

## MUSES' CORNER.

"With many a flower, of birth divine,  
We'll grace this little garden spot;  
Nor on it breathe a thought, a line,  
Which, dying, we would wish to blot."

FOR THE CANADIAN CASKET.

## ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

To who with sympathisi & glow,  
Have felt the pang that parents know,  
When death's grim hand with iron grasp,  
Steals from thine arms the child they clasp,  
Listen to a poet's lay.

Among life's rosy train there Bloom'd  
A flow'r of brighter hue,  
Than others who were haply dom'd  
To run life's summer through.

I saw the smile upon her cheek  
By innocence pourtray'd  
I saw her tender passions speak  
As on my knee she play'd

The rosy tint and blushing hue  
Was then upon her cheek—  
The Crystal tear like morning dew,  
While trickling seem'd to speak.

But now how chang'd the Lily's face—  
Her Pallid cheeks dispiay  
No more the dimpled smile you trace,  
The bloom hath fled away.

So beams the bow of varied hue  
Upon the eastern sky  
And then its beauty bids adieu,  
And leaves our gazing eye.

Or as the lightning in the sky,  
That shines through sable gloom,  
With meteor flash then passes by,  
Amid the thunders boom.

She shone as bright as beautifully,  
But carried not long here,  
Summoned to better worlds on high,  
Why claim for her a tear?

No more she lisps upon his knee,  
While smiling in his face,  
Nor gives her father's heart that glee  
Which nought can e'er replace.

As lambskins sport upon the mead—  
As daisies scent the vale,  
As roses blush and sweetly shed  
Their fragrance on the gale.

Upon the blooming thorn of may,  
Or weeping willows head,  
The lonely bird his loftest lay,  
In melody will shed.

As mindful of the former bloom  
Of her who lies beneath,  
Who sporting 'mong the waving broom  
Or on the flow'r clad health.

A flow'r she was that rear'd her head  
Among a kindred train;

But now alas! that flow'r has fled  
No'er ne'er to come again.

But hush! my muse thy wanderings stay  
Why mourn an age's bliss,  
When left for heavens felicity,  
A world so bad as this.

C. M. D.

BRITON.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

## REFLECTION.

Oh! these were days when blissful'dreams,  
My slumber still adorning,  
Were only broke by brighter beams,  
That usher'd in the morning.

The orbs of joy that rul'd my fate,  
Were always quick returning;  
And when one star of rapture set,  
Another still was burning.

Thus warm'd my bosoms early day.  
Was tun'd to love and gladness;  
But soon there came a fiercer ray,  
That fill'd my heart with sadness

A clouded fate is now my doom  
No beam its shadows blighting;  
But those that flash across the gloom,  
Like Heavens rapid lightning.

Ne'er shall I know that peace again,  
That bless'd my moments vernal—  
Till severed from a world of pain  
I rest in sleep eternal. CRITIC.

## THE BRIGHT SUMMER-TIME.

We met in a region of gladness,  
We met in the beautiful bowers,  
Where the wanderer loses his sadness,  
Mid blossoms, and flowers;  
Around us, sweet voices were breathing  
The songs of a far distant clime;  
Above us, in garlands were wreathing  
The buds of the bright Summer-time!

That vision of fairy-land never  
Can fade from my heart or my sight—  
It casts on my pathway for ever  
Its sparkles of magical light;  
I still hear the harp's joyous measures,  
Still scent the faint bloom of the lime;  
Oh! years cannot banish one pleasure  
I felt in the bright summer-time!

## ANECDOTES.

"Trifles light as air."

The clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate for another clergyman. The clerk, immediately as the sermon was ended, rising up called out, "I'm desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L.—is going a fishing whith another clergymen." Mr. L., of course, corrected the awkward yet amusing blunder.

A Lincolnshire man observed in company, that in some parts of the county of Lincoln the soil was so prolific, that if you turned a horse into a new mown field at night the grass would be grown up to his fetterlocks next morning! "Pshaw!" say's a Yorkshireman, "if you turn a horse into a new mown field at night in our country, you can't find him next morning at all."

AN HONEST CARPENTER.—A gentleman whose house was undergoing repairs, called in shortly after the job was commenced to see how the workmen got on, and observing a quantity of nails lying about, said to the head carpenter, "Why don't you take care of these nails? they will certainly get lost." "Oh no sir," replied Mr. Foreplane, "you'll find them all in the bill."

"Where is that pretty girl I saw with you a few evenings since?" inquired a dashing buck of an acquaintance. "The one in blue, I presume you mean—Henrietta." "Henry ate her!" exclaimed the other in astonishment, "what a cannibal!"

A COMPARISON.—Dr. Cox, speaking of Alcohol, at a meeting of a Female Temperance Society remarked that there was no more nourishment in Alcohol, than in a flash of lightning.

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