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Poetry.

THE FOREST TREES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Up with your heads, ye sylvan lords,
Wave proudly in the breeze,
For our cradle bands and coffin boards
Must come from the forest trees.

We bless ye for your summer shade,
When our weak limbs fail and fire;
Our thanks are due for your winter aid,
When we pile the bright log fire.

Oh! where would be our rule on the sea,
And the fame of the sailor band,
Were it not for the oak and cloud-crowned pine,
That spring on the quiet land?

When the ribs and masts of the good ship live,
And weather the gale with ease,
Take his glass from the tar who will not give
A health to the forest trees.

Ye lend to life its earliest joy,
And wait on its latest page,
In the circling hoop for the rosy boy,
And the easy chair for age.

The old man totters on his way
With footsteps short and slow;
But without the stick for his help and stay
Not a yard's length could he go.

The hazel-twig in the stripling's hand,
Hath magic power to please;
And the trusty staff and slender wand
Are plucked from the forest trees.

Ye are seen in the shape of the blessed plough,
And the merry ringing fall;
Ye shine in the dome of the monarch's home
And the sacred altar-hall.

In the rustic porch, the wainscoted wall—
In the gay triumphal car—
In the rude-built hut or the banquet hall,
No matter! there ye are!

Then up with your heads, ye sylvan lords,
Wave proudly in the breeze;
From our cradle bands to our coffin boards
We're in debt to the forest trees.

Literature.

LOVE IN A MIST.

BY JULIA M. BRYANT.

"Ah me, for ought that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."
"Dost thou deem
It such an easy task, from the fond breast
To root affection out?"

"I want a hero"—not a martial hero, seamed and scarred with traces of many a well fought battle; not a sighing sentimental lover; not a bewhiskered, mustachioed dandy, "a perfect love of a man;" but, a true substantial hero, of an every day story, such as is written on every young heart in its bloom of hope and happiness. Such an one as appeals to the thoughts and feelings of our earlier years, and carries us back to the time when "love's young dream" cast its bewitching spell over our senses.

Such a hero as my fancy pictures, was Dr. Langdon, a talented and popular physician in the town of—

Few men possess more qualities of mind and person to render him beloved, and few men were more beloved by all who knew him; and yet strange to say, he still remained a

bachelor, and at the time our story begins his "three score years and ten" were well nigh half spent; but while fair girls smiled or sighed, and matrons wondered, and old men gravely advised, he still kept on the even tenor of his ways, apparently untouched by Cupid's arts, whether he veiled his arrows under the serious words of counsel from the old, or the more bewitching smiles of beauty from the young.

The truth was, that in early life he had loved "not wisely, but too well," and it might be that the remembrance of that love still cast its shadow over his heart, or that the first fervor and glow of early feeling had passed with it, and the wayward heart of youth was now controlled by the cool judgment of the mind; in short, the Doctor was very philosophic in love, as in other things, and could reason as coolly upon matters of the heart, as of the head, and looked upon the fair form of beauty with as much indifference, as if admiring some of the inanimate workmanship of nature. Immersed in his books and practice, if ever an idea of marriage crossed his mind it came only as accompanied with thoughts of duty to himself and society, and as a matter of quiet calculation, rather than of deep feeling.

Years had passed on, and the bright eyes that had smiled upon him, turned their light on others; smiles that once beamed brightly at his approach, now shed their light upon their own domestic hearths, and on his thirtieth birth-day, Dr. Langdon awoke from his lethargy to find himself almost deserted by his former young associates, and surrounded by those who had attained to maturity long since he became a man. There were some unpleasant reminiscences awakened by his train of thoughts on his birth-day, and a sigh involuntarily came from his lips, as his mind reverted to the friends of his boyhood; most of them with young and lovely wives; many of them with "their babes about their knees," and as he glanced around his small bachelor apartment, an air of discomfort and loneliness struck him most forcibly, and thoughts of a cheerful home, pretty wife, and prattling babes, rose in striking contrast, and for the hundredth time he resolved to take to himself a wife; but to resolve was much easier than to perform, and the Doctor fell into a moody train of thought, from which he was awakened by the entrance of a servant, who came to bear an invitation to a party to be given at Mrs. Linwood's the following evening.

The next evening, as Dr. Langdon entered the well lighted apartments of Mrs. Linwood, his eyes fell on the tall and graceful form of a young and lovely girl, who stood near the centre of the room. As she turned with graceful dignity to answer the familiar introduction of Mr. Linwood, "My cousin, Miss Helen Linwood, Dr. Langdon," the Doctor felt the color mount to his very brow, and a degree of embarrassment very unusual to him, for a moment pervaded his manner, and he felt the gaze of those dark-eyes resting upon him; in a few moments, however, she resum-

ed her conversation with the gentleman by her side, and the Doctor moved away.

More than once, however, during the evening, he turned to look upon that face whose peculiar beauty had struck his somewhat fastidious fancy; and more than once he caught himself wondering if that fair form contained a mind as perfect in its proportions as its exterior, and when he returned home at a late hour that night, her face still lingered in his thoughts, and haunted him in a dream.

Helen Linwood was indeed bewitchingly beautiful; her dark hair was folded over a brow, "bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;" her eye, "spoke the warm feeling that her bosom moved;" and the rich bloom upon her rather brunette complexion, and the rounded symmetry of her figure, told that health, without which no perfect beauty can be found, ran through her veins, and furnished a rich life current to her heart.

Those who knew her best loved her most, for the warm emotions of her nature, and the many qualities which render woman lovely and beloved, shone forth only in the circle of home and friends. She was adored by some, beloved by many, and admired by all; and was it strange that even the heart of Dr. Langdon was awakened by the charms of her who seemed to him the bright embodiment of all that he had thought beautiful in woman, either in boyhood's dreams, or in the ripe judgment of his later years? and was it strange that she, who knew so well how to appreciate all the good and noble qualities of the human heart, should learn to look first with reverence, then with regard, and at length with love, upon him who under her influence now appeared the really warm and true hearted man that nature made him.

Before the lapse of many months, the Doctor owned to his heart that he loved, well and deeply, and yet he knew not if he was beloved in return. It was true, that Helen Linwood always met him with a cordial smile and friendly greeting, but did she not meet others so? True, he had seen the bright colour come to her cheeks more than once, when her glance met his; but yet, she, wealthy, beautiful and admired, would she not reject the heart whose homage he now longed to offer her? He rose from his chair with a sigh, and going to a book, he turned to the leaves to find a flower, a simple rosebud, given him by her a few evenings before, and as he recalled the blush that accompanied it, a glow of pleasure lighted up his manly features, and a smile involuntarily played around his handsome mouth. A few months back and he would have smiled incredulously to have been told of this; but now, the calm, still heart was awakened from its slumbers, and he was startled to find that its strong pulsations were beyond control.

Immediately after her arrival at the town of—, Helen Linwood was pronounced to be most decidedly and emphatically a belle, and it was not without a bitter pang of envy that Clara Howland resigned her formerly uncontested supremacy. She was a brilliant beau-