

Love me with all thy sweetness  
And cast forth into the night,  
The joyless thought within my soul,  
Verbal spirit of Light!

Montreal, April, 1863.

J. G. ASCHEB.

### THE RETURN.

See o'er yon oaks, those ruin'd walls  
Speak of days long forgot;  
Yet there is one who dreams them o'er,  
He owns a waud'rer's lot.  
With heavy eye, by tears obscur'd  
He scans the reeling tow'r:  
Oh! thousand days of happiness—  
Could he recall one hour!

Slowly he climbs the winding path,  
Lingering near the groves,  
Where steals as silv'ry filament,  
The brook he dreads—yet loves.  
'Twas here the fatal sword he drew:  
His friend had fallen here.  
Hate vanish'd with that mortal blow—  
Now friendship claims a tear!

See, how that sore oppressed heart  
A fond emotion sways!  
'Twas here, her love was pledg'd to him,  
In bless'd and happy days.  
Hark, hark! what long remember'd voice  
Now calls in murmur'ing tones?  
Oh! would it were her voice again—  
'Tis but the Brook who moans!

Oh, Wanderer, how chang'd the scene!  
Thou, too, how alter'd now!  
Friends, youth, and home, all past away—  
A stranger here art thou!  
'Tis thus that passions of an hour  
The fairest life may blast,  
When erring Honor stoops to crime,  
Tho' Justice weep o'ercast.

Montreal, May, 1863.

A. E. P.

### THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH—IN HEAVEN.

There shall be no more fading of the flowers,  
No Autumn winds shall lay the beauty low;  
There shall be no more death of joy-winged hours,  
No burial of hope, as here below.

Love shall not die, where all is living love;  
There the heart grows not strange, or weak, or cold;  
For grief's wild blast shall blow no more above;  
There friends we cling to, fade not—wax not old.

There is not heard the stealthy step of him  
Who placing icy hand on heart and brain,  
Makes the old landscape of our life-ray dim,  
And wings the spirit from its home of pain.

There shall be no more death! Not then as now,  
Will be the nameless shudder—the regret  
Of bearing sin's deep stain upon the brow—  
Death's warrant for the deed he stays as yet!

A glorious life, untinged by thought of death!  
Then shall we live when once that bourne is ours,  
Where fell disease ne'er stops the labouring breath—  
Life, happy life—amid the unfading flowers!

## SCIENCE.

### The wonders of the Heavens.

(Lecture delivered in the College of Lachute, Feb., 1863.)

Many are the subjects with which man meddles, and on which he exercises his mind. He has his subjects of art and subjects of

science; subjects taken from the world around him, and many from worlds above him,—subjects terrestrial and subjects celestial; subjects relating to time, and subjects pointing to eternity. Some of these lie within the grasp of his mind; if others, he can never give but a twilight view; and of how many does he try to say something, of whose truths and verities he actually knows nothing. Yet of all how many have an improving and an intellectualizing effect, when rightly handled—giving the mind of man a higher mould, character and cast?—Few have not their wonders—and not a few are all wonders together; and of which the one selected for your entertainment, ranks high. Of all the subjects with which man deals, that which directs his mind to, and opens up to it, the high sublimities of creation, is one of the most interesting and attractive,—tending much to give the mind an elevated tone, and foster exalted thoughts of Him who created the heavens—and by a word brought their hosts into being. To some of these wonders, let our attention for a little be directed.

It is night. A while ago the sun tinged the western horizon with his last golden beams, and sank to rest behind the distant hills. Earth has drawn round her the sable robe of darkness. The hum of the busy-on-going world is silenced—nature is hushed to repose. Darkness reigns around. Day has its peculiar charms: so has night. Day shows us earth; night reveals to us the heavens. Day declares the greatness of our world; night, the *majesty and immensity* of the Creator's universe. Day awakens the harmonies of earth; night the music of the spheres. We cannot look upon the glittering bosom of the heavens, without being beguiled into meditation on its wonders. It is true the great mass of mankind, are *indifferent* to the charms of these scenes. The greater number of observers see nothing but a vast canopy mantling the globe, sparkling with brilliant atoms. To them it is a scene of only gay and gorgeous confusion, in which no law can be recognized,—a fitting dome, perhaps, for so noble a temple as earth, or a pavement for heaven.

They look upon the stars simply as jewels of light set in a framework of ebony; they can see no end answered in their existence, at all commensurate with the magnitude and extent of the *agency* employed: there is not a *tithe* of the beauty in their conceptions that characterised those of the child, who described the stars as "*eyelid holes* in heaven, to let the glory through." And the most imaginative of such gazers would not say with Carlyle that they are "*street lamps* to the city of God" or halting places in the path to heaven."

Many there are who are neither uneducated nor thoughtless, and who could give expression to a multitude of bright imaginings, and lovely thoughts about the heavens, who could not give a lucid explanation of the *simplest laws* by which the revolutions of the orbs of heaven are directed; who could not *tell* whether the stars move or are in a fixed position, whether they change their relation to one another, whether they rise or not, whether the same clusters are displayed in summer as in winter.—But one who has paid a very moderate degree of attention to the revelations of astronomy, contemplates such a scene with a new order of interest: yes, even he who is not a professional *student* of the science. In those seemingly promiscuous assemblages of twinkling stars, he will be enabled to trace regularity and harmony, where the ignorance of the untutored, or the folly and faithlessness of the sceptic, can see only the fortuitous dispositions and arrangements of chance, he can find the links of the most consummate design as

..... Gloves wheel round,  
Each drawing each, yet all still found  
In one eternal system bound,  
*One order to fulfil!*"

and when he has traced the intermingled threads of the warp and woof that compose the texture of the shady mantle, started all over, when he has seen the modes of operation of combined and conflicting forces to produce a harmonious result, and when at length, the line of rigid demonstration fails him, a reasonable analogy takes the helm and he is guided into new fields of inquiry, on which he may expatiate; and thus engaged in a tour of observation over the wonderful works of God, his conceptions of the wisdom, power and goodness of the Great parent and preserver of the universe continually expand, till overwhelmed by the variety and sublimity of the objects of his contemplation, he sinks down in the consciousness of his own littleness, and seeks repose to his wearied faculties, in the homage of silent adoration, or cries out with the words of the royal poet:

"When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers—  
The moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained:  
What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the  
Son of man, that Thou visitest him?"