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POETRY.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY C. W. BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of these that time could wither sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serene eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs, to me were given:
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the splendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfeathered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer, to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light
Await thee there, for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and rendered good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart as heat the scroll,
And wrath has left its scar—'Tis fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow; and gentle eye—
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same!

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom that is love,—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

[Continued.]

The news of Andy's wedding, so strange in itself, and being celebrated before so many, spread over the country like wild-fire, and made the talk of half the barony for the next day, and the question, "*Arrah did you hear of the wonderful wedding?*" was asked in high road and by-road, and scarcely a *borcen* whose hedges had not borne witness to this startling matrimonial intelligence. The story, like all other stories, of course got twisted into various strange shapes, and fanciful exaggerations became grafted on the original stem, sufficiently grotesque in itself; and one of the versions set forth how old Jack Dwyer, the more to vex Casey, had given his daughter the greatest fortune that had been ever heard of in the country.

Now one of the open-eared people, who had caught hold of the story by this end, happened to meet Andy's mother, and with a congratulatory grin, began with "*The top o' the mornin' to you, Mrs. Rooney, and sure I wish you joy.*"

"*Och hone, and for 'why, dear!*" answered Mrs. Rooney, "*sure it's nothin' but trouble and care I have, poor and in want, like me.*"

"*But sure you'll never be in want more now.*"

"*Arrah who told you so, agra?*"

"*Sure the boy will take care of you now, won't he?*"

"*What boy?*"

"*Andy, sure!*"

"*Andy!*" replied his mother in amazement. "*Andy, indeed!—out o' place, and without a bawbee to bless himself with?—stayin' out all night, the black-guard!*"

"*By this and that, I don't think you know a word about it,*" cried the friend, whose turn it was to speak now.

Bibliothèque,
Le Séminaire de Québec,
3, rue de l'Université,
Québec 4, QUE.

