

ants, the dying girl turned her head toward the proud poet and noble standing by her bedside, and a slight blush overspread her features, while a smile of angelic beauty stole through her lips. In that smile the face reawakened to its former loveliness, and seldom had he who now gazed breathlessly upon her, looked on such spiritual and incomparable beauty. The spacious forehead and the noble contour, still visible, of the emaciated lips, bespoke genius impressed upon a tablet all feminine in its language; and in the motion of her hands, and even in the slight movement of her graceful neck there was something that still breathed of surpassing elegance. It was the shadowy wreck of no ordinary mortal passing away—humble as were the surroundings, and strange as had been his summons to her bedside.

"And this is Byron!" she said, at last, in a voice bewilderingly sweet even through its weakness. "My lord! I could not die without seeing you—without relieving my soul of a mission with which it has been long burthened. Come nearer—for I have no time left for ceremony, and I must say what I have to say—and die!"

She hesitated, and as Byron took the thin hand she held to him, she looked steadily upon his noble countenance.

"Beautiful!" she said, "beautiful as the dream of him which has so long haunted me!—the intellect and the person of a spirit of light! Pardon me, my lord! Pardon me that at a moment so important to yourself, the remembrance of an earthly feeling has been betrayed into expression."

She paused a moment, and the bright colour that had shot through her cheek and brow faded again, and her countenance reassumed its heavenly serenity.

"I am near enough to death," she resumed,—  
"near enough to point you almost to Heaven from where I am; and it is on my heart like the one errand of my life—like the bidding of God—to implore you to prepare for judgment. Oh, my lord! with your glorious powers, with your wondrous gifts, be not lost! Do not, for the poor pleasures of a world like this, lose an eternity in which your great mind will outstrip the intelligence of angels. Measure this thought—scan the worth of angelic bliss with the intellect which has ranged so gloriously through the universe: do not, on this one momentous subject of human interest,—on this alone be not short-sighted!"

"What shall I do?" suddenly burst from Byron's lips in a tone of agony. But with an effort as if struggling with a death pang, he again drew up his form and reassumed the marble calmness of his countenance.

The dying girl, meantime, seemed to have lost herself in prayer. With her wasted hands clasped on her bosom, and her eyes turned upwards, the slight motion of her lips betrayed to those around her that she was pleading at the throne of mercy. The physician crept close to her bedside, but with his hand in his breast and his head bowed, he seemed but watching for the moment when the soul should take its flight.

She suddenly raised herself on the pillow. Her long brown tresses fell over her shoulders, and a brightness unnatural and almost fearful kindled in her eyes. She seemed endeavouring to speak, and gazed steadfastly at Byron. Slowly, then, and tranquilly she sank back again upon her pillow, and as her hands fell apart, and her eyelids drooped, she murmured "Come to Heaven!" and the stillness of death was in the room. The spirit had fled.

## TO A BABE.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Precious baby, rest thee here,  
Nestle thus about my heart:  
Child, devoid of guilt and fear,  
What a mystery thou art!  
'Tis a pleasure, little one,  
On thy sinless brow to look;  
Life to do, and nothing done—  
Nothing written in thy book:

Link art thou 'twixt me and heaven;  
Blessed ministry is thine;  
Unto thee a power is given  
To renew this heart of mine—  
Childhood's fearless love renew—  
Childhood's truth, and holy trust;  
And of youth bring back the dew,  
Lift the spirit from the dust.

Mothers may not know on earth  
Half the deep and holy spell  
Wrought by infant tears and mirth,  
Meanings strange that few may tell:  
Deeper grows the mother's eye  
With its look of love and prayer—  
Holiest duty, promptings high  
Mingle with maternal care.

Careless thou as blossoms wild  
Growing in the light of heaven;  
Thou, a meek and trusting child,  
Faith like theirs to thee is given:  
And for thee I will not fear  
In the perils that await—  
Thought and will, the prayer, the tear  
Arm thee strong for any fate.