

Original.
THE FUNERAL OF A MOTH.

A CHILD'S VISION.

—
BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

A LITTLE child had been amusing itself at the feet of its mother, kicking and rolling about, and playing all sorts of antics, when it espied a moth disengage itself from the fibres of the carpet, and poise its small wing with a short, wavering flight. The child stopped its noisy song, rolled over upon all fours, and commenced a scramble for the poor insect, slipping its clumsy hand upon the carpet in the hope of striking it down. It did so at last—the moth fell upon its side, quivered slightly, and was still.

The child would have taken it in his hand, but suddenly there was a sound as of innumerable tiny bells tolling, and very low, sad music. He laid his cheek upon his arm, the bright curls falling all about the carpet, and his little feet stretched out, and crossed one over the other, the disarranged tunic revealing, liberally, his round white limbs, indolently exposed. Thus the child lay, listening to the music, that seemed to say—

"Alas, for death is amongst us."

It could not tell what was meant, but it saw that the beautiful moth stirred not, and it felt something very sad must have happened. At length a large black beetle was seen to move slowly along, and look at the little insect, and then, while the eyes of the child were fixed intently to see what would come of it, the beetle seemed a little small old woman, much wrinkled, and dressed in black. She moved about quite briskly, and the child could scarce forbear a smile to see such an alert, diminutive thing. His mother's little gold thimble had fallen from her basket, and now stood upon the carpet beside the dead moth, and the child observed that the little woman in black was not as tall as the thimble. She took a robe, made of the fibres of a rose-leaf, from her pocket, and shrouded the moth, singing all the time,

"Alas, for the gladsome wing
Shall never more be spread—
When cheerful voices ring,
They may not wake the dead.

Then a grasshopper came in with a slow, sepulchral tread, bearing upon his thigh the severed pericarp of the balsam, (Irupatians,) lined with gossamer, and having tassels hanging from the pall. He had no sooner approached the dead moth, than he appeared a grave and venerable undertaker, bearing the coffin, into which he and the little old woman put the poor insect, and covered it with the pall of gossamer, singing, all the time, in a sweet, sad voice.

Then an immense procession of moths, (they were of that kind called death's head, undoubtedly a class designed to officiate exclusively at funerals,) followed the undertaker as he bore out the body—but as they moved on, they were little men and women, dressed in drab, each with a sad, pale face, and now and then one of the younger, with a handkerchief pressed to the eyes; while all sang in chorus the following words—

"Rest thee, rest thee, blighted one,
Sunshine may not come to thee;
When our joyous wings are spread,
Thine in death shall folded be.
Rest thee; sad and early call'd
From our pleasant haunts away,
Where we meet in sunset revels
At the close of summer day."

The child heard the hum of their voices when he had ceased to distinguish the words. Then he arose, and laying his head upon his mother's lap, wept bitterly, telling her what he had heard and seen, and asking what death meant. She talked long upon the sad but pleasant subject, telling of that land where death is not, till the heart of the little child grew joyous within him, and he called that land his home. Had the child been less young, or less innocent, the visions of the moth's funeral had not been vouchsafed. But he never, from that time, wantonly destroyed the humblest creature made by the wisdom, the goodness, and love of our Heavenly Father. He saw there was room enough in the great world, and in the pleasant sunshine, for him and them; and he remembered that a better land had been promised to man only; therefore he would not abridge the few days of happiness granted the little insect. The child daily grew gentle and loving, for the exercise of kindness, even in one simple instance, had fixed the principle in his young heart, till it expanded so that it embraced all the creatures made by our great and good Parent. It was thus that he learned, not only to love worthily the good and loving, but even those in whom the image of God, stamped upon the human soul, had become marred and effaced by sin. He loved, and prayed even for these, and the blessedness of such prayers returned upon his own head. Thus did the child learn a lesson of wisdom, and of goodness, from the funeral of the Moth.

Original.
SONNET.

—
BY JAMES F. OTIS.

"Forth in the flowery spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love!"—THOMSON.

SWEET is the voice of Spring, o'er flowery fields
Uprising, in its jocund tones: its gales
Seem vocal with the inspiring song that yields
A rich and pleasurable delight: the vales
New fragrance throw upon the breeze that o'er them
sails.

Here will I stop—and while, beneath my feet,
I hear the rivulet slowly gurgling by,
Giving a response to the zephyr's sigh,
Gladly I'll throw me on yon verdant seat,
In contemplation rapt; and "fancy free,"
Now and delicious dreams indulge thee by:
So will the whispering breeze more loving be,
On silken wings, wafting upon mine ear
Notes, that so softly breathe of one to memory dear!