

## POETRY.

## I THOUGHT IT SLEPT.

I saw the infant cherub—soft it lay,  
As it was wont, within its cradle, now  
Deck'd with sweet-smelling flowers. A

sight so strange

Fill'd my young breast with wonder, and I  
gazed

Upon the babe the more. I thought it slept,  
And yet its bosom did not move!

I bent me down to look into its eyes,  
But they were closed; then, softly clasp'd its  
hand.

But mine it would not clasp. What should I  
do?

“Wake, sister, wake!” I then, impatient,  
cried,

“Open thine eyes, and look on me again!”  
She would not hear my voice, All pale,  
beside,

My weeping mother sat, “and gazed, and  
look'd

Unutterable things.” “Will she not wake?”  
I eager ask'd: she answer'd but with tears.  
Her eyes on me, at length, with piteous  
look

Were cast—now on the babe once more were  
fix'd—

And now on me; then, with convulsive sigh  
And throbbing heart, she clasped me in her  
arms,

And, in a tone of anguish, faintly said,  
“My dearest child, thy sister does not sleep!  
Alas, she's dead! she never will awake.”  
She's dead! I knew not what it meant; but  
more

To know I sought not. For the word so sad—  
“She never will awake”—sunk in my soul;  
I felt a pang unknown before, and tears,  
That angels might have shed, my heart dis-  
solved.

From the Token and Atlantic Souvenir for  
1836.

## THE BRIDE.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

I came, but she was gone.  
There lay her lute  
Just as she touch'd it last, at the soft hour  
Of summer twilight, when the woodbine cups,  
Filling with deeper fragrance, fondly press'd  
Through the rais'd casement, uttering tender  
thanks  
To her who train'd them. On her favorite  
seat  
Still lay her work box open, and the book

That last she read, and careless near its page  
A note, whose cover her slight pen had traced  
With lines unconscious, while her lover spake  
That dialect which brings forgetfulness  
Of all beside, It was the pleasant home  
Where from her childhood she had been the  
star  
Of hope and joy.

I came, and she was gone.  
For this I knew, for I remember'd well  
Her parting look, when from the altar led,  
With silvery veil, but slightly swept aside,  
How the young rosé leaf deepen'd on her  
cheek,

And on her brow a solemn beauty sat,  
Like one who gives a priceless gift away,  
And there was silence. “Mid that stranger  
throng,  
Even strangers, and the hard of heart, did  
draw  
Their breath suppress, to see the mother's  
lip

Turn ghastly pale, and the tall stately sire  
Bow with a secret sorrow, as he gave  
His darling to an untried guardianship.  
And to a far off clime. Perchance his thought  
Travers'd the moss grown prairies, and the  
shores

Of the cold lakes—or those o'erhanging cliffs  
And mighty mountain tops, that rose 'o'er  
Her log reared mansion from the anxious eye  
Of kindred and of friends

Even triflers felt  
How strong and beautiful is woman's love,  
That, taking in its hand the joys of home,  
The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,  
Yea, and its own life also, lays them all  
Meek and unbleaching on a mortal's breast,  
Reserving nought, save that unspoken hope  
Which hath its root in God.

Mock not with mirth  
A scene like this.—ye laughter loving ones—  
Hence with the hackney'd jest! The dancer's  
heel—  
What doth it here?

Joys serious and sublime  
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,  
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand  
Fresh from its young flower-gathering, giveth  
eth on  
That harness, which the minister of death  
Alone unlooseth—and whose power doth aid  
Or mar the journey of the soul to Heaven

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