

For the Calliopean.

GRIEVE NOT.

BY RUSTICUS.

GRIEVE not in sorrow's day,
Joys yet shall find thee;
Pine not thy soul away,
Earth may not bind thee!
Never yet gloomy night
Staid till the morrow;
Never the morning light
Tarried for sorrow.

Grieve not for pleasures past;
Hopes now are dearer—
Hast thou thine anchor cast?
Heav'n then is nearer!
Float down the stream of time—
Waves shall not whelm—
Steer for the land sublime—
Who's at thy helm?

Grieve not when love is laid
Low in the dust—
Mark ye yon grassy blade;
Heav'n is its trust!
Meekly it looks above—
Drinks in the dew—
Basks in the rays of love—
Why may not you?

Grieve not, because thy heart
Torn is, and dreary—
Drink where the streams impart
Balm to the weary.
Grieve not, where grief is vain—
Dwell not with sorrow—
Make fast thine anchor chain!
Wait for the morrow!

St. George, Dumfries.

For the Calliopean.

SYMPATHY.

"A solitary blessing few can find;
Our joys with those we love are intertwined;
And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the friend he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own."

BEAUTIFUL, and true! How wise and benevolent the Being who has thus constituted us. From this innate capability of sympathizing with his fellow-creatures, man derives his most refined and soul-purifying sources of happiness. Its tendency is to enlarge and free the heart from selfishness—that bane of earthly joys—and to institute in its place, heaven's own gem—a noble generosity.

How important that this power of participating in the feelings of others should be cultivated. Without it, all is misery. Man's spirit withers and dies, when assailed by Sorrow's blighting hand, unless supported by the kindness and love of some sympathizing friend; nay, even his very joys are as nothing, unless some kindred spirit share them. So intuitively is this feeling interwoven with man's nature, that, from the first dawns of infancy, he seeks, like the clinging ivy, for some object around which to entwine his affections.

But these generous overflowings of the heart are not confined here in their influences; not only do they tend to soften the asperities of this life, but they are the incentives of a higher hope, and in them may be traced those inward longings of the soul, which lead men to seek a friend in God—to aspire after the Deity.

ADELINE.

For the Calliopean.

Rambles in Canadian Botany.

MAN is a creature fond of change, and God has so arranged the material world, that he has no reason to complain of monotony. The seasons are continually changing, yet their order is always the same. Winter, Spring, Summer, and Autumn succeed each other in regular rotation, and each brings a change for the pleasure of man. When Winter has whistled around us, and has braced the husbandman for the toils of the field; then comes gentle Spring with her flowery train, and after her Summer with her balmy breezes.

Let us take a glance at some of the flowers that adorn the train of the Seasons, as they appear in our Canadian wilds. The first that raises its head from the lap of its mother, is the *Hevetica tribola*, or noble Liverwort, with its flower of white, pink, and blue. After it comes a host of *Erythroniums*, *Sanguinarias*, and *Trilliums*, with the delicate carrot-leaved *Fumaria*, and the pink flowers of the little *Claytonia*, the roots of which have been mentioned in some European papers as a substitute for potatoes. They are little bulbs, not larger than peas, and I fear that they would hardly supply the wants of the sons of the Emerald Isle. The first shrub that puts forth its flowers is the *Dirca palustris*, or Leather-wood, well known by the tenaciousness of its bark, which was used by the Indians for thread. These can be seen by any one who walks in our Maple woods about the end of April or the beginning of May. The *Jeffersonia diphylla*, and *Epigaea repens*, or Trailing Arbutus, flower about the same time as the former, but are not so easily found.

In May, the Pine forests are carpeted with the red flowers of the *Polygala paucifolia*, a little plant of rare beauty, the white tufted *Convallaria borealis*, or Lily of the Valley, the *Gaultheria procumbens*, and the creeping *Linnaea borealis*—a plant named by Gronovius after the far-famed Linnaeus, who discovered it in the wilds of Lapland. It is now found in Scotland, Germany, and in our continent extending to the arctic regions. Unchanged by the vicissitudes of climate, it presents the same characteristics, whether in the wilds of Europe, or in the dark forest shades of America. "In every system of Botany it stands alone, not being allied to any other genus."

Towards the end of May and the beginning of June, our plains are ornamented with the orange flowers of the *Bartsia* and the scarlet tufts of the *Bartsia coccinea*. The meek yellow flowers of the grassy *Hypoxis*, and the *Polygala senega*, far-famed for the bite of the rattlesnake, also abound. Our ponds are covered with the floating leaves of the *Nuphar lutea*, and the large white flowers of the *Nymphaea alba*, each a species of the Water-lily. Their margins are hedged round with the *Andromeda polyfolia*, a shrub named by Linnaeus, who found a lonely plant of it growing on a rock in Lapland, and called it after Andromeda. In the same locality as the former, the *Kalmia angustifolia*, or American Laurel, and the *Ledum palustre*, or Labrador tea, a shrub that stands the icy winters of Greenland, may also be found. The most wonderful of all our Canadian plants is the *Sarracenia purpurea*, or Side-saddle-flower, named thus in memory of its discoverer, Dr. Sarrazen of Quebec, and blooming in June. Its leaf, filled with water and supported by spagnum, a soft kind of moss, proves a grave to all insects that have the misfortune to enter its tube. Near it, the *Calopogon pulchellus*, and its sister *Arcthusa*, shoot up and flower. The *Calopogon* is a plant of remarkable beauty, not surpassed by any flowers of the garden.

These are a few, and but a few of the beauties which a benevolent Creator has scattered around, that man may enjoy some of those innocent pleasures, which he had, when he was a guileless being and conversed with his Maker amid the myrtle groves and flowery walks of the Garden of Eden. Every thing that comes from God deserves the attention of man. I hope, then, that those, who are sometimes called "the stars of creation," will not think it beneath their dignity to attend to the sister luminaries that twinkle at their feet. He, who made the universe, said, "Consider the lilies, how they grow," &c. It is the same Being who opens "the eyelids of the morning and the corolla of a flower." From these considerations, I hope that many of our