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Poetry.

MEMORY.

Soft, as the rays of sunlight stealing
On the dying day;
Sweet, as chiming of low bells pealing
When ere fades away;
Sad as winds at night that moan,
Through the breath of mountain tone,
Come the thoughts of days now gone
On manhood's memory.

As the sunbeam's from the heaven
!!! at eve their light;
As the bells when wakes the even
Peal not on the night;
As the night winds cease to sigh
When the rain falls from the sky,
Pass the thoughts of days gone by
From age's memory.

Yet the sunlight in the morning
Forth again shall break,
And the bells give sweet voiced warning
To the world to awake
Soon the winds shall freshly breathe
O'er the mountain's purple head;
But the path is lost in Death—
He hath no memory.

MAIDEN BEAUTY.

Her hand's like a lily—
But just at the tip
It hath stolen a tint
Like the hue of her lip!
Her breath's like the morning,
When hyacinths blow;
Her feet leave a blessing
Wherever they go!

For each one she's something
To comfort or cheer;
When her purse falls her wishes
She gives them a tear!
E'en the sound of her step
Seems to bring them relief;
And they bless that sweet face
Which speaks hope 'mid their grief!

Her mouth's like a rose-bud,
Just budding half through,
When it opens at morn
Amidst fragrance and dew;
And her heart is a dwelling
Where angels might rest;
And forget their own heaven
In that of her breast!

SWAIN.

Literature.

NORMAN AND COLINA.

(Continued from our last.)

"The rising sun shed his beams through the open flake-like mists which overhung the lofty hills of Morven, and the thrilling notes of the bird of morning, which had erewhile broken the solemn stillness that reigned over the slumbers of the villagers of Lochalin, were still wafted far on the pinions of the softly fluttering breeze; while the early bleatings of the flock in the near glens seemed to call the shepherds out to watch their first meanderings towards the corn-fields. Meantime the *Jane Edwards* might be seen on her moorings at some distance, in the lovely bay of Aros, and as her snow-white

sails were, thus early, being one by one unfurled, it was an indication that the hour of her departure was fast approaching. But," continued Mr. Rose,—

'When daylight was yet sleeping under the pillow,
And stars in the heaven still lingering alone,'

Colina Lamb made her appearance on deck; and with pensive solicitude she watched the ushering in of the dawn. She gazed with tenderness and affection on the various objects which marked the home of her early years as the morning sunshine first clothed them with its golden vesture,—adding peculiar loveliness to their otherwise romantic beauty.—The intervening distance, however short, reminded her that even then a separation had actually taken place, which distinguished a period of her life to which her mind would never revert without awakening associations that would fling over her memory an ideal halo, presenting, as she then realized, those forms of scenic attraction on which she loved to dwell in her sweet converse with Norman in the sacred spots around the village of Lochalin.—Here, free from the cares and anxieties of an evil world to whose cruelties they were as yet strangers, and far removed from the unsalutary influences of social enticements—they found in their rural entertainments means for much mental culture as well as for the improvement of mutual affection;

'—Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

"As the morning advanced many small craft might be seen directing their course from Morven across the smooth, blue waters of the Sound, towards the opposite bay, and all crowded with passengers anxious to give a last adieu to their friends now on board the *Jane Edwards*; who were no less anxiously waiting to receive this mark of affection from those whom they were about to leave behind, perhaps for ever.

"With Colina, alas! however, a mingled feeling of blighted hope and painful solicitude succeeded the sweetly cherished expectation of Norman's arrival, when she saw that although several boats from Lochalin had already reached the ship there was no appearance of his coming. One more is seen skimming the extreme promontory of the bay; she also arrives, but he is not there! This world how tyrannical!" added Mr. Rose; "for it was the time, of all others, the faintest shadow of neglect on his part was likely to probe deeper her intenerated bosom and to appear as the prelude of an unhappy change.—And yet Colina could not for a moment harbour any suspicion of her beloved Norman's integrity, though now she would have treasured up in her heart the words of comfort and affection which he should have spoken to her on this occasion—when the feeling, awakened by the fond memory of the past—the tender sensibility connected with the peculiar event which affected the present, and the hope that looked forward to a sweet home beyond the Atlantic main, all would render the impression more enduring.

"But a short time and the word of command is given—the heart-moving sentiments of 'Home, sweet home,' are joined in by the cheerful crew, as they weigh the ponderous anchor;—and, as the ample canvass is spread to the breeze, the *Jane Edwards* veers round, and then glides along in proud majesty on the surface of the water. The numerous boats which before lay alongside of her, were now all returning homewards, and while the waving of hats and of hands represented the affection and good wishes that were cherished towards the departing friends—the plaintive notes of the 'Pibroch's' farewell Coronach,' echoed back symphoniously from the adjacent shores, caused many a tear of affection towards the land of their birth to be shed by the emigrants.

"Poor Colina felt like one absorbed in the more romantic visions of an adverse dream; and it was not till the ship had coasted round the western extremity of Mull, and Morven had for ever faded from the view, that she began to reflect on the scenes which had now passed, with feelings somewhat similar to those left behind by 'Adam's first recollections of his fall,' but free from the consciousness of any guilt. She thought of Norman, and she loved him still more than ever. She thought likewise on many causes which might have occasioned the disappointment he had given her. But often

'Imagination gives to aye nothing
A local habitation and a name.'

It was so with her; but among all that fancy had portrayed, Colina never supposed that sickness, sudden and severe, might have detained her young friend at home when he most desired to see her at the time of her departure."

"Ah, but," interrupted the affectionate Maria, "if illness prevented Norman from his appointment with poor Colina, it must have been sudden indeed since there had been so many persons on board the ship who had come from Lochalin on that morning, and through them, somehow, Colina would have been informed of the circumstance."

"My dear," resumed Mr. Rose, "it was without doubt such an unforeseen interposition of Divine Providence,—and it was some time after he had returned home from the *Jane Edwards* on the preceding evening when first he became seriously ill; consequently no one who had left the village early in the morning had any opportunity of hearing of his indisposition, save one bosom friend of his own, who had called at his father's house in expectation that Norman, (whose friendship with Colina he was aware of,) was to accompany him to the ship to see her there once more—but found he was suffering so much as to require immediate medical attendance. This young man would have communicated the sad intelligence to Colina—and if I recollect well how it was all represented to have occurred, the only words," added Mr. Rose, "which young Bethune had spoken to him, were expressive of a sincere desire that Colina should not be allowed to leave the