

in yours, to know once more that you love me,
and yet to say, 'I am content to die.' And a
smile, happy, triumphant, pure as that heaven she
spoke of, settled on her dying countenance.

Charles gazed on her for some minutes in
silence, fearful to interrupt a tranquillity so
beautiful; but the coldness of the hand he held
in his alarmed him, and he rose from his knee
beside her, saying he would shut the door, as the
evening was chill.

"The cold will not hurt me now, Charles," she
faintly replied; he felt his hand convulsively
grasped by hers, he heard one short deep sigh, and
he saw that she was no more. He saw by the
smile which still illumined her countenance that
her once erring but now purified spirit had fled to
its native home—but he felt his vanity had killed
the only thing he ever truly loved on Earth.

FUGITIVE VERSES

(TO FANNY.)

—
BY WILL.
—

I love thee, as the mourner loves
The beacon light of heaven,
When by the storms of cruel fate
His fragile bark is driven.

I love thee, as the fever'd one
The burst of morning's light,
As it chaseth, with the day-spring,
The long and sleepless night.

I love thee, as the prison'd soul,
The waiting angel's hand,
That guides its weary footsteps home
To the fair spirit land.

I love thee, as the thirsting flowers,
When the warm sun is high,
To watch the low'ring cloud appear
With weeping in its eye.

I love thee, as the lonely one
To droop her weary head
On the worn and aching bosom
Whence all her hopes have fled.

I love thee, as the sunlight loves
To drink the early dew,
As it decks the waking flowers
With drops of pearly hue.

I love thee, as the zephyrs love,
In the genial month of May,
To nestle 'mongst the green leaves
From the wanton glare of day.

I love thee, as the moonbeam loves
With silver tinted ray,
To sport among the violets
That by the streamlet play.

I love thee, as an aged one
The Gospel's joyful sound,
When the lamp of life is flitting fast,
And darkness gathers round.

I love thee, as the mountain streams,
Their leaping course to run,
With chilly spray careering,
Beneath a rayless sun.

I love thee, as the spring-time loves,
With balmy air serene,
To meet the summer solstice,
Its youth and age between.

I love thee, as the autumn loves
Its golden smiles to spread
Upon the changing verdure,
For winter's mantle shed.

I love thee, as the stars to peep
Through the rent passing cloud,
Like a fair lady's tiny feet,
From 'neath their silken shroud.

I love thee, as the poet loves
To ope the treasure'd store
Of fancy's rich dominion,
And count its jewels o'er.

I love thee, as the soul to hear,
"Be all thy sins forgiven!"
When the subtle chords that bind to earth,
By angel's wings are riven.

I love thee, as I love the grave,
Where Mary's ashes lay—
The deepest love that man may feel
For animated clay!

Montreal, August 23, 1849.

TO ONE DEPARTED.

Thou wast a portion of ethereal Air,
And hast returned to it. In thee was Fire
Fervid as Phœbus, fierce as my desire;
Earth lent its loveliness to make thee fair—
Water its sensuous essences; each had share
In thy creation. Starry were thine eyes—
(Would I had never seen such planets rise!)
Ruby thy lip and cheek, and debonaire
The midnight tempest of thy ebony hair:
The imperial swanliness that made thee move,
As if a deity possessed thy love,
Was worthy Dian, than thyself less fair,
But thou art gone: Earth, Air, Fire, Water, gave,
And took again:—I weep beside thy grave.