

To Death.—A Transplantation.

For the Calliopean.

Oh! why hast thou taken to blooming a flower,  
 From this garden so fair, where it grew,  
 And borne it away to a heavenly bower,  
 From thence that would glad be'er have seen the end here  
 That its spirit escaped from their view?

On its native soil; here it flourish'd a time,  
 Where the cold and the fierce winds blow;  
 But, ah! when transplanted to yon southern clime—  
 Like the lily so bright, and the sweet scented thyme—  
 When parched, it refused to grow.

The bright tints of beauty that play'd on its brow,  
 Too quickly began to depart;  
 And the pure morning zephyrs that o'er it would blow,  
 Could never refresh it, so withered now;  
 No! consumption had seized on its heart.

It linger'd—it died—in the morning of life,  
 And rest in a land far away;  
 Nor affection, nor friendship, close joined in a strife  
 Together, could stay thy up lifted knife  
 From cutting it down as thy prey.

The old thou hast pass'd, with their frost-bitten look,  
 That are drooping and ready to fall,  
 That gladly had welcomed thy cold icy shock,  
 And sunk 'neath the grasp they no longer could brook,  
 And left this fair garden and all.

And the young infant bud, as beginning to peep,  
 Which autumn nor winter had known;  
 As thy gentler touch o'er us heart-strings would sweep,  
 Would have rested as though it were nought but a sleep,  
 And forever from blast would have flown.

But Melvin—dear Melvin! thou wast the flower,  
 So blooming, so radiant, that fell,  
 I have oft lov'd to greet thee in friendship's sweet bower,  
 And tarry, as flow by the magical hour  
 That threw o'er our manings a spell.

Thou art sleeping in death and in holy repose,  
 Far, far above proud Eric's wave;  
 But ere on this earth, that with life brightly glows,  
 These eyes, like thine own, too, forever shall close,  
 I'd bear me to weep o'er thy grave.

Hamilton, January, 1848.

DURLINGTON

Vigils with the Sick.—A Sister's Love.

For the Calliopean.

I was watching by the bedside of a young friend, a fellow-student, who had met with a sad accident, from which there was no hope of recovery. The sufferer was in constant pain. Acute spasms would low and then dart through his frame, when his moaning was wretched relief to the monotonous strokes of the time-piece upon the mantel.

There are few who have not experienced the peculiar solemnity, and even awfulness of solitary vigils beside a sick couch. The reflections that are apt to creep over one, in such a situation, however profitable, I was not disposed to invite, and therefore had been reading upon subjects of a contrary tendency. But by midnight, I had become tired and shivering, (for it was winter, and the feverish patient could endure no fire) drew the wrapper around me, and sank into an easy chair; when fancy almost embodied the melancholy musings, that may be supposed to haunt such a scene, as they rushed upon me. My last thoughts, previous to dropping away amidst uneasy dreams, were—contemplating the once athletic and sprightly form of my young friend, now attenuated to a mere skeleton and distorted with pain—how effectually disease divests death of its terror, or rather life of its charm—the joy of its gaiety, the pomp of its pride, the promise of its hopes, and the purpose of its ambition, how do they vanish away at the beckoning of pain!

A slight movement assu'd me. A form, that appeared not unlike the fairest and loveliest of this world, was bending over the sleeping sufferer. There was a gentleness in her mien, a tenderness in her gaze, and a depth of affection in her whole manner, that was deeply impressive, to me, as she seem'd to be, by excessive watching and sorrow. It was the youth's sister. She seated herself by the foot of his couch, and gaz'd upon her brother's features as they with'd with age, in which the deep-er was then happily immensable. She gaz'd with that same intent expression of mingled grief and love—then clasped her hands, and raised her dark and tearful eyes towards heaven. I saw her lips move; but heard no sound, although not the less sensibly did I seem to know the supplication of that pious visitor's heart. She rose at length, and kiss'd the death-stricken brow, and glancing where I was supposed to be slumbering, hastily withdrew.

A sister's deep and fervid sympathy is of familiar experience, and a theme, which every heart testifies, worthy of more than angelic eloquence. This was not so much a rare instance of its exercise, as a rare occasion for it upon a case of lingering misery. The unfortunate had been thoughtless, in the confidence of youth. Beside the couch of his affliction there was a ministering angel, whose prayers and instructions enabled him, with affecting resignation, almost to welcome pain and death, over which he triumph'd, in the prospect of immortality. Her hand was the gentlest and the most soothing. In her voice there were evidences of pleasure, and in her aspect delight, when pain and debility had stripped all creation of beauty beside, and hush'd all other melody. She seem'd to stand alone in singleness of love and loveliness.

The young man did. I have often thought the surviving sister, as she remembers his full assurance of hope—glorious with the infinite blessedness of eternity, must experience that fulness of pleasure, which, like a spirit of happiness, will always guard the avenues of her heart from disquietude. It is she she must feel, of having alleviated so greatly his earthly suffering, and contributed to secure his heavenly joys.

This tender affection, the subject that elevates whatever would celebrate it, song, or pictures, or eloquence—embracing all the intensity of any other attachment without the selfishness—spontaneous and irrepressible—evinces equally the wisdom and benignity of heaven. It becomes the sister to consider well how potent an influence is hers—fit only to be associated with virtue and piety. Never can her tenderness forsake the bedside of sickness—never may it neglect to reclaim the erring feet of wickedness. Licentiousness cannot withstand her presence of purity—to the blasphemer it is the holiest of all. If her assiduities would tire, let her think of the interposition of the weeping Saviour at the prevailing invocation of the sisters of Bethany.

Toronto, Feb. 2, 1848.

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GOOD IN EVERY BODY.—Would you judge of a tree by a single decayed limb? Then why judge of a man's character by a single bad act in his life? To counterbalance that one failing, there are scores of good traits in his composition. The most precious metal is mixed with dross; even diamonds have specks. Who could stand before his fellow-creatures, if he were to be condemned for one fault? There is no man living who has not some redeeming trait about him, who if weigh'd in the balance of strict justice, would not show some bright spot—some agreeable qualities.—We often look at men through a wrong medium, when our prejudices lean to their failings. We see this to a great extent, in high political times; when persons are prominent before the public. How highly predominant are these faults; and a score of virtues are hid beneath the shadow of a trifling sin. Such should not be our estimate of character. Where a man is really deserving praise, and thus conceal a fault, which in an unguarded moment he may have committed, and of which he has repented in dust and ashes. The mantle of charity which we would have thrown around ourselves, let us throw around others, and thus fulfil one of the loveliest commands of the Bible.