

Hours fraught with bliss, and radiant with the hues
Of love's angelic wing. Still h thou bless,
Thou in thy youthful loveliness, a heart
Worthy the boon of thine,—a household hearth,
Where meet in holy concord, truth, and love,
Fond hope, and charity, a band divine.

RUTH.

Ah, never mother! death the buds hath nipt
Of all my promised hopes,—of thine and mine,—
And left me but the joy of clinging still
With constant love to thee, mother of him,
For whose dear sake, I fain henceforth would yield
A daughter's care to thy declining years—
Striving to soothe with fond and duteous love,
That wasting grief, whose sharp and cankerous tooth
Doth eat into thy heart, sapping its life,
Like the envenomed serpent's fatal sting,
With poison fraught and death.

NAOMI.

My child, my child,
Such love as thine, such truth, such gentleness,
A cordial brings, soothing as Gilead's balm,
E'en to deep wounds like mine. One ray of joy
Would gleam athwart my path, wert thou to tread
Still by my side along the darksome way.
But, can I bear thee from thy father land,
Thy childhood's home, thy parents' fond embrace?
Thou who wert grafted on my vigorous stock,
Only to share the sad and bitter doom,
That sudden fell on the green leafy crown
Of my bright joys, searing its glory,
As the forest oak shrinks and is shrivelled,
When the lightning hurls its forked darts,
Against the giant trunk. Ah no, ah no!
Lonely and sad I'll tread my lonely way,—
Bereft and desolate will seek the soil,
Pressed by my feet, when life and love were new,
And hope with syren whisper, told of years,
Long sunny years, linked by the golden chain
Of ceaseless joy. Dear child, again farewell,—
Thy sister has departed,—go thou too,
Back to thy kindred, and thy husband's grave,
Back to the sheltering home where thy young soul,
Expanded first in warm affection's ray,
Like a fair flower that to the genial sun,
Its bosom opes, mottled with living gold.
There dwell in peace,—and may my father's God,
Crown thee with blessings, for the quenchless love,
Thou bear'st to me, the lonely, the bereaved,
And erst did show to those we mourn, our lost,
Lamented ones.

RUTH.

Mother, entreat me not!
Friends, country, gods, I quit them all for thee!
Bid me not leave thee—ask me not to cease
From following thy sad steps,—for where thou goest,
Thither will I go, and where thou lodgest,

I will make my bed. Thy people shall be mine,
And to thy God, my willing knee shall bend
In daily prayer,—in blessings for thy love.
Where thou shalt die, there will I wait my doom,
And the green turf that decks thy lonely grave,
Within its breast, shall shroud my cold remains.
Thus will I cleave to thee while life endures,—
Should aught but death divide me from thy side,
Or make me faithless to the vow now pledged,
May God so deal with me, as I have dealt
Falsely with thee, mother, beloved and kind.

NAOMI.

Daughter most dear, I will not cast away
A pearl of price, and such thy constant love;
Nay, far more precious than the richest gem
A heart like thine. It binds me still to life,
As its fine issues, stream like golden rays
Of parting sun-light, on my darkened soul.
So let us forth,—the eye that never sleeps
Will guard our steps. In God be all our trust.
Montreal, January 19.

ENGLISH HABITS.

THERE is scarcely a more pleasing sight, particularly in these days of luxury and self-indulgence, than that of a young man, who in London is a complete *petit maître*, devoted to every description of false and effeminate pleasure, discarding all his frippery, and in his shooting-jacket, thick shoes, and rough gaiters, walking forth as sturdily into the stubble-field or tangled coppice, as if his feet had never trod the carpeted saloons of Crockford's, or he had never breathed the perfumed air of a boudoir or opera-box. We may suppose this excessive fondness for the sports of the field, among the higher classes of the English, has at least a salutary effect on the national character; inasmuch as the manliness it inculcates and encourages, one half of the year, is a powerful counterbalance to the enervating and trivial pursuits of the other. This may partially account for some peculiar characteristics of those whom we may call, *par excellence*, English gentlemen: I mean that union of personal elegance, with a hardihood and contempt of fatigue, not exceeded by the poorest labourer; a robustness of frame, with extreme delicacy of idea; and a deep insight into the Sybarite's science of good living and luxurious enjoyment, with the simple manners and healthful constitution of a peasant.

PROVERBS FROM THE ITALIAN.

FRIENDSHIPS are cheap, when they are to be bought by pulling off your hat.

There are a great many asses without long ears.
He who gives fair words feeds you with an empty spoon.

Show not to all the bottom either of your purse or of your mind.