

SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

BY MISS ELIZA COOK.

What sound is that? 'Tis Summer's farewell,
 In the breath of the night-wind sighing;
 The chill breeze comes, like a sorrowful dirge,
 That wails o'er the dead and dying.
 The sapless leaves are eddying round,
 On the path which they lately shaded;
 The oak of the forest is losing its robe,
 The flowers have fallen and faded.
 All that I look on but saddens my heart,
 To think that the lovely so soon should depart.

Yet why should I sigh?—other summers will come,
 Joys like the past one bringing;
 Again will the vine bear its blushing fruit,
 Again will the birds be singing;
 The forest will put forth its honours again,
 The rose be as sweet in its breathing,
 The woodbine will twine round the lattice pane,
 As wild and as rich in its wreathing;
 The hives will have honey, the bees will hum—
 Other flowers will spring—other summers will come,

They will, they will: but, ah! who can tell
 Whether I may live on till their coming?
 This spirit may sleep too soundly then,
 To wake with the warbling and humming;
 This cheek, now pale, may be paler far,
 When the summer sun next is glowing;
 The cherishing ray may gild with the light
 The grass on my grave-turf growing;
 The earth may be glad, but the worms and gloom
 May dwell with me in the silent tomb!

And few would weep in the beautiful world,
 For the fameless one that had left it;
 Few would remember the form cut off,
 And mourn the stroke that cleft it.
 Many may keep my name on their lip,
 Pleased while that name degrading;
 My follies and sins alone would live—
 A theme for their cold upbraiding.
 Oh! what a change in my spirit's dream
 May there be ere the next summer's sun shall beam!

The District of Arunde, in the province of Nordland, in Sweden, was ravaged by a water spout at the latter end of last month. The water spout passed over two forests of pine trees, in which it rooted up or destroyed 4,000 trees, some of them a century old; it carried off the roofs of a great number of houses, conveyed two barns a distance of 3,000 feet, killed a numerous

troop of cattle, and caused the death of twenty-two persons. Such a phenomenon is unexampled in the district, which is so far north as almost to touch Lapland.—*Standard*.

Plenty of bread and meat, *pure air, and pure water*—these are the blessings which maintain individual health, ameliorate the general condition of our race, and, at the same time, ensure that equilibrium between physical and moral force which is so universally desired. Physical degradation is always accompanied by corresponding moral degradation; and we know of nothing which will more effectually cause both, than a life spent in ill-ventilated, ill-lighted, and filthy dwellings.—C.E.D.—(*From the French*).

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF SAGACITY IN A HORSE.
 —It has been said that "self-preservation is the first law of nature," and never was that proverb more strikingly or more curiously illustrated than in the case of a horse a few days ago. A contractor on the railway at Sparkford bought two horses, which he put in a field with a bull; the latter, taking a dislike to his neighbours, gored one of them to death, but the other horse became so frightened that he leaped into an old saw-pit which was in a corner of the field, and buried himself up to his head in mud and sawdust. The bull followed him to the pit's mouth, and there stood during the whole night watching his victim cowering beneath him in the pit. In this position they were found on the following morning by the owner of the horses. As soon as the horse perceived his master, he leaped out of the pit and ran to him for protection, exhibiting feelings of gladness at being delivered from the clutches of the dreadful bull.—*Western Flying Post*.

ON LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I had laid down for myself in relation to such matters: "1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter."—*Carus' Life of Simeon*.

MONTREAL:

PRINTED BY LOVELL AND GIBSON.

SAINT NICHOLAS STREET.

1848.