

My father paced the room, with downcast looks,

Sunk in the deepest avenues of thought,
Pond'ring o'er the fate of his departing child.
He now approach'd, and seized my hand,
exclaim'd,

"My son farewell—may heaven protect you;"
And then my little brothers—sisters—all
Flock'd round to bid their brother long adieu.
In dread suspense I paused twixt two intents;
Confus'd—still resolute—I left the house.

Oft have I since, when in the midnight watch,
'Tween life and death, and distant far at sea,
Oft have I thought with pleasure upon home.

How fickle human mind:—now I have left
That line of life which I had made a choice,
And come a wanderer, Oh Canada,
To seek a dwelling in thy dreary woods. W.

THE WATER-CRESS GIRL.

The spring, and playtime of the year,
That calls the unwonted villagers abroad—
to pluck
A cheap, but wholesome salad from the brook.
COWPER.

She leaves her bed, while yet the dew
Is sparkling on the flowers,
And ere Aurora's golden hue
Hath tinged the old church towers;
Ere yet the matin bell hath tolled—
Ere yet the flock hath left the fold—
Or the blithe lark his bower—
Before the shadowy mountain mist
By the first sunbeam hath been kissed.

Her way is o'er the dewy meads,
And by the violet dell,
Where the rough plank her footstep leads,
By the old haunted well;
And there she steps from stone to stone,
In the brooks gurgling waters thrown,
To where the cresses dwell;
And many a lily decks the scene
Where she presides, the Fairy Queen!

Ah, little would she blush to see,
The wave give back her face;
And her dark tresses wand'ring free,
In all their native grace;

No blight hath mowed her cheek's bright bloom,

No mark of care's depressing gloom,
On that smooth brow yet trace;
For love—false love—hath never yet,
His seal upon her young heart set.

Fair creature! I would wish that thou
Might'st pass thy life away,
E'en pure and tranquil as is now
The morning of thy day!
That Heaven may take thee 'neath its care,
And guard thy steps from every snare
In this world's dangerous way;
That Hope be thine, without its fears—
And Love, without his sighs and tears.

WRITTEN BY BISHOP HORNE WHITE,
STAYING AT AN INN.

The world is like an inn, for there
Men call, and storm, and drink, and swear,
While undisturb'd the Christian waits,
And reads, and writes, and meditates.
Tho' in the dark I oft times stray,
The Lord shall light me on the way;
And to the city of the sun
Conduct me when my journey's done.
There by these eyes shall he be seen
Who sojourn'd for me at an inn;
On Zion's hill I those shall hail
From whom I parted in the vale.
Why am I heavy, then, and sad,
When thoughts like these should make me glad?
Muse then no more on things below,
Arise, my soul, and let us go.

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