

(For the Maple Leaf.

SONNET.

JUDITH

"The beautiful Widow of Manasseh."

O thou brave woman's heart, that beats so high
 With inborn nobleness, a giant stay,
 Whose aid thy feebler warriors well might pray;
 Though they were Titan's sons, whose arms outvie
 The mythic gods of Saturn's warlike sky.
 Bold as the Persians, dauntless as the Medes,
 Yet weak as infants, when thou doff'd thy weeds,
 And dared the hosts of Assur's chivalry.
 Thou valiant one, who on Bethelid's plains
 Turned firmly to thy God, and sought that He
 Would move thy woman arm to clear the chains,
 And let its kindred, the oppressed go free,
 Hector himself would quail beneath thine eye—
 And memory loves thy name, fair Merari.

PERGOLUS.

July, 1854.



{Written for the "Maple Leaf,"

"I LOVE GOD, AND EVERYBODY, AND EVERYTHING THAT GOD HAS MADE."

A TRUE INCIDENT.

An aged man lay on his death-bed. For many wearisome days and months that bed had been his home. Through the long days of the sultry Summer he was there—unable to rise and go forth in the glad sunshine, and to the green forests that he loved so well. True, loving hands cooled his fevered brow, and moistened his parched lips. The gentle tones of affection greeted his ear, and sought to cheer the weariness of the sick chamber. The youngest and loveliest of his household band, forgot not to bring to her father's pillow the wild flowers which, in health, he had with so much delight made his study; but it was not, after all, like gathering them in their forest home, with his own hand. As the curtains at evening were drawn aside to admit the fresh breeze to the couch of suffering, how often had he longed to go forth again—once more to walk erect in health and strength—again to visit his loved haunts, and, more than all, to engage again in his much