

MUSES' GOSPEL.

"With many a flower, of birth divine,
We'll grace this little garden spot;
Nor on it breathe a thought, a line,
Which, dying, we would wish to blot."

FOR THE CANADIAN CASKET.

TIME'S CHANGES.

"Leaves fall, and flowers do wither at the north
wind's breath,
But oh—thou hast all seasons for thine own, O
Death."

My native home—my native vale

That once delighted me;

How art thou past, and how does fail

My treacherous memory—

Thy babbling streams and secret nooks,

That once I wander'd through,

How have they faded in their looks

In memory's darken'd view.

The thoughts of all my wanderings,

Happy amidst thy streams,

Are like the crazy ponderings

Of childhood over dreams,

And all my fellows in those hours

Of childhood's sunny day,

Like the sweet odour sip'd from flowers,

Have flown, and pass'd away.

A change has pass'd o'er every thing,

As 'twere destruction's breath—

Time bears us on his ample wing,

And hurries on to death.

My native home, my native vale,

My memory cannot cling

To any spot within thy pole,

But with deep sorrowing. S. E.

TO L.—.

Sweet! when last before you kneeling,

Breathing passion deep, in sighs,

While the very soul of feeling

Mingled in our beaming eyes,

How you wiled me from my sorrow,

By your woman's witching power,

Till I thought not of the morrow,

In the bliss of that sweet hour.

While your rosy smiles were wreathing,

In their beauty, round my heart,

And your lips soft music breathing,

Could I think that we must part?

And when in my arms I prest you,

In our silent last farewell,

How my very spirit blest you,

The last kiss alone can tell.

Soon, O soon the gloomy morrow

Shed its darkness o'er my soul,

And again the shades of sorrow

To my heart's recesses stole.

Thus the young, bright hopes we borrow

From the morning's sunny ray,

Soon, with evening, set in sorrow,

Or in night clouds melt away.

FOR THE CANADIAN CASKET.

ODE TO CANADA.

Hail land of bliss, thou garden of the west!
The poor man's home, the rich man's place of rest!
Thy air is health, and wafts to all unspent;
The breath of freedom mingled with content.
What lovely prospects spread unnumber'd round,
What beautiful landscapes on thy face abound!
Thy glassy streams that flow along the vales;
Thy hills, thy forests, and thy woodland dales,
Alike the aspect of thy scenes improve,
And deck the tempting haunts of youthful love.
Thy soil, luxurious clothes the fertile plain,
Lending its nurture to the waving grain;
Thy forests crown'd with waving oak and pine
Yield wealth more precious than Peruvia's mine;
Thy inland seas pour forth their finny store,
And wide as ocean wash the woodbound shore,
Whilst o'er their bosoms, swift wing'd vessels roam
To bring thy rich exhaustless treasures home.
No slavish realms with thee can e'er compare,
Slaves cannot breathe who taste thy liquid air;
From dom o'xhales with ev'ry breath we draw,
And walks upheld by virtue and by law;
Nature exclaims whilst pointing to her throne,
Behold the land that freedom calls her own;
Thy cheerful villas rise the pride of art,
Thy manly sons are brave and kind of heart;
Proud Science hails the splendor of the sight,
Bursts chains of vice and gives to darkness light.
The name of Wolf, Canadian breasts inspire,
With all the ardor of heroic fire;
His glories shine in the historic page,
In death a conqueror and in life a sage,—
He died in battle, but his honor'd name
Will live for ever on the scroll of fame.
The gallant Brock, shed glory on thy page;
The pride of war and hero of his age,
Where rolls Niagara with rapid tide,
A lofty dome shows where he nobly died,
And towering, like Colossus, o'er the wave;
Points out a soldier's and a hero's grave.
Thy daughters too the muses delight to praise,
And speak their worth in sweet poetic lays:
Beauty is theirs, her lavish hands impart
What e'er can please the eye or charm the heart;
Wilds none unknown now to the savage eye,
Bloom like the rose, and human wants supply;
Where once the Savage trod the sylvan wood,
And dy'd his ruthless hand in kindred blood;
Where once the wigwam rear'd its savage form,
And wand'ring tribes took shelter from the storm;
Now stands the tow'ring spire or lofty dome,
The town, the farmer's cot, or tradesmen's home.
O! thou most awful being, mighty cause!
Eternal one, who gives to nature laws;
Whose mighty finger rolls the seasons round,
Winds up the wheels, makes light and life abound;
To thee I bow—O hear a suppliant's prayer,
Make this the land of thy paternal care!

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

TO ———.

Oh ever may the light of mirth
Within those eyes be beaming,
And never may they gaze on earth
With tears of sorrow streaming.

And ever may thy path be bright,
And strewn with lowliest flow'rs,
And never may keen sorrows blight,
Distract thy happy hours.

And when these pleasures all are flown,
And life from thee is riven;

Oh mayst thou gladly seize upon
The purer joys of Heaven.

E. W. H. E.

THE BROKEN VOW.

Hark! the gay peal is ringing,
The Bridal is o'er;
And the hope which I foster'd
May flourish no more.
See! See! all rejoicing
Together are gone,
And have left me distracted—
Heart-broken—alone!

Yet one there, the brightest,
Where all are so bright—
Whose heart seems the lightest,
Where all hearts are light;
Though her eye dances gaily,
Though smooth is her brow,
There's a barb in her bosom—
A broken vow!

In the pomp of her bridal
She thinks of me yet;
Though her lips have renounc'd me,
She cannot forget.
Yet think not I blame her—
'Tis fate is my foe;
May it grant her that comfort
I never can know!

ON THE HOT WEATHER:

Said Tom to Ned, let's give a call
On all our friends, for truly,
This is the time, what might befall,
'They can't receive us coolly!

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