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Virtue is True Happiness.

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## Poetry.

### MONODY FOR A DEPARTED WIFE.

Lone, by my solitary hearth,  
Whence peace hath fled,  
And home-like joys and innocent mirth  
Are banished;  
Silent and sad, I linger to recall  
The memory of all,  
In thee, dear partner of my cares, I lost:  
Cares shared with thee more sweet than joys the world  
can boast.

My home! Why did I say, my home,  
Now that I've none,  
Unless thou from the grave again could'st come,  
Beloved one,  
My home was in thy trusting heart,  
Where'er thou wert;  
My happy home in thy confiding breast,  
Where my worn spirit refuge found, and rest.

I know not if thou wast most fair  
And best of woman kind,  
Or whether earth yet beareth fruit more rare  
Of heart and mind.  
To me I know thou wert the fairest—  
The kindest, dearest,  
That Heaven to man in mercy ever gave;  
And more than man from Heaven deserved to have.

Never from thee, sweet wife,  
Came look or word awry,  
Nor peacock pride, nor sullen fit, nor strife  
For mastery.  
Calm and controlled thy spirit was, and sure  
So to endure;  
My friend, protectress, guide, whose gentle will  
Compelled me, withholding me from ill.

No art of selfishness  
Thy generous nature knew.  
Thy life all love; thy bliss the power to bless  
Consent and true:  
Content if to thy lot the world should bring  
Enduring suffering:  
Unhappy if permitted but to share  
Part of my griefs—wouldst both our burdens bear.

My joy, my solace, and my pride  
I found thee all,  
Whatever change my fortunes might betide  
Of good or ill:  
Worthy I was life's blessings to receive  
While thou didst live.  
All that I had of good in others' sight  
Reflected, showed thy virtues borrowed light.

The lots unstrung—the meals in silence ate,  
We went to share:  
The widowed bed—the chamber desolate:  
Thou art not there:  
The tear at parting, and the greeting kiss  
Who would not miss?  
Endearments fond, and solaced hours, and all  
The important trivial things men comfort call.

Oh I mayst thou, if permitted from above  
The starry sphere,  
Encompass me with ever-during love,  
As thou didst here,  
Still be my guardian spirit, lest I be  
Unworthy thee:  
Still as on earth thy grace celestial give,  
And guide my life as thou wouldst have me live.

## Literature.

### AN EPISODE IN REAL LIFE.

A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth.—Pope.

"Good Morning!—Mr. Mackenzie," said a pale emaciated, cadaverous-looking figure, as the bland and stalwart-butler of Sir Benjamin Hooper, appeared on the threshold of the Baronet's country seat, a fine old baronial mansion, picturesquely located on the Kentish bank

of the Thames, a few hours' drive from the Metropolis.

"Good morning, sir," said the butler, as he clasped the proffered hand;—and fixing his keen searching eye intently upon the stranger, he ejaculated—Good Heavens! is it indeed John Laiton, now so wonderfully changed that I could with difficulty recognize the countenance.

The butler speedily led the way to his own room, and having set a chair for Laiton by the side of a well covered table, remarked that he had come in good time, and warmly pressed him to make himself at home. He then left him for a short time to enjoy the cheer of a well arranged breakfast table.

The weary looking traveller, having been somewhat refreshed with the comfortable fare set before him; the butler on his return expressed a wish to know the particulars of that part of his history which had intervened since they had last met. Little more than four years had elapsed since they parted in the metropolis, and the change which that short time had produced upon Laiton, made it easily apparent that some other agency than the ordinary wear and tear of life had been busily at work.

To the anxious enquiries of the butler, Laiton replied that he had not come far that morning, as he lived in the adjoining village, only a couple of miles or so distant; but that he was so weak that the slightest exercise fatigued him, having been recently dangerously ill. Thrown out of a situation when Mackenzie left England, he experienced a little difficulty in getting another, where he did not remain long; but made another change, which was, if anything, for the worse. In this way he had been in several situations during the few years; and to sum up the measure of his misfortune, he had had, a very violent attack of typhus fever, which brought him so low that little hopes were entertained of his recovery. He had been in the fever hospital for several weeks, and had left it only about a fortnight ago, which accounted for the languid state in which he still was.—Since he had come out, he had not again fallen in with anything to do, and indeed, he was little able to do much as yet.

Here the feelings of the poor man were somewhat overcome by the recital of his miseries, although he had not as yet touched the most painful chord; but the butler pressed him to a little spirits and water, and after a brief pause, he again resumed.

Had no one been dependent for their support on his exertions,—he said, he could have borne all his trials with composure, and in the hope of a brighter future, he would have been nerved to meet with fortitude the present ills. But, a wife and three children looked to him, for protection. During the time he was in the hospital, his wife was confined of her third child; and his illness, and the uncertain prospects of his recovery, had operated so injuriously upon her, that she was still very deli-

cate. The little money they had beside them had all been expended during the four months past, and the Dr. had ordered port wine and Peruvian bark, as indispensable to the recovery of his partner in life. The poor little ones were nearly famished, and he had not wherewithal to supply their daily wants.

Mackenzie expressed the deepest sympathy, in his affliction, and regretted that he had not sooner found his way to Roschall, as much of his suffering might have been alleviated. But the unfortunate sufferer knew not until two days previous that Mackenzie was so near at hand, or he would have made an earlier call. Even now, it was not too late to be of great service to the afflicted family, and he hesitated not to assure him that in future he would be provided for.

"I shall be happy—said the butler" to do what is in my power to help to assuage your sorrows, so far as pecuniary assistance is concerned. All may soon be well with you again. Time, ever fertile in changes, has been pretty much so with both of us, although thanks to the Allwise Disposer of events, I have always enjoyed good health. My excursion to India instead of stretching over a space of several years as was contemplated was speedily cut short by the sudden decease of my young master, and on my return to London I entered the Baronet's family as butler and have been comfortable. It is very possible that the Baronet may know of some vacancy to which you could be recommended. I shall take the earliest opportunity to acquaint him with your state. In the meantime be pleased to accept this small sum of money to enable you to get the necessaries of life for your little ones.

Here the butler handed Laiton the contents of his purse, and stated that before he left he would give him a bottle of wine for Mrs. Laiton who he was sorry to think was in so precarious a state.

After some little conversation, the butler went to the cellar, and brought a bottle of Port Wine, which, he gave to Laiton, and again stated that he would take the earliest opportunity to make the baronet acquainted with his unfortunate condition.

When Laiton rose to depart the butler earnestly entreated him not to be long in again making his appearance as it was possible something might be thrown in his way.

There is something peculiarly striking in that passage of Parnell's hermit where the younger of the wanderers, in return for the hospitable reception they had received at the mansion, destroys "the landlord's little pride," and it is not till the mystery has been unfolded, till you learn that

God, to save the father, took the son.

that you are satisfied there is a power continually working, whose operations are inscrutable, and whose ways it were vain to endeavour to fathom. We see a warm hearted generous individual moved with the tale of woe, which a less fortunate being has recited, and showing by his deeds that the sympathy