

"Did my song of the summer breathe
nought but glee?
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet
to thee?—

O! hadst thou known its deep meaning
well,
It had tales of a burning heart to tell!

"From a dream of the forest that music
sprang.
Through its notes the peal of a torrent
rang;
And its dying fall, when it soothed thee
best,
Sighed for wild flowers and a leafy nest."

"Was it with thee thus, my bird?
Yet thine eye flashed clear and bright!
I have seen the glance of sudden joy
In its quick and dewy light.

"It flashed with the fire of a tameless
race,
With the soul of the wild wood, my
native place!
With the spirit that panted through
heaven to soar—
Woo me not back—I return no more!

My home is high, amidst rocking trees,
My kindred things are the star and the
breeze,
And the fount unchecked its lonely play,
And the odours that wander afar away!

"Farewell, farewell, then, my bird!
I have called on spirits gone,
And it may be they joyed like thee to part,
Like thee, that wert all my own!

"If they were captives and pined like me,
Though love may guard them, they joyed
to be free!

They sprang from the earth with a burst
of power,
To the strength of their wings, to their
triumph's hour!

"Call them not back when the chain is
riven,
When the way of the pinion is all through
heaven!
Farewell!—with my song through the
clouds I soar,
I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's no
more."

It is an old saying, but a very pretty
one, that a blush is like a pretty girl,
for it becomes a woman.

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

Shortly before the departure of the lamented Heber for India, he preached a sermon which contained this beautiful sentiment:

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers seem to offer themselves to the young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauty around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures, and enjoyments, and industry around us; we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our future voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and the Eternal.

Money in your purse will credit you; wisdom in your head will adorn you; but both, in your necessity, will serve you.

HINDOO PROVERB.—Sweet is the music of the lute to him who has never heard the prattle of his own children.

LITTLE GIRLS.—A philosopher with an unusually tender heart recently declared: "There is something inexpressibly sweet in little girls. Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenuous, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brother, babies and everything. They are sweet little flowers, diamond dew-drops in the breath of morn. What a pity that they ever should become women, fairs and heartless coquettes!