

thing it touches with beauty, but it is the pensive and almost painful beauty of an Autumn landscape. One of the clouds, and of course the darkest that ever lowered upon her spirit, was the estrangement of her husband, and their consequent separation. Such a trial would almost wing the life-blood from any female heart, then how severely must it have tortured one so sensitive, so gentle, so loving, as her's? It was after this painful event, when her beloved children were worse than fatherless, and she more wretched than a widow, that she wedded her soul to the muse, and became the enchantress of the heart. Then, when the sun of happiness had set for ever—when earthly hopes were all blighted, and earthly aspirations all forgotten—the efforts of her genius acquired a character more lofty and lovely, and her music caught “a wandering breath of that high melody, whose source is in heaven, and whose vibrations are eternal!”

These are only a few of the many examples that could be given to show the beneficial influence which misfortune sometimes exercises over the human heart; and now the question arises, whether these gifted beings would have attained the same degree of excellence in their vocation, if their respective careers had not been so strikingly marked by the desolating effects of grief. It appears that they would not, for we have seen that not one of these persons gave the entire energies of their mind to the divinity they worshipped until the ties which bound them to earth, and its enjoyments, were nearly all severed. Then, and not 'till then, they merited and obtained the loftiest triumphs of their art. This will induce us to believe, what is really the case, that, as the stars of heaven are only visible in the season of darkness, the best and brightest attributes of humanity are unseen and unknown until the hour of gloom. The pages of history are replete with instances which prove this fact, for we there learn, that it has ever been in disordered and dangerous eras of time that the master spirits of the world have arisen to perform their glorious deeds. As in the actual world, it is even from lands startled by the loudest din of war, that the voice of heroism peals forth its loftiest tone; so in the moral universe, it is even from hearts shaken by the severest storm of grief, that the voice of poesy pours out its highest and holiest strain. Were it not so, we might be disposed to imagine, that the gifted in all ages of the world have been too severely tried, but as it is, we feel that “He who ordereth all things aright,” has in this particular

also, manifested the unerring wisdom of his ways.



STANZAS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

BRIGHT eyes! though in your angry ray
Such deep disdain there be,
This truth you cannot now gainsay,
That you *have* looked on me.

Spite of the boasted effort there
My daring hopes to slight,
What pain can with the bliss compare
Of basking in their light?
Though victim to your proud disdain
My wounded spirit be,
Bright eyes! I smile amid my pain,
For ye *have* looked on me.

The effect of all your proud disdain
And haughty scorn is this,
Not to have added to my pain,
But to enhance my bliss.
Then, what though angry lightnings play
Where pity's glance should be,
This truth you cannot now gainsay
That you *have* looked on me.



THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

My treasure on the sea,
Father in heaven, I consecrate to thee!
Guard thou the mother's hope with tender care
Yield to the pleadings of a mother's prayer.

Watch o'er my wayward boy,
Lest evil thoughts his lonely hours employ.
And his untainted heart be taught to sin,
And the fierce tempter strive his soul to win.

Upon the slippery deck
Be thou his strength; or 'mid the fearful wreck
With thy sufficient arm his form enclose,
Nor add his anguish to my weight of woes!

I give him with my prayer
And helpless sorrow, to thy holy care!
I would have kept him still, but free and bold
His spirit pined to leave my narrow fold!

A mother's love is deep,
But thine, oh father! will not, *may* not sleep;
Thou canst alone, my troubled spirit read—
Its depth and height are thine, its strength that
need!



THE last argument of the poor, whenever they have recourse to it, will carry more, perhaps, than persuasion to parliament, or supplication to the throne.