

And the tears of the virtuous shed thereon.
Oh! the thoughts of death should never grieve me,
Could I stamp my name with a spotless fame,
And a garland of deathless roses weave me.

I deeply groan
When I think on the follies my youth has known, —
When the still small voice of conscience brings
Before me the memory of bygone things,
And its softest whisper appalls me more
Than the earthquake's crash or the thunder's roar;
And my sorrow is deeper, because I know
That neither from chance nor from ignorance,
But with open eyes, I have wandered so.

I murmur not
That the volume of fate to man is shut, —
That he is forbidden with daring eye
Into its mysteries to pry.
Content with the knowledge God has given,
I seek not to fathom the plans of heaven;
I believe that *good* may be found below,
And that evil is tasted, alas! I know;
Yet I trust there's a balm for every woe, —
That the saddest night will have a morrow;
And I hope through faith to live after death,
In a world that knows nor sin nor sorrow.

The truest answer to the mourner was, however, yet to come.

It is not the least faulty among men that are most successful in interesting us in their welfare. A ruin often awakens deeper emotions than the edifice, however noble, could have elicited when entire; and there is something in a broken and ruined character, if we can trace in it the lineaments of original beauty and power, that inspires us with similar feelings. The friend of the young surgeon felt thus. He was in truth a goodly ruin, in which she saw