

TO EDLA.

* * * * * "Holy be the lay
Which, mourning, soothes the mourner on his way."—ROGERS.

In letters, and in studied phrase unskilled,
I cannot gild and polish simple thought;
Wilt thou not kindly then
Accept, tho' rude, my thanks.

I'm grateful, Edla, and would have thee know
How joyously thy gentle words have stirred,
And woke the fondest hopes
Within my drooping heart.

The brightest orbs that deck the firmament,
When most they glad us with their heavenly light,
Are but the ministers
Of soothing sympathy.

The blooming earth,—yea, the whole universe,
In an accordant song, loudly proclaims
Jehovah's general law
Of our affinity.

Teaching, that he who dries the mourner's tears,
And soothes the parched fever of his heart
With fitly spoken words
Of Him who loveth us,—

Even he himself shall feel within his soul
The freshing influence of the "tender rain;"
He, gently watering,
Himself, shall watered be.

Believe me, Edla,—choice have been thy words,
And for my sake,—that "Angel-sister" shall,
In all thy darkest hours,
Brood o'er thee lovingly.

PERSOLUS.

Montreal, 24th Dec., 1853.



SPONGE.—Opposite Rhodes is a little island, called Himia. At the bottom of the sea, sponge is found in greater abundance than in any other part of the Mediterranean. The inhabitants make a good living by fishing for this sponge, of which an immense quantity is bought by the Turks, to be used in their baths. In this island, no girl is allowed to marry before she has proved her courage and dexterity by bringing up a certain quantity of sponge.