

## THE CASKET.

With a soft smile  
 And a low voice  
 And a look that  
 Said more than words

From the west horizon gleams,  
 Still crimson'd with the sun's last beams;  
 And fancy in the lingering light  
 With magic visions mocks the sight.

The world rolls on—away  
 To other climes now flies the day:  
 Thick thro' these pines the gloom descends,  
 Their lofty tops the night wind bends.

Does these some dark unearthly power  
 Oppress my spirits at this hour;  
 Or dimly in my startled sight,  
 Stands there some bold infernal spright,  
 Such as the murderer's pillow haunt,  
 With blood red eyes, and visage gaunt.

Ah no! the spell that o'er me throws  
 Its music over my spirit flows,  
 More softly than a flood of joy  
 Bursts on the soul without alloy,  
 When entering on a world of bliss  
 From the troubled scenes of this.

And ah! the form my fancy views,  
 Is lovelier than Bernesean hues,  
 When like fair glorious spirits of light  
 They flit away the verge of night.

But as the wild deer of the woods  
 When sporting near their favorite floods,  
 With curious eyes a moment stay  
 To gaze on you—then flee away;  
 So transient L \* \* \* is the joy  
 When thoughts of you my mind employ.

As the swift meteor's short lived light  
 Leaves deeper shades upon our sight;  
 So to my glowing fancy brought  
 With thy loved form, unasked, unsought,  
 The fates appear in dark array;  
 And all my golden dreams betray.

Nor need I a prophetic mind  
 To read my destiny unkind;  
 For have not thrice mine years been tried,  
 Has not each rolling year replied,  
 That each bright hope but plumes its way,  
 To quicken disappointment's sting.

Even thou, whose innate sense refined  
 With admiration filled my mind,  
 Perhaps by wayward fortune driven,  
 Shalt fall, (prevent it gracious heaven,)  
 A prey to some unfeeling one,  
 Whom kindness smiles in vain upon:

Whose form of bland desceptive kind  
 Enshrines a selfish brutish mind;  
 So strange the fates employ  
 To poison every earthly joy.

Is there a wretch whose countless crimes  
 Ask vengeance doubled seven times;  
 Great God! anow his native mould  
 And in his opening mind unfold  
 Ruds of sincerity—impart  
 To him a deeply feeling heart:  
 Give every generous impulse birth;  
 Place him thus forward upon the earth,  
 And ere he thirty courses run  
 With our swift orb around the sun,  
 Stern justice will in pity weep,  
 To see his slighted feelings sweep  
 Across the life chords of his heart;  
 And worse than hell's fierce pangs impart.

Mad with the scene impatience burns;  
 And reasons wavering influence spurns.  
 Oh! that you spangled stars would fly  
 In wild disorder through the sky;  
 And mingling tempests fiercely roll:  
 And sweep the earth from either pole.

High on some frowning rock I'd stand,  
 That overlooked the groaving land;  
 And laugh at the destroying wind,  
 So like the tempest in my mind;  
 Till by the furious whirlwinds caught  
 Thro' the fast dark'ning air I'd float,  
 Far in the o'ceans boiling wave,  
 When no human art could save:  
 Oh then the tossing deep would ouench  
 My burning thoughts—

But true to such ungoverned spicen,  
 Let me with candour view the scene;  
 And let not all my hopes and fears  
 Lie bound within a few short years.  
 Come, thou, that ever pointing stands  
 To future joys, and fairy lands  
 Come, Hope, no longer gild the toys,  
 That cheat me with untasted joys:  
 Leave this strange chaos to despair,  
 But lead me on to scenes more fair:  
 For thou, I know, canst truly tell  
 Where truth and generous spirits dwell:  
 Oh! firmly nerve my fainting heart  
 Thro' joyless life to bear my part.

Roll on then, Time, more swiftly roll,  
 More swiftly urge me to the goal;  
 Shake, thou, my limbs with age and pain  
 Since thou must make me young again:  
 For the last sigh that heaves this mortal  
 frame,  
 Shall fan my spirit to a brighter flame.

AN OLD JOKE IN A NEW DRESS.  
 "However you may snurr," says Ned,  
 "My friend's no fool—he has a head,"  
 "True!" says the other with a grin,  
 "He has a head—so has a pin."

## FOR THE CASKET.

FIRST LOVE'S IMMUTABILITY.  
 When first his torch lit up my soul,  
 Is down on Cupid's docket—  
 Since then my head is Passion's scroll;  
 My heart is Beauty's locker,  
 In which, with memory's jewels set,  
 Her likeness glows as fair  
 And fresh as when our eyes first met,  
 Oh, I remember where.

Beneath my native villago spire,  
 Where Habit's potent spell  
 Attracted many a dame and sire,  
 And Fashion many a belle—  
 There came the devil on two sticks,\*  
 Dress'd in a fair disguise;  
 And, imp! by fascinating tricks,  
 Caught me with Beauty's eyes.

I loved but once—I love but one,  
 To whom I'll constant prove—  
 But "deepest waters stillest run,"  
 And so it is in Love:  
 With silent vows and sighs suppress'd,  
 I cherish'd long her name,  
 And hoped she still might make me blest,  
 But dared not own my flame.

Since aye my tongue would faultier when  
 It pleas'd my poor behalf,  
 I chose an Aaron in my pen,  
 To introduce—a calf—  
 Myself, in ardent billet doux;  
 But when I sat me down,  
 By sheepish proxy thus to woo,  
 The Graces seem'd to frown.

Curs'd Diffidence! though wisdom's mark,  
 As sure the course of sorrow—  
 Only for thee, I had been spark,  
 And dared a grace to borrow.  
 I doubted till a bolder beau  
 By storm his suit had carried—  
 'Tis now too late my worth to show,  
 For they, alas! are married.

Did she not love? Ha! I suspect;  
 For once she eyed me kindly—  
 Perhaps upbraided my neglect:  
 "Coward, to doubt so blindly!"  
 Did I once ask and she refuse?  
 No—that my pride had bitten.  
 Well, I must wait her husband's shoes,  
 If not his widow's mitten.

HEIGH-HO.

## TIME.

"Unfathomable sea! whose waves and years:  
 Ocean of time, whose waters of deep woe  
 Are brackish with the salt of human tears."

\*A new name for the god of love.

## THE CANADIAN CASKET

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