

to have a vision of the spirit world. Her face beamed with happiness—the eye, though closed, seemed looking upon forbidden sights of loveliness—the mouth wreathed with smiles, and from the lips there came in whispers, “How beautiful—how beautiful—how lovely!” And so she left us, and the still quiet hours of memory find *us* yearning for the loved one gone, but *she* tasting of the bliss immortal.

’Tis difficult to feel that she is dead.
 Her presence, like the shadow of a wing,
 That is just lessening in the upper sky,
 Lingers upon us. We can hear her voice,
 And for her step we listen, and the eye
 Looks for her coming with a strange,
 Forgetful earnestness. We cannot feel
 That she will come no more—that from her cheek
 The delicate flush has faded * * * * *
 * * * * * and on her lip
 That was so exquisitely pure, the dew
 Of the damp grave has fallen! Who so loved
 Is left among the living? Who hath walked
 The world with such a winning loveliness,
 And on its bright, brief journey, gathered up
 Such treasures of affection?

A RETROSPECT.

BY MATILDA BRAY.

“Memory sometimes bears us back,
 To scenes almost forgot.”

On an acre, consecrated to the holy cause of education, stands an edifice, imposing in its appearance, about which cluster associations dear to our hearts. Time’s remorseless finger has left its impress on those honored walls, and the beauty and freshness of former years have disappeared; but memory delights to cherish a temple, reared by one whose name we love, and consecrated to its holy mission