

So there are some sweet hopes
That linger to the last,
Affections that will smile
Ev'n when all else is past.

Only to patient search
Blessings like these are given ;
When the heart has turned from earth
And sought for them in Heaven.

L. E. L.



THE BROKEN HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE MUSEUM BY A LADY.

It was towards the close of a lovely afternoon in the summer of 1832 that I was gliding down the noble River St. Laurence in the Steamer Queenston, the sun was just shedding its parting rays over the earth, and nature was smiling in all her loveliness. I was lounging on a settee on one side of the promenade deck, thinking of home and all the dear friends from whom I had been so long separated, and with whom I was anticipating in a short time the delight of joining in a social chat. My attention was suddenly arrested by the approach of a young Lady, supported on one side by an elderly female, and on the other by a middle aged gentleman whom I afterwards learned were her father and Aunt.—A slight noise near me caused her to turn her head; she appeared to have seen scarcely seventeen summers. Yet, that “fell destroyer” sorrow had found his way to her young and gentle heart—Can it be, thought I, that one so young and lovely has had her brightest hopes blighted? For something whispered me—her disease was of the heart—sorrow had given to her countenance a pensive expression that interested me singularly in her favor. Her jetty hair contrasted strikingly with the whiteness of her beautiful formed head: Her long dark eyelashes, gave a deeper hue to her languishing