

## LIFE, LOVE, DEATH,—WHAT ARE THEY?

The first is but "a vapor, which appeareth for a little season and then vanisheth away." We open our eyes on the glorious sunlight, and revel in the beauteous tints of nature. Suddenly clouds overshadow us, and anon all is gloom. Then the world, which *had* appeared so beautiful, seems dark indeed. But, amid the clouds and the darkness, shadowy forms of strange beauty hover around us, and sweet voices greet our ears. Then Love salutes us; soft, starry eyes beam kindly through the darkness; the clouds vanish, and again all is bright and joyous.

Thus we journey on, and on,—now in light, and now in shade,—until at last, just as the rose-hues are gathering in the horizon of life, Death, like an ever deepening sunset, spreads his pall over the fresh green boughs, and fragrant blossoms of Love.

EDLA.

Montreal, Dec. 29, 1853.



[For the Maple Leaf.

## SUNSHINE.

How glorious on the laughing earth  
 My golden mantle falls;  
 How many a lovely thing to birth  
 My touch, like magic, calls.  
 I enter not the loneliest' spot,  
 The gloomiest recess,  
 That, in an instant, seemeth not  
 With life and loveliness.

There's a wailing sigh in the summer breeze,  
 As it sweeps o'er the parched-up plain;  
 There's a moaning voice through the forest trees,  
 To tell of the coming rain.  
 It comes with a crash and a thunder peal,  
 And a flash from a lurid sky,  
 Till the broad earth seemeth to rock and reel,  
 And quiver in agony.

My touch hath scattered the thunder cloud,  
 And the darksome veil is riven  
 That hung awhile, like a musky shroud,  
 O'er the fair blue summer heaven;