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Poetry.

LIFE IS ONWARD.

Life is onward—use it
With a forward aim;
Till its heavenly choice it,
And its warfare claim.
Look not to another,
To perform your will,
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward—never
Look upon the past;
It would hold you ever
In its clutch fast.
Now is your dominion,
Weave it as you please;
Blind not the soul's painon
To a bed of ease.

Life is onward—try it
Ere the day is lost,
It hath virtue—buy it
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
E'er precious gem,
Look not at the offer,
Change it not for them.

Life is onward—heed it
In each varied dress;
Your own set can speed it
On to happiness.
If a bright path on'er you
Time was not in vain,
If Hope chaunts before you
Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward—prize it
In sunshine or in storm;
Oh! do not deem it
In its humblest form.
Hope and joy together
Standing at the goal,
Through life's darkest weather
Beckon on the soul.

Literature.

THE LILY OF LIDDISDALE.

[FROM LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.]

The country all around rang with the beauty of Amy Gordon; and, although it was not known who first bestowed upon her the appellation, yet now she bore no other than the Lily of Liddisdale. She was the only child of a shepherd, and herself a shepherdess. Never had she been out of the valley in which she was born; but many had come from the neighbouring districts just to look upon her as she rested with her flock on the hill side; as she issued smiling from her father's door, or sat in her serene loveliness in the Kirk on Sabbath day. Sometimes there are living beings in nature as beautiful as in romance; reality surpasses imagination; and we see breathing, brightening, and moving before our eyes; sights dearer to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.

It was thus that all folk who looked on the Lily of Liddisdale. She had grown up under the dews, and breath, and light of heaven, among the solitary hills; and, now, that she had attained to perfect womanhood, nature rejoiced in the beauty that gladdened the stillness of these undisturbed glens. Why

should this one maiden have been created lovelier than all others? In what did her surpassing loveliness consist? None could tell; for had the most imaginative poet described this maiden, something that floated around her, an air of felt, but unspeakable grace and lustre, would have been wanting in his picture. Her face was pale, yet tinged with such a faint and leaf-like crimson, that though she well deserved the name of Lily, yet was she at times also like unto the Rose.—When asleep, or in silent thought, she was like the fairest of all the lilled brood; but when gliding along the braes, or singing her songs by the river side, she might well remind one of that other brighter and more dazzling Flower. Amy Gordon knew that she was beautiful. She knew it in eyes that in delight met hers, from the tones of so many gentle voices, from words of affection from the old, and love from the young, from the sudden smile that met her when in the morning she tied up at the little mirror her long raven hair, and from the face and figure that looked up to her, when she stooped to dip her picher in the clear mountain-well. True that she was of lowly birth, and that her manners were formed in a Shepherd's hut, and among Shepherdeses on the hill. But one week passed in the halls of the highly born would have sufficed to hide the little graceful symptoms of her humble lineage, and to equal her in elegance with those whom in beauty she had far excelled. The sun and the rain had indeed touched her hands but nature had shaped them delicate and small. Light were her footsteps upon the verdant turf, and through the birchwood glades and down the rocky dells she glided or bounded along, with a beauty that seemed at once native and alien there, like some creature of another clime that still had kindred with this—an Oriental Antelope among the roes of a Scottish forest.

Amy Gordon had reached her nineteenth summer,—and as yet she knew of love only as she had read of it in old Border songs and ballads. These ancient ditties were her delight,—and her silent soul was filled with wild and beautiful traditions. In them love seemed, for the most part, something sad, and whether prosperous or unhappy, alike terminating in tears. In them the young maiden was spoken of as dying in her prime, of fever, consumption, or a pining heart; and her lover, a gallant warrior, or a peaceful shepherd, killed in battle, or perishing in some midnight storm. In them, too, were sometimes heard blessed voices whispering affection beneath the greenwood tree, or among the shattered cliffs overgrown with light-waving trees in some, long, deep, solitary glen.

To Amy Gordon, as she chanted to herself, in the blooming or verdant desert, all these various traditional lays, love seemed a kind of beautiful superstition belonging to the memory of the dead. With such tales she felt a sad and pleasant sympathy; but it was as with something far remote,—although at times the pressure of her voice, as it gave an affecting expression to feelings embodied in

such artless words, touched a chord within her heart, that dimly told her that heart might one day have its own peculiar and overwhelming love.

The summer that was now shining had been calm and sunny beyond the memory of the oldest shepherd. Never had nature seemed so delightful to Amy's eyes and Amy's heart; and never had she seemed so delightful to the eyes and the hearts of all who beheld her with her flock. Often would she wreath the sprigs of heather round her raven ringlets, till her dark hair was brightened with a galaxy of richest blossoms. Or dishovelling her tresses, and letting fall from them that shower of glowing and balmy pearls, she would bind them up again in simpler braiding, and fix in the silken folds two or three water lilies, large, massy, and whiter than the snow. Necklaces did she wear in her playful glee, of the purple fruit that feeds the small birds in the moors, and beautiful was the gentle stain then visible over the blue veins of her milk-white breast. So were floating by the days of her nineteenth summer among the hills. The evenings she spent by the side of her grey-headed father—and the old man was blessed. Her nights passed in a world of gentle dreams.

But, though Amy Gordon knew not yet what it was to love, she was herself the object of as deep, true, tender, and passionate love, as ever swelled and kindled within a human breast. Her cousin, Walter Hardon, now lived and would have died for her; but had not hitherto ventured to tell his passion. He was a few years older than her, and had long loved her with the gentle purity of a brother's affection. Amy had no brother of her own, and always called Walter Hardon by that endearing name. That very name of brother had probably so familiarized her heart towards him, that never had the thought of him, even for a single moment, in any other light. But, although, he, too, called Amy sister, his heart burned with other feelings, and he must win her to be his bride, and possess her as his wife, or die. When she was a mere child he had led her by the hand—when a fair girl he had in his arms lifted her across the swollen burn, and over the snow drift—now that she was a woman, he had looked on her in silence, but with a soul overcharged with a thousand thoughts, hopes, and desires, which he feared to speak of to her ear; for he knew, and saw, and felt, in sorrow, that she loved him but as a brother. He knew, however, that she loved none else; and in that—and that alone—was his hope,—so he at last determined to woo the Lily of Liddisdale and win her, in her beauty and fragrance to bloom within his house.

The Lily was sitting alone in a deep hollow among the hills, with her sheep and lambs pasturing or playing around her, while over that little secluded circle a single hawk was flapping far up in the sky. She was glad, but not surprised, to see her brother standing beside her; and when he sat down by her side and took her hand into his, she looked upon him with a gentle smile, and asked if he was going upon