

Bas'd on the baseless clouds ;
 Skirted with golden tints of heavenly glare,
 And top'd with all the varied hues,
 That ever grac'd heaven's broad expanse
 Girdl'd the holy city. On their unrugged
 And unrocky sides, grew every tree and shrub
 And flower, that could adorn or beautify :
 Scenting the air with sweet perfume,
 And yielding fruits, unknown on earth,
 Unsuit'd but to heavenly tastes,
 Fit retreat--for angels who there wait
 To pilot souls to heaven.
 Ere I wist, one of them broke
 My raptur'd musings, and at once,
 With bound angelic bore me o'er
 The mighty deep, and plac'd within
 Heaven's portals. With eye askance
 A smile of grateful scorn I cast at Death,
 Then hasted with deep reverence to adore
 His conqueror Jesus there enthron'd.—
 But Ah! I woke--griev'd I had only dream'd :
 Yet as my duty call'd, I rose ;
 Content awhile to drudge life's dull routine ;
 Cheer'd by the hope, that tho' a dream
 It would not still be so.

M. N.

Montreal 1833.

MAXIMS FOR MARRIED LADIES.

The first is to be good yourself. To avoid all thoughts of managing a husband.

Never try to deceive or impose on his understanding, nor give him uneasiness ; but treat him with affection, sincerity and respect.

Remember that 'husbands, at best, are only men, subject like yourselves to error and frailty.

Be not too sanguine, then, before marriage, or promise yourselves happiness without alloy.