

upon his heart. After a little reflection, he obeyed the impulse, the sight of her sweet face, and the revelation of her character had given him, and availing himself of the privilege of the day sought an interview with Mr Percival. Mutual explanations and mutual concessions followed, and when nothing more remained to be explained or forgiven. Harry Stuart was sent for, and Lizzy admitted to the library, and the day ended with a general acknowledgment that this was to those reconciled friends, and united lovers, the happiest of all happy New Years.

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### POETRY.

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#### THE FLOWER THAT FEELS NOT SPRING

From the prisons dark of the circling bark  
The leaves of tenderest green are glancing.  
They gambol on high in the bright blue sky.  
Fondly with Spring's young Zephyrs dancing,  
While music, and joy, and jubilee gush  
From the lark and linnet, the blackbird and thrush.

The butterfly springs on its new-wove wings  
The dormouse starts from his wintry sleeping.  
The flowers of earth find a second birth,  
To light and life from the darkness leaping:  
The roses and tulips will soon resume  
Their youth's first perfume and primitive bloom.

What renders me sad when all nature glad  
The heart of each living creature cheers?  
I laid in the bosom of earth a sleeper,  
And watered its bed with a father's tears.  
But the grave has no Spring, and I still deplore  
That the flow'ret I planted comes up no more!

That eye whose soft blue of the firmament's hue  
Expressed all-holy and heavenly things.—  
Those ringlets bright which scattered a light  
Such as angels shake from their sunny wings,—  
That cheek in whose freshness my heart had trust—  
All—all have perish'd—my daughter is dust!

Yet the blaze sublime of thy virtue's prime.  
Still gilds my tears and a balm supplies,  
As the main ray of the god of day

Brightens the dew which at last it dries;—  
Yes, Anny, I cannot regret thy clay,  
When I think where thy spirit has wing'd its way.

So wither we all—so flourish and fall.  
Like the flowers and weeds that in church-  
yards wave:  
Our leaves we spread over comrades dead,  
And blossom and bloom with our root in the  
grave;—  
Springing from earth into earth we are thrust,  
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.

If death's worst smart is to feel that we part  
From those whom we love and shall see no more,  
It softens his sting to know that we wing  
Our flight to the friends who have gone before,  
And the grave is a boon and a blessing to me.  
If it waft me, O Anny, my daughter, to thee.

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### GLEANINGS

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Neither prudence, nor foresight, nor even the best disposition that the human heart is capable of, are of themselves sufficient to defend us against the inevitable ills that are sometimes allotted even to the best:

I most sincerely wish that all, of all sides, would take some pains in studying the happy art of sweetening controversy, by the most benign and gentle expressions. Truth is very amiable, and all her champions should contend with only such weapons as are truly amiable.

CHURCH ORGANS.—One of the old, but moderate reformers, said, in answer to a puritan, who wished to pull down all church organs, that if Satan used music as a temptation to sin, he saw no good reason why it should not be exerted as a persuasive to piety.

Happiness! In what does it consist? A poet of some celebrity, though not very fastidious in the selection of his themes, has answered, "In health, peace, and competence." And after mature reflection, I believe, this comprehends all.