

how many thoughts of affection, of grief, of penitence—sad recallings of the past—melancholy bodings of the future—did these few touches awaken! Alas! the minstrel who called them up is now himself but a memory. He has passed from earth: like the sounds which his genius awakened, his life was a transient sweetness that soon melted into silence. The hand which once had such enchantment in its touch, is now rigid in the palsied grave: the heart so accordantly strung has had its living chords dissolved—a lute broken to fragments in the dust—it will no more, to the ear of mankind, discourse most eloquent music. Of this young musician, with other matters, I will tell you something in my next.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM, UNDER A PICTURE REPRESENTING A GIRL LOOKING FROM A WINDOW, WITH THE WORDS, "WHY DON'T HE COME?"

BY H.

THE shadows o'er the mountain creep,  
And deeper, deeper lower;  
The bird on its nest has sunk to sleep,  
And the dew steals o'er the flower:  
The stars in heaven, like angels' eyes,  
Are gazing from out their home,  
And the child on the breast of its mother lies,  
But yet "Why don't he come?"

The night wind sighs with its lonely moan,  
Oh! why tarries he so late?  
The turtle-dove to her home has flown,  
And is nestled away with her mate:  
The darkening hours in silence speak,  
That the night must soon be run,  
And the cold tear steals o'er my burning cheek—  
Oh! why, "Why don't he come?"

He'll come no more! To another's ear  
His false, false vows he's breathing;  
And the spells that once lured thee in fancy dear,  
O'er another's heart he's weaving:  
He strains her in love to his faithless breast,  
Where oft in thy trust thou'st clung,  
And the lips, once thine, now to her's are prest—  
Oh! ask not, "Why don't he come?"

No, no, fair girl, thy loved visions bright  
He has left in their youth to wither,  
Like a meteor flashing across the night,  
To illumine, but to warm thee never:  
Then think not again he e'er will breathe  
The vows that so oft have rung,  
Or sunk on thine ear, but thus to deceive,  
And ask not "Why don't he come?"

## MODERATION IN DISPUTES.

WHEN we are in a condition to overthrow falsehood and error, we ought not to do it with vehemence, nor insultingly, and with an air of contempt; but to lay open the truth, and with answers full of mildness to refute falsehood.—*Hierocles.*

## IN MEMORY OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY M. W.

THE young bride reclined in her new home's gay bowar,  
And where all was fair, the fairest was she,  
Cherished by one, who, by each sweet passing hour,  
Dwelt with delight on her smile's witchery.

As I gazed on that bride, and her vase of bright roses,  
That shed round their perfume, their fast-fading bloom,  
She said, "they were plucked from the spot where reposes  
The form of the dead"—nay, from near the lone tomb.

Where the fairest of beings, (sister grace to that bride,)  
Young mother and wife, sleeps in sonder cold grave;  
And as I looked out, the moon's radiant tide  
Fell on that spot, round which many flowers wave.

Ah! what then seem'd earth, with its roses and love!  
The sad contrast o'erpowered my senses in gloom;  
One sister was near me, 'mid pleasures to rove—  
The other! alas! she lay still in the tomb!

Her spirit was guileless, and pure as the dew,  
Resting on those gay roses at morn's orient bright;  
Like that was exhaled in her morn of life, too,  
And recalled to its source, the blest fountain of light.

Thus, in the midst of our joys, is death ever near,  
Then so let us live, that when its sleep comes,  
Our mem'ry, like hers, to our friends may be dear,  
And the flowers of tenderness dwell round our tombs.  
Quebec, April, 1813.

## FROM HORACE.

(Ode IV. Lib. I.)

BY H. C.

Now the hard winter yields to smiling spring;  
Soft breezes waft the bark across the main;  
No ploughman now, or herds, to shelter cling—  
The meads throw off their wintry shroud again.

Now wanton Love, his shaft by moonlight plies,  
Whilst youths with graceful nymphs in dances win;  
Or fresh-born doves cull in rich supplies—  
Or fragrant chaplets round their tresses bind.

Grim Mulciber once more lights up the fires,  
Where Jove's dire bolts the busy Cyclops cast;  
And sylvan Faun a votive gift requires,  
Where leafy groves exclude the chilly blast.

Yet, ah! how fleet's the wasting course of Time!  
Still pallid Death stalks on with ruthless state,  
Calling the blithesome cottager away—  
Now thundering at the portals of the great.

Yes, Sextius, know our days decrease apace—  
Let us our hopes of phantom joy restrain;  
Doom'd soon to where sad shades their vigils keep,  
Forego false pleasure, and her riot train.

## HATRED.

HATE is of all things the mightiest divider, nay, is division itself. To couple hatred, therefore, though wedlock try all her golden links, and borrow to her aid all the iron manacles and fetters of law, it does but seek to twist a rope of sand.—*Milton.*