifference from objects which, when in health, would have afforded her the utmost gratification. The Bible and the Hymn Book were now the only books into which she looked; other works of a religious or literary character, in which formerly she took such delight, failed to interest her in the least.

That Margaret was conscious of the hopelessness of her state, is evident from the character of even her dreams. One of these is particularly remembered. She imagined she was requested by some person to write some verses, when she returned the following answer:

“The lyre is hush’d; why then wouldst thou awake  
The untaught melody, that cannot charm or please?  
No; let it idle stand, its chords unswept,  
Save by the fitful hand of the unslumbering breeze.”

These touching lines were so fresh upon her memory that she was able to repeat them when she awoke, and they were penned down from her lips. They may be considered her parting words on the final relinquishment of the favorite employment which was her delight in childhood, her solace in riper years, and by means of which, as through a chosen channel, she breathed forth the fervent yearnings of her spirit for the good of others.

One morning, about a month before her death, Margaret found herself unable to rise, and from that time she was obliged to remain in bed. On the evening of the same day, her physician, calling to see her, was shocked to find her very much worse, and at once faithfully informed her mother of the utter impossibility that she could long survive, adding, that, in her circumstances, it was almost a miracle that she lived on from day to day. This intelli-



gence, though for some time dreaded, and partly expected by Mrs. Des Brisay, yet serving, as it now did, to dispel the last faint hope to which, until that moment, she had clung, was, in its effects upon her, overwhelming. The agitation and sorrow into which she was immediately thrown, and which shook her soul to its very center, derived their greatest force, however, from the apprehension that her daughter's wishes, with respect to living, remained unchanged. The idea that she should be fondly cherishing the hope of life, while its last frail thread was in the very act of being sundered, seemed to her almost insupportable. These feelings were fully shared by Margaret's father, and he now hastened to her apartment, to speak with her concerning her state. The sounds of grief, however, from her mother's room, had already caught her ear, notwithstanding the efforts that had been made to prevent it, and forgetful, as usual, of herself, she exclaimed, on seeing her father, "O, why does mamma weep so? O, I wish she would not; she will make herself ill."

Then adding, after a short pause, as her thoughts recurred to herself, "I am sure the doctor thinks me very ill." Her father now, in as gentle a manner as possible, gave her to understand what the doctor had said, and the entire hopelessness of her case. She heard him with the utmost calmness, merely saying, "This is what I have been long expecting." A long and highly satisfactory conversation then ensued between them respecting her state of mind. Without any very lively emotions of joy, she appeared to be in an extremely peaceful frame, resting on the atonement, and confiding all her interests into the hands of her Redeemer. The clear and firm, though soft and touching tones of her voice, while replying to her father, her serenity of countenance and placidity of manner, as well as her expressions uttered, are enshrined by memory in the hearts of those she has left behind, and remain a precious legacy to be contemplated and wept over, but yet to be regarded with thankfulness as evidences of a peace and composure of mind at the ap-

proach of death, which Divine grace alone could produce. The next day, a bed being prepared for her in her mother's apartment, she was removed thither. This arrangement afforded her much satisfaction. With feelings similar to those of a child inclosed in its mother's arms, and reposing on her bosom, every earthly wish of her heart seemed gratified in thus being brought into proximity so close and uninterrupted to her mother. Repeatedly would she look at her with a smile and say, "O, mamma, how happy I am to be here with you; how kind in you to have me brought into your room. O, I am so thankful!" So favorable an effect, indeed, had this circumstance upon her, and so pleasant and cheerful did she in consequence appear, that it was hard to persuade one's self that she was not materially better.

Those who have stood by the bedside of the sick, while wasting away under a fatal disease; who have beheld them in the intervals of suffering, when the powers of nature appeared to rally and revive; when

the eye beamed brightly, and the lips gave utterance to thoughts and sentiments with their wonted ease and readiness, such know how difficult it is, in such a situation, to realize, that all this is but as the gleaming up of the torch before its final extinction. To Margaret's case, this remark particularly applies. So much did she at times seem like her former self, so unimpaired and in full vigor were her mental faculties, so clear and full was her voice, so expressive her countenance, that it was almost impossible to believe that she was even then sinking into the grave.

But such seasons as these were now of rarer occurrence, and her sufferings were becoming more uninterrupted and aggravated. The fortitude, patience, and resignation, with which those sufferings were endured, could not be surpassed; while to conceal them as much as possible from her mother, seemed the point toward which all her efforts were directed. When questioned on this subject, her answer almost invariably was such as the following: "Yes, I am suffering somewhat, yet not,

perhaps, as much as might be expected." Once only, when in circumstances peculiarly distressing, she exclaimed, looking at her mother, "O, is it not dreadful?" Then observing that her mother was quite overcome by her feelings, she quickly added, "O, well! after all it is not so bad; it might be worse than it is."

The scene in Mrs. Des Brisay's apartment had now assumed an interest of an intensely affecting and painful kind. On one couch might be seen, supported by pillows and cushions, life slowly ebbing away, the only and most tenderly beloved daughter, in whom, from her earliest years, the fondest and most dearly cherished hopes had centered. On another was the afflicted mother, enchained by her own pain and weakness, and to whom was, in consequence, denied the privilege granted to others of ministering by the bedside of her departing child. Yet it was hers to watch that child with the unwearied solicitude and tenderness which a mother only can know, through every phase and onward step of her disease; and forgetful of



her own state, to direct and superintend all that was done for her, even to so minute an act as the placing of a pillow. Wonderful indeed to the beholders were the untiring efforts to which the all-powerful sentiment of maternal love prompted, and the unfailing energy which it supplied. But as the closing scene drew near, and was anticipated by those around, it became a problem with them, what would be the issue in the case of the bereaved mother; whether the excitement and cause for exertion being no more, her frail, emaciated frame, weakened by years of suffering, might not sink beneath this overwhelming stroke; or whether the power of Divine grace might not carry her triumphantly, physically as well as mentally, even through this great tribulation. As, on the one hand, they pictured in imagination the scene of death and its attendant circumstances, the dying struggles and agonies, and then, when all should be over, the removal of the lifeless remains from the presence of the mother, to be seen by her no more, their minds almost staggered under the

apprehension of what would be the consequences. On the other hand, when they recalled to memory, in how many instances of a peculiarly trying nature, that promise had been conspicuously fulfilled in Mrs. Des Brisay's past experience, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," they could not but indulge some expectation that it would be so in the present case. The result proved that the latter supposition was correct. On April 8th, her last Sabbath on earth, Margaret was very low, but able at times to converse a little. She listened with great attention and delight to the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, read to her by her mother. The latter, though incapacitated from reading, through a peculiar affection of the head, for a number of years past, had, strange to say, lately regained this power, and during the latter part of Margaret's illness, had been able to read aloud to her passages and even chapters from the Scriptures, and thus had contributed greatly to her edification and consolation. On the present occasion, Margaret's mind appeared much comfort-

ed, and she spoke, with evident pleasure, of the glorious truths of the Bible, particularly dwelling on the sublime doctrine of the resurrection. Afterward she sunk into rather a lethargic state, which her mother perceiving, said, "Perhaps, my dear, you find it somewhat difficult to concentrate your mind sufficiently for regular prayer."

"Yes," she answered; "but I can trust:" a simple, beautiful reply.

Monday was a day of great suffering, but her mental powers were in full vigor. Toward evening, being left alone with her mother, the mind of the latter was particularly impressed with the necessity of improving the occasion in speaking to her daughter respecting her views and feelings in prospect of death. This had been a subject too painfully affecting to be named to each other since her relapse. Though much delightful and highly satisfactory conversation had taken place between them on spiritual things, and on Margaret's own religious experience, yet each, to spare the feelings of the other, had maintained a profound silence on this

point. But now, at the present juncture, it seemed necessary that this silence should be broken. After some preliminary remarks, therefore, summoning up all the fortitude she could command, Mrs. Des Brisay pointedly inquired of her daughter whether she thought she should ever recover. "No," she answered, "I never shall." "Are you afraid to die?" "No." "Why are you not afraid?" "Because I think it will be well with me; I think the Lord will take me to himself." "Are you willing to die?" "Yes." "Perfectly willing; more so than you were last summer?" "O yes." "Do you feel you love the Saviour?" "Yes." "And that he loves you?" "O yes." "How does heaven appear to you?" "Very glorious indeed." In this tranquil manner, as indicated by these and similar replies, did Margaret view the approach of him who is emphatically styled the "King of Terrors." But in her case, sin, the sting of death, was extracted, and unhesitatingly she could adopt the triumphant language of the apostle, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave,

where is thy victory?" "But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our LORD JESUS CHRIST."

A few hours after the above conversation, during the night, Margaret was seized with delirium of a mild character, and though there were subsequently occasional intervals in which she appeared rational, yet it was after she had lost the power of uttering more than a word or two.

Tuesday and Tuesday night were marked by extreme suffering, and great restlessness with regard to posture. Only a few moments could she remain in the same position, and except when she would for a little apparently lose herself in sleep, she was almost incessantly calling upon those around her, to be moved to some other place or in some other way.

On Wednesday she was more composed, but it was evidently the result of exhaustion, and the sinking of the powers of nature. At family prayer in the morning, when her father began to read, she opened her eyes, and kept them steadily fixed upon him during the whole of the worship, but



generally she remained with her eyes closed, uttering frequently a cry of distress, but being quite unable in language to express her feelings. At times during the day she would glance upward and around, while her eyes, expanded to their utmost dimensions, assumed an almost intense luster and beauty, and were lighted up by an indescribable and unearthly expression. In the afternoon it was thought she was going, and the family, and one or two of the numerous friends who had shown great kindness and attention during her illness, assembled round her bed to view the closing scene; but after a time she again revived.

Almost the whole of Thursday, Margaret lay apparently unconscious, breathing hard, and at long intervals moaning faintly, or uttering a plaintive cry. Once she expanded her eyes, as on the previous day, and while looking upward, extended her hands, exclaiming, "Come! come!" Late in the afternoon, while her father was standing by her bedside, he said, "My dearest, do you know me?" She gently

inclined her head to him, and whispered, "Dear fa—" but could not finish the word. These were her last articulate sounds, yet at times she appeared conscious; once especially, while her aunt was repeating the lines,

"O change! O wondrous change!  
Burst are the prison bars!  
This moment here so low,  
So agonized, and now  
Beyond the stars!"

she suddenly aroused, and fixing her eyes on her aunt, appeared to listen with the utmost interest. Time passed on; the intervals of silence became longer and longer; at eleven P. M. all retired to rest, except the two watchers and Mrs. Des Brisay, who, during the last four days and nights, had hardly for an instant taken her eyes from her daughter's face, knowing that at any moment she was liable to pass away. At twelve M. a change came over her; her breathing became extremely laborious, and the difficulty of expectorating the mucus rising in the throat, producing that appalling sound commonly denominated rattles.

This difficulty, in ordinary circumstances, increases until suffocation ensues. The idea of this was to her parents peculiarly painful, and after the expiration of about fifteen minutes, they both, in an ecstasy of grief, cast themselves on the mercy and faithfulness of God, entreating that he would not add this one bitter drop to their cup of affliction, which already seemed full to overflowing. To the surprise of all, after a little, this distressing symptom began to subside, the sounds became fainter and fainter, and at length entirely ceased, and for some time she breathed quite easily. About half past one A. M. she was lying with her eyes open, when, raising and expanding them, with an expression of sweet solemnity and surprise, she commenced looking upward and around, as if watching some particular object. This was repeated three times, and then an expression of perfect infantile innocence and peace settled down upon her countenance, and continued for about two minutes, and she was gone. So gently did her spirit quit its clay tabernacle, that the exact moment of its

transit was not known. Thus passed from earth away, a being as sweet and gentle, and in all respects of as lovely a character, as perhaps was ever permitted for a few brief years to sojourn in this world of sin and sorrow. She died April 13, 1855, aged 19 years.

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## CHAPTER VI.

## TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

IN closing this memoir, some notice of the more prominent traits of Margaret's character may not be unnecessary. The first and most important that shall be mentioned is her deep and devoted piety. This was altogether of an unobtrusive kind. Though she delighted in pious conversation, and with her intimate friends, and on all proper occasions, was ever ready to engage in it, yet her devotedness to God manifested itself, not so much in words, as in the whole tone of her spirit, temper, habits, and general conduct. She carried her religion out into all the minutiae of daily life, and made it her governing principle through all her career. Deep-seated within her own breast, its clear and equable stream, supplied from the great Fountain, flowed silent but unexhausted, too profound to exhibit on its surface any



considerable fluctuations, either of elevation or depression. But the intensity of its power was proved by the action to which it impelled. Imparting an unflagging energy and perseverance, it led her to seize, with eagerness, upon the passing events and interesting occurrences of the day, whether in public or private life, not only for her own spiritual improvement, but also with the hope of exciting in other youthful minds serious thoughts and profitable reflections. "I think something useful might be made of that," she would say, on being made acquainted with any uncommon fact or striking circumstance, and her eye would kindle with a sacred enthusiasm. The purity of her motives, while pursuing such a course, was tested and proved; strong inducements, in a pecuniary point of view, having been held out to her on different occasions, would she but turn her attention to writing in a humorous and amusing style, suited to the popular taste. Though, from some early specimens of this kind, there can be little doubt that she might have excelled in this

species of composition, yet these offers she unhesitatingly declined. As if with a prophetic eye, she had foreseen how brief was to be her career on earth, how limited the period allotted her for action, her mind could dwell only on one lofty theme, and direct all its energies to one great object only. To the rightly judging mind, there must be something unspeakably affecting in this consecration of youthful talent to God, this turning away from worldly approval and reward, for the one purpose of contributing, however feebly, to the promotion of the spiritual good of others. How touching, also, to notice in her effusions, her frequent allusions to death, early death, and the ardent and spontaneous gushings forth of her heart after heaven, "that land of the weary, that home of the blessed!" Surely, if there are beings on this earth, akin to angelic natures, and whose hallowed tastes and sympathies link themselves by the strongest of all ties to the "family in heaven," Margaret was among the number.

Her piety was also evinced, as well as

maintained, by a faithful attendance on the ordinances of religion, especially on that one, heart-searching in its nature, from which the lukewarm professor is glad to find an excuse for absenting himself, the class-meeting. Never did she fail to be present there when it was in her power to attend, and all her employments were arranged, as far as possible, in reference to that event. Like all others, also, who have made any considerable spiritual attainments, she was conscientiously systematical and punctual in her attention to the duties of the closet. Nothing but absolute necessity ever led her to abridge the time allotted by her to that purpose. Even when detained from her bed by illness in the family, until perhaps two o'clock in the morning, she would not then, fatigued and exhausted as she of course would be, retire to rest until she had spent her usual period in private devotion. To the duty of self-examination she regularly attended, and her little manual of questions bears evidence in pencil marks to what constant use it was

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applied. We have before spoken of her study of the sacred volume, but we can give but a feeble idea of how profound her love and reverence for it had become. During the last few years of her life, she searched into its pages as for "hidden treasures." The Bible which she commonly used is, indeed, quite a curiosity to behold, the leaves from Genesis to Revelation being marked and turned down in a variety of ways, which she alone understood, but showing evidently the deepest study and research.

Another virtue for which Margaret was remarkable was *filial piety*. From her most tender years, duty to her parents was the guiding star which she implicitly followed, in all her actions and movements. She was early brought into such habits of obedience, that a command had only to be issued to be immediately obeyed; and the ideas of the sacredness of the filial obligation which she then acquired, and ever after retained, were of the most exalted character. Of her it may with truth be affirmed, that never,

during the whole period of her life, did she willingly displease her parents, or manifest toward them, by word or look, any feeling inconsistent with deep love and reverence. From childhood, also, it constituted her highest delight to anticipate their wishes, and sacrifice her own ease, comfort, or inclination, to contribute in any degree to their gratification. It is recollected her coming into her mother's room, when but a little girl, fully equipped to go forth to her garden, and in the highest spirits at the idea of attending to her favorite recreation. After receiving her directions and getting as far as the door, she has looked back toward the sofa, on which her mother was reclining, and observing that she was alone, has stopped and said, "O, mamma, you look so lonely; do let me stay and read to you, will you not?" and to the objections of her mother she has replied with entreaties so numerous and urgent, as sometimes to gain her request, when she has laid aside her bonnet, and taken her seat with an air as if the dearest wish of her heart was grati-



fied. Repeatedly has this been the case; and all through her life such instances as these, of thoughtfulness and kindness, were daily occurring. Never was daughter, indeed, more warmly and tenderly attached to parents than she, while her affection knew nothing

“Of the breaks

Which humor interposed, too often makes.”

Always standing ready to receive and obey the least intimation of their will, love made her

“Willing feet

In swift obedience move.”

Whatever might be her employment, a summons from her father or mother never failed instantly to bring her. Even when she has been in her own apartment dressing, and her attire not fully completed, a call from her father was always answered by, “Yes, papa; I am coming,” while hastily throwing a shawl or a cloak around her, she would spring to him without a moment's delay. It was while observing these and similar acts of filial respect, that

it has often been remarked, "Well, surely a blessing must rest upon Margaret; she is so uncommonly dutiful to her parents." We may further mention as a sure proof of her being a good daughter, the confidential terms ever subsisting between her and her mother. As she grew up to maturity, the bond of sympathy and companionship between them became more endearing and intimate. From this, her best and dearest of friends, she had no concealments, but unhesitatingly, and in a manner not used toward any other person, confided to her every feeling and sentiment of her heart.

Margaret was distinguished for great *purity of mind*. It is believed no person that had attained her age ever left the world more pure from actual sin than she, or more ignorant of evil. Her mind seemed instinctively as well as conscientiously to turn with disgust from all that was gross or low, while it delighted to expatiate amid sweet and lovely images, poetic thoughts, and noble and inspiring themes. Her imagination, refined and

sanctified by religion, was ever led to select for contemplation the pure, the beautiful, and the spiritual; and being possessed of the touchstone of right feeling and delicate perception, she was enabled, amid the bright and the specious, to distinguish without difficulty the pure gold from the baser metal. In books, as well as in conversation, she avoided with extreme scrupulousness everything that would have a tendency to sully the delicacy of her mind, making it her constant aim that all her intellectual associations should call up only what was profitable, elevating, and hallowed.

Her manners and conduct were marked by a great degree of *propriety*. Perhaps if there was any one of her mental qualities more conspicuous than another, it was that of good common sense, which guided her in her outward behavior, and afforded her, as if by intuition, a knowledge of what was proper to be said and done on each occasion of everyday life. Thus she was preserved from indiscretions in action, foolish and ill-timed speeches, and other im-

prudences, too common with many of her age. Though she could converse most easily and agreeably, yet it was of things rather than of persons that she spoke, and ever careful was she not to obtrude herself or her own petty concerns, on the notice of others. Self, indeed, was always kept by her in the shade. She was unaffectedly humble, and proved that she was so by never mentioning or even alluding to herself, when she could possibly avoid it. Her prudence, also, was so great, that a subject might safely be canvassed in her presence without any injunction being imposed upon her as to her silence; her own judgment never failing to direct her to this course, when it was at all necessary. Her general sobriety of mind and self-command were the more remarkable, from the fact that she was naturally enthusiastic, excitable, and imaginative; of exactly the temperament, in short, to have made, in many cases, a thorough novel-reading miss, full of sentimentality and romance, swayed by impulse, and living too entirely in an ideal world to be capable of fulfilling the

duties connected with the real world of which she was an inhabitant. In Margaret's case, her own counteracting qualities, combined with the judicious course uniformly pursued in her education, had resulted in her being the very opposite of the character here alluded to. Her sound sense, and clear, discriminating judgment, infused so much of the sober and practical into her mental constitution, as to induce not only a perfect propriety of manners and general conduct, but a healthy tone and equilibrium of mind.

*Affection, generosity, and kindness* were among the most conspicuous of Margaret's traits. These were particularly manifested toward those to whom she was united by the strong ties of consanguinity. To her brothers she was fondly and ardently attached, and in the relation she sustained to them, manifested the same disinterestedness, self-sacrifice, and devotedness which distinguished her as a daughter. To all the members of her household, whether nearly or more distantly related, or merely residing in the family, she was invariably



affectionate, kind, and obliging ; and, as a consequence of this, all united in loving her and acknowledging her excellence. Indeed, it was only in her own domestic circle, where she was best known, and where her amiability, and her pure and genuine goodness appeared in their true light, that she could be fully appreciated. To strangers, or those but slightly acquainted with her, her manners might wear the appearance of reserve and distance ; but in her own home, where all formal restraint was removed, not only were her estimable qualities revealed, but an innocent playfulness of disposition and chastened humor were exhibited, which made her one of the most agreeable of companions. Her wish to oblige was carried to such a length, that it was almost impossible for her to reply in the negative when a favor was requested of her. "Yes, certainly," was the answer ever ready to rise to her lips, while the trouble and inconvenience that might result to herself in fulfilling her promise, seemed to dwindle into nothingness before the wish to accommodate others.

But though of a disposition so thoroughly obliging, where duty was concerned she evinced the most unbending *firmness*. Instances have occurred in which she has been strongly solicited to a line of conduct which, though avowedly for a praiseworthy object, and not really sinful, was yet decidedly imprudent. In such cases, the most urgent entreaties had no effect whatever in inducing her to pursue a course which her judgment condemned, and of which she had reason to believe her mother would not approve.

It has thus been attempted, in the foregoing pages, to give a faithful delineation of Margaret's character. More might have been made of the subject than has been done, as it has been the aim to keep far within the bounds of "truth and soberness," and to avoid as much as possible even the appearance of exaggeration and embellishment. To such as may be disposed to inquire, "Had she no faults, and if so, what were they?" it may be replied, that naturally, like others, she was a fallen creature, and though changed by Divine

grace, yet, doubtless, in examining her heart and life by that all-pure and perfect law of God, she found daily cause for deep self-abasement and humiliation. With respect, however, to her fellow-beings, those who knew her best, after carefully observing her whole spirit and conduct, in all the varying circumstances of her domestic and social life, have failed to discover anything essentially wrong in her governing motives, disposition, or habits. While, therefore, it is not attempted to represent her as faultless, it can with truth be affirmed that she was remarkably free from the imperfections peculiar to youth, while in her were united so many and rare excellences and endowments, as to produce, on the whole, a beautiful symmetry of character but seldom equaled.

MARGARET ELIZABETH.

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SELECTIONS FROM HER WRITINGS.

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Poetry.

Nearly all of the following articles, both in Poetry and Prose, were contributed, under the signature of "Bessie Beranger," to "The Provincial Wesleyan," published at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The incidents referred to in them were not imaginary, but were scenes from real life.



## A CRY TO THE MISSIONARY.

Suggested by reading the Rev. Mr. Arthur's Speech, delivered at  
the Leeds Missionary Meeting.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

By the Ganges' sacred stream,  
By the fiercely dark'ning gleam  
That lights the Hindoo mother's eye,  
As she drowns her infant's cry ;  
By the Kyoung's tow'ring heights,  
By Gaudama's bloody rites,  
By that gorgeous rolling car,  
By that music heard afar,  
Come to us, come.

By that Gueber bending low,  
On those hills of stainless snow,  
As his fervent matin prayer,  
Floateth sweetly on the air ;  
As he owns the mighty sway  
Of the glorious orb of day ;  
As in silent awe he bows  
Where that flame mysterious glows,  
Come to us, come.

Where the lofty palm doth wave,  
By that warrior-chieftain's grave ;

By the marai's sacred shade,  
Where it openeth through the glade;  
By that stifled, wailing cry,  
Rising hourly to the sky,  
Where lie beneath the purple sand,  
The victims of a parent's hand,  
Come to us, come.

Where the deeply crimson'd wave  
Erromanga's shore doth lave;  
By those dark abodes of vice,  
By the nameless, matchless price,  
Of spirits hast'ning on in crime;  
By the priceless worth of time,  
By that deep, heart-rending call,  
Borne upon the wave from all,  
Come to us, come.

Where the surging ocean wave  
Circleth round the martyr's grave;  
By the deathless love they bore,  
They who lie on Feejee's shore;  
By the shade of HUNT we call,  
Hear us, save us, ere we fall;  
Ere expires that glimmering light,  
And we sink in endless night,  
Come to us, come.

## TO THE MOON.

Thou art floating on with a brow of light,  
In the depths of the vaulted sky ;  
Thou art gazing down with a smile too bright,  
Too fair for mortal eye.

Thou art lighting the waves of the dark blue sea,  
When the evening star shines bright ;  
And they whisper murmuring music to thee  
As they sleep in the silver light.

Thou art sleeping in many a palmy glade,  
" On some green Southern shore ;"  
Thou art quivering deep in the vine's dark shade,  
" In the hush of this midnight hour."

Thou art piercing down from the azure sky,  
In the convict's darken'd cell,  
Where smitten ones are call'd forth to die  
By the note of the passing bell.

Thou art stirring the depths of the mariner's soul,  
Where Adria's waters foam ;  
Thou art bidding him think, as they proudly roll,  
Of his own fair cottage home.

Thou art lighting that lonely rock of the deep,  
Where the warrior's dust hath laid ;  
Where the fearless, the true-hearted came to sleep,  
Far off in the forest glade.

Thou art pouring thy rays on Albion's shores,  
Bless'd land of the brave and the free;  
Thou art bathing in glory her ruins and towers,  
And wreathing each leaflet and tree.

But ah! thou art lighting my own green land,  
This land of the mountain and flood;  
Thou art tinging the pine on the billowy strand  
"Where the forest for ages hath stood."

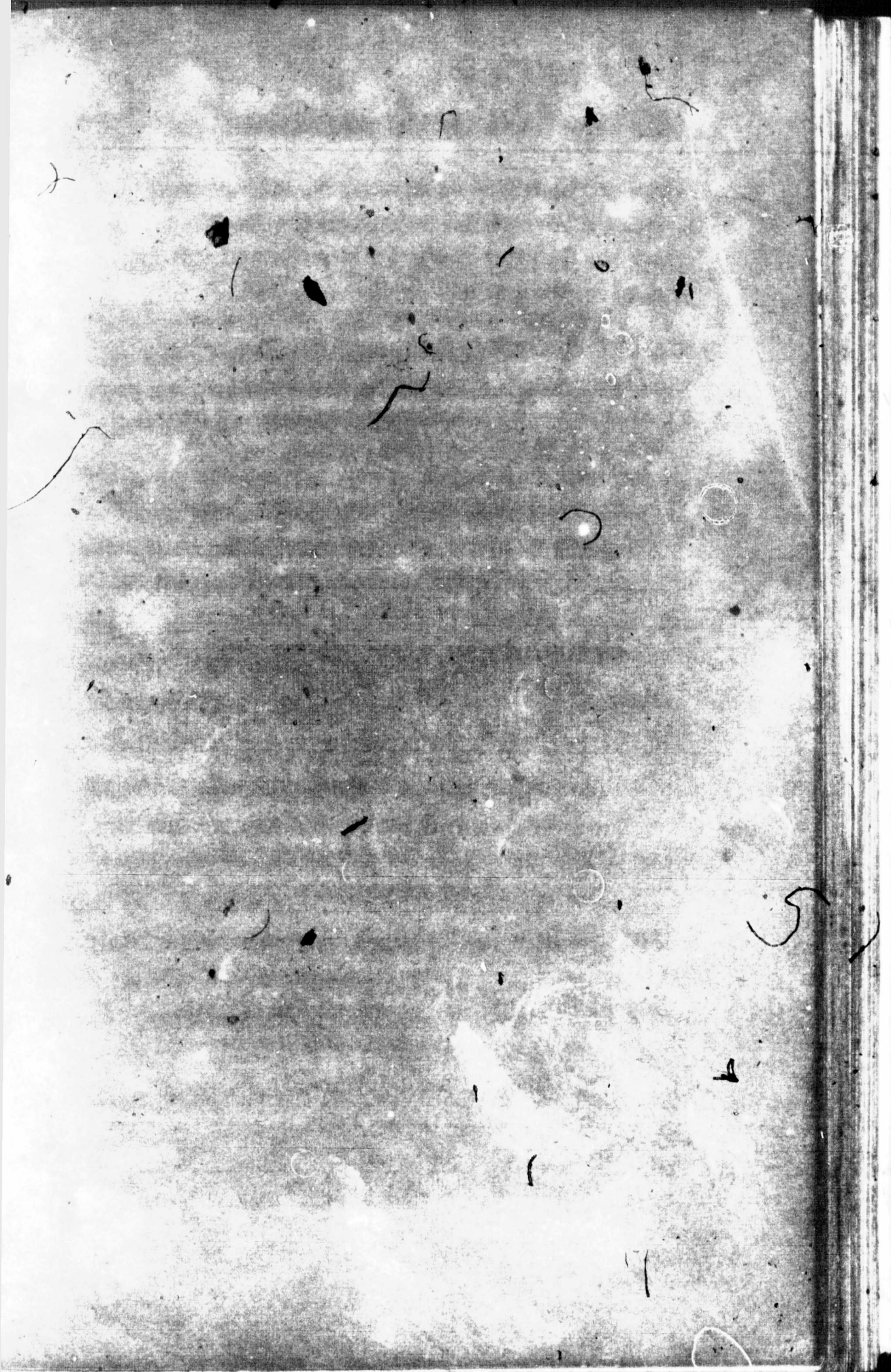
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### A LITTLE WHILE.

A little while, a little while,  
Mourner! thy grief shall be,  
Yet upward raise thy tearful eye,  
Heaven yet hath joy for thee.  
O! earth hath not a shadowy path,  
Where sorrow leaves a trace,  
But Hope, with her fair sunny wing,  
May find a resting-place.

A little while, a little while,  
And time's sad minstrelsy,  
Shall merge in the deep, rapturous tones,  
That fill eternity.  
The notes of that dark word—*farewell*,  
Shall never, never more,  
In their chill voice of withering grief,  
Swell on the eternal shore.









TO MY BROTHER

A little while, a little while,  
And all the bands of earth,  
Shall meet around their Father's throne,  
As round a household hearth.  
Joy shall be on thy pathway there,  
And mid that glittering host,  
Thy spirit shall discern and greet,  
The early loved and lost.

*November 11, 1852.*

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## TO MY BROTHER.

The stars are stealing, one by one,  
Into the clear, blue sky,  
And beauty sleeps on every leaf,  
Beneath the gazer's eye.  
And sadly come the thoughts to-night,  
Of days long since gone by,  
Like music o'er the moonlit waves,  
Like distant melody.

I'm thinking of the hours to-night,  
When thou wert by my side,  
When pleasure shed her golden light,  
Upon life's troubled tide.  
And brightly on the wave of time,  
Fond memories appear,  
Each well-remember'd voice of love,  
That gladden'd then my ear.

Sad Memory plumes her wings to-night,  
And brings before mine eye  
The past, the dark and buried past,  
With all its life of joy.  
O! never may those hours return;  
Yet, Father, through thy care,  
When life's dim pageantry is o'er,  
We meet where all is fair.

*October 30, 1852.*

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TO A ROSEBUD IN MARCH.

Beautiful memories of the summer time,  
Bring'st thou on thy tiny, crimson wing,  
Thoughts of a far-off, sunny, southern clime,  
Where the first pure, young flowers are blossom-  
ing.

Thoughts of the absent loved, thou bring'st with  
thee,  
Who from the ancient hearthstone sadly roam;  
They are afar, and time, and grief, and change,  
Wave their dark pinions o'er their childhood's  
home.

But brighter visions link themselves with thee,  
O! fairest flower on Time's dark, blighted shore;  
Dreams of a world too high, too pure for change,  
Where the stern spoiler's voice is heard no more.

Speak to me thus, for in thy chasten'd bloom  
The Eternal's glorious tracery I see;  
Thou whisperest to the trembling spirit—faith,  
And trusting, hope in Him who fashion'd thee.  
*March 17, 1853.*

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## THE WINTER WIND.

It sweeps o'er the graves of the early dead,  
Telling of joys that have long since fled;  
Of the smile of light and the loving tone,  
That now the embrace of the tomb hath won.

It sighs where in summer the sunbeams play,  
Flinging their banner o'er leaf and spray;  
Where now the cold footsteps of winter hath pass'd,  
And the blossoms have died at the breath of the  
blast.

It moans on that desolate sea-beaten strand,  
Where the warrior dreams of his native land;  
It awakens some chord in his aching breast,  
That *home-voices* alone may soothe to rest.

But there is a land, where no midnight blast  
Shall rouse a tone of the vanish'd past;  
And the fond, yearning spirit forever hath rest,  
In that home of the weary, that land of the blest.

*February 17, 1853.*

## BIRTH-DAY STANZAS.

Ay! 'tis a festal day, and holy thought,  
In her own countless, hidden cells awaking,  
From the young spirit's fresh and fragrant treasures,  
And bright and gushing founts the seal is break-  
ing;  
An hour of sacred promise, fair and high,  
Whose tones shall echo through eternity.

Youth's brilliant flush is on thy brow, and hope,  
With changeful, glowing light, hath lit thine eye;  
Life's spirit-witching dreams are all before thee,  
Undying, glorious hopes that live on high;  
Thine is a stainless banner; spread it free,  
Till the red cross shall wave o'er land and sea!

O! we are sadly parted yet to-day;  
As the full, solemn Sabbath chimes ascend,  
I would not win thee to thy home; for life,  
The sunlight with the shade doth ever blend;  
And life were bitterness without the smile  
Of him, who can the wanderer's hours beguile.

Gird, then, thine armor on, and may the joy,  
Which Heaven alone doth give, be ever thine;  
The joy to toil for gems of priceless worth,  
Around the everlasting throne to shine.  
Earth hath no purer, holier gift for thee;  
Heaven hath no higher, nobler victory.

*April 17, 1853.*



TO A FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE.

I had not thought to leave thee thus,  
Ere the bridal wreath was thine,  
And thy heart's deep, fervent homage,  
Placed on another shrine.

Yet God's blessing be upon thee!  
O! fair and gentle friend,  
Though together the glad moments  
We never more may spend.

And though through life's dim pathway  
We yet may parted be,  
He whose love may never falter,  
Shall guide and cherish thee.

May his joy be ever with thee;  
Thy spirit be his home;  
So shall no deep'ning shadow,  
O'er the heart's bright visions come.

Then when life's wild dream is over,  
We may bow to his behest,  
And meet around our Father's throne,  
Where the weary are at rest.

## TO MY MOTHER.

I'm thinking of thee now, mother,  
As the quiet evening light  
Falls lovingly on spire and tower,  
And all around is bright.  
I would that I could twine to-night,  
A garland fresh and fair,  
To wreath around the aching brow,  
And rest in gladness there.

If I were only by thy side,  
As in the hours of yore,  
When "softly fell the foot of time,"  
Then hope might claim no more.  
Yet O! though sadly time and space  
Have sever'd us afar,  
May the love of Him who changeth not,  
Still be thy guiding star.

May his Spirit e'er be with thee,  
Through life's dark, changeful day,  
Till from its toil and feverish strife,  
Thou shalt have 'scaped away.  
God's blessing be upon thee,  
Whose hope is all in heaven,  
Till the spirit's wing is plumed for flight,  
And the earthly fetters riven.

## THE DEATH OF MOSES.

There was a sound upon the breeze  
Of mourning and of woe,  
But not as when, on battle-field,  
Relentless foe meets foe.  
It was the wail of stricken ones,  
For the true heart and the brave,  
For him, whose treasured hopes and high,  
Were gather'd to the grave.

He stood upon the mountain-top,  
A light was in his eye,  
A light of glory and of love,  
A light of majesty.  
O Israel! he cried aloud,  
How sure is thy defense!  
The Eternal shall thy portion be,  
Thy guard, Omnipotence.

He paused, and on the plain beneath  
One ling'ring look he bent,  
Where flash'd, in the broad sunlight's glance,  
Each snowy, glittering tent.  
There Israel's countless thousands lay,  
Beneath the mountain brow;  
There were his loved and cherish'd ones;  
How can he leave them now?

The flush hath left the warrior's cheek,  
The storm hath pass'd away ;  
He look'd one lingering, deep farewell,  
Then left their bright array.  
There was no shade upon his brow,  
No dimness in his eye ;  
Alone with the Eternal One,  
He laid him down to die.

*November 21, 1853.*

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### A VALENTINE TO MY BROTHER.

A fair, but fleeting wreath for thee,  
A sister's hand would twine,  
To waft across the waters  
A joyous valentine.  
To whisper love, when darker grows  
The web of destiny ;  
To breathe, perchance, in other hours,  
Some memory of me.  
To murmur to the lonely heart  
Some talismanic word,  
Guarding undimm'd the fount of love,  
Which Heaven's own breath hath stirr'd.  
O! I love the flush upon thy cheek,  
The light upon thy brow ;  
There may they rest in other days,  
As joyously as now.

May He whose chosen one thou art,  
 Give thee the joy to win  
 Gems for the Saviour's coronal,  
 In spirits pure from sin.  
 So when the note of conquest  
 Soundeth o'er all the field,  
 Thou shalt, in sacred triumph,  
 Thy gather'd trophies yield.

*February 9, 1854.*

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PARTING WORDS.

The night cometh. John ix, 4.

So breathed a young, pure spirit,  
 As the fading light of time  
 Merged in the solemn radiance  
 Borne from another clime.  
 Deep are the gathering shadows,  
 Vailing the earthly way;  
 Vain is the spirit's yearning,  
 For the home so far away.

Her home was where the myrtle blooms,  
 Beneath the sapphire skies  
 Of sunny, glorious Italy,  
 Where beauty never dies.  
 Yet the breath of song and fragrance  
 Could not charm the flush away  
 That burn'd upon the fever'd cheek  
 Ere yet it turn'd to clay.



*"Night cometh!"* thus a while she sigh'd,  
Till the fair home on high,  
With its unutter'd gladness,  
Rose brightly to her eye ;  
Then, with a song of triumph,  
The spirit pass'd away,  
Her all of melody and song  
Pour'd in that parting lay.

*February 6, 1854.*

MARGARET ELIZABETH.

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SELECTIONS FROM HER WRITINGS.

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## THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

THE day had been hot and sultry, and as night drew on, and the shadows of twilight gathered around, gently and softly fell the refreshing dews of evening upon the now parched and weary earth. Beautifully did the sun go down that night upon Egypt, and when the last tints of day were gone, the stars stepped forth, as was their wont, in the clear heavens; the moon shone down as calmly as ever upon leaflet and tree, and the glorious Nile rolled proudly on its course. Surely that night nothing betokened aught but peace.

The evening waned; and as silence reigned, and "not a leaf stirred in the awakening breeze," a figure was seen moving half hid among the dark, clustering shrubbery of the royal palace. It was the monarch of Egypt, who, in the stillness of the evening, was gazing around.

He stood looking upward, but it was no sentiment of gratitude or adoration that trembled on his lip, as the land in its loveliness, glowing in the silver light, lay spread like a picture before him; triumph and exultation indeed filled his soul, but it was but the triumph of the tyrant over his victim, the unholy exultation of the oppressor over his prey. Far down among the fair fields of Goshen was another and a different scene. *There* a little band of Israelites had gathered, and their melody broke upon the quiet of the hour, as their voices mingled in a hymn of praise with which they were concluding their evening service. But time passed on, and ere long the Egyptian monarch, and the lonely, stricken Hebrews, had alike retired from the scene, the one to the silence of repose, the others to prepare for the celebration of that mysterious rite, upon the issue of which trembled the destiny of Israel's first-born, when the sky, which had been so clear and undimmed, became suddenly obscured; dark, heavy masses of clouds came rolling up the firmament,



unfolding themselves in the heavens, and the mournful breathings of the wind, as it swept up in strong and fitful gusts, seemed to warn of an approaching storm. Ah! those blasts thrilled through many a Hebrew, who, as he listened and marked the fierce scowl of the heavens, and heard the Nile surging and coursing by so fearfully, drew closer to his bosom his first-born, and fancied the hour had come.

It was midnight, and the terrible, transitory tempest had passed; the black clouds had rolled far back from the sky; the breeze was sweeping through the thick olive boughs, and the moon and stars were again looking forth in undying brilliancy: and so passed that solemn midnight hour. But O! who may paint the tide of troubled feeling that broke over the soul of many an Israelite, when, as in the deep silence and quietude of night he stood girded for his triumphant march, he heard the rush and fluttering of pinions, as the unseen visitant swept past his dwelling. He knew truly that the *Lord God of his fathers* was *his* sure defense; that

he rested beneath the wing of the Omnipotent; but as he thought of Egypt he trembled; and well might his cheek turn pale and his lip quiver on that fearful night, as the destroyer spread forth his wings on the blast; for at "midnight there was a great cry throughout all the land, such as there was none like it, nor shall be like it any more." O! the deep bitterness, the untold anguish of that wailing cry, as it rose to heaven from the agonized bosom of many an Egyptian mother! Who may tell of the rending of hearts, the blighting of cherished hopes, as Egypt arose and mourned for her first-born!

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning arose clear and glorious, and the sun looked forth in splendor upon stricken and scathed hearts; for he that swayed the scepter and "the captive that was in the dungeon," were alike smitten that night. But far on in the distance toward Succoth, moved the glittering phalanx of the Lord's chosen ones, for the same unseen hand that was laid so witheringly upon the glory of Egypt, had, as

with the grasp of Omnipotence, burst the galling shackles of Israel's bondage, and she was disenthralled.

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THE FIRST SABBATH SCHOOL.

Honor to whom honor is due.—ST. PAUL.

THE name of Robert Raikes has long been embalmed in the memory of the Christian world, and has gone forth to distant regions, bearing imperishably emblazoned upon it the enviable distinction of having been the primal originator of those effective instrumentalities for good—Sabbath schools.

We would not willingly pluck one leaf from the gloriously-earned laurels of Robert Raikes; yet a regard to truth induces us to bring forward a fact, which may not be generally known, and which marked the year 1769. The year '69! many eventful changes, many lights and shadows, are doubtless chronicled in its tablets. That year began the earthly career of two,

with whose names the nations of the earth have since become familiar—the one of the storm and cloud, “the sceptered hermit,” who burst upon Europe as a brilliant meteor, only to fade in darkness upon the rock of St. Helena; and his more truly glorious, conquering foe—Wellington of Waterloo. But passing by these illustrious names, we point you to the town of High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire. In this sequestered spot that year witnessed the establishment by a young, unaided female, of the first Sabbath school ever founded in England. That female was Hannah Ball, one of our primitive, standard Methodists, a friend and correspondent of our now sainted Wesley. In the memoir of this departed pilgrim, prefaced by Rev. Thomas Jackson, we find this fact thus registered: “Miss Ball was the first person who established a Sunday school in this town, in the year 1769; which is rendered the more remarkable, from the fact of her taking nearly fourteen years’ precedence of Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, the hitherto admitted founder of Sunday

schools in the year 1783. Miss Ball continued this school for many years, and also met the children every Monday, to instruct them in the principles of Christianity, earnestly desiring, as she observes in a letter to Mr. Wesley, to promote the interests of the Church of Christ."—*Note to page 71.* At page 84 of the same volume, in a letter to Mr. Wesley, Miss Ball thus alludes to her labors: "The children meet twice a week, every Sunday and Monday. They are a wild little company, but seem willing to be instructed. I labor among them, earnestly desiring to promote the interests of the Church of Christ." By other portions of her biography, we learn that Miss Ball successfully continued this school for many years, and that she had the satisfaction of witnessing the happy effects of her pious toil in numerous instances. Honor to our beloved Methodism! God has truly distinguished her, that from her midst should be chosen one, "rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom," to first wield "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling," a potent in-



strumentality for good, the glorious results of which shall be traceable, as in living characters, in that day, when all the fleeting and changeful glory of earth shall pass away before the searching eye of the Omniscient. When Hannah Ball first gathered her youthful charge beneath the broad, mantling shadow of some old English oak, and there told them of the dying love of Jesus, and rehearsed the wondrous story of the cross, no foreshadowing of future fame ever crossed her unambitious mind; she little realized that she was opening up a channel, through which the waters of eternal truth should pour upon the infant mind, till the ceaseless labor of time should give place to the full fruition of eternity. And yet so it was; and it ever has been the case, that human effort has been generally unappreciated, until after ages have discovered its magnitude and excellence. The name of Napoleon Bonaparte has burst in chivalrous enthusiasm from the lips of admiring thousands, while that of Hannah Ball has scarcely passed beyond the limit of a chosen circle; yet in

that day when all the things of earth shall be divested of the drapery of external pomp, which name shall go up as incense to the throne of the Omnipotent? Which shall bear with it the trembling prayers and blessings of infant voices? "*The day shall declare.*" How true is that sentiment: "The chords which our fingers touch shall vibrate throughout eternity." If we would have those chords vibrate in harmony during the ages of eternity, we must touch no jarring nor discordant notes while travelers in time. Let us look, as did Hannah Ball, beyond the fleeting pageantry of earth, to the changeless realities of another and a permanent state of existence, ever bearing in mind that "*the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal.*"

September 22, 1852.

## A FRAGMENT.

“What is the hero's clarion, though its blast  
Ring with the mastery of a world?” WILLIS.

NIGHT had drawn her sable veil over the fair face of nature; the pale moon trod on her path of beauty amid the quenchless lights of heaven, and the dew lay quivering, like the tears of angels, upon leaf and flower. The hoarse booming of artillery, the last wailing cry of dying man, the joyous shout of victory, and the mingled “sounds of blood and splendor, revelry and woe,” had all ceased, and the holy hush of night was deep and unbroken. There was one who, in that day's tumultuous strife, had won for himself glory and honor that shall last *while* time endures. With a brow upon which no shade of fear was ever seen, and a courage which never faltered throughout that fearful day, he led his warriors on to battle. The flush of victory was on his cheek that night, for the imperial eagle had fallen, and the hero of Jena and Austerlitz was vanquished on

the plains of Waterloo. Life, like a picture of enchantment, now glowed before him in all the vivid coloring of hope. He stood in the full sunlight of glory, crowned with laurels, which the hand of royalty itself had placed upon his brow, and with the chivalrous homage of nations at his feet. Who may gaze upon that form of beauty and vigor, and think of death? Is it not too glorious for the grave?

\* \* \* \*

Summer had flown with her fair, pearly blossoms, and her incense of all things bright and beautiful, and autumn, with her gorgeous drapery, was smiling upon the "stately homes of England." Where was now the warrior that, more than thirty years ago, had won his triumphs on the fields of sunny France, and on the plains of Waterloo? The shadows of the grave had fallen upon his spirit, the language of another sphere had burst upon his ear, the waves of the death-stream had borne him on to the unfathomed ocean of eternity: and while a nation wept around his bier, "The dust had returned to the earth as it

was, and the spirit had returned to God who gave it."

Earthly fame and glory, what are ye? Fair, fleeting shadows, transient as the wreathing foam upon the billows of ocean! We seek after the treasures of earth, we grasp them, and they are gone. Let us place our hopes upon that which is "Unseen and eternal," for death is "around us in our peaceful homes, and the world calls us forth, and it is there."

*October 9th, 1852.*

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### AUTUMN MEMORIES.

"The Angel of the Covenant was come, and faithful  
To his promise, stood prepared to walk with her  
Through death's dark vale."

POLLOK.

BRIGHT, gorgeous autumn has flown, and once again is the step of winter heard on our New Brunswick shores. Despite the sneers of our English friends at our inhospitable climate, there is a brilliant coloring, a rich, changeful glory, in the drapery of our magnificent forest-trees during autumn, which our fair fatherland, though



it be of beauty, can never boast; and when the months have fled "unto the pale, the perished past," we sigh vainly for their return. But earth is not all joy, and though to us, whose homes are yet undesolated by the spoiler, with whom the silken cords that link us so mysteriously to life, are yet unsundered, the cup, which the Father of our spirits has measured to us, may have been overflowing with gladness; yet to those who have laid their precious ones in the cold earth to slumber, these autumn months have been overshadowed with a pall. - And many such there are; for the stern "husbandman that reapeth always," hath brought his fallen sheaves, alike from the stately halls where Wellington breathed forth his gallant spirit, and from the cabin by the wayside where the son of toil expired. O! what an autumn vision rises before me even now, though many moons have waned since its accomplishment. She was very fair and lovely, with the glorious heraldry of beauty on her brow, and while the bright flush of morning was yet on her cheek, was called to

the mansion of the blessed. The grave had sealed that beautiful form for his, and one by one parted the ties of life, and the spirit plumed its wings for home. Slowly faded the shores of time in the dim distance, and in the still, solemn night-time, voices from the far land to which she was journeying, gave their music to her ear. They called, "Spirit, come to the home of thy Father." The radiance of heaven kindled in her eye, and though he to whom she was bound by the holiest vows, and three young blossoms of beauty clung imploringly to her mantle, she answered, "I come!"

It was midnight, and as she lay upon her pillow, life was fluttering on her lips. Around her all were gathered in grief; father, mother, brothers, young sister, husband, and fair children. All were there, save one, the cherished sister of her heart, she who had just left her in the full bloom of her beautiful womanhood. Slowly lifting the lids from her dark eyes, she murmured dreamily, "Mother, where is Helen? Has the steamer touched the wharf? O!

has Helen come?" "Not yet, my darling," whispered the fond mother; and she sunk again to sleep. Wearily waned the hours of that long, long night, and yet more faintly came the breath through the pale, motionless lips. Just as the gray morning light struggled through the shutters, those eyes again opened, all flashing with the light of immortality, and gazing upward, while glory unearthly shone on every feature, she exclaimed, "How beautiful! O! Annie, Annie!" The glittering bands of glorified ones stood waiting for her, and in their midst she saw a fair, young sister, that had long since passed from earth. One long, triumphant note of victory thrilled through the room, as seraph-fingers swept their harps, and all was still. Her spirit had rejoined the early "loved and lost."

*November 30th, 1852.*

## DECEMBER MUSINGS.

"Thou hast folded thy pinions, thy race is complete,  
And fulfill'd thy Creator's behest ;  
Then adieu to the year of our sorrows and joys,  
And peaceful and long be thy rest."

M. M. DAVIDSON.

TIME, with its noiseless, yet never-ceasing step, has nearly brought us to the threshold of eighteen hundred and fifty-three. Few of us can realize, in glancing back upon the pictured past, that twelve months have fled o'er since we gathered around our Christmas fires. Yet so it is, and some of us have only to look upon the changed and saddened groups that encircle our hearths, to know that time has not been stationary. Some there are who, twelve months since, bowed in the earthly sanctuary of the Lord of Hosts, whose voices mingled in our songs of joy, as we sang the birth of Jesus, who are now *at home*, viewing the unvailed glory before the throne of the Eternal. Others, with whom we are linked by the heart's holiest affections, and with whom we gathered joy-

ously last year, are now far away. They have left us, and

“ Strong as was a mother’s love, and the sweet ties  
Religion makes so beautiful at home,  
They flung them from them in their eager race,”

and are this day lifting up their voices far to the east, and proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. They may not mingle in the loving household band this year; we miss their long-cherished voices when the quiet hour of even-tide has come, and the song of praise goes up to heaven from the family altar; when,

“ Kneeling down to heaven’s eternal King,  
The saint, the husband, and the father prays.”

But with them it is well; *the blessing of the Lord God of their fathers is upon them.* We look with hope and gladness to the future, in whose bosom is veiled our meeting again in joy.

But apart from our own firesides, in the old ancestral halls of our beloved England, and the sober Puritan homes of our republican brethren, what has this year brought? Change, sadness, and parting to many.



The mighty have passed away. The lion-hearted and invincible warrior, he who scaled the pinnacle of earthly glory, who

“Heard every trump of fame, drank every cup of joy,  
Drank early, deeply drank;”

and the venerable and patriotic statesman, have alike slept in death, exchanging the stern and hoary magnificence of Walmer, and the sweet seclusion of Marshfield, for the shadow of that “silent waiting-hall, where Adam meeteth with his children.”

In this year of marvels, also, gay, chivalrous, Sabbath-desecrating France, has surpassed herself in wonders, and the scepter which but yesterday was trampled in scorn by an infuriated multitude, now trembles in the despotic grasp of the prisoner of Ham, who, with the matchless ingenuity and effrontery of his imperial uncle, is, like him, while claiming to be the emancipator of his country, weaving more and more thickly the meshes of the web of tyranny, obliterating every trace of freedom from the laws and institutions of *la belle France*, and climbing, with

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feverish haste, the topmost round of the ladder of fame, only, perchance, to be hurled thence by an avenging Providence. Far away, among the sunny plains of Tuscany, this year has brought change upon its pinions. There the rights of the citizen have been scorned, the sanctity of the home invaded; there the ties of the household have been sundered, and from the hearth and the altar have two of the Lord's chosen been mercilessly torn to grace the iniquitous triumphs of him, emphatically styled in Scriptures, the "man of sin."

Yet "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and we believe that Protestant Europe, and especially Protestant England, will never suffer the noble and true-hearted Madiai to languish out their lives under the desolating stroke of the oppressor.

This year has been one of change and transition, deep, solemn, and startling. To each of us it is permitted in memory to traverse the sealed and finished past; but the future, the dark, illimitable future, who can scan? The far-searching eye of the Omniscient alone may read its mysterious

pages. Before the snows of next December mantle the earth, before we again gather around our festal fires, the young heart, that now throbs so joyously, may have been crushed beneath the withering touch of sorrow, or its beatings may be stilled in death. Our homes, with all their charities and endearments, are but frail, perishable structures, floating upon the tide of time, which the next wave may sweep into the ever-sounding main. But the future, with its weal and its woe, is in the hand of a benignant Father, and with those who consecrate the precious unfoldings of life to him, though the storm-bird may hover around their path, it shall be well—well. So when the shadows of this mortal life shall have passed away forever, and the fleeting pageantry of earth shall have merged in the solemn splendor of eternity, shall the pearly gates of that fair *home* on high unfold themselves to view, and the enraptured spirit, spreading forth its pinions, shall enter and bow before God.

*December 22d, 1852.*

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## BURIAL AT SEA.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,  
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,  
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown;  
 Yet shalt thou hear a voice, 'Restore the dead';  
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee;  
 Restore the dead, thou sea!—FELICIA HEMANS.

It was sunset on the broad Atlantic;  
 bright, golden clouds hung in folds around  
 the couch of the departing sun, and the  
 slowly-fading light lay like a coronal of  
 glory upon the blue waters. The stately  
 ship rode gallantly upon their bosom, every  
 spar tinged with brightness.

"Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
 Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain,  
 Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
 Music around her and sunshine on high,  
 Pauses to think amid glitter and glow,  
 O! there be hearts that are breaking below!  
 Or dreams that he watches afloat on the wave,  
 The death-bed of hope, and the young spirit's grave!"

And yet so it was, for within was death.  
 The young and fair, the wife and mother,  
 lay stricken, and "while life was in its

spring," disease came, and hiding his ghastly finger amid her sunny tresses, impressed the crimson death-bloom on her cheek. She had left her own beautiful England, and ancient halls of her fathers, to seek the shores of New Brunswick, and greet once more the sister of her childhood, who had preceded her to that country. But while the deep sea yet foamed between them, she was called to leave all the anticipated charms of her sweet American home, to take possession of that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Calmly she closed her eyes, saying, "Are we not near, Maria? Are we not nearly there?" then murmuring, "O, I am very sleepy," she sank to rest. Hour after hour moved on, and the tireless watchers by the couch of the dying feared to disturb her. But now, as the day-king was departing to his Western home, she woke, as the last waves of the chill waters of time were breaking upon her bark, and the solemn temples of the eternal city were about rising in full sight. And



though all-unconscious that the beautiful blossom of immortality, but just given to her embrace, was already blooming in the paradise of God, and that she herself was rapidly nearing her heavenly home, yet, as if her loving heart had been prophetically warned, that those she was leaving would, in after years, need the consolation her words might inspire, her rapt spirit already breathed the language of another sphere, and, as life was waning, her hope, that bright hope, "which is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast," was clear and quenchless. "*I know that my Redeemer liveth,*" breathed forth the fluttering spirit, and while they gazed, the shackles burst, the

"Tent at sunset on the ground  
A darken'd ruin lay."

"So fled away her brief existence," and they who yet lingered on earth bowed in silence.

How mournful is a burial at sea! It was clear, bright midday, and saddened groups stood around the bier. There lay the pale mother, and by her side the little

fair one, whose sojourn on earth had been so brief, with the blue eyes half open, and the dimpled hands clasped. Reverently stood that stricken band, and listened to those ever-beautiful and touching words, "We commit her body to the deep in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life." Then the last mournful plunge, and the cherished ones were on that long, dreary march to the grave, to rest amid the buried treasures of the deep. Five hours ere they shall reach the tomb! Sleep! sleep! fair daughter of grief, but when the broad, lonely sea shall unvail her depths, thou shalt rejoin the glorious assemblage in thy Father's house, where are many mansions.

"Such o'er memory sweep  
Sadly, when aught brings back that burial of the deep."

*January 18, 1853.*

## HOME THOUGHTS.

“There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;  
O! thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.”

MONTGOMERY.

IN this land of shadows, amid all the dreams of life, how many precious traces and foreshadowings of our immortality cling around the earthly, vailing for a moment all the cold and mocking pageantry of a heartless world, and giving to the trembling spirit one glimpse of the pure glory of heaven. Such are all the fond and sacred memories that bind us to our homes; stamped upon the trusting heart of childhood, they twine around the deep, hidden affections of our nature, and amid the fitful and troubled scenes of after life, flash back upon the worn spirit in all the vividness of early youth, pointing afar to that “home that never changeth.”

Very pleasantly comes back the picture of an olden home, far away. It stood near where the blue waters made glad music,

half hidden in embowering green, and in the glorious summer time the woodbine flung its tendrils over all its walls. It was very beautiful to look on; and there gathered, in the eventide, a band of fair brothers and sisters, whose voices gladdened board and hearth. Lovingly they journeyed on life's pilgrimage together, till

“Fate, with sternness on his brow,  
Arose and spoke this cruel vow:  
I'll break these bonds so true.”

Then one, with the dew of morning on his brow, cast a wishful glance to the sunny plains of the South, where the thrilling notes of the war-clarion floated o'er the wave, and casting far away the silken cords that fettered him to kindred, “he rushed to glory or the grave.” Months passed on; he “for whom the prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,” came not; but at last a long, deep note of woe sounded across the waters, that told the son and brother was not. The mother raised her meek, tearful eyes to heaven, and the white-haired father bowed his head in silence, and the youthful hearts

that yearned as fondly for his coming, mourned long and bitterly. Thus, one by one, parted those young blossoms from the home center. Years have fled since then, and now where are they? Some are yet dwelling on the shore of time, while others have crossed the swellings of Jordan, and "shaking the water-drops from their pinions, have entered the bright home of many mansions." Some sleep peacefully in the old church-yard, some are toiling on the burning plains of India, one slumbers in a far-off rock of the deep, and *one*,

"The sea, the blue, lone sea, hath one;  
He lies where pearls lie deep.  
He was the fairest flower of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd  
Beneath the same green tree;  
Whose voices mingled, as they pray'd  
Around one parent knee."

But there is a home that shall never, never change. Centuries have rolled away without a shadow on its brightness, and though "ear hath not heard" its deep songs of joy, still the music of these songs



echoes now as solemnly, as joyously, as it did eighteen hundred years ago, when the permit of Patmos caught the rapturous tones, and the chorus was, "Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

*February 10, 1853.*

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## THE MARTYRS OF MADEIRA.

### NUMBER I.

"Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones  
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold."—MILTON.

NEARLY two hundred years have rolled away since, among the peaceful valleys and hills of Piedmont, the fires of persecution raged fiercely, in the relentless endeavor to exterminate the faithful band of chosen ones, who, in the midst of surrounding darkness and defilement, had preserved their garments white and "unspotted from the world." Hunted from mountain to mountain, the tale of their wrongs and sufferings, the record of their unflinching constancy, and the sublime

consolations which sustained them alike in life and in death, echoed through the length and breadth of Europe, and enshrined their memory in the hearts of all who receive "the truth as it is in Jesus." Their spirit has not passed with them into the skies; it has outlived the wreck of successive generations, and, amid the surgings of the great ocean of time, we see it rising, undimmed and unquenched, from the billows of persecution, and with clear and steady ray, pouring its luster over the wild waste of waters. And thus shall it ever be; while the hosts of darkness wage their deadly warfare against the Lord and against his anointed, the redeemed and purified nature of man shall, by the aid of the Omnipotent, rise, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the fires where intolerance sought to destroy the undying principle, with the fragile tenement which shrined it, and triumph finally and gloriously over every foe. Its latest arena of conflict with the legions of antichrist was on the plains of Tuscany, where the struggle waxes yet more fearful. Of many of

those who have so nobly suffered for righteousness' sake, we have but slight and imperfect information. The names of some are irrecoverably lost to earth, while over the history of others "a veil of necessary secrecy has been drawn, shrouding the details from public view." Such, among others, was the case, until very lately, with the deeply-thrilling memoirs of the Madeirenses, or natives of the island of Madeira; and as there can be now no apprehension, in unfolding the scenes of peril through which her martyrs passed, of increasing that peril and suffering, it may not be displeasing for us to linger for a moment over the records of unswerving trust and confidence in God which the mission of Madeira presents. As a Portuguese colony and a papal missionary station, thick moral and spiritual darkness had long shrouded that beautiful island, where the very air breathes songs and fragrance. Bright and gorgeous as are all the aspects of nature in that climate, the eye of the Christian might not rest on it with pleasure, nor with feelings unallied

to those expressed by the Gentile apostle, when standing upon Mar's Hill, and viewing ancient Athens in all her glittering beauty, his spirit was stirred within him, as he saw the city "wholly given to idolatry." Such was Madeira when, about the year 1838 or 1839, the attention of Dr. Kalley, a Scotch physician of celebrity, then resident in Madeira, was directed to the spiritual condition of those around; and with the view of exciting their attention, he commenced holding meetings for the purpose of reading and explaining the Scriptures. In the summer of 1842 an observer might have seen groups of people wending their way over the soft slopes and rising hills, in the long, quiet summer afternoons, to a ridge, bounded by steep valleys on the east and west, and lofty, cloud-girdled mountains on the south. The surrounding country was rich in the full, glorious beauty of summer, and there, day after day, beneath the shade of the dark spreading vines, gathered one, two, three, and four thousand of the native Madeirenses, to listen to the reading of the word of God.

Deeply and solemnly interesting as must have been the sight of so many immortal beings, many of whom had walked ten or twelve miles, and crossed mountains three thousand feet high, for the purpose of joining this devoted group, hanging in breathless earnestness upon the lips of the Scripture reader, such proceedings could not fail to excite the bitterest hostility of both the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and a pastoral letter was accordingly issued, threatening the penalty of excommunication against all who should read the Bible.

In January, 1843, an order was given to Dr. Kalley, from the civil governor, to desist entirely from speaking to Portuguese subjects on religious topics, either in his house or out of it. This mandate produced no other effect than causing the meetings to be adjourned to Dr. Kalley's own residence, it being found, on examination, that by the Portuguese law, no subject could be prevented from entering any dwelling, if he had the consent of the owner. The people, therefore, continued to attend the



meetings in large numbers, and also the evening schools for adults. At these schools upward of one thousand persons were estimated to have learned to read, and search the word of God for themselves. Great and increasing interest was evinced in the truths of the Gospel; and many, from time to time, as guided by the teachings of the Spirit of truth, renounced the delusions of Romanism for the surer and un-failing hope of salvation, through the atone-ment of the Lord Jesus Christ. At this time the meetings were held at nine o'clock A.M. on the Sabbath, and the police were stationed by the governor in the roads, and at Dr. Kalley's door, to repulse and drive away the people as they came, frequently resorting to blows for that purpose. To avoid this the people came at seven, then at six, and last at four o'clock in the morning, the police following them as they came earlier and earlier. Finally, un-daunted by opposition, many of them as-sembled at the doors on Saturday night, determined there to remain, rather than lose the blessed privileges of the Sabbath.

Legal proceedings were then instituted against Dr. Kalley, but, after examining witnesses to the number of forty, the case was dismissed, as it could not be proved that any existing law of Portugal had been violated.

During a temporary absence of the judge from the island, the opportunity was embraced of reversing the sentence, and warrants being issued, Dr. Kalley was accordingly imprisoned in July, 1843. During the six months of his imprisonment, his cell was crowded daily by those who came, in defiance of all opposition, as anxious inquirers after truth. Having succeeded in partially silencing Dr. Kalley, at least for a time, a pastoral letter was read from all the pulpits, condemning, as unfaithful and adulterated, the version of the Scriptures circulated by this faithful missionary, and excommunicating all who should continue to read it. Having obtained a copy of the Portuguese Bible, Dr. Kalley undertook a diligent examination and collation of the two, in which he discovered, that in five thousand verses, there were only seven

verses in which the versions at all differed, and these differences did not in the least affect the sense. A notice to the Madeirenses, stating this, was then published, and placed by the side of the bishop's letter on the church doors. This notice was not without its effect upon the people, and many copies of the London edition were sold by colporteurs throughout the island. In the gloom of the Funchal prison we shall, for the present, take our leave of Dr. Kalley, cheered and sustained as he was, through his trying imprisonment, by the consolations of religion, and the smile of the Most High so evidently resting upon his labors. Meanwhile let us count dearer than ever, those precious civil and religious privileges which are preëminently the birth-right of every *British* subject; praying that, should the blight of persecution ever visit our shores, our faith and hope may be as firm, and our constancy as unshaken, as those of the scattered and persecuted Christians of Madeira.

## NO. II.

Stand fast in the faith : bold apostles have died,  
With the words on their lips, careless who might deride ;  
Confessors and martyrs, mid torture and flame,  
Have drank in its accents, and welcomed the shame.

J. W. BROWNE.

“To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.” Such is the unerring utterance of Him who ruleth in the heavens, and every page of earth’s history demonstrates its truth. When the furious storm gathers blackest and most wrathful, then is it that the heavy clouds part asunder, and from their murky foldings gleams forth the sure light of hope and encouragement. So was it with the first apostle of Madeira, as in the recesses of the prison at Funchal, he gathered around him his perishing, undying fellow-men,

“To preach to them of Jesus.”

The period of Dr. Kalley’s imprisonment wore heavily away ; months passed on, until one clear, bright day, a white shadowy line, like the snowy wing of a spirit, gleamed in the distant horizon. Gradually it as-

sumed distinctness, coming nearer and yet nearer, until at last the tall ship, with the breeze filling her sails, rode gallantly into port. It brought a royal mandate, stating that her majesty, the Queen of Portugal, approving of the edition of the Bible condemned by the canons, with the concurrence of the patriarch archbishop elect, recommended its circulation among her subjects. With a royal order before their eyes, the inquisitorial government of Madeira could no longer be justified in holding Dr. Kalley in imprisonment, and in January, 1844, he obtained his release. Sentence was, however, obtained in December of the same year, from a Lisbon court, stating that a prosecution ought to be commenced against Dr. Kalley for promulgating doctrines contrary to the religion of the state; and some days after his arrival in Funchal, on his return from a visit to Lisbon, warrants were again issued for his apprehension, in conformity with the above sentence. He was, in fact, a prisoner on bail, but as no express law of Portugal had been declared to be vio-



lated, his former ministrations of love were immediately resumed. He was shortly afterward formally warned by the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Aberdeen, that the Home Government would not support him against any measures which might be adopted for his removal from Madeira, if he continued his meetings for worship. Reluctantly did Dr. Kalley perceive that his mission, at least in public, to the benighted Madeirenses, was nearly closed, and that now the hallowed and delightful task must be resigned into other hands. His work must henceforth be prosecuted in private, or else at the certain risk of banishment from it altogether; and he saw, that though partially silenced, it would be better that he should remain in Madeira, than that, by proceeding in open hostility to the government, he should exile himself forever and entirely from this cherished field of labor. Long and nobly had he toiled, and borne the burden and heat of the day, and the full fruit of his labors who may now tell? "*The day shall declare.*" Not till the heavens shall have

passed away forever, and the chronicles of earth are brought from their archives, all hoary with the dust of centuries, and deciphered in the full, solemn light of eternity, shall the fruit which has sprung from the seed sown by this tireless husbandman, be told into the garner of heaven. He whose eye had been ever on him, through all his toils and perils, had now provided for him, in his mercy, a successor, who should gather into one fold the scattered sheep wandering over the hills of Madeira. This was the Rev. W. H. Hewitson, a young Scottish minister of high hopes and brilliant promise, who, shortly after the close of his ministry in this sphere, at the age of thirty-eight, "slept in Jesus."

"He died young ;

But there are silver'd heads whose race of duty is less  
nobly run."

Scarcely had the doors of Dr. Kalley's prison been thrown open, when the storm of persecution burst forth with renewed violence against the unoffending Madeirense. "Twenty-two," says Dr. K., "of the most peaceable and well-behaved men

and women in Madeira were taken to Funchal, in the Diana frigate, and cast into prison among the most depraved and degraded. Some were cruelly beaten, some were stoned; three houses were burned down, two others set on fire, and all complaint against such treatment seemed only to bring aggravated injury upon the sufferers. Still they were not only patient and resigned in such circumstances, but happy. 'They took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing that in heaven they had a better and an unfading inheritance.' "

At last the sentence of arrest and condemnation fell with terrible effect on one who had placed all on the altar of sacrifice, and who, in the home circle, and in all the walks of private life, beautifully showed forth every holy and kindly virtue of the Christian faith. Cradled in the bosom of the Catholic Church, Maria Joaquina Alves had forsaken the shelter of its fold; and for this, the unpardonable sin, the laws of incensed and outraged bigotry demanded her death. She had a home with those to

whom she was "the light of the eyes," the youngest, a precious babe, on whom life was just opening; yet meekly and uncomplainingly she turned at the oppressor's bidding, and nerved by an unfaltering hope, which the world knoweth not, she passed those gates, whose melancholy clang, as they closed upon her, told that all of life to her was excluded. Sixteen weary months did she, as "the prisoner of the Lord," keep ceaseless vigil within that home of misery, when she was at last arraigned before the Supreme Court of Madeira, and charged with apostasy, heresy, and blasphemy. We, of these provinces, who rejoice in the glorious privilege of British citizenship, can scarcely realize the sublimely-thrilling spectacle of a fragile, unprotected woman, standing, in all the conscious heroism of innocence, before the persecuting tribunal of her country, with the sweet hopes and purposes of life trembling in her own hand. The words, as they fell slowly from the lips of the judge, seemed to her agitated spirit like the tones of a death-warrant. "Do you believe the

consecrated host to be the real body, and the real blood, and the human soul and divinity of Jesus Christ?" There was a light in her fearless eye, and a calmness on her brow, which told of more than earthly strength, as the feebleness of the woman, and the deep love of the wife and mother, were lost in the triumph of the Christian confessor, and she replied, "*I do not believe it.*" It was done; the spirit of the ancient martyrs lived and shone in that frail tabernacle. Sentence of death was immediately pronounced, and must have been executed, had it not been for a technical error in the trial, in consequence of which it was commuted by the Court of Relação at Lisbon.



## NO III.

Stand fast in the faith, for the Church of the Lord  
Hath inscribed on her banners the glorious word:  
O'er all her bright cohorts, its glories displayed,  
And blazon'd on harness, and buckler, and blade.

Stand fast in the faith; let the mandate roll on,  
Through her girded battalions, till warfare is done;  
Till the trumpet of conquest sounds over the field,  
And the palm waveth proudly o'er helmet and shield.

REV. J. W. BROWNE.

ON the arrival of Mr. Hewitson in Madeira, he forthwith commenced meeting a small number of inquirers daily, at the residence of the Rev. J. Julius Wood. Unexampled and encouraging as was his success in this way, his incessant labors were most exhausting to his physical strength; certainly much more so than preaching in the usual manner. Day after day, at all hours, his room was thronged by groups of attentive listeners, with whom he toiled indefatigably in instructing, exhorting, and encouraging them. The first communion which he held was in March, 1845, when about forty Portuguese converts surrounded the table of the Lord.

Meanwhile, dark, ominous clouds continued yet to lower in the horizon, and absolute extermination appeared to threaten the infant flock. Still a wide door for the entrance of Christian truth was evidently opened in Madeira, and as his acquaintance with the language increased, Mr. Hewitson gradually and cautiously commenced preaching in Portuguese. "Many of the converts," wrote Mr. Hewitson, at this period, to a Scottish friend, "have, through reading and prayer, become intelligent and enlightened members of society, able to give to all that ask them a clear and distinct reason of the hope that is in them. The apprehension which they have generally of the way of salvation is extremely simple, and their confidence in Christ very childlike. Some of them seem to be altogether free from doubts and fears, and filled with joy and peace in believing."

Mr. Hewitson's delightful labors, prosecuted though they often were under the sheltering mantle of night, were at last suspended by a most severe and complete

prostration of strength, from the effects of which it was long before he recovered. In this dark hour of trial, the Lord Jesus was present with his suffering servant, shielding and sustaining, and giving "songs in the night." So soon as his strength permitted, Mr. Hewitson resumed his labors; but in the hope of eluding the animosity and vigilance of his enemies, he materially changed his plan of operations. Committing the public ministrations of the word, almost exclusively, to native assistant ministers, he commenced the organization of a class of the most promising Portuguese converts, for the purpose of giving them such systematic theological instruction, as should qualify them for discharging the functions of catechists. Very pleasant would it be to trace Mr. Hewitson in his interesting labors among this blessed little group, but our limits compel us to hasten to the concluding part of our narrative.

He continued his course of exposition to his catechumen class, undisturbed except once, when one of the class, while paying a visit to a friend who was suffering im-

prisonment, was forcibly seized and himself imprisoned on the charge of heresy. In April, having finished the course of lectures to his students, Mr. Hewitson prepared to leave Madeira for some months, hoping that on his return circumstances might prove more favorable for the prosecution of the work to which he had given his life. Previous to his departure, after careful examination, he proceeded to ordain several elders and deacons, "to conduct the meetings and regulate the business of the little Church during his absence." In May, 1846, Mr. Hewitson left Madeira, cherishing the most pleasing anticipations of soon returning, to again labor among his beloved people. But, alas! he whose "way is in the whirlwind, and his path in the great waters," had otherwise ordained, and in the counsels of the Eternal, other and better things were yet written for Madeira. The fearful tempest which had so often darkened and glared on the brow of night, was now to burst in terrible fury upon the defenseless heads of these smitten and scattered ones.

One calm, bright Sabbath morning, in the month of August, as between thirty and forty of the converts were assembled for prayer and reading of the word, a mob surrounded the door, and when they were about retiring, rudely assaulted the elder, who had been conducting service. This proved the signal for a general attack upon the house. The doors were immediately closed, and those within, seeking the most sequestered room in the building, prepared to abide the fury of the storm. Throughout the whole day, the infuriate band surrounded the house, threatening to burn it to the ground, and demanding instant admission. At last, as the noon of night was closing in, the door yielded to repeated blows, and with one exulting yell, the assailants rushed into the house. Search was instantly made for their trembling victims, who, in a remote room, were discovered all on their knees, in earnest and fervent prayer. What a scene! Surely the pure dwellers in "the land of everlasting light" must have gazed on in wonder; there were the



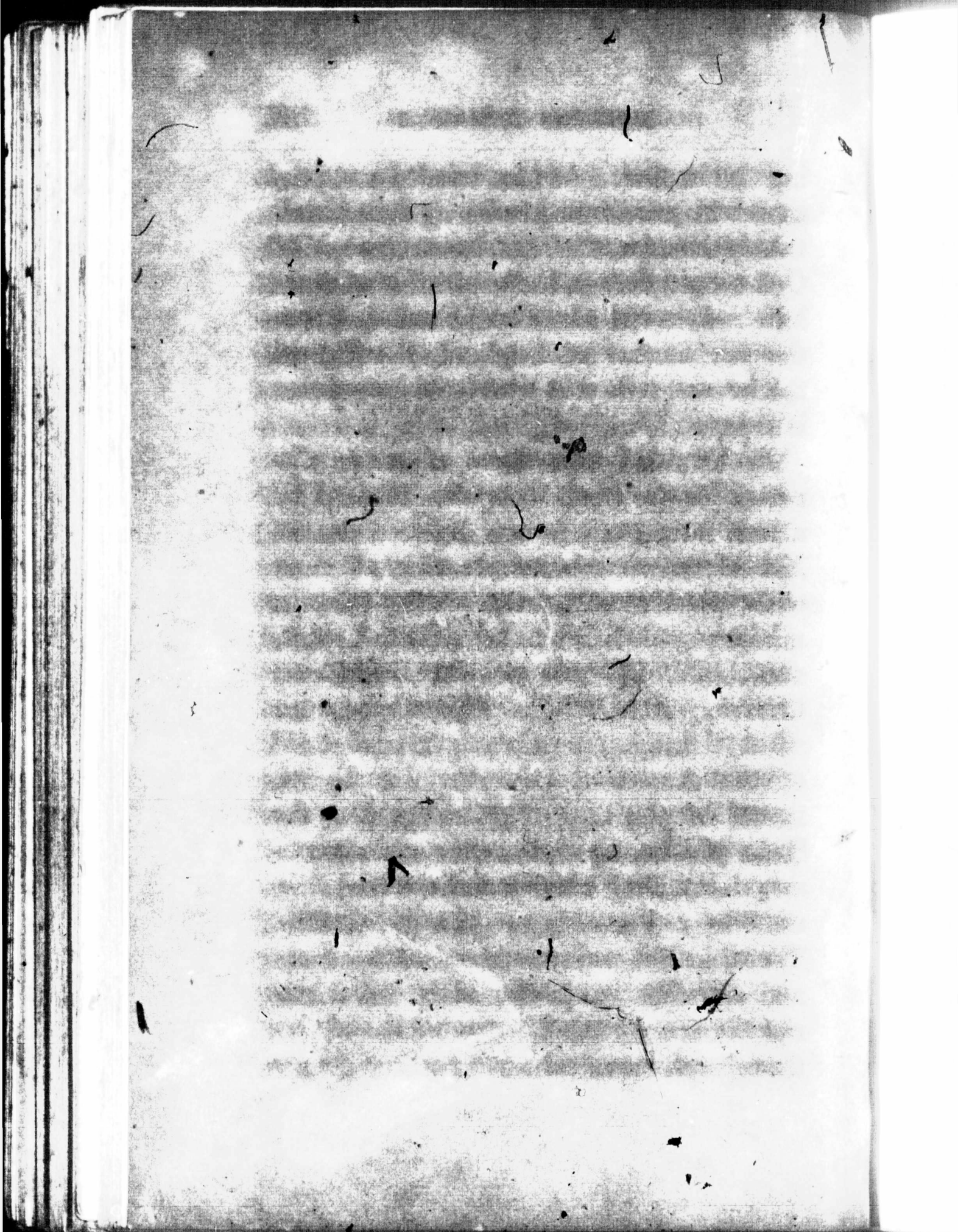
savage persecutors, exulting in conscious triumph, and by their side the meek followers of the Man of Calvary, breathing out, like their great exemplar, a life of agony in the earnest accents of prayer. We draw a veil over the details of the heartrending scenes of this period. Suffice it to say, that many of these rejoicing believers were called upon to seal the truth with their blood, and, like those of olden time, yield up their lives to him who had purchased them with his own blood. They passed through great tribulation, and are now doubtless before the eternal throne, "having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Dr. Kalley was, however, the especial object of pursuit, and had his place of retreat been discovered, there is little doubt that his life would have fallen a sacrifice to lawless violence. But he was in the care of Him who suffereth not the tenants of the air to perish unnoticed; and he was enabled, though almost miraculously, to make his escape from the island in a steamer which was then leav-



PERSECUTION IN MADRIRA





ing the harbor. At last, hunted and pursued with unrelenting ardor by their blood-thirsty enemies, the Madeirean Church of God sought refuge, to the number of eight hundred, in the island of Trinidad, where the fair banner of England, floating on the breeze, tells that liberty of conscience is enjoyed wherever Britain reigns.

In Trinidad this band of noble witnesses for the Lord Jesus were cheered by a visit from their former beloved pastor, Mr. Hewitson, who, on hearing of their exile, once more left his native land to minister consolation to the afflicted spirit, and build up this desolate, scattered Church. Afterward arrangements were made, through the promptly-extended aid of the American Churches, for the removal of the Church of refugees to the State of Illinois, where, after some necessary delay, they arrived, and were organized into a regularly-constituted Church. There, in the enjoyment of that liberty and security which should be the birth-right of every human being, we shall leave them; and, as we take our parting glance,

in view of their sufferings, their faith, and their future glorious inheritance, exclaim, "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death."

"There were men with hoary hair  
Among that pilgrim band;  
Why had they come to wither there  
Away from their childhood's land?"

"There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

"What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

"Ay! call it holy ground,  
The place where first they trod;  
They have left unstain'd what there they found,  
Freedom to worship God."

*May 26, 1853.*

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## "AN OWRE TRUE TALE."

All droopingly she lieth like a dew-laden lily.

M. F. TUPPER.

Consumption! child of woe, thy blighting breath  
Marks all that's fair and lovely for thine own;  
And sweeping o'er the silver chords of life,  
Blends all their music in one death-like tone.

M. M. DAVIDSON.

EVER bright and precious is the frail gift of life to man. Even he who, in the dark convict cell, catches but gleams of the free, glorious sunlight, and on whose brow the soft winds play only through the narrow grating, clings to life with death-like, though despairing grasp. Who then may tell its deep, priceless worth to those who, amid the golden privileges of a Christian land, the high purposes and activities of youth, and the kindly charities and overflowing love of the household band, breathe forth an existence, all hope and all joy? Yet even they may not live always; one by one they leave us, until he that would gather around him the glad

companionship of early life, must look to another and an eternal city.

Even now memory, from her olden records, tells of one on whom the grave hath long since closed. Bright and beautiful, a spirit overflowing with gladness, the very impersonation of life and loveliness, that

“Warrior in somber harness mail’d,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,”

claimed her in her beauty; and when she knew it not, she was sinking, slowly but surely, into the depths of eternity. And yet none might dare to tell her; none might give one note of warning to the joyous, unconscious being. They feared to chill all her bright, budding blossoms of joy, and, with one terrible word, bring anguish and desolation to that buoyant spirit. Not till the latest sands

“Of Time’s most frail and brittle glass”

were falling one by one, was the veil lifted, and the bitter truth unfolded; and as some richly-freighted argosie lends her fragrance

to the winds, so all the unuttered glorious revealings of another land came to her stricken soul, in dim, solemn accents, borne on the passing breeze. But, alas! those unerring harbingers came not to her in tones of gladness; she had not that earnest, trustful, abiding faith in the Crucified which, turning meekly from the wreck of earthly hopes, fixes calm, unblenching gaze upon the fathomless future, and, even amid the thick glooms of the "valley of the shadow of death," breathes unfalteringly, "*Therefore will I fear no evil, for Thou art, with me.*" Even now, when gleams of light from another land rested on her brow, turning from the fount of living waters, her worn spirit sought for rest in the gairish dreams and mocking pageantry of earth. The halls, where the young and the fair move lightly to the sound of gushing melody, still held their charms for her; and even when, at last, the chill grasp of disease bound her fading form to the dying couch, the death damps mantled her fair check, and the light of reason gleamed but feebly, strains of wild,

unhallowed song, trembled on her unconscious lips.

\* \* \* \* \*

A long, bright day in August had passed, and when night came, still, solemn night, the mother, as she gave her precious charge to a faithful watcher's care, left her with hope yet living in her bosom. Slowly waned the night, when, as the hour of midnight drew on, that strange, mystic hour, when the shadows that veil mortality from life seem to fade into transparency, and the thronged pathway to eternity stands open, the mother woke with a chill at her heart. With a prophetic whisper in her ear, she sped her way to the couch of the dying. Change was there. She lay back upon her pillow, the dark, rich masses of unbound hair falling on her shoulders, the burning rose-tint faded from her cheek, and the pale, chiseled features beautiful even in death. The faint breath was coming feebly; the dark, lustrous eyes gave no sign of recognition, but with wild, fitful brilliancy, roved ceaselessly around; and, as if the wrecked and

wandering mind yet lived among the scenes of other days, the cold, white lips murmured the words of a popular air. With all her own yearning love and agony, the mother strove to pour upon the unconscious ear the words of life, and point the parting spirit to the Lamb of God. Vain and hopeless all! Fixing upward her flashing, restless eyes, she breathed forth, "O'er the sea in my fairy boat;" then turning one glance upon the stricken mother, she passed away.

Strange, mocking words! Not more fearfully jarring and dissonant was the dying *tête d'armée* of the imperial captive, who breathed his life forth upon an ocean isle, than were the last tremulous tones of that fair girl,

"O'er the sea in my fairy boat."

September 14, 1853.



## A LEAF FROM LIFE.

In the midst of life we are in death.—BURIAL SERVICE.

THE autumn wind sighs mournfully to-night over hill-side and valley, making melancholy music through the sere and russet leaflets as they fall, weaving a rich, fleeting coronal for the brow of the ancient earth. The stars, those pale, quenchless watchers over a stricken world, are gazing down calmly and brightly, as on the night when first their ceaseless march began. They shall know no change until the day when this earth, with all its gorgeousness and glory, shall fade away before the breath of the "high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity."

It was just such a night as this, years ago, when the Laird of Ivedale, in the north of Scotland, with his household group, gathered around the hearth-stone in the ruddy firelight. He was yet in the full prime of manhood, with scarce a shadow on his pale, thoughtful brow,

save when the remembrance of the existing feud between himself and the chieftain of a neighboring clan, brought with it the regret which was deep but unavailing. They were a joyous group that night; so thought the father, as he glanced from the fair wife and gentle girl at his side, to where a bright boy, just merging into youth, mingled in the gayer sport of the little pet of the circle, whose merry laughter, as he shook his curls in defiant mischief, rang loud and long throughout the room. They lingered together till late, and as the old house clock sounded the hour of ten they had not separated, when a low knock without announced that the presence of the laird was demanded, and withdrew him for a moment from their circle. Their mirth seemed partially to subside with his departure, and gathering closer to the ingleside, they awaited his return. The night was calm and clear, and as they listened they could hear distinctly the dash of oars on the distant lake.

An hour glided on; the baby-boy had sought repose in slumber, and gradually

all sound died away, except the voice of the breeze, as it swayed to and fro the tall, leafless trees around the old mansion. It had a mournful sound, which went to the heart of the lady of Ivedale as she rose, and, going to the window, listened anxiously for coming footsteps. All was silent, except the rapid dash of oars, which grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and the glimmering of lights on the opposite shore could just be discerned.

Long and eagerly they waited, but he came not back to them; darkness merged into twilight, and twilight deepened into dawn, and found that pale, listening group watching out the bright stars, as each passing footfall roused the hope yet slumbering in their hearts. Slowly but surely came the agonizing suspicion to the heart-broken wife and mother, that he who left their midst so suddenly on that joyous night, had fallen a victim to the remorseless vengeance of his treacherous foe. Bitterly did the fearful wailing of grief go up to the eternal throne from that desolate and stricken band; the joy and glory of

life had fled forever; and though a veil of impenetrable mystery shrouded the fate of him they mourned and sought for, through life they cherished the fond hope of his re-appearance.

But, alas! the Laird of Ivedale looked his last, that fatal night, upon those he loved, and his presence gladdened not again hearth or hall.

Years had passed, the lady of Ivedale had slept in death, and the ancient halls were crumbling to decay, when the remains of the long-lost laird were found in a solitary cave, far on the eastern coast, where the dark, restless sea foamed against his prison, and where now that fearful home bears the name of the Cave of Ivedale.

*November, 1853.*

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

Sunbeam of summer! O, what is like thee?  
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!  
One thing is like thee to mortals given,  
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.

FELICIA HEMANS.

TWILIGHT is purpling all the eastern hills with her fading radiance; fair, fleeting clouds of crimson and amber float like gorgeous banners round the sinking sun. The glory of the departing sunlight mantles the tiny, green-wood spray, amid the ancient forest trees, and pours its luster alike on the "halls from old heroic ages gray," and the cabin by the wayside. Yet an hour, and all shall be girded with the solemn darkness of night.

So passing and changeful is this life. Time lays his hoary finger on our heart-treasures, and they wither. They who "grow in beauty side by side, and fill one home with glee," abide not evermore beneath the shade of the ancestral roof-



tree. The spoiler enters the earth-home, and lo! the brow once so fair in its infantine beauty, is mantled with the heavy dews of death. So the fair bud with the petals yet unfolded, fades away from us. Then the monition of high duty and holy privilege calls another forth to gird on the armor, and battle earnestly, manfully in that sacramental host, whose watchword is, *God with us.*

Life hath even its turmoil and its change, yet all over the wide globe, in the cabinet of the diplomatist, amid the roar and din of the battle-field, or on the lonely island, girt with the crested surge, the hope, the anticipation of one glimpse at the small remnant that yet form the home circle, is the green, fragrant spot in the heart; the ever-gushing spring of gladness to the fainting, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Even so hath the Father above ordained, that all glad and glorious homes of earth should image forth faintly, yet truthfully, the home on high.

Yet even with us, whose lofty hopes and aspirations should center in our Father's

house, does not earthly care and purpose, and earthly desire, so dim the vision of our spirits, that we live almost forgetful of our priceless inheritance? Is there not cause to ask now in this holy hour of evening, when the stars, the solemn sentinels of night, are gazing on us, and when, through the stillness, we can almost catch the parting notes of the triumph-song of the white-robed harpers in that far-off land, Do we believe, we who, in virtue of the blood once poured out for us on the mountain-top, claim the Unsearchable as our father, and the Eternal Spirit as our sanctifier, *really, individually* believe, that beyond the sun and stars, separated from us even now, only by the shadows of mortality, there is for us *a home*, pure, glorious, abiding? that to-night, while earth is all care, and toil, and fear, and change, we who have stolen away alike from its revelry and its grief, may look up, and with the eagle-gaze of calm, earnest faith, view the unfading glories of that land of everlasting light? If so, why should the unhallowed, unsanctified thoughts and

dreams of earth any more enwrap our spirits?

“This is the hope, the blessed hope,  
Which Jesus Christ hath given;  
The hope when days and years are past,  
We all shall meet in heaven.”

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## MEMORIES OF THE YEAR.

“Unto the pale, the perish'd past,  
Another year hath darkly flown,  
And viewless as the winged blast,  
Hath come and gone.  
Gone with its fond and fairy dreams,  
Gone with its feverish hopes and fears,  
Gone with its blossoms and its beams,  
Its smiles and tears.”

DECEMBER, dark and hoary, is once more speeding past us with the fleet and noiseless tread of a spirit. Yet a little, and he too shall be gathered among the annals of the unreturning past; this year, whose autumn magnificence is almost yet lingering on our hill-sides, shall have gone to slumber with its countless brethren, and another, in whose mysterious mantle our web of destiny we may trace but dimly.

woven, shall grasp the scepter of the departed monarch. How mournfully come to us the closing days of the year! like the sealing up of another portion of the book of Time, no more to be opened till the recording angel shall make known the revealings of eternity.

Since the shadows of last December gathered around our pathway, what untold change for weal or woe hath graven its impress on the brow of earth! Homes are desolate that then were joyous, and we miss the gushing melody of tones that once rang lightly on the air. The grave hath won them to its dreamless slumber, and those who yet linger on an earthly shore are "severed far and wide" from the olden home; some are dwellers on a lonely isle of the deep, and some sojourners in another and a distant home, to gather amid young and joyous groups around the festal fires. To them thoughts of home, whether that home be the bright, sunny south, or a sterner, colder clime, shall link themselves with the closing memories of the year.

To some near our own homes this year hath brought a tale of woe undreamed of.\* The brave and true, the young and fair, they for whom the bridal wreath was waiting, have gone down to the hollow caves of the unslumbering main, and to a far-distant shore went forth the tidings that she for whom hope and love had kept expectant vigil, had gone to win a coronal changeless and unfading. We may not rear the storied marble to point the spot where earthly hope faded forever from that desolate, perishing group, as their frail bark buffeted in vain the wrathful waters, and their anguished cry for succor met with a stern repulse; the wild waves must sweep above them for ever and aye; yet when the sea shall restore its wealth of lost and buried treasures, the melody of their voices shall swell the solemn psalmody of the white-robed host, who chant for evermore, Alleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

Far over the bright waters, who can number the changes of this year? The

\* Alluding to the loss of the steamer "Fairy Queen."



crown hath fallen from some, and royalty hath gone to dwell among the shadows of the tomb. The potent name of Bonaparte yet sways the hearts of those who tread the vine-clad hills of France, and a young and gentle girl has left "the home of her childhood's mirth" to gladden those imperial halls, where once moved, in equal grace and loveliness, the first and early bride of the exiled Napoleon.

Farther east the interest deepens, as we watch, with breathless awe, the progress of the fearful struggle upon the plains of Turkey. Who may hear the moanings of the storm that is sweeping over the thrones of Europe, and read the meaning? Should not our prayers go up on high, that amid the fierce blasts of the tempest,

"The flag that braved a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze,"

may yet wave triumphantly and peacefully over all who bear the name of Briton?

Near the close of the dying year, as if to cheer us in our sadness, comes the olden, hallowed festival of Christmas. Would

that on that day every household chain were without a broken link! We welcome it joyously as ever. Our city homes will don their livery of gladness, and could we glance upon the bright groups, some of them far away, whose memory is ever blended with our thoughts of joy, it would gild the hours of Christmas with another charm. But it may not be: we only awake from building *Châteaux en Espagne* to find reality more bitter, and thus, though far distant from that charmed oasis in the wilderness, home, we look with gladness for the return of that day, on which He who dwelleth 'in light which no man can approach unto, came to cheer and bless by his presence a perishing and stricken world.

*December 19, 1853.*

## GREETINGS FOR THE ABSENT.

The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another.—HOLY SCRIPTURE.

EVER true and touching words! Beautiful at all times as they seem, it is only when time, and change, and distance sever us from the well-beloved and true, that they come to the lonely heart as a holy spell that shall guard, pure and undimmed, the love we cherish for the absent.

Life is changing ever, and we tread its toilsome paths sometimes but wearily; the spirit turns alike from its brightness and its gloom, its revelry and grief. How sadly then we yearn for a familiar voice, for the smile that once was ours, and the bright group now so far, far distant. We may not win them back to us; death, perchance, hath taken the lost jewels to glitter in his own pale coronal, and some, in another clime, are swelling the ranks of those who press onward in the ever-hurrying "battle of life." But as we weary for

their coming, how precious are the words, sounding as they do from the dim, solemn past, centuries ago, "*The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another.*"

Many years have swept on since one went forth, with the flush of hope upon his cheek, and a mother's blessing on his brow, to the isles of the southern seas, to tell the story of the cross. He left, in his fair English home, a mother, whose life was twined with his, yet when his glance was turned upon those who were "ready to perish," she chased the anguish from her heart, and the tear-drop from her eye, that he might win souls for Jesus. He went to those whom darkness covered as a pall, and a fearful shadow, as of the grave, rested on each undying spirit. He toiled with them, and told them of the matchless love of Him who gave his life a ransom for many, and of the bright home which waits for all who love him, and they marvelled. He lingered there, till a voice came over the waters, telling that the mother, whose image was enshrined within

his heart, had gone to dwell with Him  
"whom, having not seen, she loved." Bitterly came that message from afar, yet he

"Stood up in broken heartedness,  
And wrought until his Master call'd him."

Her voice was hushed forever, yet meekly lifting his eyes to the blue, glorious heaven above him, he breathed, "*The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a calm, bright evening in summer, and as the sun was setting on the broad Pacific, the sound of lawless strife and violence echoed over the solemn, melancholy main. Short, but fearful, was the conflict for life, and when there came that low wail of agony, as the unshackled soul left its tortured tenement, the shores of Erromanga held a lifeless form, and the spirit of the martyr missionary bowed before the everlasting throne. Yet rapturous were the solemn tones that went up to Him who liveth for evermore, as the mother, who watched from her high, glorious



home for his coming, mingled her chant-ings with his exultant song of victory.

How beautiful it is for man to die  
Upon the walls of Zion! to be call'd,  
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,  
To put his armor off and rest in heaven!

*January 2, 1854.*

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### SABBATH ECHOES.

The Sabbath is a holy and beautiful island, cut off from the continent of eternity, and thrown down into the stream of time.—

REV. J. CUMMING, D. D.

AY! holy and beautiful has it ever been. Bright indeed must have been the first Sabbath of the world, when this earth glittered, like a thing of life, in the smile of the Omnipotent; and though by-gone centuries have flung their shadow on the track of time since then, and sin, and death, and desolation have graven their fearful tracings on the brow of a scathed and guilty world, and earth is but the glorious wreck of what it then was; still, amid the din, and rush, and strife that shroud us as we journey along life's paths,

amid its anguish and its revelry, the Sabbath is yet to us an ever-holy and beautiful thing.

Long has the wail of stricken humanity gone up into the ear of the Unsleeping, and until the shadows of the long, dark night of time shall flee before the radiance of the millennial morning, thus shall it ever be.

Yet earth's incense hath not been all of woe; in every age and clime the melody of thanksgiving, the offering of joy and praise, hath ascended from redeemed and sanctified man, and mingled with the chantings of the choir of God. Those tones shall thrill yet higher through the unchanging cycles of eternity; then only shall a fitting tribute of praise be rendered for these our earthly Sabbaths; and when all earth's myriads shall be gathered together in the brightness of a home where change hath not a part, *then* shall the song of praise pour forth from mortal lips, such as ear hath never caught before; then, and not till then, in the light of that one eternal Sabbath, shall we read aright the pre-

sciousness of the boon bestowed in the sacred time, severed from a life of wasting care and turmoil, and given us, that by its aid we may draw nearer to the gates of that "continuing city," of which the Lamb is the light thereof.

But there are lands on which no Sabbath sun has ever risen. Glorious are they in their loveliness; bright in the rich, tropical beauty that sleeps on every leaf and flower; yet darkness shrouds them as a fearful pall, for the name of God has never echoed there. They who dwell therein have never heard of Jesus, and on them "the light of the glorious Gospel" hath never shone. They "sit yet in darkness and in the land of the shadow of death," and thus they wander on through life, heedless and unfearing, until, when the solemn surgings of the river of death shall break upon the bewildered ear, the trembling spirit shall wake to see the dream of life vanishing, and to find no refuge from the wrath of God.

On us the light of immortality hath arisen. We claim "Him who dwelleth in

light which no man can approach" as our Father, and the Prince of Peace as our Saviour. We believe that all the tribes of earth, alike in the burning plains of India and the frozen steppes of Siberia, are our brethren, yet they journey on to death, and we live moveless and unconcerned. Life spreads her witching dreams before us, and we revel in them, in all the buoyancy of youth and hope, while every moment, as it rushes on to join the years before the flood, sweeps from earth and all its fading visions, those who have never heard of Him who ransomed them from death. The blood once poured forth upon the mountain-top, centuries ago, was shed for them, yet they know it not, and there is none to tell them. From the arid desert wastes, and the ice-engirdled hills of the north, a cry has come; the isles of the sea have caught it, and all lands of the earth re-echo the strain, as it comes to us, borne upon the wave: "*Come over and help us.*"

"February, 1854."

## THE EREBUS AND TERROR.

“THE British Admiralty have announced, that if intelligence of Sir John Franklin, or his ships, the Erebus and Terror, and of the officers and crew being alive, is not received by the 31st of March next, they will be considered as having died in her majesty’s service.”

As a solemn-sounding knell, as a buried tone, as a dream that came and vanished, so come those words to us from the mother land, whence the brave and fearless-hearted went forth, alas! but to die. With the memory of home shrined within each spirit, and the image of the beloved ones that kept for them loving vigil ever in their view, they nerved the shrinking heart to meet a nameless tomb.

Moons have waxed and waned since a calm, clear day saw gathered on the shore a joyous yet a tearful group. There were the loving and the loved; those who were



going forth with hearts bright with the rainbow visions of the future to "rush to glory or the grave," and those whose eyes should vainly weary for their glad return. Many a prayer was breathed as each stately bark glided from her moorings, and swept slowly out to sea, that the everlasting arm might ever be around them in their far-off journeyings. Many an exultant glance followed them, and little deemed those hoping hearts that they had gone forth to return no more forever.

So stately her bearing, so proud her array,  
The main she will traverse forever and aye;  
Many ports will exult at the gleam:  
Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer, this hour is her last.

Who, as he watches her silently gliding,  
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
Bosoms that sorrow and death could not sever,  
Hearts that are broken and parted forever;  
Or dreams that he watches afloat on the wave,  
The death-bed of hope and the young spirit's grave.

*"Died in her majesty's service."* Who may read the words, so like a sealing of their doom, nor see the beacon-fire of hope die out upon the altar? We can almost

paint the agony of spirit of that gallant band, the anguish that wrung the hearts of those who scorned to weep, as they grew weary and faint, and the ice-fetters gathered round, and bound them in a living grave. To the cities of the trans-Atlantic world, and the broad savannahs of the boundless West, their fame had gone forth; in lordly hall and cottage home their name was breathed; "for them the prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom," far away by the hearth-fires of "merrie England;" fond hearts waited for their coming; and there were they, with the rich life-blood coursing lightly through every vein, with the strong arm and gallant heart, and life as a sealed vision, a finished drama, a broken echo, a mournful tone, the wealth of melody all gone and wasted.

So perished they from earth; and while yet the shadow of the grave was on that cold, silent wilderness, fear breathed a whisper of coming evil in the hearts of those from whom they had parted. Swiftly sped each white-winged messenger across the waters, and those in whose hearts their

heroism had found a lasting echo, sought to find the place of their abiding. Perchance they lingered yet in life in that untrodden country; and even had they gone to another home, love would fain chant a requiem for the dead, and for them the victor's wreath was waiting.

Ay! hope on, weary, anxious ones. Hope on, loving, trusting spirit. The cheek may pale with watching, and the eye grow dim with tears; grief may steal the roses from the lip, and the light from the young brow; yet hope ever. God hath lit there that quenchless flame of hope, that despair might not evermore crush the desolate heart. Your eyes may not rest upon those marble sleepers, therefore hope on. They sleep a dreamless slumber; yet perchance, even in the gloom of that troubled hour, a prayer went up to the Crucified, and a light from *one* radiant tomb lent its brightness to the darkness of the grave. There have they won a joy more glorious, and a crown unfading.

“*March 14, 1854.*”

## ARE WE NOT DREAMERS ?

Life is real! life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Who that gives a passing glance over the fair earth, with all its array of glories beautiful and brief, views not in its thronging multitudes a world of dreamers? Everywhere, far o'er where the muezzin cries the hour of prayer, where the gorgeous rolling car crushes hourly its votaries, or where the traveler bends, in mute idolatry of genius, over the graves of classic Greece, as well as in our own land, where each priceless moment carries before the everlasting throne its record of golden privilege, thankfully improved or remorselessly squandered; in all climes, the dwellers on earth seem as denizens of a slumbering city. Time, in its ceaseless rush, bears down before them, empire, and nation, and dynasty, yet they heed it

not. Wrapped in reverie, the reverberating crash of falling thrones and towers strikes on their ear but as the distant murmur of the sea. They know that though now the sounds "of blood and splendor, revelry and woe," may echo from shore to shore of the round globe, yet that on some morning when the sons of men shall go forth as ever to their toil, the clear heavens above them shall melt away, as the dim shadows of dawn, and that where now the quenchless sun pours forth his splendor, a great white throne, the glory of which no eye of flesh may view, shall stand, while a clarion blast, swelling "louder yet, and yet more dread," shall pierce the foundations of the hoary earth, and the everlasting hills, and the caves of the solemn-sounding sea; and from their depths shall the pale sleepers of ages come forth, to await the word of the Omnipotent. They know that though now life may unfold before them as a dream of enchantment, and the heart throb joyously in the very consciousness of existence, yet that an hour *will* come when a grasp more potent than the tie that binds



us all to earth, shall chill the inmost spirit; when the cheek, now glowing with hope, shall blanch before the fearful visions of the future, and they shall pass away to enter the shadowy palaces of the city of the dead. They know these things; they live in the clear light of realities, startling and profound, whose immeasurable sweep girds the far shores of eternity, and yet *they dream*. No voice from the land of spirits can rouse an echo in their bosom. Marathon and Waterloo may win a name in story, but Sinai and Calvary are voiceless messengers to them. The dark legends of Eld,

“The love of vanish’d ages,  
The trumpetings of proud humanity,”

may, perchance, wake a slumbering response from some lethargic loiterer on the crumbling precipice of life; but every immutable utterance of that volume,

“With the eternal heraldry and signature  
Of God Almighty stamp’d,”

which tells, that when we who are but the dust of the earth, marred and defiled by the touch of sin, were perishing, the Eter-

nal One left the burning glory before which the seraphim veil their gaze, that he might redeem us from death; every missive from the "land which is very far off," falls unnoticed on the heedless ear.

How can these things be? Is there not a voice around and above us all, reaching from the "land of everlasting light," and from the depths of that foundationless city on which no sun has ever risen, bidding us rise from the fearful slumber which enchains us? We may heed it not, we may slumber on till earth is fading from our gaze; but when the dark foreshadowings of eternity surround us, and the wrathful surges of the solemn river of death shall overwhelm the trembling spirit, we shall wake forever.

THE END.