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Poetry.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN

When a'ither bairnies are hush'd to the same
By aunty, or cousin, or fractious gran-lame—
Who stamle list and lanky, and hardbely carin'
Is the gair wanderin' laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lone bed,
Nae covers his cauld back, or paws his bare head;
His wee hackett heels are hard by the arm,
And poor is the fare o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow elean dreams tremble there
O' hands that wunt kindly to kame his dark hair;
But morning brings clutches a' reckless an' a' fra,
That tava nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

His sister, who gang o'er his snally-rock'd bed,
Now rests in the grave whaur his mammy is laud,
His father toils sair their wee backnock to earn,
And ken nae the wrang o' the mitherless bairn!

Her speld that hant' in the hour o' his birth,
Still watches his welfare and wanderings on earth,
Recordin' in heaven the blessings they earn,
Who generously deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

O could him not harshly, be kimbled the while—
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish the healess shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

Literature.

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Elton was a very remarkable woman. She had a faculty of making everybody lose their temper while she kept her own, she ruled her family with unlimited sway; kept a sharp eye upon her daughter Grace, worked a little, visited a little, read a little, and talked a great deal. She was withal a decided man-hater. Whoever proved rash enough to bestow a glance upon the pretty daughter, was directly annihilated by a terrible look from the watchful mamma. So terrible, that twenty smiles from the young lady could hardly compensate for it.

Grace was very pretty—so said every one who had seen her face—so thought many who had only heard her voice in the psalm on Sunday; and when she was eighteen, her dear mamma groaned in her secret soul that she should be the mother of so bewitching a creature. Her papa began to grow fidgety. It was time for his sweet flower to unfold to leaves he thought; but how venture to propose to mamma to send forth her beautiful child to be spoiled in the wicked world? Mr. Elton meditated long upon a subject which lay near his heart. At last, even as a cat pounces upon a mouse, which it has been long marking for its own, so Mr. Elton pounced upon the matter in question.

"My dear, I shall bring home with me a young man whom I am determined shall marry Grace."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Elton, colouring slightly, from the surprise caused by the sudden flash of spirit in her meek husband—"he shall not see her." Mr. Elton gazed up quietly. He had watched his mouse in vain.

Grace was fortunately a very quiet sort of a girl. She loved papa and mamma, her

booke, and her flowers. Moreover, she loved her pretty friend Mary, and, for aught I know, might have fallen in love with the only young man of her acquaintance, Mary's tall brother, had it not been for a great pair of eyes of a fiery colour, stealing out from under a mass of stiff hair of the same fiery hue. Mrs. Elton was not afraid of Daniel Hartley. To be sure he had even hinted that if she were a little taller—had a little more colour, and wore prettier bonnets, he might condescend to take pity upon her forlorn state, but Mrs. Elton feared him not.

Mamma was convinced that Grace would never fall in love with any one, until the proper moment when she should desire her to do so. And to tell the truth, Grace would as soon have thought of stopping to admire the very stones by the wayside as the young man whom she met everywhere. Great, therefore, was Mrs. Elton's astonishment, when, one morning at church, she detected her daughter's eyes in the very act of gazing in another direction than the pulpit, and a pair of doubtful hue returning the compliment! Her movement of surprise called poor Grace to her senses. She turned seriously to the preacher, resolved not to move her eyes from his face again through the morning. Yet when her mamma, a few minutes after, glanced at her face to see that all was right, the blue eyes were absolutely directed towards another part of the church. The look of indignation which Mrs. E. thought proper to assume, was not lost upon Grace. She did not again venture to lift her eyes from the glove which she had been pulling to pieces. Jerk the first—off came the button; jerk the second—a great rent through the length of the glove, jerk the third—a finger amputated.

"Mercy on me! What is the child about?" mentally ejaculated Mrs. Elton, as she rapped the knuckles of the offender with her fan—"a bran-new pair of gloves!"

Grace felt that her mamma was displeased with her, but she tried to persuade herself that it was on account of the gloves. "I'm sure I've done nothing else," said she to herself again and again—yet somehow she anticipated a lecture, and trembled at the thought.

The next evening, Mr. Elton, with his wife on one arm and Grace on the other, set off upon their usual walk. The retired lane to which they bent their steps was a favourite of Mrs. E.'s, because nobody else ever thought of setting foot there. Grace liked it because mamma never ordered her to draw her thick green veil over her face while there, and Mrs. Elton was satisfied, because there was nothing in it to call for especial like or absolute disgust.

In the midst of this green lane there was an old house, and on the garden-gate there sat a man, busily engaged in drawing. On hearing footsteps, why should he not turn? and on seeing pretty Grace, why should he not look pleased? and when thus looked upon by a handsome young man, why should not Grace blush?

Mamma perceived the stranger of yesterday—she perceived his look of delight, and the blush of Grace—and pinched papa's arm. This being a signal formerly agreed upon between them, Mr. Elton prepared to obey it. But as each particle of his face was of itself a distinct smile, it required a considerable length of time to screw up his broad and sunny countenance into the gall and vinegar expression desired. So the young man received from the good papa what he conceived to be a very gracious smile. "I'll get an introduction to that man," said he to himself—and the three were gone.

The next night Mrs. Elton debated whether it would be expedient to go where lid of the eyes might also choose to wander; but at last, concluding that no one save herself would take so dismal a walk more than once, she entered it without reluctance. There sat the young man upon the post, and again his eyes met those of Grace. "I'll never set foot here again," secretly vowed Mrs. Elton.

The next evening Grace came down more becomingly attired than usual. She had evidently been enjoying a private interview with her dressing glass—perhaps it had said to her, "My love, you look prettily in your last new dress." But I can't positively assert that it had said any thing.

"Shall we walk to night, mamma?"

"No." And Grace ran back to her room, and fastened her door. Presently she heard her mother's voice, and flew to unlock it.

"Why was your door fastened, Grace?"

"Nothing in particular! People do not fasten their doors for nothing," said Mrs. Elton, looking suspiciously at Grace. At this moment she started suddenly, and closed the blinds with no gentle hand. Grace started too, and had time to see that the young stranger was in the street.

"Grace! Don't let me find your blinds open again for a month," cried mamma.

"My love," said her father, one night at tea—"do you remember that we saw a gentleman sitting upon the gate of the old house in the lane, a few nights ago?"

"Yes, papa," answered Grace, colouring in spite of herself.

"Well, I have found out to-day that he is the author of those poems which you admire so much. His name is Lawrence Norton."

Up stairs, two at a time, flew Grace; and snatching a well-worn volume from the shelf, sat down to the twenty-sixth reading. The poems were never half so beautiful before, she was sure of that, but somehow she could not help feeling a little uneasy sensation as she gathered from some odd lines that the poet certainly loved somebody with all his heart. Who could it be? What a happy creature his sister—his wife must be! The next Sabbath she saw the poet at the church. When she felt quite sure that he did not know it, she looked at him, because he was a poet. Certainly he had a fine intelligence; a head and face, and his eyes were so dark and expressive! But then it was not right to have such thoughts on a Sunday; so Grace