

The Hollyhock, that rises high,
Like Turkish minaret,
Slender, and tapping towards the sky;
And fragrant Mignonette.

The Sunflower, with its crown of gold,
That greets the orb of day,
From Morning's smile, with forehead bold,
Till streams his latest ray.

Flowers are the thrilling poetry
Of Nature's ample page;
Rich treasures in our infancy,
Sweet boons in later age.

Of the great God's munificence,
Mute lecturers! they tell
Who gives them, in benevolence,
To charm our sight and smell.

Sweet, silent monitors! whose bloom
And transitory stay,
Lead us to think upon the tomb,
And of our own decay.

Thanks, bounteous Maker! for the flowers,
And for their ministry;
Cheering our solitary hours,
Lifting our thoughts to Thee!

Shelburne.

A. B.

The Doctor's Story.

On the second of April, 1838, about eleven o'clock at night, I was comfortably seated in my favourite arm-chair, reposing my thoughts which had been painfully exerted during a hard days labour in the arduous duties of my profession, by retracing many of the scenes in which the last twenty-five years of my life had been passed.

In early youth I had chosen the medical profession from predilection; and my attachment to it had increased with increasing years. Five years of struggles, five more of gradual advancement towards establishing a successful practice, and fifteen more added to these, during which I had more patients than I could possibly attend to, formed my professional history, and brought me to the age of fifty—a steady, wealthy bachelor, having obtained some reputation for skill, and what I valued more the friendship of many of my patients. Over recollections in which blessings greatly predominated, one sorrow still brooded.—When about thirty-five years of age, at the commencement of my getting what is called “into fashion,” I was called to attend an only child, the daughter of a widow. In her I found the only woman I ever loved with that love which leads one to constitute the happiness of one's future life in passing it with the being so adored; but I could not

save her; my art may have smoothed her path to the grave—I trust did—more was not permitted to me. The shadow of this grief darkened many after years; nor could an inheritance of about £500 per annum, into which I most unexpectedly came about that period, through the death of an uncle and two cousins, in any degree console me; but by leading a very active life, and exerting myself unceasingly in my profession, I at length regained tranquility. From the moment practice was no longer necessary to my subsistence, patients flocked in upon me, so that I was often obliged to send some of them to one or two of my professional friends.

On the evening when the first scene of the little reminiscence I am about to relate occurred, the weather was cold for the season; a quantity of dingy London show lay half-melted on the ground, and a heavy sleet was falling fast—just the kind of a night to appreciate fireside comforts; and I was congratulating myself on the prospect of spending the night at home, not thinking it likely that any of my patients would summon me, when an impatient double-knock at the street door put all my cosy anticipations to flight. My good-humour was, however, speedily restored by seeing my ever-welcome friend Colonel Delaware, enter my library. He was an especial favourite of mine, and the world in general, and most deservedly; a brave and able officer, often desperately wounded, he united to a feeling and simple heart, a strong clear understanding, a handsome person, and a manly quiet manner; and, paramount above all those sterling qualities, integrity and honour, which add the brightest lustre even to the diadem, and can make the lowest serf a gentleman of nature's own creating. He was a man of few words, and generally undemonstrative; but having known him intimately for many years, I instantly saw that a heavy cloud hung upon him, and as I invited him to take an arm-chair opposite to my own, I rather anxiously inquired if anything ailed little Cecil, alluding to his only child, a lovely boy of two years old.

“No; he is well; it is of his mother I am come to speak.”

“Mrs. Delaware!” I exclaimed. “Thank God, the evil can hardly be grave enough to warrant the despondency I read in your