

“‘Send for Sarah,’ said Mr. Levisson, ‘she may be able to throw some light on this strange business.’

“She was accordingly brought; but what was Zillah’s consternation on perceiving that Sarah pretended entire ignorance of the whole affair. Completely overpowered by such treacherous behaviour, and a sense of her own equivocal position, Zillah tried to reach the spot where her father stood; but her powers failed her, and she sunk fainting to the ground.

“In consideration of her evident sufferings, Mrs. Smith said she would prosecute the affair no further, but leave her to the correction of her parents, and the remorse of her own conscience.”

(To be continued.)

AN HOUR OF PEACE.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

Oh, wake me not from this sweet dream
 Now o’er my spirit stealing,
 Of heaven’s deep calm, a shadowy gleam,
 This care-worn heart is feeling.

This is not suff’ring, though my frame,
 Be weak and pain-struck lying;
 While life’s sad cares no thought can claim,
 There is no need for sighing.

This—this is peace! disturb it not,
 To heav’n that dream has won me,
 Oh let me lie, the world forgot—
 God’s eye alone upon me!

’Tis thoughts of heav’n, of God, of death
 That now are round me clinging,
 That o’er my soul one balmy breath
 Of purest joys are flinging.

Oh break them not, too few, too fleet,
Like gleams of light departing,
Sent with such perfect calm replete,
To soothe earth's restless smarting.

And oh! when death is near at hand,
May such bless'd thoughts be given;
My throbbing heart be softly fann'd,
By breezes sent from heaven!

No need e'en then of sigh or groan,
If those I love surround me,
My mother's kiss to soothe my moan,
My father's arm around me!

And one loved friend my hand to hold,
And whisper tales of heaven,
And one in mem'ry long enfold,
When life's last link is riven.

And oh, if music may descend,
To hail the soul that's flying,
Let it with love's soft accents blend,
To soothe me e'en in dying.

No need for tears, an hour like this
Forbids all sounds of wailing,
It whispereth of immortal bliss,
Whose joy is never failing.

These are the visions sweet, that twine
Their lustrous rays around me,
When pain and weakness oft are mine,
And to my couch have bound me.

Oh, think not then, this tearful eye
Thus heavy is with sorrow,
Nor seek to soothe me as I lie,
And promise health to-morrow.

Nor wake me from these blessed dreams—
The cares of life oppress me,
I would lie still in heaven's own gleams,
And feel—my God doth bless me!