

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES

Written in a Lady's Album, as a subject for a beautiful Engraving which had been presented to her by the author.

As some bright scene, by nature's bounty drest,
 In loveliest garb, the pilgrim's steps arrest,
 When there perchance the twilight lingering stays,
 To gild its beauty with a thousand rays
 Of mellowed light, which still seem both to fade
 Before the evening's slowly deep'ning shade:
 Where, too, perchance the softly murmuring breeze,
 Tells its low secrets to the golden trees,
 And there the streamlet's voice in soothing strain,
 May half repay the heart for years of pain!
 As this sweet solitude the pilgrim's stay
 Hath pressed, whilst journeying on his weary way,
 Breathing to him, in memory's witching wile,
 Of cherished hopes, and early dreams the while,
 That rise like spirits from the mournful past,
 And to his wistful mind seem won at last.
 Even so, sweet girl, this lovely picture caught,
 As thou hast note, the dreamy poet's thought,
 In vague imagination, which still lives
 Upon the charmed light all beauty gives;
 And the same feelings which the pilgrim proves,
 The poet's heart with deep emotion moves,
 While o'er the expression of that touching face
 His gaze has kindled, till his eye may trace
 In those soft lines of pensive loveliness,
 All that which, warmed with life, the heart might
 bless!

W. S.

Montreal, December 1838.

(ORIGINAL.)

NIGHT,

AN EXTRACT.

'Tis night—still sable night, and not a star
 Gleams forth to cheer the dark, the dismal sky,
 While round me scenes, extending grand and far,
 Lie hid 'neath shades of black immensity.
 I love the night, for 'neath her influence I
 Can wing my fancy on ethereal flights,
 Where the unthought of wonders may descry
 And sport in realms of self created lights
 Far from the world's rude, jumbling, jarring sights.

I love the night, when memory's pinions rise,
 And bear me back to childhood's happy years,
 Then the fond heart in sweet affection sighs
 O'er bygone bliss that now no more appears
 Save in the mirror retrospection rears
 Which throws a gleam of comfort on my soul,
 That quells my griefs—and banishes my fears,
 While wildest passions own its sweet control,
 Till o'er my heart Hope's gladdening billows roll.

G. R.

THE ANSWER OF A LADY,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HER A PAIR
 OF EAR-RINGS.

Your beautiful ear-rings with pleasure I take,
 How can I continually say no?
 I will wear them as long as I live for your sake,
 For my ears you have bored long ago.