| POETRY, dc. <br> TO A SCHOOL-BOY-FROM HIS TEACHER. The sun in heaven is heaming bright On this thy natal day, On this thy natal day, And flinging fleods of rosy light On every object in his wiy <br> On every object in his way. He smites zpon the craggy ste ep, Whose sides are clothed in herbage green; <br> Wut canmot gild the valleys deep Whore shadows intervene. <br> Tis thus the lights of fancy gleam, And every gay delusive dream Is tinged with colours dipp'd in spring. <br> The hidden gulfs that lurk below, And every sigh that hope conceals, <br> the heart too soon must know. <br> Then, if thy destiny appear A॥ bright, while friends <br> Who kindly wateh the rising tear <br> That sparkles in thy meek blue eve- Oh! think how few such blessings share, <br> How many pass unloved, unknown; And bless the hand whose bounteons care, Thy path with flowers hath struwa. <br> But should the shades of grief and pain E'er cloud thy youthful sun, - <br> E'er cloud thy youthful sun,- Should Providence his gifts restrain, And change thy fortunes thus begu <br> And change thy fortunes thius be Ol \% may thy spirit never shrimk, The darkest path in life to dare; <br> ich heaven hath filled, to drink, what draught is there. <br> Dusen ashat draught is there. ace and virtue crown thy ways, - <br>  <br>  <br> May every bosom beat for thee As kindly as my own. <br> Beavir:- There is enmething in beauty, whe- <br> ther it dwells in the human face, in the pencilled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a foun- <br> tain, or that aspect which genus breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not <br> envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf withes or a flower fall without some sentiment <br> of regret. This tencer interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute <br> of becoming grief and affection; for nature in our adversities never deserts us. She even comes <br> more nearer to us in our sorrows, and leading us away from the paths of disappointrient and pain <br> into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have <br> been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and in harmony with a spirit of still better mirth, points to that home where decay and <br> A contemporary says, "It is a fact that the demand by the printers for the letter $q$ is so great, that the type-founders are doing nothing else butt casting for it way into print, that the printers have been out of their calculations, and the supply is not adequate to the demand. If, therefore, gentlemen happen to find themselves dubbed plain Mr. they will knew |
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