

even highly educated persons among us, that on historic events of the most recent occurrence, their information is exceedingly limited.

Notwithstanding, from the increasing interest that is taken in Canadian Literature, both at home and abroad, we are led confidently to anticipate, that most of the faults we have thus briefly touched upon, will soon be entirely removed, and the excellencies already partially developed, multiplied and widely spread.

## FIRST LOVE.

BY G. M.

First love! there's magic in those words,  
They breathe of purity—  
They strike the holiest, deepest chords,  
In human hearts that be.

First love! who has not felt its power,  
And has not prized it well?  
Alas! who has not wept the hour  
That broke its magic spell?

First love! it is a holy thing;  
Its breathings are like spring;  
Its thoughts are as the snow-drop pure,  
In its first blossoming.

Alas! 'tis all too pure, too fair,  
Too heavenly in its birth,  
To have a dwelling-place for long  
On the tainted soil of earth.

Though on the heart in after years,  
Bright rays of love may burst,  
They will not have the holiness  
Nor freshness of the First!

March 21, 1848.

## LINES.

BY G. M.

The flowers you gave me are faded and dead,  
Their freshness and beauty forever have fled—  
But from their dead leaves there breathes a perfume,  
Still shed, like a halo of light, round their tomb.

Thus memory hovers round those whom we love,  
Tho' seas may divide us, tho' far they may rove—  
Remembrance is sweet, and those dear ones shall still  
Be shrined in our fond hearts, through good and through ill.

## TULIPS AND ROSES.

My Rosa, from the latticed grove,  
Brought me a sweet bouquet of posies,  
And ask'd, as round my neck she clung,  
If tulips I prefer'd to roses?

"I cannot tell, sweet wife," I sigh'd,  
"But kiss me ere I see the posies:"  
She did, "Oh! I prefer," I cried,  
"Thy two lips to a dozen roses."

## THE WEDDED.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

Seven long years since they two parted,  
With tears that pride then bade refrain,  
And lingering gaze of parting pain,  
As two who had been severed-hearted,  
To mingle ne'er again.

Long since that dear tie was broken,  
Two human destinies to mar—  
Than desert track or ocean bar,  
Words had in that hour been spoken,  
That severed wider far.

Forth he passed in moody seeming,  
And roamed this bright fair world as one  
On whom some adverse change had gone,  
With eyes upon whose shadowed beaming  
No smile for ever shone.

And then as years their shadows bore—  
And deeper shadows too than Time,  
On brow and hair grew darkly o'er—  
Till under sorrow's wintry rime  
He seemed an old man in his prime.

Then as these shadows clustered o'er him,  
'Twas his to seek a paler bride;  
Ah! can her smile his joy restore him?  
His thoughts towards another glide  
While she is by his side?

Gentle he was to her, as even  
One might o'erwatch some quiet dove,  
Whose hope and trust had all been given,  
Unto his bosom's ark to move,  
As to some home of love.

Yet with dim eye and brow, as even  
The first fruits of his soul, to one  
Bright altar of the Past were given;  
Of hers, 'neath each caressing tone,  
He dwelt unthrilled and lone!

And hearkening the merry noises,  
That thro' his household's haunts would skim—  
And music of his children's voices,  
Insensate still he sate and dim—  
His hearth-fire pale to him!

His thoughts are far away, returning  
Unto those fountains of his youth!  
Where *she*, like some sweet star of morning,  
O'er that unblighted source, in sooth  
Hung like a beam of truth.

And to her eye, and to the measures  
Breathed from her voice in liquid swell—  
Th' o'erflowing of her mind's rich treasures,  
That bound his youth so long and well,  
As in some god-like spell.

Oh! broken spell! the heart forever  
Thus yields it to some one dear tie,  
Which Fate's dark hand will rudely sever,  
Leaving its shattered chords to lie  
Unstrung and mute for aye.

Kingston, April, 1848.