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Virtue is True Happiness.

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## Poetry.

### THE WINTRY MAY.

When Summer faded last away,  
I sighed o'er every shortening day;  
Comparing with us pale-faced flowers  
My withered hips, and numbered hours,  
And thinking—"shall I ever see  
That Summer sun renewed for me?"

When Autumn shed her foliage serene,  
Methought I could have dropped a tear  
With every shrivelled leaf that fell,  
And frost nipped blossom. "Who can tell,  
When leaves again clothe shrub and tree,"  
Whispered a voice, "where thou wilt be?"

But when old Winter's rule severe  
Set in triumphant-dark and drear;  
Though shivering from the bitter blast,  
Methought—"the worst once o'erpass'd,  
With balmy, bliseful Spring, may be  
A short revival yet for me."

And this is May—but where, oh! where  
The balmy breath, the perfumed air  
I pined for, while my weary spirit  
Languished away the long, long night,  
Living on dreams of roving-free  
By primrose bank and cowslip lea?

Unkindly season! cruel Spring!  
To the sick wretch no balm ye bring;  
No herald-gleam of Summer days,  
Reviving—revivifying rays—  
Seasons to come may brighter be,  
But Time—Life—Hope—run short with me.

Yet therefore faint not, fearful heart!  
Look up and learn "the better part,"  
That shall outlast Life a little day;  
Seek peace that passeth not away;  
Look to the land where God shall be—  
Life—Light—yes, All in All to thee!

### THE GOLDEN DREAM.

In midnight-dreams a wizard came,  
And beckoned me away—  
With tempting hopes of wealth and fame,  
He cheered my lonely way.  
He led me o'er a dusky heath,  
And there a river swept—  
Whose gay and glossy tide beneath,  
Uncounted treasure, slept—  
The wooing ripples lightly dashed  
Around the cherished store,  
And circling eddies brightly flashed  
Above the yellow ore.  
I bent me o'er the deep smooth stream  
And plucked the gold to get,  
But ah! it vanished with my dream—  
And I got dripping wet!  
O'er lonely heath and darksome hill  
As silvering home I went  
The mocking wizard whispered allrill,  
"Thou'dst better been content."

## Literature.

### THE FAMILY TRYST.

(FROM LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.)

(Concluded from our last.)

"I vote," quoth Abel, "that every man (beginning with myself, who will be the oldest man, among you when I have lived long enough), give an account of himself, and produce whatever of the ready rhino he may have made, found, or stolen, since he left the How. However I will give way to my father. Now for it father, let us hear if you have been a good boy." "Will that imp never hold its

tongue? cried the mother, making room for him at the same time on the turf-seat by her side, and beckoning him with a smile, which he obeyed, to occupy it."

"Well, then," quoth the father "I have not been sitting with my hands folded, or leaning on my elbows. Among other small matters I have helped to lay about half a mile of high road on the Macadam plan, across the lang quagmire on the Mearns Muir, so that no body need be sucked in there again for fifty years to come at the very soonest. With my own single pair of hands I have built about thirty rood of stone-dike five feet high, with two rows of through stones, connecting Saunders Mills' garden wall with the fence round the Fjr Bell. I have delved to some decent purpose on some half score of neighbours' kail yards, and clipped their hedges round and straight; not forgetting to dock a bit of the tails o' some o' the peacocks and outlandish birds on that queer auld fashioned terrace at Mulletts-heugh. I cannot have mown under some ten braid Scot acres of rye-grass and meadow hay together, but finding my back stiff in the stooping I was a stooker and a bandster on the corn rigs. I have thrashed a few thrieves in the minister's barn—prime oats they were, for the glebe had been seven years in lea. I have gone some dozen times to Lesmahago for the clear lowing coals, a drive of forty miles back and forward, I've warrant it. I have felled and boughed about forty ash-trees, and lent a hand now and then in the saw-pit. I also let some o' the daylight into the fir wood at Hallside, and many a bonny bit winding walk along the burn side for the young ladies' feet. So, to make a long story short, there is a receipt—(clap a bit o' turf on't Abel, to keep it frae fleeing off the daisies)—from the Savings' Bank for £25 13s., signed by Bailie Trumbell's ain hand. That is a sight gude for sair een!"

"Now Mrs. Alison, for I must give you the title you bear at the Hall, what say you?"  
I have done nothing but superintend the making o' butter and cheese, the one as rich as Dutch, and the other preferable to Stilton. My wages are just fifteen pounds, and there they are. Lay them down beside your father's receipt. But I have more to tell. If ever we are able to take a bit farm of our own again, my lady has promised to give me the Ayrshire Hawkie, that yields sixteen pints a day for months at a time, o' real rich milkness. She would bring £20 in any market; so count that £35, my bonny bairns. Speak out my Willie—no fear but you have a good tale to tell!"

"There is a receipt for thirty pounds lent this blessed day, at five per cent, to auld Laird Shaw, as safe as the ground we tread upon. My wages are forty pounds a year, as you know; and I have twice got the first prize at the competition o' ploughmen—thanks to you, father, for that. The rest of the money is gone upon fine clothes, and upon the bonny lasses on a Fairday. Why should not we have our enjoyments in this world as well as richer folk? God bless you Willie, said the old

man; you would not let me, nor your mother, part with our Sunday clothes, when that crash came upon us—though we were willing to do so, to right all our creditors. You became surety for the amount, and you have paid it, I know that. Well, it may not be worth speaking about, but it is worth thinking about Willie; and a father need not be ashamed to receive a kindness from his own flesh and blood.

It is my turn now said Andrew, the young gardener. There is twelve pounds, and next year it will be twenty. I am to take the flower garden into my own hand; and let the Paisley Florists look after their pinks, and tulips, and anemones, or I know where the prizes will come after this. There's a bunch o' flowers for you, Alice, if you put them in water they will live to the Sabbath day, and you may put some of them into your bonnet. Father, William said he had to thank you for his ploughmanship, so have I for my gardening. And wide and rich as the flower garden is that I am to take now under my own hand, do you think I will ever love it better, or see weel, as the bit plot on the bank side, with its bower in the corner; the birks hanging over it without keeping off the sun, and the clear burnie wimpling away at its foot? There I first delved with a small spade o' my ain—you put the shaft in yourself father—and, trust me, it will be a while before that piece o' wood gangs into the fire."

Now for my speech, said Abel—short and sweet is my motto, I like something pithy. Lo and behold! a mowdiwart's skin, with five and forty shillings in silver! It goes to my heart to part with them. Mind father, I only lend them to you. And if you do not repay them with two shillings and better of interest, next May day, old style, I will put the affair into the hands of scranky Patie Orr, the writer, at Thorny Bank. But hold, will you give me what is called heritable security? That means land, doesn't it. Well, then, turf is land—and I thus sling down the Mowdiwart on the turf—and that is lending money on heritable security."

A general laugh rewarded this ebullition of genius from Abel, who received such plaudits with a face of cunning solemnity; and then the eldest daughter meekly took up the word and said—

My wages were nine pounds—there they are. Oh, ho! cried Abel, "who gave you, Agnes, that bonny blue spotted silk handkerchief round your neck; and that bonny, but gae droll patterned gown? You had not these at the How; may be you got them from your sweetheart." And Agnes blushed in her innocence like the beautiful flower—celestial rosy red, love's proper hue."

The little Nourice from the Mansie laid down on the turf, without speaking, but with a heartsome smile, her small wage of four pounds; and, last of all, the little fair-haired, blue eyed, snowy-kinned, Alice, the shepherdess, with motion so't as light, and with a voice sweet as an air-harp, placed her wages too beside the rest. "There is a golden