

'Tis Wisdom's sweet injunction,
 Drink well of earthly bliss,
 With hope, and high emotion,
 Steal from each joy a kiss.
 If, like a gentle lily
 Drench'd in the passing storm,
 The hand of God hath bow'd thee,
 Weep thou, in prostrate form.

One tear of mortal anguish
 Shed humbly at His feet—
 One sigh, from hearts, that languish,
 The Holy One to meet—
 Enshrin'd 'mid rays of glory
 He bears around his heart ;
 More dear to Him the story,
 Than loftiest themes of Art.

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 Mortals, life's cares forsaking,
 Rest now beside your sires,
 Ere long the notes of waking
 Shall sound from Angel lyres ;—
 Bright as Aurora's beauty
 Celestial light shall shine,
 And Death, released from duty,
 His sceptre shall resign.

Montreal, April, 1854.



[For the Maple Leaf.

ANSWER THE CABMAN.

Politeness is a word of whose meaning thousands assume comprehension, while they cannot give it a clear definition ;—too many think that their affected ' Please Sir,' and ' Allow me Madame,' is the very pink of courtesy. In my opinion, they are much mistaken. Politeness is not the use of precise terms, of chosen words, and euphonious sentences. It is rather a feeling, a genuine emotion, a practical exemplification of that great law " Which we had from the beginning, that we love one another," and as such will assuredly cull for itself the most appropriate language. How few are truly polite, and of these few, how fewer still are they, who have spent two shillings on a manual of etiquette, much less studied the more-elaborate pages of Lord Chesterfield, or the silly twaddle published under the most gracious patronage of Count d'Orsay.