A HOUSEHOLD BEREFT.

Our community was stricken with sorrow last Monday evening, by the announcement, that Mrs. S.A. Hardy, consort of M. W. G. M., W. H. Hardy was dead. Her death was not unexpected by her friends, as she had been dangerously ill for several days of congestive fever; but on Monday morning she seemed to revive, and hopes were entertained that she might possibly recover. How prone we are, on such mournful occasions, to grasp at every flitting shadow, to encourage hope. How strange and inscrutable the dispensation of Providence, thus to take from her sphere of usefulness one so loved and esteemed. One, who had so much to live for. One, around whose heart six tender little life plants were affectionately entwined, and upon whose bosom the main head of a devoted husband had ever found repose from his troubles and consolation in his afflictions. But God is good. In the death of the lamented wife and devoted mother, to whose memory these lines would fain tribute, we have a beautiful and glorious illustration of his goodness, in giving to mortals the consoling truths of the christian religion. Mrs. Hardy had lived a consistent member of the Baptist Church, and died the most triumphant death it has ever been our lot to witness. Calmly and composedly, she talked of, and gave directions concerning her worldly affairs, bade adieu to her weeping family and friends, expressing a willingness, yes, anxiety to go and be at rest. By the eye of faith she seemed to look beyond the cold Jordan of death, to that rest which remaineth to the faithful in the glorious Paradise of God. While we mourn her departure from earth, we have the consoling assurance from her dying lips, that the future was bright and joyous to her, and that there is a vitality and truth in the religion of Jesus Christ. No pang, no anguish, no fear for the consequences of the change, she felt quietly and peacefully asleep in the arms of Jesus, to await in the land of his promise, the advent of that happy day, when her spirit, reunited with the dust of her body, shall be summoned to receive its final plaudit, and be assigned an everlasting home in the blissful realms of eternal happiness.

To the afflicted husband, bowed down with grief, for his irreparable loss, and to the weeping little ones, who know not the loss they have sustained, we tender, not formally, but sincerely, our heartfelt and abiding sympathy.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

Dear to the lovely mountains On this side Jordan's wide stream, there rise two lovely green hills; And never did that sepulchre; And no man saw it ever. For the angel of God appeared on the hill And laid the dead man there.

That was the grand funeral That ever rested on earth; But no man heard the travelling Of them that went, in silence down the mountain's keen The great procession went.

Perchance the half old age the gray hair Père-Léger sought, Out of his rocky grave, Laid back the solemn prey. Perchance the lion, stalking, Still menaced him below; For hope and fears have been and passed That which man knoweth not.

But when the shrouded dead His comrades in the war, With down-rended and moaned drawn Follow the funeral car, They show the banish'd race, They tell of battles won, And after him shall the masterless dead, While peals the solemn gun.

And bid the nobles of the land They say the age to rise, And give the hand an honored place With costly marble spot, In the great monument daunted, Where lights ill yellow gleam to me; And the sweet chime songs, the organ rings, Along the embalmed way.

He was the bravest warrior That ever braved a sword The most efficient patriot That ever squadroned a word, And never earth's hard charge, Or trial, ever bested a man. With smiles recording and smiled drum Follow the funeral car, They show the banish'd race, They tell of battles won, And after him shall the masterless dead, While peals the solemn gun.

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