

tion of a daughter. Myn-heer Von Sickle, as he continued to smoke his pipe on the stoup in hale old age, still often cast a longing glance towards the Von Kortland farm; and to his last hour he never ceased to hope, that some future descendants of the two families would yet unite the domains, which his ancestor the burgomaster, had so unwisely severed.

BRIGHT EYES.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

Bright eyes! bright eyes! how I love to catch,
A glimpse of those wild bright eyes,
That flash, as clear as the stars that watch,
By night, in the summer skies!
I love not the eye
That is small and shy,
That shrinks from the slightest look;
My wayward muse
Would rather choose
The one that a gaze can brook.

Bright eyes! bright eyes!—though I do not mean,
The eyes of a saucy prude,
Or the forward stare of a bold young quean,
Whose gaze is both cold and rude:
But the full, bright eye,
That is neither shy,
Nor o'er apt to gaze too long;
This, this is the one!
The mid-day sun,
That inspires my humble song.

Bright eyes! bright eyes! I will ever love
The flash of those full bright eyes,
Whose soothing influence tends to move!
The soul that in sorrow—lies!
Indulgent heaven
Has strangely given
To woman, the two-fold power,
To ease the heart,
Or to fix the dart,
With a look, in affliction's hour!

THE RILL BESIDE THE WOOD.

How oft, in childhood's blithesome mood,
While guided by my wayward will,
I sported 'neath thy shade, green wood,
And traced thy course, meandering rill.

In merry pastime glided by
That time so joyous, though so brief:
Alas! its cloudless gaiety
But ushered in a life of grief.

Years, long years, since then have fled;
Yet here all nature smileth still,
Still spreads the wood its grateful shade,
And still flows on the rippling rill.

But now, the voice of friends no more
Falls softly, sweetly, on mine ear;
No kindred spirits, as of yore,
Unite in peaceful converse here.

Not long for me the rill shall flow;
Nor long the sylvan branches wave,
I tarry not, but hastening go
To join the loved beyond the grave.

O.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH BED.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With holy reverence bow:
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh!—change—Oh! wond'rous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.