

and by associating all with the Creator, she enhanced her own pleasure, and raised in the mind of her child a longing after the sacred joys of heaven, a longing which increases with my years, and bursts forth in overwhelming emotions and earnest prayer. But, while I linger in this world,—Oh! pray my own sweet mother, that my spirit may be gentle, my life thine, and mine thy peaceful end.

Montreal, June 17th, 1853.

L.



[For the Maple Leaf]

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Eve drops her starry veil o'er earth,
The sun sinks down afar,
Now holy hopes and joys have birth—
The glare of day seems little worth;
While music, all too pure for mirth,
Swell high, then melts in air.

Borne gently on the rustling air,
Come angel notes of love,
Bidding me struggle with despair—
Rear manfully my load of care—
Then rise, their better part to share,
And dwell with them above.

I listen to the thrilling strain—
On fancy's ear it rings;
It lightens half my load of pain,
Tells me that all below is vain;
And longing now with them to reign,
I stretch my fetter'd wings.

But ah! how mighty still the cords
That bind, Oh Earth, to thee!
The gentle tones, the loving words,
The scenes which mem'ry's pen records,
The wither'd hopes, the vain rewards,
Forbid me to be free.

Yet will I list that rapturous song,
Whose notes sound evermore;
And bearing up 'mid toil for wrong—
E'en though the night seem dark and long,—
Prepare to join the white-robed throng
On life's all-verdant shore.

Montreal, June 23, 1853.

J. E. H.