

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1829.

位于经济学生1999

## THE GARLAND,

Office in HATFIELD's Brick Building, }

THE RUINED HOUSE. "Oh! 'tis the heart that magnifies this life, Making a truth and beauty of its own."-Wordsworth.

"Birth has gladdened it ; Death has sanctified it." Guesses at, Truth.

No dower of storied song is thine, O desolate abode ! Forth from thy gates no glittering line. Of lance and spear hath flow'd : Banners of Knighthood have not flung Proud drapery o'er thy walls ; Nor bugle-notes to battle rung Through thy resounding halls.

Through thy resonance name Nor have rich bowers of *Pleasaunce* here By courtly hands been dress'd, For Princes, from the chase of deer, Under green leaves to rest: Only some rose, yet lingering bright Beside thy casements lone, Tells where the Spirit of Delight Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet, minstrel-tale of harp and sword,

Yet, minstrel-tale of harp-and sword, And sovereign Beauty's lot. Honse of quenched light and silent board ! For me thou needest not. It is enough to know that here, Where thoughtfully I stand, Sorrow and Love, and Hope and Fear, Have link'd one kindred band.

Have link d one kindren band. Thou bindest me with mighty spells! A solemnizing breath, A presence all around thee dwells Of human life and death. I need not pluck yon garden-flower From where the wild weeds rise, To wake, with strange and sudden power, A thousand sympathies!

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou hearth, Deserted now by all! Voices at eve here met in mirth, Which eve may ne'er recal. Youth's buoyant step, and Woman's tone, And childhood's laughing glee. And song, and prayer, have well been known, Hearth of the dead! to thee.

Thearth of the dead i to thee. Thou hast heard blessings fondly pour'd Upon the infant head, As if in every fervent word The living soul was shed, Thou hast seen partings—such as bear The bloom from Life away— Alast for Love in changeful sir, Where nought beloved can stay ! Have, by the restless hed of Pain.

Where nought beloved can stay ! Here, by the restless bed of Pain, The vigil hath been kept. Till sunrise, bright with hope in vain, Burst forth on eyes that wept : Here hath been felt the hush, the gloom, The breachless influence shed, Through the dim dwelling, from the room Wherein reposed the dead. The seat left void, the missing face, Have here been mark'd and mourn'd; And Time hath filled the vacant place, And gladness hath return'd. Till from the narrowing household chain. The links dropp'd one by one: And homeward bather o'er the main Came the spring birds alone. Is there not cause then—cause for thought,

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