

[ORIGINAL.]

HOPE AND PLEASURE.

Fair pleasure's winning smiles oft steal,
The cares of life away,
And 'neath gay gilded clouds conceal,
Death's dark and low'ring day;
Yet, rosy pleasure's hours can tempt,
To tread their flowery ways,
The young, the old—none are exempt,
From scorching at their blaze.

All, all by times her power must feel,
Yet often those who seem,
Within her gayest rings to wheel,
Start as from some sad dream!
They feel that sorrow haunts them still,
Even while around them plays,
The brightest joys life doth dispel,
Bright beauty's brilliant rays.

For deep deep hidden is the heart,
That's crushed, neath broken thought,
And few are they who know the art,
That school men's rules ne'er taught;
To read upon the open brow,
Or in the listless eye:
The burning thoughts that within flow,
While all without seems joy!!

Yet fewer still are they who show,
Compassion for the blind,
That melts not, for fair fancy's glow,
Or shrubs its scorching wind,
Which shrinks as from the Simoom's blast,
For pleasures' balmy breeze;
To feed on sorrows long long past,
Or mourn lifes destinies.

For often thus the fondest heart,
The merriest to the eye,
In secret feels grief's madd'ning smart,
While pleasure's flitting by;
And to the thoughtless, untroubled gaze,
Seems decking it with glee,
But could we read thoughts wild'ring mass,
We'd crave oblivion's sea.

Aye crave with earnest heart-felt prayer,
To be gulf'd in that gloom,
Which shrinks from earth and earthly care,
The inmates of the tomb;
Would it but banish from the mind,
Thought's ever gnawing worm,
Or free us from the withering wind,
Of deep remorse's storm.

And oh what earthly power can stay,
Its ever rushing stream,
What magic wand produce a day,
To break thoughts' doleful dream?
Is there a power an earthly gift;
Dares with remorse to cope?
A wretched mind from gloom can lift
There is a power—'tis Hope!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

1859.

A FAITHFUL DOG.—The Washington Telegraph gives the following anecdote of a dog in that city: A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman with whom we are acquainted, was sent a few days since to a neighbouring house for a garment that had been left there by her mother. The two houses were within a few of each other, a common intervening. On entering the garden of the house to which she had been sent, she was attacked by three dogs, and thrown down; her clothes were torn, and one of the animals seized her by the foot. At her home there was a big, good-natured dog, who had never manifested any other positive qualities than a good appetite. But he seemed to have apprehended the danger the child was approaching; his bark had followed her, and on the first intimation of the attack, he bounded forward, reached the scene of the scene in time to rescue the child, and sent her assailants away howling. As she entered the house he forced his way in beside her; and when the lady attempted to send her the article for which she had been sent, he sprang between them; and in no other way could the child procure it than by taking it up from where it had been laid after the family had left the room. When she departed, the dog took his position between her and all possible assailants; and as she emerged from the premises, he took his place behind her, and followed closely, and with a defiant air, until she had regained her own home, when he threw himself down at the threshold, with his face towards the theatre of his last exploit, and relapsed into his accustomed reverie.

TOO TRUE.—One man through poverty and misfortune fails to pay a twenty-five dollar debt at the time promised. The community are shocked at such conduct and mark him. Another man deliberately lays his hands and fails for thousands, putting his property into the hands of some friends and cheating all his creditors both rich and poor. His failure is not so serious a matter.

AN ANGEL BY THE HEARTH.

They tell me unseen spirits
Around about us glide,
Beside the stilly waters,
Our erring footsteps guide;
'Tis pleasant thus believing
Their ministry on earth
To know an angel sitteth
This moment by my hearth.

If false lights, on life's waters,
To wreck my soul appear,
With finger upward pointing,
She turns me with a tear;
'Twere base to alight the warning,
And count it little worth,
Of her the loving angel
That sitteth by my hearth.

She wins me with caresses
From passion's dark defiles;
She guides me when I falter,
And strengthens me with smiles.
It may be unseen angels
Beside me journey forth,
I know that one is sitting
This moment by my hearth.

A loving wife. O brothers,
An angel hovers below;
Alas, your eyes are holden
'Too often till they go;
Ye upward look while grieving,
When they have passed from earth.
O cherish well those sitting
This moment by the hearth!

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

SPRING.

BY MRS. M. F. H. THOMAS.

Spring, glorious Spring, is opening the "treasure house" of the year; and "bringing out things new and old," to decorate our earthly temple. I always loved spring. Not that winter was unpleasant to me; nor merely for its beauty, though the soul which retains the impress of its Maker, must love the beautiful; for God's nature is beauty and love. Love, oh! that it is which gives spring its great charm. The cold blasts of winter, which swept by, freezing and palsyng the great heart of vegetative life; hushing the voice of gushing waters; stopping their playful gambols, which made earth so cheery; driving sweet song birds to other climes, and binding in silent death universal creation—silent save the sighing of winds, and the hoarse moan of the frost wreathed forest. All this is saddening; for who can feel without an effort, that nature does not really suffer like human beings, in this universal eclipse and death.

It is saddening; but the spell of that sadness is quickly broken by reason, which tells us that there is in nature, no real death or suffering; that

"Change is the life of nature; and the hour
When blight and storm recal lone autumn home,
That hour the seeds of life within she bears."

which sleep but for a season, to make their resuscitation more welcome and beautiful, by the wholesome change. But there are sad thoughts connected with winter, which grow more sorrowful upon reflection—thoughts of real suffering and human ills, during the inclement season of frosts and snow. The miserable hovel, where the haggard children of want, shiver over the waning fire. Old age destitute, homeless, or cowering in some wretched shelter, sickness aggravated by constant exposure to its chills; and suffering childhood—oh that is the saddest, to think that the young heart should so early learn the gloomy lesson, that all earthly is fraught with ill.

Gentle spring comes; and the balmy south wind breathes over the earth. The genial warmth is raiment to the ill clad child of want; and makes the broad earth, in open air, a home for the homeless—a home more beautiful than the palaces of kings—carpeted with fabrics more highly wrought, and more richly colored, than all the products of eastern looms. Embroidered with flowers, art can only roughly imitate, with dancing fountains, bright cascades, leafy isles, and stately columns of forest trees, enlivened by sweet and varied music, and such a ceiling—the great, glorious, unpillared arch of heaven. Even starvation half forgets its pangs, in the satiety of other wants.

Spring can heal the sufferings of the physical man, but woe to the mental. For that, as yet, comes no glad spring. The dark winter of despotism, last through this genial season. Suffering millions, groaning beneath

its iron hand, find no alleviation in this time of beauty and love. We rejoice for ourselves; but we weep for our eastern brethren. Europe is hushed in deeper calmness—a more fearful spell, than that of winter,—the silence of mortal terror. Tyrants "sitting in the place of God, rob him of his right—the free will offering of humanity. Oppression, famine, suffering, death, reign over that doomed land, changing the voice of joy—spring's heritage, to the wail of woe; the stifled imprecation, or the silence of despair. We have watched, hoped, and prayed, that the spring time of renovated liberty, might have dawned, ere this, in that unhappy clime; but every mail brings tidings, that those chains grow firmer; and their iron pressure seems fast crushing out the life blood of freedom and justice. Yet still we have faith. Did we, a few weeks since, when spring delayed her expected coming so long; when winter seemed to renew his energy, and frost, snow, and blighting cold came, instead of the usual warm sunshine, and refreshing showers of April; did any doubt that the time of buds, flowers, and ripened fruit, would come? Did any fear, that winter would last forever? No, the most timid dreamed of no such thing; for all know that God had so constituted nature, that it was impossible. Even so the earnest student of humanity, fears not for the eventual triumph of freedom and right; though he may mourn that the advent of that peaceful reign, is so long delayed. Humanity as a whole cannot retrograde. Her destiny is progress—eternal progress; and woe to him whose puny arm essays to annul God's ordinance. Though he triumph for a while, he is but making more fearful the hour of retribution. Each act of oppression, while it adds fresh horrors to the conflict—pangs to the new birth of humanity, hastens its coming. But while with awe we wait its advent; let us not neglect the preparations, which can prepare us as a nation, to stand, unabashed, in the full light of that glorious day of perfect justice, and above all, remember that the reformation of the mass, can be effected only by reforming the individuals which compose it, and that we, ourselves, are reckoned among them.

Brookline, April 25th 1852.

A GOOD STORY.

The following excellent story is told of Mr. Sheaf, a grocer, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire:

It appears that a man had purchased some wool of him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheaf had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass, which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly, and rebuking the man for his theft, as another would, thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then, under the pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on his horse for him, took hold of it—he exclaimed—

"Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."

"Oh no," said the other, "you may be sure you have not for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute the matter, it is so easily tried," said Mr. S., putting the bag into the scales again. "There," said he, "I told you so—knew I was right—made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however if you don't want the whole you needn't have it, I'll take part of it out."

"No, no," said the other staying the hands of Mr. S. on their way to the strings of the bag, "I guess I will take the whole."

And this he did, paying for dishonesty by receiving the skin milk cheese for the price of wool.

A NUTTY FLAVORED ANECDOTE.—Meddling with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of a church made "bad worse." A young fellow entered the church and took his seat with his hat on. An elder noticing it, stepped up and requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he came to the young man a second time, and seeing he still persisted, the elder getting tired of it, when to his (the elder's) chagrin, he raised a quart of shavings on the floor, making a great noise than was consistent with the rules of the church.

"Man," quietly responded the youngster, looking composedly, "see what you have done."—*Banker Blade.*