

just tolled, when he observed his mill to stop of a sudden. Running out to see what was the cause of this interruption, he found the tail-race full of water, set back from the river. Guessing at once, but too truly, the nature of his calamity, he hastened to the scene of destruction, just in time to see his cottage lifted from its site by the waters,

and whirled like a plaything among the rocks.

But let us look at a more agreeable picture. I foresee that Mr. Thompson's salary will prove insufficient for his expenses, and that even Mrs. T. will think George Bowers no bad match for Sophia. Indeed she has already gone so far as to call him "a very nice young man."

## STANZAS TO ———.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Oh! deep within my inmost heart  
Thy treasured image lies,  
Enshrined with all that's holy there  
That death or change defies—  
And yet my woman's tongue could ne'er  
Frame words to tell thee thou art dear.

No, woman's love is ever found  
A silent, hidden thing;  
Where hopes and fears alternate rise,

Like shadows o'er a spring,  
That in some lone and silent wood  
Is gushing in the solitude.

No, like the voiceless perfume breathed,  
Where flowrets deck the ground,  
That hidden in their verdant screen,  
Else, scarcely might be found—  
I would that o'er thy sense might steal,  
The half, a woman's heart can feel.

## THE MOURNER.

SHE sleeps—"the long and dreamless sleep"—that voice  
is silent now,  
The seal is on her clay-cold lip, the death-dew on her  
brow;  
The friend, wife, sister, parent, sleeps—"the long and  
dreamless sleep;"  
While in the home where once she dwelt, children and  
father weep.

That widowed heart—it had drunk deep of sorrow's fount  
before,  
And deemed its cup of bitterness with grief was flowing  
o'er;  
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"—earth had received its  
own,  
The child of many prayers and tears, the cherished, love-  
ly one.

And he had wept as mourners weep, the tears were not  
yet dry,  
The love of that lost little one, was green in memory;  
For scarce upon its infant bed the turf was seen to grow,  
Ere the death-angel in his might had laid the mother low.

O love, thy visitings of earth are ever, ever brief,  
As summer's evanescent flower, as autumn's yellow leaf;  
We clasp thee to our throbbing hearts, and wildly, vainly  
cling  
To cherished idol forms of clay, frail, fragile, withering.

O! is there not some "better land," some region of the  
blest,  
Where mourning spirits dry their tears, where weary spi-  
rits rest;  
Where fadeless amaranthine flowers, undying fragrance  
fling,  
Where living waters ever gush from an eternal spring:

Where we shall meet the loved, the lost, in radiant beau-  
ty bright,  
Rob'd in immortal youth, beyond winter or autumn blight,  
To know again no parting hour, no chilling doubts or  
fears,  
No withered joys, no perished hopes, no sin, no death, no  
tears?

This is our spirit's anchor, the rock on which we dare  
Rest our immortal hopes, assured that all is safety there;  
The faith that looks within the veil, dispels the doubt and  
gloom,  
That gather round our pathway here, but enter not the  
tomb.

Nor can ye wrest it from us, sceptics and scoffers bold!  
Your cavillings are heeded not, your sophistry is cold!  
Alas! alas! that ye should seek, though vainly, to dis-  
prove

That which we live and long for—eternal life and love.

M. M. B.