

For this in the woods was the violet nursed,  
 For this through its leaves *has* the white rose burst :  
 Though they smile in vain for what *once* was ours,  
 They are love's last gift—bring flowers, pale flowers.

We shall close this by a little poem lately published, seeming written after the manner of the older poets :

#### TO EARLY VIOLETS.

Children of sweetest birth,  
 Why do ye bend to earth,  
 Eyes in whose softened blue  
 Lies evening's pearly dew?  
 Has not the early ray  
 Yet kissed those tears away,  
 That fell with closing day?

Say, do ye fear to meet  
 The hail and driving sheet,  
 That gloomy winter stern  
 Flings from his snow-wreathed urn?  
 Or do ye fear the breeze,  
 So sadly sighing 'midst the trees,  
 Will chill your fragrant flowers,  
 Ere April's silvery showers  
 Have visited your bowers?

Why come ye, till the cuckoo's voice  
 Bids hill and vale rejoice?  
 Till Philomel, with tender tone,  
 Wakening the echoes lone,  
 Bids woodland glades prolong  
 Her sweetly tuneful song?  
 Till skylark blithe and linnet grey,  
 From fallow brown and meadow gay,  
 Pour forth their jocund roundelay?  
 'Till cowslips wan and daisies pride  
 Brooder the hillcock's side,  
 And opening hawthorn buds are seen  
 Decking each hedgerow screen?

What though the primrose, dressed  
 In her pure paly vest,  
 Came rashly forth  
 To brave the biting north;  
 Didst thou not see her fall  
 Straight 'neath his snowy pall?  
 And heard ye not the west wind sigh  
 Her requiem as he hurried by?  
 Go, hide ye, then, till groves are green,  
 And April's clouded bow is seen,  
 And suns are bright and skies are clear,  
 And every thing that does appear,  
 Proclaims the birth-day of the year.

Westover, Douro, C. W.

#### THE SAILOR BOY.

BY J. N. P.

*This stripling has left his native glen,  
 To roam o'er the trackless ocean,  
 For he longed to mingle with valiant men,  
 'Mid the blue waves' wild commotion.*

*He had read of a Nelson, a Dumenn, a Howe,  
 The laurels of victory wearing;  
 And the crimson rushed o'er his sunny brow,  
 As he thought of their noble dying.*

*He lov'd to roam by the ocean's bound,  
 When the billow was proudly swelling,  
 And the wave was dashing its foam around  
 The sea-birds' rocky dwelling.*

*His mother saw, with a mother's fears,  
 Her loved one's gallant spirit;  
 Yet deemed it pity affection's tears  
 Should check his dawning spirit.*

*And he left them all—his own dear cot,  
 With the flowers around it springing,  
 And the sisters who cheered his happy lot,  
 With the voice of their sweet glad singing.*

*Long, long he tarried, for war's red flame  
 To slaughter its thousands was giving;  
 But still to the mother the tidings came,  
 That the son of her hope was living.*

*And years had circled away, before  
 Sweet peace to her hopes was granted;  
 But his were accomplished—the hero wore  
 The laurel for which he had panted.*

*And he came at last, in a summer's night,  
 His heart with affection swelling,  
 As the sunbeams threw their last faint light  
 On his mother's humble dwelling.*

*The spell of her voice has o'er him passed,  
 And he sprung to the porch to hail her;  
 And tears, oh, blessed tears! fell fast  
 On the breast of the welcome sailor.*

*Oh! language vainly would express  
 The youthful sister's joy,  
 Or the mother's, who wept in thankfulness,  
 As she gazed on her gallant boy.*

*While he gaily unpacked, with his own dear hand,  
 The gifts which his love had brought them,  
 To prove that though wand'ring in other lands,  
 The sailor had ne'er forgot them.*

*The silken garb, and the sparkling gem,  
 From Indian climes brought over;  
 Though costly, were only dear to them,  
 That they came with the happy rover.*

*But the widow's throbbing heart bent high,  
 As she watched his looks the while;  
 For his father's glance was in his eye,  
 And he smiled with his father's smile.*

*And tear-drops trembled on her cheek,  
 Yet bending beneath the rod,  
 She whispering said, in accents meek,  
 "Thy will be done, O God!"*

*And her own hand spread his couch that night,  
 And smoothed his downy pillow;  
 And the sailor's dreams were calm and bright,  
 For he reck'd not of battle or billow.*

*And the widowed mother, in that lone hour,  
 Kneelt down in grateful joy,  
 To bless that God, whose gracious power  
 Had guarded her sailor boy.*

Montreal, 1843.