

(ORIGINAL.)

A REFLECTION.

BY MR. HENRY SILVESTER.

I'm fond of little girls ; I should not say
Of little only, since I have for all
Ladies a sort of kindness, whether they
Be young or old, thin, fat, or short, or tall,—
But here the meaning I would fain convey
Is, that I love them when they're young and
small,—

Just at that age when life's delicious bud
Begins to burst the bonds of babyhood !

The spring-time of existence ! when the eye
Is bright and unacquainted with a tear,
Save such as hope can in an instant dry,
The brow and bosom ever calm and clear,—
Or if disturbed, but like the changing sky
Of that first delicate season of the year,
Dim for a moment—in the next to shine
With added grace and lustre more divine.

There is a blue-eyed cherub whom my nurse
In earlier hours hath sung of, in whose cheeks,
Collected in one blaze, the rainbow hues
Of girlish beauty beam, like the rich streaks
Of the deep east at sunrise : I did use
To fondle this arch prattler, watch her freaks
And infant playfulness, until I grew
Enamoured of the blossom ere it blew !

And oft, in later times, now years have rolled
On their eternal way, and cares come on :
When fortune frowns, and summer friends grow
cold,

Have my thoughts turned upon this youthful one,
This early bud—her whom I loved of old,
With sweet and tender yearnings : Fate hath
strewn

Full many a thorn upon my path below ;
Since last I kissed her bright and sparkling brow !

I cannot say I'm partial to a boy,
At any age ; I've noticed from his birth,
There's always an admixture of alloy
In manhood's clay ; 'twould seem of coarser earth
Than our all-wise Creator did employ

In moulding our first mother : There's a dearth
Of kindness in man ; the sordid elf
Too often thinks, plans, acts, but for himself !

Whilst woman—gentle woman, has a heart
Fraught with the sweet humanities of life ;
Swayed by no selfish aim, she bears her part
In all our joys and woes ;—in pain and strife
Fonder and still more faithful ! When the smart
Of care assails the bosom, or the knife
Of "keen endurance" cuts us to the soul—
First to support us—foremost to console !

Oh, what were man in dark misfortune's hour
Without her cheering aid ? A nerveless thing
Sinking ignobly 'neath the transient power
Of every blast of fortune. She can bring
"A balm for every wound." As when the shower
Most heavily falls, the birds of eve will sing—
Sweeter the flowers are ;—so woman's voice
When through the storm it bids the soul rejoice !

Is there a sight more touching and sublime,
Than to behold a creature, who till grief
Had taught her lofty spirit how to climb
Above vexation, and whose fragile leaf,
Whilst yet 'twas blooming in a genial clime,
Trembled at every breath, and sought relief
If Heaven but seemed to lower, suddenly
Grow vigorous in misfortune, and defy

The pelting storm that in its might comes down
To beat it to the earth ; to see a rose,
Which, in its summer's gaiety, a frown
Had withered from its stem, 'mid wintry snows
Lift up its head undrooping, as if grown
Familiar with each chilling blast that blows
Across the waste of life—and view it twine
Around man's rugged trunk its arms divine !

It is a glorious spectacle, a sight,
Of power to stir the chords of generous hearts
To feelings finest issues ; and requite
The bosom for all world inflicted smarts :
Such is dear woman ! when the envious blight
Of fate descends upon her, it imparts
New worth, new grace,—so precious odours grow,
Sweeter when crushed—more fragrant in their
woe !

So much for man's sweet consort, Heaven's blest gift,
Beloved and loving woman ! Even a thought
Of her, not seldom, hath the power to lift
My soul above the toils the world hath wrought
Round its aspiring wings. But I'm adrift,
Againt have left my subject ! well tis nought :
Wiser than I have wandered from their way
When woman was the star that led astray !
Peterboro.

DR. ALBERS.

THE celebrated astronomer, Dr. Albers—discoverer
of the small planets *Pallas* and *Vesta*—and who has
long been ranked among the most eminent mathe-
maticians of the age, died on the morning of the
second of March, at Bremen in Germany, at the age
of eighty years.

TWO SORTS OF BLESSINGS.

"IT is a great blessing to possess what one wishes,"
said some one to an ancient philosopher, who re-
plied, "It is a greater blessing still, not to desire
what one does not possess !"