

# SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

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## THE CHILL'S FIRST GRIEF.

“ Oh! call my brother back to me!

I cannot play alone;

The summer comes with flower and bee—

Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright

Across the sunbeam's track:

I care not now to chase its flight—

Oh! call my brother back!

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed

Around our garden-tree;

Our vine is drooping with its load—

Oh! call him back to me!

‘ He would not hear thy voice, fair child!

He may not come to thee;

The face that once like spring-time smiled,

On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief bright life of joy,

Such unto him was given;

Go—thou must play alone, my boy!

Thy brother is in Heaven.’

‘ And has he left his birds and flowers;

And must I call in vain?

And through the long, long summer hours—

Will he not come again?

And by the brook and in the glade

Are all our wanderings o'er?

Oh! while my brother with me play'd,

Would I had lov'd him more!”

## AN EVENING WALK.

### LOVE LANE.

“ 'Tis fitter now to ease the brain,  
'To take a quiet walk in a green lane.”

This observation of our matchless bard, the idol and delight of our own times, though just, few, I fear, follow—either from want of inclination, or, what is as bad, want of time. But there are some whose hours of toil, mental and bodily, do not preclude them from seeking the tranquil haunts of nature. With me, after nervous irritability, and mental excitement, it has been, and is, a favourite enjoyment, to quit the dusky dwellings of man, and wander among the fields and green lanes of our southern shore, while the sun is declining, and stillness begins to settle around.

Listlessly roving, whither I cared not, I have sauntered along till I felt my unquiet sensations gradually subside, and a pleasing calmness steal upon me. I know of nothing more annoying than that nervous thrilling or trembling, which runs through the whole frame after the mind has been

troubled; it seems to me like the bubbling and restless swell of the ocean after a storm—one mass of fretful and impatient water, knowing not how to compose itself. But to come to the green fields. There is a lane leading from the grove at Camberwell, called Love-lane: it is well so called—long, winding, and quiet, with scenery around beautifully soft—the lover might wander with the mistress of his soul for hours in undisturbed enjoyment. This lane is dear to me—for with it is linked all my early associations—the bird—the butterfly—the wild white rose—my first love. The bird is there still—the butterfly hovers there—and the rose remains; but where is my first love? I may not ask. Echo will but answer “where!” yet I may, in imagination, behold her—I call up the shadowy joys of former times, and like the beautiful vision in “*Mansfield*,” she stands before me:—

A thousand recollections in her train  
Of joy and sorrow, ere the bitter hour  
Of separation came, never again  
To meet in this wide world as we have met,  
To feel as we have felt, to look, to speak,  
To think alone as we have thought allow'd.

What happy feelings have been ours in that quiet lane! We have wandered arm in arm, gazed on the scenery, listened to the bird. We have not spoken, but our eyes have met, and thoughts, too full for utterance, found answers there. Those days are gone; yet I love to wander there alone, even now—to press the grass that has been pressed by her feet—to pluck the flower from the hedge where she plucked it—to look on the distant hills that she looked on, rising in long smooth waves, when not a sound is heard save the “kiss me dear,” which some chaffinch is warbling to his mate, or the trickling of waters seeking their sandy beds in the hollows beneath the hedgerows. I strolled thither a few evenings ago: the sun was softly sinking, and the bright crimson which surrounded him, fading into a faint orange, tinged here and there with small sable clouds; the night-cloud was advancing slowly, darkly on; afar in the horizon were

The light-ships of the sky  
Sailing onward silently.

One bird, the lark, was singing his evening song among the cool grass; softly, sweetly, it died away—and all was silent, deep tranquility: a pleasing coolness came on the faint breeze over the neighbouring fields, pregnant with odours, refreshing as they were fragrant. It was twilight—the green of the distant hills changed to a greyish hue, their outlines were enlarged, the trees assumed a more gigantic appearance, and soft dews began to ascend—faint upshootings of light in the eastern horizon foretold the rising of the moon; she appeared at length above the clouds, and a deeper stillness seemed to come with her, as if nature, like man at the presence of a lovely woman, was hushed into silent admiration;—the grey clouds rolled away on each side of her as rolls the white foam of the ocean before the bows of the vessel; her course was begun, and,