Literature, &c.

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From the Rose of Sharon. EUTHANASIA.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CHASE.

The setting sun threw its rays into an open window, where an aged woman was sitting, and tinged with something of its youthful gold her thin, brown hair, now sprinkled with gray. Contrary to the fashion of her years, she wore it uncovered, and plainly fastened at the back of her head, revealing all its fine development, and the calm, majestic thoughtfulness of her

and the calm, mejestic thoughtfulness of her large, blue eyes.

It was the close of a bright June day, and the little lake in front of the window sparkled and glowed in the descending light, while shadows crept along the interstices amongst the trees on its banks. There was no wind stirring their dark, green foliage. Bird and bee had ceased their melody and toil. Brilliant corusceased their melody and toit. Brilliant coruscations of that moiseless electricity known as heat lightning were playing along the few thin clouds that hovered in the western sky, else nature might have seemed too languid to make even an effort at motion. It was a tranquif scene, and its beauty went deep into the soul of the aged spectator—the deeper, perchance, that more than half a century ago she had sat in that spot, and gazed upon it with the eyes of hopeful youth, dreaming its own delightful dreams. She was a solitary dreamer still, yet her visions now wore a different coloring and her visions now wore a different coloring and

character.

There was an expression that might have nere was an expression that might have been called melancholy, but for its sweet serenity, in her deep blue eyes, as she sat in her old-fashioned, high-backed chair, and looked out upon the landscape. Her life had revealed ead passages, (to whom does not a lengthened one, however fortunate?) but whatever had been its grifer they had subsided because one, however fortunate?) but whatever had been its griefs, they had subsided beneath some holier influence, and her soul was at rest.

But there was now a spell on her spirit, with which the quiet beauty of the scene had little which the quiet beauty of the scene had little to do. The Past was around her. Years long perished were floating near in the soft, pensive light. She knew them as they came and looked into her soal, for each one had left there its witness; but she felt that all other relation was for ever extinct. They had touched her inti-mately, and their lessons remained; but their spectral forms now spoke of bonds that were

sundered for ever
More than two years had passed since Amy More than two years had passed since Amy Hudson came to dwell in her native home, and this was the second birth-day,—no wonder that she was thoughtful, and that the Past came to her. She had ever been visionary, living more in the inner than the outward life, yet she had never forgotten the claims of duty, triendship, and society. She had even trifled among triand society. She had even trifled among tri-flers, and worshipped at the shrines of earthly folly. But the delusion soon passed. She felt the unworthness of such worship, and turned to the Father of spirits with an humble and contrite heart.

Amidst all the changes of her life, one vision ver forsook her. It was of her early home. It haunted her amongst tropical groves: ho-vered over her pillow in her slumbers; in the delirium of sickness it came with intense power; and she prayed to live, only that she might

e there.
The wish had been granted. When the last one to whom love or duty had bound her in that alien land had lain down in the unwaking sleep, she gathered up her little store, and re-turned to claim a never relinquished right in the old homestead, and spend her latest breath where the earliest was gives. She left kind hearts behind her, to whom she had become endeared by long communion, and went to find a home in olden memories, and a grave amongst a generation who knew her not, and who smiled at what they deemed her hallucination.

Shallow observers were they of the mind, or they had learned it makes his own companionthey had learned it makes he don't companion-ship; that it is sufficient for itself, and indepen-dent of outward, human sympathy. Life had taught this to the lone and aged woman, or she had not left a circle of friends to dwell among shadows. Nor was she disappointed. Every thing about her had a tongue and a language. The old furniture was full of tales of what had been. That very chair talked to her of twilights long ago, when she had sat thus and dreamed maiden dreams; when visions of a superhuman perfection and happiness flitted before her, to be hereafter realized in the name of love That old mirror brought before her not only ber own faded features, but faces that now are as the dust that hides them, and there was no shadow of the grave on their lineaments, so majestic in established faith, or joyous in undimmed hope. And yet that mirror was no enchanted glass; it is the mind alone on whose speculum nothing grows dim and perishes, where that which has been never ceases returning-alas! to the evil-doer, with a menace and a frown.

The sun had sunk, and shadows were swiftly The lightnings had ceased in the wes tern horizon. A cool breeze had arisen, and from the trees a low quivering murmur stole to the ear of the listener. The dew had called forth the sweetness of leaf and flower, and a heavy perfume filled the air. She sat still by the window, watching the brooding night settlements of the sarth while thing lower and lower upon the earth, while the stars looked out with their mild, loving eyes. They were the stars of her youth, still marching on their interminable pathway, and they had won no wear ness or dinness, whilst her footsteps had grown slow, and mists lay upon her eye. The wall of tired childhood sounded in the rooms below, but she heard it not, nor the light footfall of the young gitl upon the stair, as she passed to her innocent and

happy sleep. The hushed beauty of the scene was powerful on her soul, and her thoughts were serene even as the star-lighted firmament. What wonder the aged woman still gazed forth into the night? A strange, voiceless melody breathed from all surrounding things, like that into the night? heard in summer twilights long ago. had sung discords to hear, many, very many times since, but that, also was far off, and but dimly remembered.

Twilight faded, and the darkness deepened.

Fire fires fitted like living sparks of light on every side, and the voice of the whippoorwill rose shrilt and clear amid the gloom. The rose shrill and clear amid the ground aged one knew by the sound that it now sang beneath the tree where it was wont to sing in That young, flourishing tree, had her youth. That young, flourishing tree, had grown old and died, and she blessed the careless husbandry that had left its sapless trunk and skeleton arms as a memorial of other days. That bird note, so clear, so wild, then riveted her attention, but the musician was not the same. Years ago the dust of its little frame was scattered by the winds over hillside and plain. She thought solemnly and trustfully of man and his destiny; how thus had warbled the earliest progenitor of that little melodist, and thus would sing his latest successor, while man, the immortal, is ever learning newer and sweeter tones as generation after generation hurries away into eternity.

Then she remembered the superstition that

the Indians connect with this bird-how it comes to warn those who are soon to depart into the land of spirits; and she thought how it sang there in the soft summer evenings be-fore the death of her father, and how it ceased after the bier had borne away his deserted dust.
Through all her life she had forgotten it, but now the fancy floated through her mind, that it be a call to the last of that household to rejoin the departed in a land where song never dies. She wept not at the thought, but her soul was

filled with sublime and elevating prayer.

The hours passed on. The striking of a clock in a lower room rang loud through the silent house, and banished the reveries of Amy Hudson. Night lay upon the earth, moonless and solemn, and the stars told her it was late for aged eyes to be watching; yet she only rose, and placed her night-lamp unlighted apon a small table, which she drew to the window. She sat down by it, and leaned upon the table, with her head resting on her folded hands. She looked no longer out into the night, neither did she sleep, for her soul was full of visions. Mysterious is the life of the Soul. A study

for ages is that little segment that moves be-tween the cradle and the grave; how can mortal knowledge hope to comprehend any portion of the eternal circle that revolves beyond the stars? Solemn, also, is it in its rater isolation, its in-dividuality and separateness from all things. Earthly circumstance and passion surround the spirit .- They touch it at every point, agitate it with various and contending emotion, until it seems to be their sport, when lo! events and their emotion, and it is calm, lar seeing and alone—alone in a thickly peopled immensity, holding permanent and real relation only to its Maker, God. It looks for that which so trou-Maker, God. It looks for that which so trou-bled and shook it, and finds shapes only seen in dreams. Lessons, it is true, have been written upon it as they passed, but the teachers have gone. Happy is the soul that gathers, from gone. Happy is the soul that game the changing phantasmagoria, lessons that shall the changing phantasmagoria; that educes abide the searching of eternity; that educes from all earthly condition a wisdom that shall not need to be unlearned as it goes onward in its immortal progress!

This state of isolation was now on the spirit of Amy Hudson. Her life passed in review before her, but it was vapory and cold. Its stirring events, that had pressed upon her heart with such momentous weight, now came as forms of nist, so unsubstantial, that they never could have touched her with pleasure or pain. Its emotions, once so overwhelming, were now as if they had never been. She seemed to have been wandering with phantoms in the mazes of dream-land, and had they not left traces of their dream-iand, and had they hot left traces of un-presence on her life and character, she had hardly believed that they had ever been more than visions. But something within bore wit-ness that these "airy nothings" had assumed a reality and tangibility that fitted them for their appointed mission, then departed, and became only the remembered actors in a drama whose effect had been fulfilled. Her spirit had no recognition of a kindred nature with them.

They were "the earth, earthy," while it was triumphing in an assured immortality.

There were also shadowy forms that had once worn garments of flesh; how dear they aged and onely spectator now knew; yet they came with a strange look in their passioniess eyes, as though all communion between them was forever extinct.
And so it was. The Soul had ceased to read And so it was. The Soul had ceased to read the mysterious language that once established an intercourse between them, and it met them in the distance greeting. On the verge of but with a stranger greeting. On the verge of human life, the fiery handwriting of the enimal becomes a dead letter to the spiritual Being, and the voices once so loud, fall unheard on the ear attuned to the tones of a better land. These forms were of those who had manifested companionship to the clay alone, and ministered nothing to the wants of the soul .- Their mission was with the mortal, and to the mortal were they realities; and now all bonds between them were sundered. Solemn were they in their pale, spectral existence, but their power to move again the serenity of her spirit could never return

One of them floated by, bearing the similitude of him who had been as the life of life in the wild, unhallowed devotion of her youth. Well she knew it, for she had thrown love, hope. happiness yea, almost life herself, at its feet, and it had well nigh won her to ruin. But now an unfavorable glance was in its eye, and as it faded in the distance, it wore a look that seemed to say, "Farewell! our paths are no more together."

Then arose other forms to whom her soul

seemed kindred, and with some of whom it now for the first time recognized the hidden link that had united them, unknown to each, in the long pilgrimage behind. And though with these the Past was utterly cancelled, they had borne part in her spiritual enfranchisement and she felt they would be near in eternity. They, also, had lessoned her, but the relation of teacher and pupil was over, and their mission done. Yet an indescribable expression on each face spoke of a sympathy that might still go with the spirit, wherever should be its homeof a nature kindred, though apart-of a com-

manion of goodness with its like, that of a spiritual excellence, with the disenthralled soul.

A bright, childlike face drew near, with black, and sorily luminous eyes, full of a holy, intellectual light. They were bent on her with a server, pure traderess, such as the limit a serene, pure tenderness, such as the living cherish towards the dead, when a reminiscence of gentle beauty is all that remains of them in the mind. There was no smile on the small features, but a deep, calm, loving joy was there, heavenly or exalted above the love or joy of earth. She knew that face, though its joy of earth. She knew that face, though its original had long been dust, and well she knew that time had as much worn her own mortal habiliments as the grave had wasted his young clay, and if her child-lover could stand before her now, he never would dream the faded, wrinkled woman was the fair girl he called his "wife" in his innocent affection. Deeply written on her mind had been her gentle image, though in the day of worldly hope it had been forgotten.

Two or three years his senior, his boyish affection made impression, and she wore his flowers, sang hymns with him, and admired the spirituality and precedity of his mind. But the ideal of her dreams wore the garb of manhood, and the noble minded boy, with his high ima-ginative soal, won from her only a passing regard, not even enough to check one ethusiastic

At length he came no more in the summer days to read poetry and sing hymns. Sudden-ly and awfully, in the glow of his early intel-lectuality, he was summoned, and depart-

She never saw his grave. She shed no tear over that pure hearted and gentle child, who was swept like a spring flower from her path, for life was full of blossoming hopes, and in her selfishness, refined and dreamy as it was, the young boy was foregotten.

Yet his existence, so brief and beautiful, had

a ministry with her heart. Years after, when life had shed its flowers, the memory of that good and loving child was a rainbow shining over the field of trampled hopes; a vision that smiled, and invited her eye to the calm, bright heaven. When dismayed at her lot, when dissatisfied with mankind, and chafed under trial, the form of the young dead would arise with angel power, and her thoughts would subside again into truthfulness and peace.

She now saw how a memory can be a reali-ty, how that which has no visible existence can be an efficient agent in His hands who is ever near to those who seek His righteous-

Then came another form, bowed, feeble, with furrowed forehead, and thin, white hair. For among departed years she traced that venerable face. She saw it in an humble pulpit, amidst unlettered worshippers. She marked the meek trustful spirit that breathed in every change of the time-worn features. She listen-ed while from his lips went forth words of flame. He spake of Jesus and the cross-of a world gone astray in forgetfulness of God— of a humanity, full of weakness and unholiness and her soul was bowed in prayer that the All True would make her worthy to approach

She heard him speak of the Soul—of its burdens being lifted by submission—of the elevation it may attain above sorrow, guilt and temporal evil, by giving up its all to the will of God, and thus on earth enter into the rest of Heaven; and then she acknowledged, for the first time, the sense of worldly vanity, and hea-

One warm, spring Sabbath, that humble congregation waited to hear again the old preacher, and she, a young girl, was there. He came not. He never came again, for the feeble frame had worn out in its tasks, and he had gone to reap the reward of his labours.

That venerable face has a rises.

That venerable face has arisen on many an our. When the halls of mirth were gay with hour. lights and music. when jeweled brows and sparkled eyes told falsehoods of the heart, and when her own danced to the measures of vanity a calm, reproving glance would glide before her, and each pulse learn the thrill of a holier aspi-

But the good seed was choked by the tares sown by the world, and even the affections had their share in leading her away from the fount of everlasting life; yet the old preacher and his lessons were not utterly forgotten.

Another face neither young nor old, a female Another lace neither young her oid, a remner face, with a sad, care worn, yet meek and submissive look. Amy Hudson wept not over her grave when she left the village, a hyppy bride, more than half a century ago, but she sat as a child beneath her gentle rule, and learned the first rudiments of knowledge from her lipe, and all her patient care and gentle forbearance lingered in the mind of her pupil, like perfune around her memory. The village school mistress sleeps without a memorial, but they who knew her needed none to perpetuate her name. Her example had taught Amy Hudson more than science with its proudest boastings ever taught its devotees. It had unfolded to her the beauty of a meek and forgiving temper, of a forbearing and patient spirit, and when the day of her own trial was present, when decei-

stole i ved and wounded on the tenderest point, when losed her heart—betrayed and wronged beyond ere op was the possibility of an earthly reparation—we asant a hoarding up the contempt and hatred called forth by injured pride, this phantom face had followed by the delication of the price of the second of the sec followed her daily steps, and wrought itself into the nightly dreams, until she knelt and prayed to be able to forgive as she hoped to be for ags! o given. Then the evil spirits left the temptes, that are and peaceful thoughts came and ministered ht—an unto her soul—Well might the vision of the things the property of the soul—Well might the vision of the left that are the vision of th unto her soul—Well might the vision of the village school mistress come to the last bind ith life day of Amy Hudson, for it had schooled he sot age heart in its severest trials, as well as its called nan love

Another face—the brow and cheek of young er is the manhood—a fair, undarkened face, with cyre athers so full of soul,—eyes, that spoke the language of a purer and higher world—why came that y phantasm to the lone woman?

All the latter portion of her till the latter portion of the latter porti

All the latter portion of her lite had bees o'er y influenced by that vision. Its living protoly? pread thitted across her path in the sad noonds, when ashes lay where hopes had been, and he stly the heart had sought refuge in indifference and he you worldly folly.—She had wreathed her had worldly folly.—She had wreathed her hill with gems, and listened to hellow words, and listened to hellow words, and list in the gay midnight frittered away her fleetist on, on hours. But she paid, also the real But she paid, also, the penalty of such hould in The void was unfilled. She third hould it unthrift. untrit. The void was unfilled. She this ed for others waters. Each night as she unloves be bound the glittering baubles from her she dears beautiful hair, an incipient wrinkle told her beautiful hair, and incipient wrinkle told her beautiful hair and h and she keenly felt that the soul that is plungte who gives in selfish vanity, sins against itself as much gives against its Maker.

Then she held communion with a beautifulike with Then she held communion with a beautifulike win spirit, one that knew no joy, no life, save is take the doing the will of God. And that face, will the deep earnestness of its gentle eyes, glean on God ed across her vain and mistaken course. I once, was as a rebuke uttered by a star beam. Cless's women mild, yet reproving, they spoke to a spin be in B whose intentions were right, who had known a glimpse of better things, and whose life wites, in fell of sanctifying memories, and then the stars, in whole current of her being was changed. So awoke from her selfishness, and pledged a dear thought, feeling, and parpose, to a new so a dear thought, feeling, and parpose, to a new so that hat bumble place of worship, beneath that bumble place of worship, beneath that bumble place of worship, beneath the stars, in the star bumble place of worship, beneath that bumble place of worship, beneath that bumble place of worship, beneath that bumble place of the old preacher, long ago, revive hickest and strengthened her hands to do another worked that She wept in contrition. She shuddered at he won the and strengthened her hands to do another web ed that She wept in contrition. She shuddered at he won the life, and yet she had walked according to laws of morality and society, and never lean by that such walk might be full of of sin, the seeds the of unreconcilement with God, and the sin absorbing selfishness. She had lived as if early a tears were all. And had so been happy? A cless night that always been in her path—she saw it had always been in her path—she saw it had—are unsubmissive and exacting selfishness, me these rebellion against Providence, a practical dirief, and getfulness of God.

But it was next. That which time according to the set of the second selfishness.

But it was past. That which time, sorre kindly p and worldly disappointment had failed to was wrought by a brief communion with regions heavenly mind. She, for the first time, k wood the force of the Saviour's words when he bright the "weary and heavily laden come to by bright for rest." But she made no loud profession guide to she knelt at no new shrines, she forecok her old fauth but a new shrines, she forecok her old faith, but a new fire was kindled on them of altar, and she looked beyond creeds and for the high

for the hidden things of a religion that is able to last, it all doctrines and ceremonies, the heart series that is rendered in its Hely of Holies.

That being passed away from her eye, the last, it are never from her thought. That face, so spirits, IAM ally lovely, was shrouded among the coral lands of the Southern seas, for he went the best carry light to a heathen people. She never the best carry light to a heathen people. She never at his death, for it was but the training the last, in the I for of an angel to its home.

But the vision was with her always.

But the vision was with her always. Brom a mount of was still in the world, and temptal danger thronged her way; but when the syren was sweet, and resoive wavered, these heavenward eyes were seen, and the temptal of the way; but we heavenward eyes were seen, and the temptal of many kinds, but all was met by a but strong in the love of God, strong in its important of many kinds, but all was met by a but strong in the love of God, strong in its important of the submission. And when the days grew show hy are y and darker, and winter was at hand, she hail, Sir land the vision that had been a guardian strong of the respirit.

The soft, earnest eyes looked into those Amy Hudson was a serious approval, and adness !! recognition. She, too, was near the immore an could state.

They gather near, until she seems to be do not k its own serene beauty-calm, majestie my cour

That venerable pair! Is she now so pur will first from earthly stain she can meet them and who were on earth the embodiments worth ?

That sister spirit, who shrank away the first grief—she, too, is here, and her wears the sign of eternal bliss. She sister now only in the loftiness and purity her nature; those earthly ties were severed !

But she comes nearer; she touches the bound of the aged one, and lo! all weariness is A strange etherality is in its stead, and

Beautiful, exceedingly beautiful, are radiant forms who arcend with her on the information, while a melody, sweeter than more thanks to conceive compensations on the earth of the conceiver compensations on the earth of the conceiver compensations on the earth of the conceiver compensations. thought conceives, comes faintly on the est the aged one, as she floats upward from receding earth!

Morning rose to the members of the hor hold, and as its hours went on they saw the lone women at her wonted employers They went into her room. They found still sitting by the table, with her head dref upon her folded hands. They lifted it get

ng must sayii the wat s still risi the peo rrying up backw The to

ached by had beer t visible ding in a was lucki ; so tha mplement e ita cou