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Poetry.

On the Crystal Palace, 1851.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

Has' you burst of crystal splendour,
Sunlight, starlight, blent in one,
Starlight set in hectic azure,
Sunlight from the burning zone!
Gold and silver, gems and marble,
All Creation's jewelry,
Earth's uncovered waste of riches,
Treasures of the ancient sea,—
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Iris and Aurora braided,
How the woven colours shiue!
Snow gleams from an Alpine summit,
Torchlight from a speck-roofed maze;
Like Arabia's matchless palace,
Child of Magic's strong decree,
One vast globe of living sapphires,
Floor, roof, columns, canopy,—
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Forms of beauty, shapes of wonder,
Trophies of triumphant toil;
Never Athens, Rome, Palmyra,
Gazed on such a costly spoil,
Dazzling the bewildered vision;
More than regal pomp we see;
What the blaze of the Alhambra,
Dome of Emerald to thee?
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Farthest cities from their riches,
Farthest empires muster here;
Art her jubiles proclaiming
To the nations far and near.
From the crowd in wonder gazing
Science chains the bearded knee;
This her temple, diamond blazing,
Shrine of her idolatry.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Listen to her tale of wonder,
Of her plastic potent spell,
'Tis a big and braggart story,
Yet she tells it fair and well.
She, the gifted gay magician,
Mistress of earth, air and sea,
This majestic apparition
Offspring of her sorcery.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

What to that for which we're waiting
Is this glittering earthly toy?
Heavenly glory, heavenly splendour,
Sun of grandeur, sun of joy,
Not the gems that time can tarnish,
Not the hues that dim and die,
Not the glow that cheats the lover,
Shaded with mortality.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me.

Not the light that leaves us darker,
Not the gleams that come and go,
Not the mirth whose end is madness,
Not the joy whose feat is woe,
Not the notes that die at sunset,
Not the fashion of a day,
But the everlasting beauty,
And the endless melody.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me.

City of the pearl bright portals,
City of the Jasper wall,

City of the golden pavement,
Seat of endless festival,
City of Jehovah, Salem,
City of Eternity,
To thy bridal hall of gladness
From this prison would I flee.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me.

All! with such strange spells around me,
Fairest of what earth calls fair,
How I need thy fairer image
To undo the siren snare!
Lest the subtle serpent tempter
Lure me with his radiant lie,
As if sin were sin no longer,
Life were no more vanity.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Yes, I need the Heavenly City,
By low spirit to appear—
Yes, I need thee—earth's enchantments
So beguile me with their glare.
Let me see thee—then these fetters
Burst asunder—I am free;
Then this pomp no longer chains me,
Faith has won the victory.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me.

Soon when earthly radiance blinds not,
No excess of brilliance pall,
Salem, city of the holy,
We shall be within thy walls!
There beside yon crystal river,
There beneath life's wondrous tree,
There with nought to cloud or sever,
Ever with the Lamb to be.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me.

HORATIO BORAN.

A BREACH OF PROMISE.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.—BY A BARRISTER.

I had just laid down a lengthy abstract, which had occupied my attention for some hours, and, weary and yawning, I had seized the poker, for the purpose of putting out the fire, that I might retire to my pillow. It was nearly twelve o'clock. The night was bright and frosty, when, preparing to enter my room, a knock at the door disturbed me. My servant was already abed. I shuffled on my slippers, and hastened to answer the summons. A respectable looking man said he wished to consult me, and apologized for disturbing me at so unreasonable an hour. Clients never come to me at unreasonable hours, so I invited him to take a seat in my office, and state the object of his coming. There was no delay in obtaining it; but I must relate the previous circumstances, as I learned them afterwards more at length from the lips of the other parties concerned. Time, diligence, and honesty, had exalted the man who called upon me to the station of head clerk in a public office, at a salary of £80 per annum. He was a widower, his helpmate having died in giving birth to a daughter, on every day that announced to him his increased dignity and income. Thenceforth all his thoughts and cares, that were not claimed by his situation, were given to his child. At home she was seldom out of his sight. An hour after the office had closed, he was to be seen strolling

with his infant charge in the neighboring fields, a beautiful black water-spaniel bounding before them, in pursuit of whom the little Mary ran with a shriek of delight, the glad father following, to break the fall which her fearlessness threatened, and sometimes brought about. In the early morning, too in the summer time, he visited with her the hay-fields, and sported with her, like a child among the fragrant hillocks. The girl was everything to him. He seemed to live but for her; he drooped when she was ill, and in his own seasons of sickness, his cheek would flush, and his eyes kindle, when he heard her laugh, and saw her healthy face, as if there was a strange sympathy between them, and he caught from her the mood of the moment. He had been all his life a steady, industrious man. He had never been known to take more than one day in the year for a holiday. It chanced, however, that on one occasion he was absent from his duties for a week. It was concluded that nothing but severe sickness would detain him from his task. A junior clerk was despatched to inquire kindly after his health. He found him sitting by the bedside of his daughter, pale and disordered; he had not slept for four nights—scarcely had he stirred from the spot, except for medicine and food. The child was passing through the terrible ordeal of the measles. He watched the progress of the disease with a fearful anxiety. The favourable crisis came, and he returned to his usual task. But this was a solitary instance. Mary was blessed with robust health, and in a few years she was able to repay by her assistance the devotion of her widowed parents. He loved his home more than ever; for her inexhaustible spirits put to flight all gloomy thoughts. Her smiles, her song welcomed him, as he crossed his own threshold; and he departed with perfect confidence that in his absence she would discharge the domestic duties of the house as zealously and as ably as many of maturer years, who have been compelled by necessity to call forth their mental energies. And the happy father numbered sixteen of her birth-days, celebrated by a plum-pudding and a bottle of wine, at an evening party of friends. In truth, Mary well deserved the love that her father lavished upon her. She was a sweet girl.—Some called her pretty, though that was a contested point. For my own part, I thought her beautiful; but then my taste is somewhat peculiar. Her features were not modelled according to the sculptor's beau idéal—they were not regular, and cold. Nay, examine each feature apart, and no one was faultless. But then they were full of life and mind. All smiles and sunshine, good temper was in every glance, feeling in every accent that breathed from her lips. She had few companions in her childhood. The hours that were not devoted to her domestic duties and to her father, were employed in the attainment of useful learning. She was passionately fond of reading, and the little book-shelf in the parlour supplied her with the elegant essays of Addison, the poetry of Thomson and Cowper, and, more recently, the libraries of useful and entertaining knowledge. Thus she entered upon that delightful but dangerous era of human life, when a thousand feelings and passions, as pleasing as how, fill the ardent mind with a