

Original.

IN DAYS TO COME.

In days to come—in unknown years,
Yet unexplored by time;
How many hopes, how many fears,
May strew this stormy clime:
Yet if at friendship's sacred shrine,
Our vows sincere we pay,
Full many a thornless flower shall twine
Around us on our way.

In days to come—the chilling blast,
Of base ingratitude,
May o'er our ruined threshold light,
In dark and morose mood;
Yet, oh! if virtue's smiling face,
And angel meim be there,
She'll drive it from its resting place,
In morbid despair.

Yet after all, the woes that crowd
Around us sternly here,
Have wasted like a morning cloud,
In clearer, purer air;
When age comes on if at the breast,
Religion's anchored fast;
We'll hail beyond a port of rest,
A happy home at last.

DONNA JULIA.

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

PRAYER.

Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the lush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Flung earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
And pray for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.

Thou for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach the throne of glory,
Of Mercy, Truth, and Love.

With this can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
When'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

ON SEEING AN INFANT PREPARED FOR THE GRAVE.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

Go to thy rest, my child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undisturbed,
With blessings on thy head:
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart had learned
To sorrow, and to stray,
Before thy young feet turned
The dark and downward way,
Ere sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight,
Shall love with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward wing detain?
No! Angel, seek thy place
Mid Heaven's cherished train.

DELIRIUM PETICOATUM.

Mr. Jeremiah Swipes entered an apothecary store a few nights since, with a pale, haggard and wo-begone countenance; and after three or four heavy sighs, asked a young man behind the counter if he had any 'poisons'?

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "we have a variety of poisons."

"Well—fill this 'ere bottle with laudanum—I'm sick—and want some poison. Oh! my heart."

The last ejaculation somewhat astounded the apothecary, and rather put him on his guard, for the wo-begone appearance of Jeremiah was well calculated to excite suspicion; he therefore filled the phial with colored water, and handed it to the customer. "Will this do the business," asked Swipes, shaking the mixture and looking volumes of despair. "I think it will," replied the young man, "I have never known it to fail yet, even in the most desperate cases of your complaint, which appears to be delirium peticoatum."

"Oh sir—I will take all, and here's a quarter of a dollar, adieu sir."

The young wag determining to see the effect of his new nostrum, followed the desperate lover through a number of streets, until they reached a rickety old building in Essex street, which had from time immemorial borne rather a doubtful character. Jeremiah knocked at the door, which was soon opened by a sturdy looking wench, who if she did not, as Byron has it, "walk in beauty's light"—at least walked in the light of a two cent candle, which she held rather gracelessly in her hand.

"Oh, Susan!" exclaimed Swipes, drawing his hand across his eyes, "I have come to bid you a long and last farewell: THIS 'ere bottle what I've got in my hand holds the stuff what will unite time and eternity. I told you, you treated me so cruelly, I meant to take poison."

"Take it and be hanged," replied Susan, snubbing up her nose, "but before you do I think you had better settle up your score with the widow for six weeks board and lodging; washing in the bargain."

"But Susan, you wont have me?"

"You? ha! ha! why I'd walk barefoot all the days of my life, and die in the almshouse, afore I'd have you."

"Then the think's settled," groaned Jeremiah, "behold the victim of your cruelty!"

Suiting the action to the word, he swallowed the contents of the phial, and lay down on the pavement as he expressed it, to sleep the sleep of death.

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