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 ineradicable 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 mainly 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 be a tribute, we have an 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 fell quietly and peacefully asleep: a 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.

B.S. XXXVII. 6.

By Nona's lovely mountains, In this side Israel's vineyard, She vade to the land of Moab, Where lies a lovely grave; And no man dug that sepulchre; And no man saw it ever. For the angels of God surrounded the soul And hid the dead from there. That was the grateful funeral That even crowned on earth; But no man heard the trembling Or saw the train go forth. As men had done in the daybreak Come when the night is done, And the crook struck on ocean shore, Grow up into the great sun. As suddenly as the spring time Her groups of verdure were, And all the trees on all the hills Open their thousand leaves; So without sound of music Or voice of them that went, In silence down the mountain's crown The great procession went. Perchance had old ages the July fields' breath, In his holy ears, Look on the side of death. Perchance the lion, stalking, Still invisible till hidden prey; For beasts and men have seen and heard That man knew not at all. But when the evening came, His comrades in the war, With vines perdited and tossed about, Follow the funeral car. They show the handsome tapers, They tell of battle won, And after him that led the masterless lead, While peaks the minute gun. Add to the nobleness of the fond They say the song to reign, And give the heart an honored place With costly marble set. In the great monument destined, There lights ill the glory to, And the sweet chimes ring the organ rings, Along the embalmed way.

He was the bravest warrior That ever braved sword The most gifted poet That ever soothed a wound And never earth's fare, Touched with his softer pen. On the death-defying song He sang as he went down And love's sweet Songs, in songs for joy he sang And as the last beam of the setting sun outshone the darkness of the stars That once was home, in that happy land, To his own bright star. In that deep grave without a name Where his accessions day Should break at most wondrous thoughts Before the rising day, And stand with glory wrapped around On the lawn as he never saw, And speak of the earth that won our life With the Incarnate God. O, lovely Nona in Moses's land; O, dark Bethel's light; Speak to the smiling earth of our And teach them to be still, And burn his purple of. Ways that He cannot tell. He binds them deeper, stirs the secret sleep for him he loved so well.

HOME.

Like a beautiful lake, that does gracefully smile, Disturbed but not disturbed by the wild woods around; In this ocean life hold its care and its storm is the deep little hearts of men. How serene is the sea, and the blossoms how fair, In all the boughs of their different size; On the joy of the ground and the harvest of earth, and its light beams to guide men. Far more precious things than by the misery held, Far more precious things than by the sea, In the clear hearts that hold the blissful breast With the love that they claim for me, In the course of the day and the way away, Where the deer run antelope and the lovely eyes shine, Oh, how we love to love outdoors and by; In the empire of grass and the green forest moose, How the morning of light is best for us, As they gaze with joy on me. When she crosses the river in their rainbow white, The sweet cherubim have souls not of my know; And the angels always have souls of love, And sing with a binding for me. Blessed sleep in the skies of the bon divine, Where the water-spirits come and sing to night! Blessed sheltering rock from the fierce tempest above. Brightest face of the dome of the sky: I sing to the stars, and the stars to me, Shall resemble from the sound of the grace, And I come to my immortal guide, In the beauteous home where the wave.