

POETRY.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.

The past and present here unite
Beneath time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;
There the green lane descends
Through which I walked to church with thee,
O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden trees
Lay moving on the grass;
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart was pure as they;
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet;
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon the wind,
Sweet scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-books fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;
Thou art no longer here:
Part of the sunshine of the scene,
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
Like pine-trees, dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed,
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

—LONGFELLOW.

VARNO THE BRAVE:

A TALE OF THE

PICTS AND SCOTS.

BY THE LATE D. M., PERTH, N. B.

IN the hall all was confusion. The long lost daughter of Brudus was borne to the apartments of the queen, while old chiefs gathered around the mute Varno, and, giving vent to old jokes, wished him joy of having for a vassal such a lovely hero. Varno answered their kindness with only a smile; and, retiring to a window, his eyes were fixed listlessly on his own green halls. Nor did he speak to anyone till the king, again entering the hall, satisfied all hasty inquiries with a full assurance of the perfect recovery of Spoldanka. Cheers followed the announcement, and Brudus turning round, looked Varno full in the face, who, blushing and bowing, asked with a smile:

"How can we reward a boy who is no boy, a soldier who is no man? We will be imposed upon no longer by even the bewitching eloquence of Varno, so let us be active. How shall we honor the chief of Castle Clatchart?"

"To enforce the execution of good laws," remarked Combust, "rewards all. Designing men decoy away our vassals by false promises, and the fear of punishment keeps them away. Were Brudus to compel restitution, with penalties proportioned to the value of the vassal, he would reward us better than with all the land he has to offer."

"Noble!" cried the king, "and by St. Regulus that shall be done;" "but to Varno I give —"

"What by your law, my liege, you cannot withhold!" exclaimed Varno. "Where is Appin? he is my vassal, and I claim restitution with penalties."

Plaudits, cheers and laughter followed the gallant demand of the young chief. The king joined in the merriment, and when it had settled, gravely observed:

"Appin was no real vassal but a shadow that had vanished; how can I be accountable for a shadow?"

"Appin," replied Varno, "was no common shadow; he was one of soul and substance; give me the substance and the soul and Varno is rewarded."

"Amen!" cried Brudus; "and to-morrow Spoldanka is the spouse of Varno."

It were bootless to tell how minstrels sung and chiefs feasted in celebration of that happy consummation.