

The unknown sea means on her shore
Of life: she hears the breakers roar:
But, trusting Him, shall fear no more.
Far, o'er the deep seas there is calm,
Full as the flush of all-heaven's psalm;
The golden goal—the Victor's palm!
And at her heart Love sits and sings,
And broodeth warmth, begetting wings
Shall lift her life to higher things.
The blessings given, the ring is on;
And at God's Altar radiant run
The currents of two lives in one!
Husht with happiness every sense
Is crowded at the heart intense;
And silence bath such eloquence!
Down to his feet her meek eyes stoop,
As *there* her love should pour its cup;
But, like a King, he lifts them up.

LAIRD.—Three cheers for Gerald Massey!

DOCTOR.—Why it is plain that Smith is not going to have a monopoly of poetic fame, in our mercantile latter days! Pray give us another draught from this newly discovered well of the water of genius!

LAIRD.—Hoot, awa' wi' your water! There's nae smeddum in sic' a similitude!

MAJOR.—Water of late has been a scarce commodity in Toronto, O, Bonnie Braes, and whatever is rare is valuable! Hence, doubtless, the reason of Sangrado's aquatic compliment!

LAIRD.—We are graciously pleased to accept o' the explanation! Read on, Culpepper—that is, if ye hae got any mair gems for our delectitude!

MAJOR.—Surely I err not when I say that Ben Johnson might, without blushing, have fathered the following exquisite little song:—

A LOVER'S FANCY.

Sweet Heaven! I do love a maiden,
Radiant, rare, and beauty-laden:
When she's near me, heaven is round me,
Her dear presence doth so bound me!
I could wring my heart of gladness,
Might it free her lot of sadness!
Give the world, and all that's in it,
Just to press her hand a minute!
Yet she weeth not I love her;
Never dare I tell the sweet
Tale, but to the stars above her.
And the flowers that kiss her feet.

O! to live and linger near her,
And in tearful moments cheer her!
I could be a bird to lighten
Her dear heart,—her sweet eyes brighten:
Or in fragrance, like a blossom,
Give my life up on her bosom!
For my love's withouten measure,
All its pangs are sweetest pleasure:

Yet she weeth not I love her;
Never dare I tell the sweet
Tale, but to the stars above her,
And the flowers that kiss her feet.

LAIRD.—I'll mak a knot on my handkerchief to keep me in mind to speak to Maister Clarke about that sang! If the Mus. Bac. doesna get it to music, he's no the lad I tak him to be!

DOCTOR.—Massey appear; to possess in perfection the rare faculty of song-writing. Can you favour us with "another of the same?"

MAJOR.—What think you of this?—

NO JEWELLED BEAUTY IS MY LOVE.

No jeweled beauty is my Love,
Yet in her earnest face
There's such a world of tenderness,
She needs no other grace.
Her smiles, and voice, around my life
In light and music twine,
And dear, O very dear to me,
Is this sweet Love of mine!

O joy! to know there's one fond heart
Beats ever true to me:
It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
In sweetest melody:

My soul up-springs, a Deity!
To hear her voice divine,
And dear, O very dear to me,
Is this sweet Love of mine!

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,
'Twas all for her, I trow;
And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,
I'll twine it on her brow.

There may be forms more beautiful,
And souls of sunnier shine,
But none, O none so dear to me,
As this sweet Love of mine!

DOCTOR.—Beautiful exceedingly!

LAIRD.—Willie Motherwell come to life again, as I'm an honest man and Captain o' Militia!

DOCTOR.—No more of that, Hal, an' you love me!

MAJOR.—Witlings are prone to discharge the pop-guns of their dismal idiocy against wedded life. I wish that all railers of this description would read and inwardly digest the following noble lines. It is an open question whether anything finer of the kind is to be found in the whole range of British poesy:—

WEDDED LOVE.

The summer night comes brooding down on Earth,
As Love comes brooding down on human hearts,
With bliss that hath no utterance save rich tears.
She floats in fragrance down the smiling dark,
Foldeth a kiss upon the lips of Life,—
Curtaineth into rest the weary world,—
And shuts us in with all our hid delights.
The Stars come sparkling through the gorgeous gloom,
Like dew-drops in the fields of heaven; or tears
That hang rich jewels on the cheeks of Night.