

Yet, 'twould be sweet again to bless
The object of past tenderness!

Aye, take thy bride, and gifted one,
And glory in her fame!
And when, paraded in the sun,
Her genius lights thy name,
Forget, amid its dazzling rays,
How dim thine own appears;
Nor think upon the heartfelt praise
Was thine in former years,
When mingling love, and hope and pride,
With her now coldly thrown aside.

Ay, wed another—wed the great!
Gain wealth, but with it care!
Soon shalt thou feel the galling weight,
And mourn each glittering snare,
That wiled thee from thy plighted vow,
From first and unfeign'd love—
And bade thee to a stranger bow,
A stranger's bounty prove!
Madness! that one so loved by me,
Should ever so degraded be.

It may not be! I cannot ask
Earth's happiness for one
Who hath imposed the bitterest task
That woman's pride has done:
I'll curse not, though I may not bless,
The idol of my youth;
But in my wreck of happiness
I'll prove unfaltering truth—
And, blotted thus with tears, return
The pledge I would, but cannot spurn.

PARABLES.

From the German of Krummacher.

THE ROSE-BUD.

A youth stood before a rose-bush full of buds and blooming roses. With busy cheerfulness, he examined first one flower, then another; now a beautiful leaf, then a bud. The father listened at a distance. He stood in a shady bower, and, with inward love, and peculiar sensations, he fixed his eyes on the beloved of his heart. Does it not seem, said he to himself, as if a divine prophetic voice addressed me from the rose-bush, which presents before me, in its buds and blossoms, the image of a father's future joy? Or why does the child appear to me so charmingly beautiful and dear whilst standing before the blooming bush?

Thus spake the father. But the youth did not become weary of beholding and wondering. The admiration of the beautiful awakens a sense of what is true. He wished to discover in what manner the bud transformed itself into the rose. He folded his arms, and looked steadily at the bud. The father smiled. Thus may higher beings smile when they see the philosopher looking fixedly at a star, or examining the internal construction of a glow-worm.

The boy soon discovered that all his efforts were fruitless. He now plucked a bud, broke it open, and viewed it with great attention. Then the father approached.

On what do you meditate so earnestly, my son? asked he. Oh, father, said the boy, I should like to know how it is that the bud becomes a rose, and for this reason I have culled and separated it. But I only see a few small uncomely leaves, full of folds and wrinkles. I wish I had let it alone!

You have done no harm, my son, replied the father—nature has provided an abundance. She not only administers

to our wants, but also to our happiness and our desire. You have learnt but little to know that it is not easy to discover her mysteries.

But the discovery that nature is mysterious, has not advanced me at all in knowledge, said the boy.

What of that? answered the father. You can congratulate yourself on uprightness of purpose. A good design possesses value in itself. The result does not always depend upon man. And if this be successful, a good intention is always the best.

After a pause, the boy said, with an unassuming thirst after knowledge, Dear father, tell me then how the bud forms itself into a flower?

To this the father replied, My son, I can tell you the process in these words: the bud increases in size, in beauty, and gracefulness, until it becomes perfect. Of every other circumstance I know as little as you?

Nature gives us furnished beauty; but she conceals the hand which brings it forth and presents it.

Then the boy again took up the bud which had broken off, and said to his father, If the bud can make itself so beautiful, more beautiful than anything that man can form, why does it not protect itself from the tender fingers of a child? How happens it that it accomplishes so much, and yet so little? Does it then, indeed, form itself, William? asked the father, and regarded the boy with friendly earnestness.

O true, answered the boy, the flowers have a mother and a father, like myself, who feed, nourish and protect them.

A father *with us!* answered the parent, calmly, but we see him not; we only perceive his power, and his love in us and around us!

Thus he spake. Then the feelings of the boy were changed. For his father had placed a jewel in his heart.

And from this moment he regarded the rosebush, and the flower of the field, as affectionate brethren, and grew in stature, wisdom, and gracefulness. But the father treasured the words of the youth, in his heart, and told them to the tender mother of the boy.

How nearly related, said the mother, is the sublimity of truth to innocent simplicity!

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The sigh for others too that's given,
Or pity's whispered prayer,
Ascends like incense up to heaven,
And claims a blessing there.
While boons where gold and diamonds glow,
Or costliest works of art,
May no such rich return bestow,
Not springing from the heart.

'Twas thus when pomp and pride had thrown
Their offerings to the poor,
A humble widow stood alone,
And gave her little store:
Though small the gift, 'twas all her hoard,
And angels, with delight,
Did in the Book of Life record
That humble widow's mite.

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