

lover when sentimental should live in Heigh Hoburn; the greatest fibber is the man most to re-lie on; a dean expecting a bishopric looks for lawn; a suicide kills pigs, and not himself; a butcher is a gross man, but a fig-seller is a grocer; Joshua never had a father or mother, because he was the sun of Nun; your grandmother and your great-grandmother were your aunt's sisters; a leg of mutton is better than heaven, because nothing is better than heaven, and a leg of mutton is better than nothing.

## SONNET.

HEBE! the graces haunt thy damaak cheek,  
 Wanton in smiles, and launch the merry jest,  
 Point the soft glance where Cupid stands confest,  
 And add a charm to every idle freak.  
 'Mid all the array of fairs in vain I seek  
 To find thy peer in loveliness. How blest  
 Is he whose love is cherished in thy breast!  
 The browns that glisten in thine eye bespeak  
 A depth of fervour and a wealth of love,  
 For wrong too modest, for reserve too free;  
 The cherry portals of thy spirit prove  
 Bright oracles of melting harmony.  
 Oh! 'tis my constant prayer to heaven above,  
 To pass the summer of my days with thee.

Sackville, N. B.

HARRY HALIFAX.

## THE LANELY LAY.

THE following Ballad was written about thirty years ago by James McLardy, a young shoemaker in Paisley, and is well entitled to a wider circulation than it has hitherto enjoyed.

Oh! my love was fair as the siller clud  
 That sleeps in the smile o' dawn,  
 And her e'en were bright as the crystal bells  
 That spangle the blossomed lawn;  
 And warm as the sun was her kind, kind heart,  
 That glowed 'neath a faemy sea;  
 But I feared by the tones o' her sweet, sweet voice,  
 That my love was nae for me.

Oh! my love was gay as the simmer time  
 When the earth is bright and gled,  
 And fresh as the spring, when the young buds blaw,  
 In their sparkling pearl-drops cled;  
 And her hair was chains o' the sunset sheen  
 That hang 'tween the lift and the sea;  
 But I feared by the licht that hallowed her face  
 That my love was nae for me.

Oh! my love was sweet as the violet flower  
 That waves by the moss-grown stane,  
 And her lips were rich as the rowans red  
 That hang in the forest lane;  
 And her brow was a dreamy hill o' licht,  
 That struck ane dumb to see;  
 But I feared by signs that canna be named  
 That my love was nae for me.