

as my services were no longer required. I obeyed with reluctance, for I felt a strange presentiment that my future destiny was in some measure involved. But when I recalled the distress of Harrison, I was again bewildered in conjectures—I heard my uncle lock the door, but he spoke to his companion in a voice too low to reach my ears, though the sense of hearing was sharpened by curiosity. Ashamed of acting the part of a listener, I stole back to the office. I found George at his accustomed place. He had been weeping, for the traces of tears were visible on his swollen eye-lids. I took his hand, he pressed it warmly, looked mournfully up in my face, but resumed his pen without speaking a word.

(To be continued.)

(ORIGINAL.)

A DREAM.

It was the hour that nature gives to sleeping,
And the pale lamp of Night rode through the sky,
Gleaming alike where weary eyes were weeping,
And where the reckless laugh rose loud and high—
Alike where beauty's young pure form reclining,
Wrapt in her rosy slumbers, dream'd of love,
And shaded by the lash that hid their shining,
Her dark eyes roved through worlds of bliss above,
And where the blood shot eye-ball rolls in madness,
And wasted fingers clasp the fever'd brow,
Where grief has quench'd the last faint gleam of gladness
That all on earth can n'er rekindle now!—

A heavy sleep came o'er me, and I dream'd
That joy was dead within me,—that the light,
Which as a beacon in my path had seem'd,
Making all things look beautiful and bright,
Was faded now,—my fated bark was toss'd
Upon a sea of tears, without a shore,—
That hope itself was wreck'd, and all was lost,—
That thou wert false, and I was lov'd no more!—

We stood amid the old familiar things—
The scenes that happiness had sanctified—
Bath'd in the blessed light that memory flings
To cheer the heart where all is dark beside;—
And here we were to part; and I essay'd
To tell thee thou wast false,—thy head still dear
Reposed upon the breast thou hadst betray'd,
And thy dark eye was glistening with a tear!

I spoke not, for my sinking heart still clung
And fiercely grasp'd the fragment of the wreck,
E'en as the wretch, who hears his death dirge sung
In the loud tempest, hails the treacherous speck
That dawns amid the frowning clouds afar,—
But well I knew that tear had only gleam'd
Like a lone lamp amid a sepulchre,
And my proud soul refused to trust to all that seem'd.

And then I said farewell,—but not alone
To thee,—the rest was only as a part
Of the one whelming dream that now had flown,
And loneliness had settled on my heart.
I went forth to the world, I saw the height
My eager spirit once had sought to climb
All bleak and lonely, tow'ring 'mid the night
Of hopes that thou had'st scatter'd in their prime,—
And at my shrinking heart, and on my brain
The curse of thy cold treason was imprest,
And I toil'd on in weariness and pain,
Hating myself nor caring for the rest:—
It was not that I loved thee; *that* was o'er,
But my own soul had stamped thy form with light,
And when I saw thee lovely as before—
My own creation blasted in my sight—
Life as a dead and dreary waste did seem,
Nor held in all *one* verdant spot, but when
The welcome morn dispelled my dreary dream,
Star of my cloudy sky—thou wast mine own again!

F.

Montreal, 1839.

POETRY INDESTRUCTIBLE.

BEAUTIFUL, truly, is it, to see what noble poets we have had in these latter days, and with what abundant glory they have refuted the idle fears of an extinction of imagination, in consequence of the progress of science. Fancy steam putting out the stars, or the wheels of the very printing-press running over and crushing all the hearts, doves, and loves in Christendom!—for, till you did that, how were you to put out poetry? Why the printing press and the steam-carriages are themselves poetry—forms made visible of the aspirations of the mind of man; and they shake accordingly the souls of those who behold them. See the rotatory mystery working in the printing-room—the unaccountable and intangible fire, giving it force against the old negative deity, time. See the huge, black, many-wheeled giant, the steam carriage, smoking over the country like some mammoth of a centipede, and swallowing up that other ancient obstacle, space, and time with him: and then suppress, if you can, those very thoughts of human good, and eternity, and the might and beauty of the universe, which it is the most poetical office of poetry to keep alive and burning—*Leigh Hunt—Musical World.*

THE INSTABILITY OF FRIENDSHIP

FURNISHES one of the most melancholy reflections suggested by the contemplation of human life; and few of us have travelled far upon our pilgrimage without having had occasion to lament the loss of some companion, who has parted from our side upon the first rumour that we have wandered from the fountains of the desert.—*Willmot.*