

THE

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## TRUE LOVE.

BY MARY HOWIT.

There are furrows on thy brow, wife,  
Thy hair is thin and gray,  
And the light that once was in thine eye  
Hath sorrow stol'n away.  
Thou art no longer fair, wife,  
The rose hath left thy cheek,  
And thy once firm and graceful form  
Is wasted now and weak.

But thy heart is just as warm, wife,  
As when we first were wed;  
As when thy merry eye was bright,  
And thy smooth cheek was red.  
Ah! that was long ago, wife,  
We thought not then of care:  
We then were spendthrifts of our joy—  
But now have none to spare!

Well, well, dost thou remember, wife,  
The little child we laid,  
The three years' darling, fair and pure,  
Beneath the yew tree shade;  
The worth from life was gone, wife,  
W. said with foolish tongue,—  
But we've blessed since the Chastener  
That took that child so young!

There was John, thy boast and pride, wife,  
Who lived to manhood's prime—  
Would God I could have died for him,  
Who died before his time!  
There is Jane, thy second self, wife,  
A thing of sin and shame,—  
Our poorest neighbours pity us,  
When they but hear her name.

Yet she's thy child and mine, wife,  
I nursed her on my knee,  
And the evil, woeful ways she took,  
Were never taught by thee.  
We were proud of her fair face, wife,  
And I have tamely stood,  
And not avenged her downfall  
In her betrayer's blood!

I had such evil thoughts, wife,  
I cursed him to his face:  
But he was rich and I was poor,  
The rich know not disgrace!  
The gallows would have had me, wife,  
For that I did not care!  
The only thing that saved my life  
Were thoughts of thy despair.

There's something in thy face, wife,  
That calms my maddened brain;  
Thy furrowed brow, thy hollow eye,  
Thy look of patient pain;  
Thy lips that never smile, wife;  
Thy bloodless cheeks and wan;  
Thy form which once was beautiful,  
Whose beauty now is gone.

Oh, these they tell such tales, wife,  
They fill my eyes with tears;  
We have borne so much together  
Through those long thirty years,

That I will meekly bear, wife,  
What God appointeth here;  
Nor add to thy o'erflowing cup  
Another bitter tear!

Let the betrayer live, wife;  
Be this our only prayer,  
That grief may send our prodigal  
Back to the Father's care!  
Give me thy faithful hand, wife—  
Oh, God, who reign'st above,  
We blest thee in our misery,  
For one sure solace—love!

## IRELAND.

Homes of England fair and bright,  
Radiant in the hearth-fire's light,  
Full of mirthful voice and jest,  
Loving look and peaceful breast;  
Pause and hear the distant cry,  
Full of starving agony!  
Deep it swells, oh, hark awhile,  
Hush the mirth, and check the smile!

Mother, midst thy children band,  
Turn a thought to yonder land,  
Where the young sweet voices cry,  
"Give us bread or we shall die;"  
Where the rosy cheek grows pale,  
And the dancing footsteps fail.  
Mother, midst thy calm repose,  
Think awhile on Ireland's woes!

Father, with thy glance of pride,  
All thy loved ones by thy side,  
Plenty smiling on thy way,  
Be, oh be, the poor man's stay;  
Bid the dying one look up;  
That will bless thy board and cup;  
Think of him who loves like you,  
With his starving ones in view!

Ye who have the glittering dust,  
Stewards for your God, be just;  
Give a portion, hear the cry,  
'Tis thy brother's agony;  
Turn not from it, lest at last  
Judgment should on thee be past:  
"Since ye did it not for me,  
Faithless, from my presence flee!"  
Christian, in a land of light,  
Throw some beams o'er sorrow's night;  
Live not for thyself alone;  
Jesus left for thee a throne;  
Rouse thee, and with liberal hand,  
Send some help to yonder land;  
That they all may look and see,  
God's own image bright in thee.

—Patriot.

## THE REVELATIONS OF ASTRONOMY.

(Continued from North British Review.)

The first great comet of modern times was that which excited so much notice in London in the month of December, 1680. It continued visible for four months. Its tail was 120 millions of miles long. Its distance from the sun, when greatest, was