terrible blow. And the fond, doting mother. Her bereavement was too keen to be allayed. Her voice was choked with sighs; her weeping none could check, but it did not bring relief. These children were the twin stars of her life—

"And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they played
Around one parent knee."

These lovely children filled their home with glee, and their place has never been supplied. God has kept to himself the power of soothing such sorrows, and this heart-broken mother learned after a time to "love" the hand that smote. It was touching to go into the deserted bed-chamber and look at the little "trundle bed," where her two lost treasures had slept securely night after night, under the ever watchful eye of the tender, loving mother. The old trundle bed was to the sorrowing parent a pleasant reminder of "Willie and Alice," and was always kept at the side of her own bed, with its soft pillows and snowy white sheets, folded smoothly, as if waiting for its former occupants, but the dear little sleepers rested elsewhere. They were no longer there to be "tucked down with the touches of love."

"Ah! the old trundle bed, where they wondering saw
The stars through the window, and listened with awe
To the sigh of the winds, as they tremblingly by crept
Through the "old poplar trees," where the robins all slept,
Where they heard the low murmuring "chirp" of the wren,
And the Katydid listlessly chirrup again,
Till their fancies grew faint, and were drowsily led
Through the maze of the dreams in the old trundle bed."

Not long after these afflictions my uncle fell sweetly to sleep, "Aunt Lizzie's" gentle hand smoothing his dying pillow. His last request was similar to the feebly-uttered words of the great Rousseau—"Throw up the window, that I may see the magnificent scene of nature."

The virtues of this illustrious sire illumine the life of his only remaining son and namesake, Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright, who, with me, in our youthful days, so often rambled through the wild woods of old "Peace and Plenty," plucking the pretty spring violets, chasing the rabbits and the playful little squirrels, mounting the tallest trees to make their escape; listening to the gaily-