

Boston paper. [In these days of steam-printing there is nothing very wonderful in all this. The great Boston office could be matched in Edinburgh, and many times more than matched in London.]

POET'S CORNER.

THE DEPARTED.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL. D.

THE beautiful hath vanished! Like the flower
Tended through storm and shine with kindest care,
Which had survived the winter's dreariest hour,
And faded when its hues the loveliest were :—
In the glad Spring-time's morn,
When the warm sunbeam kissed its beauty mild,
Then, from its soil uporn,
Lay cold and crushed that human flower, our Child,
And hope was changed to grief.

That bitter grief no wild lament need say—
Noiseless and calm the deepest waters flow—
And ours is measureless; for, day by day,
More strong and sad its bitterness doth grow.
Our hope of hopes is gone!
Vanished from heart and home is one dear light:
The best of life is done,
For on its sunshine hath descended night,
Starless, and murky, and cold.

Not now, with bounding spirit, do we drain
Hope's charmed chalice as we did of yore;
Nor, questioning the Future, strive to gain
Knowledge of all the good she had in store.
The past—the past alone
Holds in her cells the treasures which we prize;
The memory of the gone—
The smile—the glance—what'er the grave denies,
It yields them all again.

Not where the light jest speeds, where smilers come,
Breathe we thy name, departed Child of Earth;
But in the unwonted silence of our home—
That home once joyous with thy heartful mirth,
When, on thy vacant chair
Sadly we look and miss thee from thy place—
Miss thy high forehead fair,—
Thy full, dark eyes—thy curls—thy radiant face—
Thy laugh, like mirthful music.

Like a bright dream thy sojourn seems to be—
A brilliancy no sooner here than past.
We miss thy quick, light step,—thy glance of glee,—
Thy graceful form,—all, all too fair to last.
We miss thy thought-crowned brow,
Thy cheerful converse and thy gentlest voice,
Like far-off music, low;
Yet such as made even strangers' hearts rejoice—
Sadly we miss them now.

Often in summer-glowing, hand in hand,
We sit together where thy smiles have been,—
Sometimes in silence, sometimes in bland
And mournful converse suited to the scene,
We talk of days gone by,
Filled with bright promise of the coming years,
When, thou, fair child, wert nigh—
And, talking thus, our eyes are filled with tears,
Whose fount is in the heart.

Thou wert a child in years, oh, daughter mine!
But thy young mind was ripe before its time,
For thou didst love to read, in lore divine,
High expiation for all human crime.
With earnest thought and look
Didst thou explore the treasures of the Word,
And, and from His blessed Book,
Thy spirit drew its commune with the Lord—
Hast thou not such above?

Surely, oh earthly flower, thou art with him!
Surely, beloved child, thou art in heaven;
Before whose light the joys of life grow dim!
For faith and hope to thee were early given.
Surely there is a time,
When *this* life faileth and *this* sight grows dull,
When, in that sphere sublime,
The hearts that mourn will join their beautiful,
Never to part again.

We grieve,—but we repine not. On the stem
Which bore thy fragrance yet remains on flower,
Our last of living hopes,—and oh! from them
Fain do we pray that we retain *this* dower.
The youngest born hath fled
From earth's affliction to the better sphere;
One brother of the Dead,
Bearing her semblance, yet doth linger here.
Lord, spare him unto us!

SUPERSTITION IN 1848.

There is (says the *Worcester Chronicle*) now living at Cradley, near Stourbridge, a woman who professes to have the power of witchcraft. A short time ago she greatly terrified a neighbouring butcher by declaring that, within a given time, he would fall from his horse and break his neck; and such was his credulity, that he gave her 2s. 6d. to induce her to change or remove the spell that hung over him. At the latter end of last week the wretch threw the whole neighbourhood into the greatest consternation by asserting that a large steam-engine boiler would burst at the British Company's Iron-works, Congreaves; the result of which was, that numbers of people residing in the vicinity of the works left the neighbourhood, in order to avoid the destruction which would have resulted from such a catastrophe; and on the same account several persons engaged in the works were induced to absent themselves during the day. The *Cornwall Gazette* records another instance of ignorant superstition in 1848;—A farmer in the parish of Bodmin, believing that some ailment of his