

THE

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POETRY.

The Summer is Over

BY B. J. HOWE.

"The fading glory of the year,
Should bid thee think upon thy
Thou canst not tell, the day how
That lays thee in thy silent tom

The beautiful days of the summer ha
With all their sweet pleasures, the
and gladness;

Their parting a gloom o'er our path
And left in our bosoms a feeling o
Yes—sad the reflection will rest on
As all their sweet mem'ries aro
hover;

Far who does not sorrow to see the
And sigh with regret that the sun

'Tis sweet, oh! 'tis sweet, to look back o
When gay were the scenes in the
fore us;

When 'round us were springing t
And summer's bright days bent in
us,

Those hues have all faded—the flow
No traces of their beauties the eye
No flow'ret illumines the paths
strayed,

And sadly we feel that the summer

The sweet little songsters can cheer
Whose notes filled our bosoms with
They all have now flown to a sunnier
Oh! far, far away 'mid the isles o
No more shall we list to the murmur
Amid the green meadows or bloss
The katydid clamors no more in the
They all have departed—the sun

The forests that waved in their ful
When o'er them the breezes of su
blowing,

Now tinged with their varying col
Whose leaves with the tints of the
No longer at eve, on the listening e
Will come the gay song of the re
The happiest season in all the glad
Has gone with its pleasures—the
over.

A lesson of wisdom these changes
As silent they speak to the child
They teach us that life is fast pass
And transient the hours of its su
Then each should improve their w
power—

White, 'mid its gay, sunny, he
rover;
Far Autumn will scatter the le
lower,
And leave him to mourn when
over.

"I Would not Live Alw

BY R. B. THATCHER.

Earth is the sparrow's rayless co
But then, as a bird soars home to the
Of the beautiful wood, where its nes
In bonds no more to dwell,

So will its weary wing
Be spread for the skies, when its to
And its breath flow free, as a bird's
And the soft, fresh gales of a

Oh! not more sweet the tear
Of the dewy eye on a violet's cheek,
Than the dews of age on the old man's
When it enters the eye of y

Nor dearer, 'mid the foam
Of the far-off sea, a part its story ro
Is a breath of balm from the unse
To him that weeps in home

Wings, like a dove, to fly
The spirit is faint with its feverish
For its home in the upper world
When, woe and pain