

(ORIGINAL.)  
TO HOPE.

—  
"We are saved by Hope,"—ST. PAUL.

Spirit of the burning eye,  
Ruler of our destiny,  
Guiding star, whose golden light  
Brings our day, or makes it night ;  
Hope divine ! thou 'rt PAN alone,  
Saviour of the wretch undone.

Living with our primal breath,  
Thou attendest us in death ;  
Seated on Life's bow, serene,  
Spanning Time's horizon, seep  
Brightest and most fair of form,  
Smiling through the darkest storm.

Fools, allured by low-born lust,  
In a treacherous *Phantom* trust ;  
Ever through life's wilderness  
The receding wave they chase—  
All its promises, a lie ;  
Self-deceived, they trust—and die !

Every hope that 's born of earth,  
Hides a canker in its birth ;  
All its promised joy and bliss  
Bears a fruit of bitterness ;  
Oft like autumn's hectic hue,  
Falsest when most fair to view.

But *Thou*, with the pain and strife  
Woven in the web of life,  
Rich with future bliss o'erlaid,  
Fillest in the golden thread,  
(Waft of many a glorious line,)  
In that gloomy woof to shine.

And when tempests fiercest rave,  
Thou art nearest then to save ;  
When life's dearest ties are torn,  
Then thy brightest beams are born ;  
Smiling sweetest as the gloom  
Freezes round the sullen tomb.

Spirit of the burning eye,  
Ruler of our destiny ;  
Guiding star, whose golden light  
Is ever young and ever bright !  
We would trust *Thee*, goddess, given  
To conduct our steps to Heaven.

RUSSELL.

## JUDGMENTS.

It is with our judgments as our watches : none go  
just alike, yet each believes his own.—*Pope*.

## THE RIVALS.

Two rivals, young and aged, met  
Within the fairy bay,  
Where Beauty and her radiant set  
Of smiles and glances play ;  
The one was Love, so fond and fair,  
The other, Gold, the millionaire.  
"How's this," cried Gold,  
"That Love's so bold,  
A pirate on the coast  
Where wealthy I  
Have sovereignty,  
As Beauty's fain to boast ?"  
Love curled his handsome lip with pride,  
Said Gold was base, and basely lied ;  
To which quoth Gold, "She can't endure  
The beggar, Love—the boy is poor"  
Friends interposed—the duel stay'd,  
Wisely advising, "Try the maid ;"  
So, bending now in Beauty's bower  
Each ply'd her heart with all his power.

Love lit the beacons of his eyes  
And Beauty blushed with joy ;  
Love uttered burning words and sighs,  
Then Beauty kissed the boy ;  
"Ah, Love !" she said, "come weal or woe,  
With you alone through life I go."

The graceful youth  
Believed it truth,  
And came forth gay and bold ;  
"Now, sir, advance,"  
With haughty glance  
He said to scornful Gold.  
Love's yellow rival bent his knee  
To Beauty, with a pedigree,  
A casket, carriage, lacqueys tall,  
Soiree, and rout, and frequent ball ;  
"Oho ! dear Gold !" false beauty cried,  
"I'll jilt fond Love and be your bride."  
Gold tied the knot—Love left the shore.  
Now, love and Beauty met no more.

## FORCE OF HABIT.

HABIT hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarcely anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the practisers of deceit, who, from having long deceived their acquaintance, gain at last a power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very opinion, however false, of their own abilities, excellencies, and virtues, into which they have for years, perhaps, endeavoured to betray their neighbours.