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Poetry.

THE SPRING BREEZE.

The breeze ' the breeze! the fresh gushing breeze!
 Bearing the breath of the balm laden trees,
 Now sighing low its murmuring,
 Like the song of the murmuring seas;
 A gush of grief, or a broken sigh,
 As it cradles the tears of the glowing sky—
 The wailing, weeping breeze.

The breeze ' the breeze! the balmy breeze!
 When life is ebbing, like well ring seas,
 To the sickening heart—in the chamber dark—
 Pining for life—O' breeze!
 While it beats for breath the wave of death,
 Like a caged bird for release,
 Through the lattice bear, from the woodland air,
 The balm cup's colour breath,
 On the fever glow of the burning brow—
 Blow soft—O' spirit, breath!

Like waters to the thirsty one,
 Amid Nunahau sands,
 Longing beneath an eastern sun,
 Thou passeth, like the sound of waves,
 Or a dream of forest trees,
 Cool as the shade of mountain caves,
 The wind-harp symphonies;
 Like a spirit breath of life in death,
 Whispers the pilgrim breeze.

It wanders where the pale orange flowers
 Enwreath Arabian tombs;
 Like altar-cups, the olive-towers
 Fair Tempe's vale perfumes;
 O'er Carmel's flowery crown it sweeps,
 From ancient Palestine,
 Where the broken harp of Judah weeps,
 Beside her fallen shrine.

Sweet as a dream of Araby,
 I hear it 'mid the vine-leaves sigh,
 By blue lullaby seas,
 It bringeth from that music land
 A gush of silver tones—
 A cadence from Rossini's hand—
 A wreath of choral songs;
 Now, like a cataract of sound—
 Now, like a fountain flow—
 Now, like the moaning of a dove,
 In murmurs soft and low.

The south wind comes, like the music of streams,
 With the breath of budding leaves,
 Till the heart, of flowers and sunshine, dreams,
 And the balm of summer eyes;
 Oh! man, lift up thy drooping head,
 There slumbers in the earth
 The bursting roots of flowerets dead,
 Sure hopes of joy and mirth.

Where'er the golden wing is spread
 Of sunshine, God, in love, has shed
 Buds of beauteous things;
 Where summer's glory is revealed,
 The book of promise is unsealed,
 With all its wealth in bloom.
 His spirit wind, His quickening light,
 He sendeth forth into the night
 Of nature's wintry tomb;
 Behold! a new creation rise,
 A prophecy of paradise—
 The hope of fateless bloom.

Miss Atad.

Kilmarnock, Feb., 1852.

Literature.

AN EPISODE IN REAL LIFE.

(Concluded from our last.)

"Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows."—POPE.

When the arrangements were made, which I am now about to chronicle, it is very possible that the real fate of Mackenzie was not known. The whole affair had been the work

of a moment. Renson had resigned her seat by the time he reached the Village Inn, and the exertions of the physician having proved abortive, it was at once determined to send him to the asylum. The proprietor of the Inn took upon himself the responsibility, as having met Mackenzie frequently, he knew that he had no relations near at hand. His effects were carefully locked up, and the poor manine was accompanied to the asylum, where he was placed under the closest surveillance.

It is impossible to believe that Laiton was excited by the disinterested action he had performed. His elevation of spirits might all be owing to the favourable promise which the baronet had given. At all events he hastened from the mansion, and on the way to his own humble abode he procured a bottle of wine for his wife, and some food for his starving children, with part of the money, which he had received from the generous butler. No thought seemed to cross his mind, that the rash act committed by him, might have a woful future, that it had in fact already blasted a noble plant; but in the indulgence of that sordid spirit for which he was characterized, he ate of the food, and drank of the wine, which he had purchased, and when night had donned her sable mantle, he retired to bed at an early hour, in order to be prepared to meet the baronet betimes on the following morning.

At ten o'clock he made his appearance at Roseshall, and having been ushered into Sir Benjamin's presence, he explained at some length the state in which his family were placed by his recent illness, and the want of a situation.

The baronet had thought over the promise of the preceding day, as his mind seemed made up to a certain course. He said, that he had a house in the village, which had been fitted up as a grocer's shop. But as the person who opened it had not succeeded, it was empty and if there was any business which Laiton thought he was qualified to conduct he would advance him money sufficient to make a commencement, and he would do what he could to send him some good customers. He again expressed satisfaction at the interest which Laiton had felt in the safety of his property, and said, he was convinced that if he watched over his own affairs as closely he would succeed.

With an overflowing heart Laiton acquiesced in the generous proposal, and having been furnished with the show of authority he hurried off to make the necessary preparations. A few weeks more found him at the head of a business, with a well stocked shop, refitted and painted off in a tasteful manner.

Months passed on, and Mr. Laiton's customers became more numerous. At the time he made a commencement, the dim shadowy outline of the wine story was rumoured through the village, and here and there a murmuring response was made. But fame's trumpet tones had died upon the distant air: although a few of the intimate friends of

Mackenzie looked upon the establishment and its occupant with feelings of detestation, yet in process of time the villagers generally allowed their estrangement to subside and gradually became the customers of Mr. Laiton.

Mrs. Laiton recovered her health and the children appeared in a dress becoming the station of their father. Their former squalor had disappeared, and as the internal circumstances of the family improved, it was necessary that a corresponding change should be made in their external appearance, and so it was. The children were however but passive instruments in the hands of their parents, to be dressed in accordance with the caprice of the moment.

No anxiety, no care, no uneasy thought interposed to mar the harmony of the social circle. But that bright cloud may not always surround us, the sky may become dark and dismal, and we are left to grope our way in despair. This uncertainty of life's course is happily expressed by Pope—

Ab blindness to the future kindly given,
 That man may all the circle marked by Heaven,
 Who sees with equal eye an Owl of all,
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall.

One incident alone that occurred from the opening of the establishment seemed to have a corrosive effect. Not that there was anything very startling in the fact itself; but from the early associations it had evidently called up. One day a poor lunatic from the neighbouring asylum was brought by one of the under superintendents into the village to break some stones for the repairing of the roads. A quantity of the granite blocks had been placed at the corner of the street almost immediately opposite to Laiton's shop, and here the man was brought to commence operations. Having received instructions, he was left to himself, but just before commencing his work, he somewhat unaccountably rolled down in the street and writhed as if in an agony of mind. The superintendent who had not gone far, immediately returned and with a little assistance managed to convey the poor man back to the asylum. This little episode, brief and somewhat significant to one party at least who witnessed it, was the only contravening circumstance which had occurred from the day on which Mr. Laiton had commenced business, on his own account. There was a little extra stir caused by the affair, several persons in passing paused to see the poor man as he was borne off; but it seemed to Laiton the dim shadow cast forth to herald the approach of some serious event. From that day his countenance lost all its cheerfulness, and an inward canker was evidently seriously preying upon his system, which so far broke in upon the harmony of his family circle, and led him more frequently out into company, with a view if possible to relieve his mind from its uneasy load. He could say in bitter earnestness

All that a bright must fade,
 The brightest still the briefest,
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest.