

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1852.

No. 19

Poetry.

"IT IS NOT ALWAYS NIGHT"

It is not always night! though darkness reign,
In gloomy silence o'er the slumbering earth,
The hastening dawn will bring the light again,
And call the glories of the day to birth,
The sun withdraws awhile his blessed light,
To shroud again—it is not always night!

The voices of the storm may fill the sky,
And tempest sweep the air with angry wing;
But the fierce winds in gentle murmurs die,
And freshened beauty to the world they bring;
The after calm is sweeter and more bright;
Though storms arise, it is not always night!

The night of nature and the night of storm,
Are emblems both of shadows on the heart;
Which fall and chill its currents quick and warm,
And bid the light of peace and joy depart.
A thousand slumbers hath sorrow to afflict
The soul of man, and shroud his hopes in night.

Yet, when the darkest, saddest hour is come,
And grief despair would seize his shrinking heart,
The dawn of hope breaks on the heavy gloom,
And one by one the shadows will depart.
As storm and darkness yield to calm and light,
So with the heart—it is not always night!

W. C. R.

FORGIVENESS.

"How lovely falls
From human lips that word FORGIVE;
Forgiveness—'tis the attribute of God—
The sound which openeth heaven, renews again
On earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and thence
Hope's halo o'er the waste of life
Trice happy he whose heart has been so schooled
In the meek lessons of humanity
That he can give it utterance; it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel."

Literature.

THE LILY OF LIDDISDALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

At last she seemed to be falling down from a height, but softly, as if borne on the wings of the air; and as her feet touched the ground, she knew that young Elliot had taken her from that fleet courser, and looking up she saw that she was in a wood of old shadowy trees of gigantic size, perfectly still, and far away from all known dwellings both on hill and plain. But a cottage was before her, and she and young Elliot were on the green in its front. It was thickly covered with honey suckle, and moss roses that hung their beautiful full-blown shining lamps high as the thatched roof—and Amy's soul sickened at the still secluded, lovely, and lonely sight. "This shall be our bridal abode," whispered her lover into her ear with panting breath. Fear me not—distrust me not—I am not base—but my love to thee is tender and true. Soon shall we be married—ay—this very evening must thou be mine, and may the hand that now clasps thy sweet waist wither, and the tongue that woos thee be palsied, if ever I cease to love thee as my Amy—my Lily—my wedded wife!"

The wearied and half fainting maiden could as yet make no reply. The dream that she had believed was gone for ever, now brightened upon her in the intense light of reality, and it was in her power to become the wife of him for whom she had, in the innocence and simplicity of her nature, once felt a consuming passion, that had brought her to the brink of the grave. His warm breath was on her bosom—words charged with bewitching persuasion went thrilling through her heart-strings—and if she had any pride (and what human heart has it not!) it might well mingle now with love, and impel her into the embrace that was now open to clasp her close to a burning heart.

A stately and beautiful lady came smiling from the cottage door, and Amy knew that it was the sister of Elliot, and knelt down before her. Last time the shepherdess had seen that lady, it was, when, with a fearful step, she took her baskets into the Hall, and blushing, scarcely lifted up her eyes, when she and her high-born sisters deigned to commend her workmanship, and whispered to each other that the Lily of Liddisdale deserved her name. "Amy," said she with a gentle voice, as she took her hand, "Amy Gordon! my brother loves you, and he has wren me to acknowledge you as my sister. I can deny my brother nothing, and his grief has brought low the pride, perhaps the foolish pride, of my heart. Will you marry him, Amy? Will you, the daughter of a poor shepherd, marry the young heir of the Priory, and the descendant, Amy, of a noble race! Amy, I see that thou art beautiful—I know that thou art good—may God and my mother forgive me this, but my sister must thou be—behold my brother is at his shepherdess's feet!"

Amy Gordon had now nothing to fear. That sweet, young, pure, noble lady was her friend; and she felt persuaded now, that in good truth, young Elliot wished to make her his wife. Might she, indeed, live the lady of the Priory; be a sister to these beautiful creatures; dwell among those ancient woods, and all those spacious lawns, and richest gardens; and might she be, not in a dream, but in living reality, the wife of him on whose bosom her heart had died with joy in that lonely dell, and love him, and yield him her love even unto the very hour till she was dead! Such changes of estate had been long ago, and sung of in many a ballad; and was she to be the one maiden of millions; the one born in hundreds of years, to whom this blessed lot was to befall? But these thoughts, passed on and away like sun rays upon a stream; the cloud, not a dark one, of reality returned over her. She thought of Walter Harden, and in an instant her soul was fixed; nor from that instant could it be shaken by terror or by love; by the countenance of death, or the countenance, far more powerful than of death, that of the youth before her, pale and flushed alternately with the fluctuations of many passions.

Amy felt in her soul the collected voice, as it were, of many happy and humble years

among her hills, and that told her not to forsake her own natural life. The flower that lived happily and beautifully in its own secluded nook by the side of the lonely tarn or torrent, might lose much, both of its fragrance and its lustre when transplanted into a richer soil and more sheltered bed. Could she forge, for ever her father's angle; the earthen floor; its simple furniture of day and night? Could she forget all the familiar places round about the hut where she was born? And if she left them all, and was taken up even in the arms of love into another sphere of life, would not that be the same, or worse than to forget them, and would it not be sacrilegious to the holiness of the many Sabbath nights on which she had sat at her widowed father's knees? Yet might such thoughts have been destroyed in her beating heart by the whispered music of Young Elliot's eloquent and impassioned voice. But Walter Harden, though ignorant of her present jeopardy, seemed to stand before her, and she remembered his face when he sat beside her dying bed, his prayers over her when he thought she slept; and their oaths of fidelity mutually sworn before the great God.

"Will you, my noble and honoured master, suffer me, all unworthy as I am to be yours, to leave your bosom? Sir, I am too miserable about you, to pretend to feel any offence because you will not let me go. I might well be proud of your love, since, indeed, it happens so that you do love me; but let me kneel down at your beautiful sister's feet, for to her I may be able to speak—to you I feel that it may not be, for humble am I, although unfortunately I have found favour in your eyes."

The agitated youth released Amy from his arms, and she flung herself down upon her knees before that lovely lady.

"Lady! hear me speak—a simple uneducated girl of the hills, and tell me if you would wish me break an oath sworn upon the Bible, and so to lose my immortal soul? So have I sworn to be the wife of Walter Harden—the wife of a poor shepherd; and, lady, may I be on the left hand of God at the great judgment-day, if ever I be forsworn. I love Walter Harden. Do you counsel me to break his kind, faithful heart? Oh, sir!—my noble young master! how dare a creature such as I to speak so freely to your beautiful sister? how dare I keep my eyes open when you are at your servant's feet. Oh, sir! had I been born a lady, I would have lived—died for you—gone with you all over the world—all over the sea, and all the Islands of the sea,—I would have sighed, wept, and pined away, till I had won your love, for your love would have been a blessed thing: that do I well know from the few moments you stooped to let your heart beat against the bosom of a low-born shepherdess. Even now, dearly as I love Walter Harden, fain would I lay me down and die upon this daisied green, and be buried beneath it, rather than that poor Amy Gordon should affect the soul of her young master thus; for never saw I, and never can