

ly reason for repining at the present or for boding trouble for the future, are quite as apt to addict themselves to mental habits of this kind, as those who may have from their untoward lot in life, some plausible reason for the indulgence of such a weakness. Time is the only physician that can cure these morbid gentlemen of their ills, and the sooner he makes his visits the better for them. He alone can cleanse their stuffed bosoms of the perilous stuff that weighs upon them, and bring back the mental and moral constitution to vigorous health. But he is a rough physician and his prescriptions are sometimes difficult to swallow.

Look at the published scribblings of the day, whether of prose or of poetry, that are black with melancholy, that speak of blighted hopes, and crushed affections, and withered feelings; in a word, that contain the whole catalogue of sorrows. Nine out of ten are written by young people, and about one melancholy scribbler out of a hundred, has ever met the harsh reality of what he seeks to describe, or has any just cause for making himself miserable.

He has thought and dreamed till his self-begotten melancholy is of a darker character than that produced by contact with real misfortune. He lives in an atmosphere of sorrow of his own making, which can only be purified by a few electric flashes. They come in time, and he learns to be a cheerful man only when it has become his lot to grapple with adversity.

We believe with Geoffrey Crayon, that there have been such things as broken hearts. If such has been the case, they must have been the tenants of very youthful breasts that have been thus cruelly turned out of possession, for we cannot help thinking that it would be a hard matter to break the heart of a middle-aged man or woman.—Like all other things, they become knotty and tough in the course of years. They learn to meet misfortune in all its shapes, to extract some consolation from its roughest visitings, and as for conjuring up imaginary sorrows wherewith to regale themselves, it is entirely out of their power. A middle-aged man who should take it into his head to be miserable, without a just cause, would find it rather a hard matter to accomplish his object. He might put on a black cap, gird himself with sackcloth, and place himself upon the melancholy stool, with a full determination to be wretched, but it would be all in vain, and the poor man would have to content himself with cheerfulness, and make the best of it. Even if he has not altogether abandoned his habits of dreaming, his dreams are generally those of cheerfulness. If the blue devils have not entirely discontinued their calls, their aspect is less grim, and their vestments less dark than when they presented themselves before him in his youth. Depend upon it, you will find in middle age more cheerfulness than at any other period of life.

THE GERMAN EXILE'S DIRGE.

"I attended a funeral where there were a number of the German settlers present. After I had performed such service as is usual on similar occasions, a most venerable looking old man came forward, and asked if I were willing that he should perform some of their peculiar rites. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's Hymns, and they all began to sing in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain. There was something affecting in the singing of these people, carrying one of their brethren to his last home, and using the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the *Vaterland*—a word which often occurred in his hymn. It was a long, slow and mournful air, which they sang as they bore the body along. The words, '*mein Gott,—mein Bruder*'—and *Vaterland*' died away in distant echoes among the woods. I shall long remember that funeral hymn."—*Flinn's Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi.*

There went a dirge through the forest's gloom—
—An Exile was borne to a lonely tomb.

"Brother!" (so the chant was sung
In the slumberer's native tongue)
"Friend and brother! not for thee
Shall the sound of weeping be!
Long the Exile's woe hath lain
On thy life a withering chain;
Music from thine own blue streams
Wandered through thy fever-dreams;
Voices from thy country's vines
Met thee 'midst the alien pines.
And thy true heart died away,
And thy spirit would not stay."

So swell'd the chant—and the deep wind's moan—
Seen'd through the cedars to murmur—"gone."

"Brother! by the rolling Rhine
Stands the home that once was thine;
Brother! now thy dwelling lies
Where the Indian's arrow flies!
He that blest thine infant head
Fills a distant greenward bed;
She that heard thy lisping prayer
Slumbers low beside him there;
They that earliest with thee played
Rest beneath their own oak-shade,
Far, far hence!—yet sea nor shore
Haply, brother! part you more;
God hath call'd thee to that band
In the immortal Father-land!

"The Father-land!"—with that sweet word
A burst of tears midst the strain was heard.

"Brother! were we there with thee,
Rich would many a meeting be!
Many a broken garland bound,
Many a mourn'd one lost and found!
But our task is still to bear,
Still to breathe in changeful air;
Lov'd and bright things to resign
As ev'n now this dust of thine;
Yet to hope!—to hope in heaven,
Though flowers fall, and trees be riven;
Yet to pray—and wait the hand
Beckoning to the Father-land."

And the requiem died in the forest's gloom—
They had reached the Exile's tomb.

F. HEMANS.

Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet Time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage. He is a wise man, who, like the millwright, employs every gust.—*Scott.*

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