FLOWER EMBLEMS

FROM THE SNOWDROP
TO THE HOLLY.

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FLOWER EMBLEMS.

*Elizabeth Marshall Hughes
from M. & Bellamy
Xmas 1870*

FLOWER EMBLEMS

OR

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

WITH TWELVE COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

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FLOWER EMBLEMS.

OTANY is doubtless a very delightful study; but a botanical treatise is one of the last things that I should be found engaged in. Truth shall be told: my love of flowers—for each particular petal—is such, that no thirst after scientific knowledge could ever prevail upon me to tear the beautiful objects in pieces. I love to see the bud bursting into maturity; I love to mark the deepening tints with which the beams of heaven paint the expanded flower; nay, with a melancholy sort of pleasure, I love to watch that progress towards decay, so endearingly bespeaking a fellowship in man's transient glory; which, even at its height, is but as 'the flower of grass.' I love to gaze upon these vegetable gems—to marvel and adore, that such relics of Paradise are yet permitted to brighten a path where the iniquity of rebellious sinners has sown the thorn and the thistle, under the blighting curse of an offended God. Next after the blessed Bible, a flower-garden is to me the most eloquent of books—a volume teeming with instruction, consolation, and reproof.

But there is yet another, and somewhat fanciful view, that I delight to take of these fair things. My course has lain through a busy and a chequered path: I have been subjected to many changes of place, and have encountered a great variety of characters, who have passed before me like visions of the night, leaving but the remembrance of what they were. I have frequently, in my lonely rambles among the flowers, assimilated one and another of them to those unforgotten individuals until they became almost identified; and my garden bears a nomenclature which no eye but mine can decipher.

Chapters on Flowers.

FLOWERS of the field, how meet ye seem,
Man's frailty to portray ;
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away :
Teach this, and oh, though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
For youth's unthinking brow ;
Go, and to busy manhood breathe
What most he fears to know ;
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay
Ye breathe these truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay
Have ye no word of cheer?—
Oh, yes, ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

Go then, where, rapt in fear and gloom,
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And deck with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying ;
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of your long sleep and broken chain.

And say that He, who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and His power ;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

MRS. HEY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
E'en such is man; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers; the blossom blasteth;
The flower fades; the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies;
The gourd consumes; and man he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan—
E'en such is man; who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life, and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended;
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended;
The hour is short, the span is long;
The swan's near death; man's life is done.

SIMON WASTELL.

JANUARY.

THE SNOWDROP—INFANCY.

‘The frail snowdrop,
Born of the breath of winter, and on his brow
Fixed like a pale and solitary star.’

KNOW not whence I came into this dying life (shall I call it?) or living death. But then, immediately, O Lord my God, did the comforts of Thy compassion take me up. Thou didst bestow the food of my infancy, according to Thine ordinance, whereby Thou distributest Thy riches through the hidden springs of all things. Thou also gavest me to desire no more than Thou gavest; and to my nurses willingly to give me, with a heaven-taught affection, what Thou gavest them. For from Thee, O God, are all good things, and from Thee is all my health. I knew but to suck; to repose in what pleased, and cry at what offended my flesh: nothing more.

Afterwards I began to smile; first in sleep, then waking: for so it was told me of myself, and I believe it, for we see the like in other infants, though of myself I remember it not. Thus, little by little, I became conscious where I was; and to have a wish to express my wishes to those who could content them; and I could not; for the wishes were within me, and they without: nor could they by any sense of theirs enter within my spirit. So I flung about at random limbs and voice, making the few signs I could, and such as I could, like, though in truth very little like, what I wished. And when I was not presently obeyed (my wishes being hurtful or unintelligible), then I was indignant with my elders for not submitting to me, with those owing me no service, for not serving me; and avenged myself on them by tears. Such have I learnt infants to be from observing them; and that I myself was such, they all unconscious have shown me.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

FAIR young flower, thou art springing forth
 To the chilly breath of the angry north;
 And thy blossoms open their gentle eye
 Beneath the seowl of a wintry sky.
 And leafless bowers, o'er thy tender form,
 Protect thee not from the passing storm;
 And the bee comes not forth from its winter cell
 To quaff the dew from thy silver bell.

The hoar-frost lies on the ground like gems,
 The birds are mute on the naked stems,
 And thy pale and starlike blossoms gleam
 On the cheerless banks of a frozen stream.
 But soon a change on the earth shall be,
 And leaf and blossom shall clothe the tree,
 And the wild bird merrily blend its song
 With the streamlet's voice as it floats along.
 And thou art sent with thy early smile
 To cheer this desolate scene awhile,
 And waft our visions and thoughts away,
 To the coming light of the summer's day.

MY sweet wee nursling! thou art sweet to me
 As sun to flowers, or honey to the bee,
 Music in summer-bowers, the freshening stream—
 To bright wings dipping from the sultry beam,
 Hope to the mourner, to the weary rest,
 To the young dreamer, visions of the blest!
 What art thou like, nestling in slumbers there,
 So meek, so calm, so innocently fair?

What art thou like? A dormouse, sleek and warm,
 A primrose cluster, or a fairy charm?
 Yes! thou 'rt a charm,—a most mysterious spell;—
 Birds, bees, and flowers, can just as ably tell
 Why sunshine, scent, and streams their pleasure be,
 As thy young mother, why she dotes on thee
 With such unmeasured, fond intensity!

I cannot look on thee, but springing thought
 Perfumes the air with blossoms fancy-fraught:
 I cannot think on thee, but life seems bright
 With gushing sunbeams, ever new delight!
 Thou darling simpleton, thy vacant eye
 As yet to my long gaze makes no reply;
 Breathing and crying are thy only speech,
 But oh, for me, what eloquence hath each!
 Sounds of my first-born,—how my heart they thrill,
 Like the sweet babblings of a hidden rill;
 A well of future blessedness art thou,
 My morning-star, my crown of gladness now.

Mrs. RICHARDSON.

WHEN I first saw the little one, who is now vividly present to my mind, she was closely nestled in her pillow, and I hardly caught a glimpse of the features on which daylight had shone only for three weeks. From time to time, I was told of her singular loveliness, but she had numbered five months before I was able to repeat my visit. Never shall I forget the feelings that arose as I gazed upon that child. The aspect of perfect health, combined with strength and sprightliness even beyond her age, seemed fully to justify the sanguine anticipations of a devoted mother, that she should successfully rear the babe: but every look that

I cast upon it brought closer to my heart a conviction, such as I had never felt before respecting any infant, that it *could* not be formed for earth. It was not the exquisite loveliness of the child, the perfection of its features, the transparent brilliancy of its beautiful complexion, and the singular mouldings of its delicate limbs, which any sculptor might have coveted to perpetuate in alabaster of kindred purity; it was not even the tranquil expression of its placid brow, not the soft smile that gently dimpled its little budding mouth, nor the assurance of its delighted mother, that so sweet and calm a temper she had never traced in any infant. No: it was a character spread over the babe, of something so pure, so holy, so far removed from weak and wayward mortality, that while I gazed on her, my tears burst forth, partly from the irresistible conviction that I was looking upon a thing of heaven, and partly from the unavoidable association of those thoughts with a coming sense of maternal lamentation and woe.

One trait that I remarked in the beautiful babe was a peculiarly pensive softness, which it was impossible to regard otherwise than as the meek and patient yearning of the soul after something that was not found in objects presented to the outward sense. I traced it, during the several opportunities that I had for observing her, and could not believe myself mistaken. Her beautiful brow was thoughtful, even to a careless eye; and the grace that reigned in every movement of her head and limbs was truly majestic. You could not study her countenance without fancying that she communed with a brighter world; and that something of a calm sadness hung over her view of sensible things. I was struck by the manner in which she would take hold of her young brother, steadying the boy's face between her delicate hands, and gazing upon it with a kind of perplexed earnestness, as if other images were floating in her mind.

Chapters on Flowers.

THOU first-born of the year's delight,
 Pride of the dewy glade,
 In vernal green and virgin white
 Thy vestal robes arrayed:—
 'Tis not because thy drooping form
 Sinks graceful on its nest,
 When chilly shades from gathering storm
 Affright thy tender breast:—
 Nor for yon river-islet wild
 Beneath the willow spray,
 Where, like the ringlets of a child,
 Thou weav'st thy circle gay:—
 'Tis not for these I love thee dear—
 Thy shy, averted smiles
 To Fancy bode a joyous year,
 One of Life's fairy isles.
 They twinkle to the wintry moon,
 And cheer the ungenial day,
 And tell us, all will glisten soon
 As green and bright as they.

KEBLE.

AND thou, in thy warm nook beside our bed,
 Peacefully wrapt in slumber infantine,
 Thou treasure newly found of springing joy,
 Thou jewel in the coronet of love,
 Thou little flower, a choice plant's earliest gem,
 Thou brightest morning-star by Love divine
 Set in the forehead of the hopeful East,—
 Thou reckest not of time; our human names
 Mould not thy varying moods: if marking aught,
 Measuring thy days by still-expected hours
 Of soft appliance to thy mother's breast:
 And yet methinks so hallowed is the time,
 That even thy cushioned cheek hath trace in it
 Clothed in a deeper and peculiar calm.

ALFORD.

THEY tell me thou art come from a far world,
Babe of my bosom! that these little arms,
Whose restlessness is like the spread of wings,
Move with the memory of flights scarce o'er,—
That through these fringed lids we see the soul
Steep'd in the blue of its remembered home;
And while thou sleep'st come messengers, they say,
Whispering to thee,—and 'tis then I see
Upon thy baby lips the smile of heaven.

God! who gavest
Into my guiding hand this wanderer,
To lead her through a world whose darkling paths
I tread with steps so faltering,—leave not me
To bring her to the gates of heaven, alone!
I feel my feebleness. Let *these* stay on,—
The angels who now visit her in dreams!
Bid them be near her pillow till in death
The closed eyes look upon Thy face once more!
And let the light and music, which the world
Borrows of heaven, and which her infant sense
Hails with sweet recognition, be to her
A voice to call her upward, and a lamp
To lead her steps to Thee.

N. P. WILLIS.

FEBRUARY.

THE CROCUS—CHILDHOOD.

'Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about its nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the Sun
When we've little warmth or none.'

It is remarkable that the blossoms of lofty plants are most frequently pendulous; those of the dwarf family the reverse. The golden clusters of the beautiful laburnum, and the shining silver of the yet lovelier acacia, how gracefully they bend and fall, as though ashamed of being placed so high; while the innocent daisy, made to be trampled on, and her neighbour, the spruce little buttercup, lift up their broad bright eyes, in unreserved freedom. Thus the great one of the earth, when touched by divine grace, rejoices to be brought down; and the brother of low degree can also rejoice in that he is exalted, into a greatness that the world knows not of.

This is a dreary season; bleak winds are abroad, and the frequent snow-drift oppresses every bough. The holly's bright berry peeps out here and there; but for flowers I may search in vain among the branches. I must look lower, and there they are—the regiments of soldiers, as my childish fancy termed them, that fail not to start up, keeping their appointed ranks in resolute defiance of all the artillery of winter. Far less elegant than the snow-drop, the Crocus yet possesses a sprightly grace peculiar to itself. The former seems to endure adversity; the latter to laugh at it. I allude to the bright yellow species, shedding a mimic sunshine upon beds of snow: there are others of the family, more sober in aspect, looking tranquilly content in the spot where they have been placed; and, under all attendant circumstances, placidly cheerful. They seem to say, 'It is but for a little while:

"The storms of wintry time shall quickly pass;"

and we will not murmur that we at present feel their severity.'

Chapters on Flowers.

'TIS February's changeful mood,
 When eve to morn is seldom true,
 And day which broke gusty and rude,
 Oft shuts in skies of softest hue:
 In mild repose that sun goes down,
 The next comes up with murky frown;
 But scarce hath tolled the hour of day,
 When glittering roll those frowns away,
 Even now with saffron-veiled head,
 Half-timid and half venturesome,
 Answering Spring's first call overhead,
 The Crocus hails her time to come;
 For she is not the delicate,
 Who shrinks from aught may fit her state,
 But wears a cheerful, hardy brow,
 Glad combatant of frost and snow.
 Yet prudent are her ways the while,
 Both warmth and tempests to foresee,
 Nor will she, save the clear heaven's smile,
 Ope her red cargo to the bee:
 In vain the errant creature comes,
 And round the fast-closed clusters hums,
 Till first the sun, with kindly rays,
 Bids her light up her joyous blaze.

S. R.

HERE have you been, my blue-eyed elf?
 Ransacking all Nature's pelf,
 To dress out that little self?
 Those locks so fine,—
 You stole them from the silk-worm's shelf,
 All his gold mine.
 For lips you robb'd the vermeil's dyes,
 Those eyes you stole from summer skies,
 That laughing sprite that 'neath them lies
 Beyond bright even;
 That innocence of your blue eyes
 You brought from heaven.

Sure they are come from some bright sphere,
Where there is Spring throughout the year.
Its music still is on your ear,
A shadowy beam,
A spell that weaves o'er all things here
A golden dream.

And while with you so merrily,
With your blue eyes I seem to see
O'er all around a gladsome glee,
No care obtruding,
On bird and flower strange revelry
And glory brooding.

My bonny blue-eyed cherub thing,
A cherub,—had you but its wing—
But then, I know, away you'd spring
With all your gladness,
Nor soil your sweet apparelling
With sin and sadness.

What shall I call you? My bright gem,
Best jewel on love's diadem—
A bud of heaven on life's poor stem—
A blue-eyed flower—
Star peeping through night's blue-robed hem,
Beauty's own dower?

Oh, no, you are the little Bess,
A little spirit sent to bless
All round you, neither more or less—
A pledge of love,
In casket of rich loveliness,
From One above!

I. WILLIAMS.

ONE of Janie's secrets,' is a household saying for a rumour spread through the house, and currently reported in whispers; and Janie's profound mysteries place her on a footing of confidential and important relationship with every one in both upper and lower regions: which is well; as some of those schemes of hers might lead to undesirable results, were they not met by grown-up interference and direction.

To her little mind nothing, indeed, could be more charming than clandestinely to turn the water-cock in the conservatory, and to produce a flood, 'that all the p'ants and f'owers and things might f'loat like Noah's ark on the top of the water.' And had it not been that those fat little fingers had not strength to effect her purpose, even as she stood on tip-toe, and that thus the co-operation of an older person was required, a ruin of camelias and geraniums would have been effected quite sufficient to equal any expectations less animated than her own.

And in the same manner, a most timely discovery of my Janie's best intentions alone saved sister Mary's water-colour view of Copsley Park from the gratuitous and effective introduction of a 'b'ue b'ue sky,' which, armed with a cake of indigo incautiously left within reach, that little damsel was preparing to rub in 'over the clouds in the ceiling, and all for a surp'ise;' while she still laments over having been intercepted in an enterprise of concealing herself behind the pendulum of the great hall clock—'a little cupboard just big enough for me'—whence she thought to astonish the various members of the family as they passed by to dinner.

But what is to become of my wee wifie in this big house, where, from papa downwards, every member of the family combines to do away with the effects of her mother's judicious education, by a system of unmitigated spoiling? And how am I to carry out disciplinarian measures, when they take no effect upon the subject thereof? Only yesterday, Janie was sentenced to the punishment of being put in the corner in its most aggravated form—her face being turned to the wall—in consequence of the

C-A-T, *dog* battle, which meets teacher and scholar at the entrance to the fields of literature, having been too much for that wilful little spirit of hers. And on my coming, with a heavy heart, to release her at the end of half-an-hour, and to wipe away tears of penitence from the blue eyes already mentioned, I was greeted with a joyous 'O mamma, *do* look here! there's two *darling* little spiders that have made a web; and there's a wee wee fly nearly caught in it; and they want to catch it, and I'm waiting to see if they will!' And what was I to say?

Copsley Annals.

WELCOME, wild harbinger of Spring!
To this small nook of earth;
Feeling and fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fixed thy lowly lot.

To thee, for thy rich golden bloom,
Like heaven's fair bow on high,
Portends, amid surrounding gloom,
That brighter hours draw nigh,
When blossoms of more varied dyes
Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

Yet not the lily or the rose,
Though fairer far they be,
Can more delightful thoughts disclose
Than I derive from thee:
The eye their beauty may prefer,
The heart is thy interpreter!

Methinks in thy fair flower is seen,
By those whose fancies roam,
An emblem of that leaf of green
The faithful dove brought home,
When o'er the world of waters dark
Were driven the inmates of the ark.

The leaf betokened freedom nigh
To mournful captives there ;
Thy flower foretells a summer sky,
And chides the dark despair,
By winter's chilling influence flung
O'er spirits sunk, and nerves unstrung.

And sweetly has kind Nature's hand
Assigned thy dwelling-place
Beneath a flower whose blooms expand
With fond congenial grace,
On many a desolated pile,
Brightening decay with beauty's smile.

Thine is the flower of hope, whose hue
Is bright with coming joy ;
The wall-flower's that of faith, too true
For ruin to destroy :—
And where, O where, should hope up-spring,
But under faith's protecting wing ?

BARTON.

MARCH.

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM—FADING CHILDHOOD.

'Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you might stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.'—HERRICK.

It is a new and terrible feeling when a tender parent first looks upon the corpse of his own child. Every father and mother possesses a sort of instinctive persuasion that his child is to outlive him; and if ever he presents his own death-bed scene to himself, he always imagines that his sons and daughters will be standing round him, endeavouring to administer every comfort in their power. Nature shrinks at the idea of the child going before the father. Well do I remember, that although the death of infants is so common an event, I was utterly confounded when I was called upon to give up my infant baby. Oh, my baby! oh, my Henry! Teach me to do Thy will, my God!

In the evening I walked with my Henry in Lucy's verandah (the verandah of the room in which the little fair one was born). I sang the 'Evening Hymn;' I sang many Psalms; and took him at last asleep to bed. These words are ever sounding in my ears: 'Mamma, Mamma, remember Henry!' I used to fancy at the time that I constantly heard him repeating them.

On Saturday I saw him in the back verandah, with a little slender stick in his hand; and I saw him afterwards with corn for the fowls in his frock.

I know not how it was, but I often found myself singing this verse whilst I nursed him,—

'And sickness, alas! to the cold grave has brought him.'

This is part of a sweet song which Mr. Sherwood used to sing. Yet I had a stupidity about me, so that I did not foresee his death. •

On the Saturday before my little one's death I sat at the door or entrance of the front verandah, with my boy on a pillow on my lap. After a while he raised himself up and looked about him. I took him in my arms, and walked with him towards the river; he seemed easier, but towards evening the disease, which had ceased for twenty-four hours, came on again with violence.

We sent for the doctor, and two of the women sat up with him. He lay in his ayah's arms, and death sat on his face. I saw it then for the first time.

Dr. Penny, the station surgeon, came; I suppose Mr. Millar had brought him. He looked at the dying baby; and then, taking my hand, told me not to grieve if he was taken from me; he was struggling with death. Once again I got my boy in my arms. I walked with him to the further end of the verandah, where I was not under the immediate gaze of any one. There were some lovely golden clouds just above my head; I thought that these were opening to receive my baby. I was alone for a moment. I remember crying, in an agony of grief, 'O Lord, take my child, and make him Thine own for ever.' Thus far had I then been brought to submit, after much and long resistance against the Divine will; for assuredly, never did mother more reluctantly resign a child than I did Henry.

MRS. SHERWOOD.

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WHEN garnered is pale autumn's sheaf,
 And days are gloomy, chill, and brief,
 Oh, not with wonder, scarce with grief,
     We pause to view
 The fading flower and seared leaf
     Our pathway strew.

But thus to see *thee* bow thy head,
 And on the ground thy pale leaves shed,
 Ere thy first hour of bloom is sped,
     This wakes a sigh;
 For visions of the early dead
     Come floating by.

Oh, were I from each bud that blows
 To choose meet type for beauty's brows,
 I'd turn from lily and from rose
                     To thee, sweet flower;
 For that thy leaves in springing close—
                     Thy life's an hour.

Yes—whether singing to her lute,
 Or listening love's beguiling suit,
 Or when enlivening harp and flute
                     Invite the dance;
 Thou, frail one, eloquently mute,
                     Shouldst woo her glance.

For whilst upon her bosom white
 Thy leaves so perishingly bright
 Dropt one by one, perchance she might
                     Read beauty's doom;
 And learn how e'en a breath may blight
                     Youth's opening bloom.

MRS. HEY.

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THE baby wept;
 The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
 And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain alarms,
                     And baby slept.

Again it weeps,
 And God doth take it from the mother's arms—
 From present pain, and future unknown harms,—
                     And baby sleeps.

HINDS.

HE longed for you yesterday to sketch the precious one. Such spirit-loveliness as his marble face wore I cannot describe; it was infantile, yet so intellectual, the features somewhat sharpened by death, all most exquisitely chiselled; the sweet blue eyes half open, so there was no look of death, but an air of calm, satisfied waiting for the good things yet in store. It was quite a mercy to me; a message from heaven seemed written there, satisfying every wish concerning him. It is not so fair to-day. The eyes have sunk a little, and there is an impression of the sadness of earth's decay. The other look was from heaven, and will be a precious memory. I think my little Harry will be to us all the flower of the household. Only a few days ago I was saying, 'This boy will perhaps grow up to be a poet,' he was so quiet, so gentle; he loved the soft evening light so much. What a boon it is to have had him!

Doing and Suffering.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

'Shall I have nought that is fair?' saith he,
'Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.'

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

'My Lord has need of these flow'rets gay,'
The Reaper said, and smiled;
'Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

'They all shall bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.'

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.

HAT shall I render Thee, Father Supreme,
For Thy rich gifts, and this the best of all!
Said a young mother, as she fondly watched
Her sleeping babe. There was an answering voice
That night, in dreams, 'Thou hast a little bud
Wrapt in thy breast, and fed with dews of love;
Give Me that bud: 't will be a flower in heaven.'

But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless, and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanched in its trance. 'Thou hast a little harp:
How sweetly would it swell the angel's song!
Give Me that harp!' There burst a shuddering sob,

As if the bosom, by some hidden sword
Was cleft in twain. Morn came. A blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud;
The harp-strings ran a thrilling strain, and broke;
And the young mother lay upon the earth
In childless agony. Again the voice
That stirred her vision: 'He who asked of thee
Loveth a cheerful giver.' So she raised
Her gushing eye, and ere the tear-drop dried
Upon its fringes, smiled. Doubt not that smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

AND there our darling lay, in confined calm,
Dressed for the grave in raiment like the snow,
And o'er her flowed the white eternal peace:
The breathing miracle into silence passed;
No more to stretch wee hands, with her dear smile,
As soft as light-fall on unfolding flowers;
No more to wake us, crying in the night;
Our little hindering thing for ever gone,
In tearful quiet now we might toil on,
All dim the living lustres motion makes,
No life-dew in the sweet cups of her eyes!
Naught there of our poor baby but her brow!

The world went lightly by, and heeded not
Our death-white windows blinded to the sun—
The hearts that ached within—the measureless loss—
The idol broken—our first tryst with death!
O Life, how strange thy face behind the veil!
And stranger still will thy strange mystery seem
When we awake in death and tell our dream.

MASSEY.

APRIL.

THE PRIMROSE—GIRLHOOD.

'Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire,
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms
And cradled by the winds:

'Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.'

KIRKE WHITE.

F all living objects children, out of doors, seem to me the most interesting to a lover of nature. In a room, I may, perhaps, be allowed to exercise my privilege as an old maid, by confessing that they are, in my eyes, less engaging,—if well behaved, the poor little things seem constrained and *gênés*; if ill conducted, the *gêne* is transferred to the unfortunate grown-up people, whom their noise distracts, and their questions interrupt. Within doors, in short, I am one of the many persons who like children in their places: that is to say, in any place where I am not. But out of doors there is no such limitation. From the gipsy urchins under a hedge to the little lords and ladies in a ducal demesne, they are charming to look at, to watch, and to listen to. Dogs are less amusing, flowers are less beautiful, trees themselves are less picturesque.

I cannot even mention them without recalling to my mind twenty groups or single figures, of which Gainsborough would have made at once a picture and a story. The little aristocratic-looking girl, for instance, of some five or six years old, whom I used to see two years ago every morning at breakfast-time, tripping along the most romantic street in England, the High Street in Oxford, attended, or escorted—it is doubtful which—by a superb Newfoundland dog, curly and black, carrying in his huge mouth her tiny work-bag, or her fairy parasol, and guarding with so true a fidelity his pretty young lady, whilst she, on her part, queened it over her lordly subject with such diverting gravity, seeming to guide him whilst he guided her—led, whilst she thought herself

leading—and finally deposited at her daily school, with as much regularity as the same sagacious quadruped would have displayed in carrying his master's glove, or fetching a stick out of the water. How I should like to see a portrait of that fair, demure, elegant child, with her full, short frock, her frilled trousers, and her blue kid shoes, threading her way, by the aid of her sable attendant, through the many small impediments of the crowded streets of Oxford.

MISS MITFORD.

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FAIREST of all that's fair
In Nature's works are ye, ye wilding flowers,
When thus, at Spring's first beck, ye blithely rear
Your shining heads, to herald her bright hours.

But that your bloom is brief,
And here and there on some slight stem a thorn,
Half hid, perchance, beneath a shrivelled leaf,
Tells into what sad destiny ye're born;—

I could have thought the doom
Which gave to ruin earth, to storms the sky,
And man, God's last best work, unto the tomb,
Your primal beauty had unharmed passed by.

But are ye loved the less
That for our sakes these earth-born traits ye wear?
Oh, no, the very blight which mars your grace,
And speaks your frailty, makes ye but more dear.

Nor this your only claim
On man's regard; meekly from glade and bower
Ye warn and counsel him, as 't were your aim
To win him back to Paradise once more.

Yes, each of ye in turn
Points some pure moral to the human heart;
One, bending 'neath the storm, to those who mourn
Lessons of meek endurance may impart;

Others that breathe at eve
Sweet incense, urge to watchfulness and prayer;
And, with united voice, all bid us leave
The morrow to our common Father's care.

And thou, so fair and pale,
That lovest 'mid grass and shadowing leaves to hide
Thy modest charms, sweet Primrose, thee I hail,
Reprover meek of vanity and pride.

Alas, that pride, which wrought
Man's woe in Paradise, should haunt him still,
No hated inmate, but with every thought
Twined, closely twined, and prompting aye to ill.

Oh, when within my breast
Such thoughts are stirring, do thou gently chide,
And timely whisper from thy leafy nest,
'Shall man be proud, to sin and death allied?'

MRS. HEY.

THAT tall white house,—what a place it holds in my fond recollection! It was perfectly an old parsonage, and behind it lay a garden larger than our city orchard, sloping gently down, with a profusion of fruit and flowers, bounded by high walls, and the central walk terminating in a door, beyond which lay the scene of our greatest enjoyment. A narrow slip of grass, fringed with osiers, and alders, and willows, alone separated the wall from a very clear, lovely stream, which, winding half round an extensive common, turned a mill. This small river abounded with fish, and we soon became smart anglers; besides which, on creeping to some distance by a path of our own discovery, we could cross the stream on a movable plank, and take a wide range through the country. This removal was a double resource; it invigorated my bodily frame, until I outgrew and out-bloomed every girl of my age in the neighbourhood, while really laying a foundation for many years of uninterrupted health, and a constitution to defy the change of climate for which I was destined; while it won me from the sickening, enervating habit of sedentary enjoyment over the pages of a book; which, added to the necessary studies and occupations, was relaxing alike the tone of the bodily and mental frame. From the polluted works of man I was drawn to the glorious works of God; and never did bird of the air, or beast of the field, more luxuriate in the pure bright elements of nature than I did. All the poetical visions of liberty that had floated in my brain seemed now realised; all pastoral descriptions faded before the actual enjoyment of rural life. Sometimes wreathing garlands of wild flowers, reclined on a sunny bank, while a flock of sheep strolled around, and the bold little lambs came to peep in our faces, and then gallop away in pretended alarm; sometimes tearing our clothes to tatters in an ardent hunt for the sweet filberts that hung high above our heads, on trees well fortified behind breast-works of bramble and thorn; sometimes cultivating the friendship, while we quaffed the milk, of the good-natured cows under the dairymaid's operation, whose breath I was instructed to inhale. All was freedom, mirth, and peace.

Personal Recollections.

WILL paint her as I see her.
Ten times have the lilies blown,
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and drooped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks, encoloured faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air :

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child—
Though too calm, you think, and tender,
For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
Frank, obedient, waiting still
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light as all young things—
As young birds, or early wheat
When the wind blows over it.

Only, free from flutterings
Of loud mirth that scorneth measure—
Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasures, for the rest,
Which come softly—just as she,
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks—
Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware,
With a halo round the hair.

And if reader read the poem,
He would whisper, 'You have done a
Consecrated little Una.'

And a dreamer (did you show him
That same picture) would exclaim,
'Tis my angel, with a name !'

And a stranger, when he sees her
In the street even, smileth stilly,
Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her,
Softens, sleeken every word,
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth whereon she passes,
With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, 'God love her,'
Aye, and certes, in good sooth,
We may all be sure HE DOTH.

E. B. BROWNING.

MAY.

HEARTSEASE AND DAISY—THE PLAYMATES.

‘Oh, for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May dews of that fair land,
Where Daisies, thick as starlight, stand,
In every walk.’—J. MONTGOMERY.

Y only brother was a second self. Not that he resembled me in any respect, for he was beautiful to a prodigy, and I an ordinary child; he was wholly free from any predilection for learning, being mirthful and volatile in the highest degree: and though he listened when I read to him the mysterious marvels of my favourite nursery books, I doubt whether he ever bestowed an after-thought on anything therein contained. The brightest, the sweetest, the most sparkling creature that ever lived, he was all joy, all love. I do not remember to have seen him for one moment out of temper, or out of spirits, for the first sixteen years of his life; and he was to me what the natural sun is to the system. We were never separated; our studies, our plays, our walks, our plans, our hearts, were always one. That holy band which the Lord has woven, that inestimable blessing of fraternal love and confidence, was never broken, never loosened between us, from the cradle to his grave; and God forbid I should say or think that the grave has broken it! If I have not from the outset included that precious brother in my sketch, it was because I should almost as soon have deemed it necessary to include by name my own head or my own heart. He, too, was musical, and sang sweetly; and I cannot look back on my childhood without confessing that its cup ran over with the profusion of delights that my God poured into it.

Personal Recollections.

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A GOLD and silver cup
Upon a pillar green,
Earth holds her Daisy up
To catch the sunshine in;

A dial chaste set there
To show each radiant hour;
A field astronomer—
A sun-observing flower.

The children with delight
To meet the Daisy run;
They love to see how bright
She shines upon the sun.
Like lowly white-crowned queen
Demurely doth she bend,
And stands with quiet mien,
The little children's friend.

She lifteth up her cup,
She gazeth on the sky;
Content, so looking up
Whether to live or die;
Content, in wind and cold,
To stand, in shine or shower,—
A white-rayed marigold,
A golden-bosomed flower.

H. SUTTON.

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THIS morn a fairy bower I passed,
Where, sheltered from the northern blast,
Grew many a garden gem;
More lovely sure not Eden graced,
Ere yet the primal curse had traced
Ruin and blight on all, and placed
Thorns on the rose's stem.

But nearer viewed, methought the bloom,
Ev'n of this group, partook the doom
Which all things earthly share;
In one, the gayest of the gay,
A hidden worm insidious lay,
Whilst others born far, far away,
Pined for their native air.

Onward I sped in musing mood,
Till near my path, now wild and rude,
    A flow'ret met my view ;
Unlike to those I'd left, it chose
A lowly bed, 'yet blithe as rose
That in the king's own garden grows,'
    It sipt the morning dew.

I paused, the sky became o'ercast,
And the chill rain fell thick and fast,—
    How fared that blossom now ?
With head on its slight stem inclined,
Smiling it met both rain and wind,
As if to teach me it designed
    'Neath sorrow's storm to bow.

Its name I knew, and deemed full well,
From its low home in rugged dell
    It might this hint afford,
That, whilst exotics only flower
In cultured soil, and sheltered bower,
Heartsease may be alike the dower
    Of peasant and of lord.

Yea, brows may ache which wear a crown,
And palace-walls give back the groan
    Of breaking hearts I ween,
Whilst in the peasant's lowly nest,
That which fair Eden's shades once blest,
Oft lingers still a cherished guest,
    Cheering life's varied scene.

Then let the storm beat o'er my head,
If, while the rugged path I tread,
    That *ease of heart* be mine,
Which, when the darkling cloud doth rise,
Not with the passing sunbeam dies,
But, all unchanged by frowning skies,
    Throughout the storm doth shine.

MRS. HEY.

T was a warm, sunny afternoon, and her aunt had tied a sun-bonnet on her little Mara, and turned the two children loose upon the beach to pick shells. All was serene, and quiet, and retired, and no possible danger could be apprehended. So up and down they trotted, till the spirit of adventure, which ever burned in the breast of the boy, led him towards a small canoe which had been moored just under the shadow of a cedar-covered rock. At once he persuaded his little neighbour to go into it, and for a while they made themselves very gay, rocking from side to side.

The tide was going out, and each retreating wave washed the boat up and down, till it came into the boy's head how beautiful it would be to sail out as he had seen men do; and so, with earnest tugging of his little brown hands, the boat was at last loosed from her moorings, and pushed out into the tide, and then the children laughed to find themselves swinging and balancing on the surface of the water, and watching the sparkles of the sunshine and the white pebbles below.

And then the tide-waves danced them out and still outward, and as they went further and further from shore the more glorious felt the boy. He had got Mara all to himself, and was going away with her. Then the sea-gulls came flying toward the children, and they stretched their little arms in welcome, nothing doubting but these fair creatures were coming at once to take passage with them for Fairyland. And thus the children were all excitement at the way in which their little bark danced and rocked, as it floated outward to the broad, open ocean,—at the blue, freshening waves, at the pretty gulls, and at the vague expectations of going rapidly somewhere, to something more beautiful still.

MRS. STOWE.

HERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine ;
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on its way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale :

But this bold flow'ret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms in consecrated ground,
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page,—in every place,
 In every season, fresh and fair,
 It opens with perennial grace,
 And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
 Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
 The rose has but a summer reign ;
 The Daisy never dies.

J. MONTGOMERY.

DEAR boy, thy momentary laughter rings
 Sincerely out, spontaneous glee,
 Seeming to need no hint from outward things,
 Breaks forth in sudden shoutings, loud and free.

From what hid fountains doth thy joyance flow,
 That borrows nothing from the world around ?
 Its springs must deeper lie than we can know,
 A well whose springs lie safely underground.

So be it ever, and, thou happy boy,
 When time, that takes these wild delights away,
 Gives thee a measure of sedater joy,
 Which, unlike this, shall ever with thee stay ;

Then may that joy, like this, to outward things
 Owe nothing, but lie safe beneath the sod ;
 A hidden fountain, fed from unseen springs,
 From the glad-making river of our God.

TRENCH.

JUNE.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY—MAIDENHOOD.

'She nor affects
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun;
She to no state or dignity aspires,
But silent and alone puts on her suit,
And sheds her lasting perfume, but for which
We had not known there was a thing so sweet
Hid in the gloomy shade.'—HURDIS.

ITTING in the sunshine, near the window, she seemed to receive with its warmth a kind influence, which made her both happy and good. Thus disposed, she looked her best, and her best was a pleasing vision. To her had not been denied the gift of beauty: it was not absolutely necessary to know her in order to like her; she was fair enough to please, even at the first view. Her shape suited her age; it was girlish, light, and pliant; every curve was neat, every limb proportionate; her face was expressive and gentle; her eyes were handsome, and gifted at times with a winning beam that stole into the heart, with a language that spoke softly to the affections. Her mouth was very pretty,—she had a delicate skin and a fine flow of brown hair, which she knew how to arrange with taste; curls became her, and she possessed them in picturesque profusion. Her style of dress announced taste in the wearer; very unobtrusive in fashion, far from costly in material, but suitable in colour to the fair complexion with which it contrasted, and in make to the slight form from which it draped. Her present winter garb was of merino, the same soft shade of brown as her hair; the little collar round her neck lay over a pink ribbon, and was fastened with a pink knot; she wore no other decoration. Her cheek had a colour, her eyes a light, her countenance an expression, this evening, which would have made even plain features striking; but there was not the grievous defect of plainness to pardon in her case. The sunshine was not shed on rough barrenness; it fell on soft bloom. Each lineament was turned with grace; the whole

aspect was pleasing. At the present moment—animated, interested, touched—she might be called beautiful. Such a face was calculated to awaken not only the calm sentiment of esteem, the distant one of admiration; but some feeling more tender, genial, intimate: friendship, perhaps—affection, interest.

C. BRONTE.

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PASS not the Lilies of the vale
Unmindful of their holy tale,
But listen to the voice
Which, from their flowerets fair,
Would bid you to rejoice
That you are God's own care.

No king can shine more bright than they,
Though decked with art in rich array,
Still must his glories yield
To flowers that careless grow,—
The Lilies of the field;
Which toil not, spin, nor sow.

If God so clothe a fading flower,
Born but to perish in an hour,
With raiment bright and fair,
Will He not much more grant
To man, His chiefest care,
All things that he doth want?

AIDEN, with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares.

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Buds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a Lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

LONGFELLOW.

ESTER is beautiful as the evening star. Margaret is very different. It does not matter what she is as to beauty, for the question seems never to have entered her own mind. I doubt whether it has ever occurred to her whether she can be this, or that, or the other. She is, there's an end of the matter. Such pure existence, without question, without introspection, without hesitation or consciousness, I never saw in any one above eight years old. Yet she is wise; it becomes not me to estimate how wise. You will ask how I know this already. I knew it the first day I saw them; I knew it by her infinite simplicity, from which all selfishness is discharged, and into which no folly can enter. The air of heaven must have been above her from her infancy to nourish such health of the soul.

Her affection for her sister is a sort of passion. It has some of the features of the serene guardianship of one from on high, but it is yet more like the passionate servitude—of the benefited to a benefactor, for instance—which is, perhaps, the most graceful attitude in which our humanity appears. Where are the words that can tell what it is to witness, day by day, the course of such a life as this? to see, living and moving before one's eyes, the very spirit that one had caught glimpses of, wandering in the brightest vistas of one's imagination in the holiest hours of thought? Yet is there nothing fearful as in the presence of a spirit; there is scarcely even a sense of awe, so childlike is her deportment. I go, grave and longing to listen; I come away and find that I have been talking more than any one; revealing, discussing, as if I were the teacher and not the learner, you will say the worshipper.

Her life has been devotedness, and will be to the end. If she were left the last of her race, she would spend her life in worshipping the unseen that lay above her, and would be as unaware of herself as now.

H. MARTINEAU.

LOWER of light, forget thy birth,
Daughter of the sordid earth,
Lift the beauty of thine eye
To the blue ethereal sky.

While thy graceful buds unfold
Silver petals starred with gold,
Let the bee among thy bells
Rifle their ambrosial cells,
And the nimble-pinioned air
Waft thy breath to heaven like prayer.
Cloud and sun alternate shed
Gloom or glory round thy head;
Morn impearl thy leaves with dews,
Evening lend them rosy hues,
Noon with snow-white splendour bless,
Night with glow-worm jewels dress.

Thus fulfil thy summer-day,
Spring, and flourish, and decay;
Live a life of fragrance,—then
Disappear,—to rise again,
When thy sisters of the vale
Welcome back the nightingale.

So may she, whose name I write,
Be herself a flower of light,
Live a life of innocence,
Die to be transplanted hence
To that garden in the skies
Where the lily never dies.

JULY.

THE ROSE—THE MOTHER.

‘The queen Rose reigns supreme,
Fairest among the fair.’

WONDERFUL corner for echoes, it has been remarked, that corner where the doctor lived. Ever busily winding the golden thread that bound her husband, and her father, and herself, and her old directress and companion in a life of quiet bliss, Lucie sat in the still house in the tranquilly resounding corner, listening to the echoing footsteps of years.

At first there were times, though she was a perfectly happy young wife, when her work would slowly fall from her hands, and her eyes would be dimmed. For there was something coming in the echoes—something light, afar-off, and scarcely audible yet—that stirred her heart too much. Fluttering hopes and doubts—hopes of a love as yet unknown to her; doubts of her remaining upon earth to enjoy that new delight—divided her breast. Among the echoes, then, there would arise the sound of footsteps at her own early grave; and thoughts of her husband who would be left so desolate, and who would mourn for her so much, swelled to her eyes and broke like waves.

That time passed, and her little Lucie lay on her bosom. Then among the advancing echoes there was the tread of her tiny feet and the sound of her prattling words. Let greater echoes resound as they would, the young mother at the cradle side could always hear those coming. They came, and the shady house was sunny with a child's laugh, and the Divine friend of children, to whom in her trouble she had confided hers, seemed to take her child in His arms, as He took the child of old, and made it a sacred joy to her.

* * * * *

Even when there were sounds of sorrow among the rest, they were not harsh nor cruel. Even when golden hair like her own lay in a halo on a pillow round the worn face of a little boy, and he said, with a radiant smile, ‘Dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave you both, and to leave my pretty sister, but I am called and I must go;’ those were not

tears all of agony that wetted his young mother's cheek, as the spirit departed from her embrace that had been entrusted to it. Suffer them and forbid them not. They see my Father's face. O Father, blessed words.

Thus, the rustling of an angel's wings got blended with the other echoes,—and they were not wholly of earth, but had in them that breath of Heaven. Sighs of the winds, that blew over a little garden tomb, were mingled with them also, and both were audible to Lucie, in a hushed murmur, like the breathing of a summer sea asleep upon a sandy shore, as the little Lucie, comically studious at the task of the morning, or dressing a doll at her mother's footstool, chattered in the tongues of the Two Cities that were blended in her life.

A Tale of Two Cities.

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LOVELY Rose! the sunlight stays
 On thy blushing face to gaze;
 Fondly yet the last beam lingers
 Ere it leaves the purple West;
 Touched by Nature's rosy fingers,
 Glows the crimson of thy vest.

Moonbeams thread thy leafy bower,
 Love to light thy sleeping flower;
 Dewdrops on thy peerless brow
 With a gleaming lustre shine;
 Where is crowned head can show
 Diadem as bright as thine?

Twilight pale, through darkness breaking,
 Early watches for thy waking;
 Sunbeams on thy breast repose,
 Drink the odour of thy sigh;
 Noon his brightest smile bestows,
 Tints thy cheek with warmer dye.

Lovely Rose, so fondly cherished,
 Quick we see thy beauty perished;
 Yet thy treasured leaves supply
 Sweet remembrance of thy reign--
 Thus the stores of memory
 Give back days of joy again.

HOW much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
 Rose, ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
 The bridal day,—the festival, the tomb—
 Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower.

Therefore with thy sweet breath come floating by
 A thousand images of love and grief,
 Dreams, filled with tokens of mortality,
 Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that hailed thee first,
 In the clear light of Eden's golden day!
 There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
 Linked with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose, for the banquet gathered, and the bier;
 Rose, coloured now by human hope or pain;
 Surely where death is not,—nor change, nor fear,
 Yet we may meet thee, joy's own flower, again.

HEMANS.

talk awhile about the Colonel's voyage home, the pleasures of the Spanish journey, the handsome new quarters in which Clive has installed his father and himself, my own altered condition in life, and what not. During the conversation, a little querulous voice makes itself audible above stairs, at which noise Mr. Clive begins to laugh, and the Colonel to smile. It is for the first time in his life Mr. Clive listens to the little voice; indeed, it is only since about six weeks that that small organ has been heard in the world at all. Laura Pendennis believes its tunes to be the sweetest, the most interesting, the most mirth-inspiring, the most pitiful and pathetic, that ever baby uttered, which opinions, of course, are backed by Mrs. Hokey, the confidential nurse. Laura's husband is not so rapturous; but let us trust, behaves in a way be-

coming a man and a father. We forego the description of his feelings as not pertaining to the history at present under consideration. A little while before the dinner is served, the lady of the cottage comes down to greet her husband's old friends.

And here I am sorely tempted to a third description, which has nothing to do with the story to be sure, but which if properly struck off might fill half a page very prettily. For, is not a young mother one of the sweetest sights which life shows us? If she has been beautiful before, does not her present pure joy give a character of refinement and sacredness almost to her beauty, touch her sweet cheeks with fairer blushes, and impart, I know not what serene brightness to her eyes.

When Sir Charles Grandison stepped up and made his very grace-fullest bow to Miss Byron, I am sure his gracious dignity never exceeded that of Colonel Newcome's first greeting to Mrs. Pendennis. Of course, from the very moment they beheld one another they became friends. Are not most of our likings thus instantaneous? Before she came down to see him, Laura had put on one of the Colonel's shawls—the crimson one, with the red palm-leaves and the border of many colours. As for the white one, the priceless, the gossamer, the fairy web, that might pass through a ring, *that* every lady must be aware, was already appropriated to cover the cradle, or what I believe is called the bassinet, of Master Pendennis.

The Newcomes.

O ROSE, thou flower of flowers, thou fragrant wonder,
 Who shall describe thee in thy ruddy prime?
 Thy perfect fulness in the summer time;
 When the pale leaves blushing part asunder
 And show the warm red heart lies glowing under:
 Thou shouldst bloom surely in some sunny clime,
 Untouched by blights and chilly winter's rime,
 Where lightnings never flash, nor peals the thunder.
 And yet in happier spheres they cannot need thee
 So much as we do with our weight of woe:
 Perhaps they would not tend, perhaps not heed thee,
 And thou wouldst lonely and neglected grow;
 And He who is all wise, He hath decreed thee
 To gladden earth and cheer all hearts below.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

HE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes are stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.
I saw her upon nearer view
A spirit, but a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.
And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

THOU bidst me mark how yon lone Rose
Bends as the wild wind o'er it blows,
Then, meekly rising, seems to eye
With calm submissiveness the sky,
Though rain and tempest mingling there
Spread universal gloom,
To thing so fragile and so fair
Portending certain doom.

Yet still its soft leaves it unfolds
Nor aught of fragranciness withholds,
Filling with sweets the wind's rude wing
As though 'twere gentlest gales of spring,—
Thus mayest thou bow the storm beneath,
Thus meekly reascend;
And thus may praise its incensed breath
With sigh of sorrow blend.

Without a bud or sheltering spray
Yon floweret meets the tempest's sway,
Whilst thou in sweet domestic bower
Art screened in sorrow's trying hour;
A husband's kindly arm thy stay
When cares and griefs abound,
And buds of promise fair and gay,
Encircling thee around.

Buds whose young beauties wake the thought,
With hope and promise richly fraught,
That when their opening charms assume
Their destined character and bloom,
On this cold earth thou wilt not grieve
With none to share thy sigh.
But loved, protected, cherished live,
And wept and honoured die.

MRS. HEY.

AUGUST.

THE OAK.—MANHOOD.

‘It seems idolatry with some excuse
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity.’—COWPER.

ROYALTY, according to St. Paul, is not simply a dignity which raises a man above his fellows; it is also a ministry of religion to God, of justice to the people, of love to the miserable, severity to the wicked, gentleness to the good. Such were the principles on which St. Louis founded the glory and the holiness of his reign. He felt the weight of his crown from the first moment that he wore it; he recognised the difficulty of his work, and, like Solomon, he prayed for wisdom to aid him. The first truths which he learned were, what he owed to God as a man, what he owed to his people as a king. His first thoughts were, to make his kingdom happy, and to make himself holy; his first actions were actions of clemency and justice; and when he began to reign, he sacrificed his repose, and jeopardised his own life to put an end to the civil wars. Shall I sketch out to you the sad picture of a minority and a troubled regency? Shall I represent to you that fatal division which jealousy and the desire of command excited in the first years of his reign? Princes appeared in arms under the common pretext of the public good; the English had penetrated to the very centre of France; the authority of the king was violated, good subjects oppressed; and this flourishing kingdom ready to fall a prey to enemies both foreign and domestic. What desolation! Louis, without consulting flesh and blood, without excusing himself on the score of youth, fearing neither the hardships of the seasons, nor the dangers of war, set out on the campaign, implored the help of the God of armies, went to meet and fight his enemies:—I am wrong, went to comfort his subjects, and to restore them peace by gaining a battle. It was then that, assisted by Heaven, and moved more by the justice of his cause than by his own interests—in spite of the terror of foreign lands and foreign troops—he showed that true piety is not contrary to true valour,

and that the most difficult victories are only the first attempts of those whom God himself trains to war. It was then that he was seen to make up, by his own courage, for the inequality of numbers; to sustain, alone, the whole weight of the army; to defend the bridge of Jaillebourg with a firmness more wonderful than that of which ancient Rome has so boasted; and to perform actions which might be called rash, were it not that the Spirit of God sometimes elevates above the rules of common virtue and prudence those great minds which He has destined to combat the pride and the rebellion of men.

It was neither the desire to conquer, nor the desire of revenge, which kindled this youthful courage; it was the desire of peace and of public safety. Besides, the end of the rebellion was the repentance, not the ruin, of the rebels. He did not beat down those proud heads, he contented himself with having humbled them; he granted them his friendship as soon as he had restored them to order; and it might be said, that God had prepared these wars for him, and placed arms in his hands, in order to give him the glory of conquering and the pleasure of pardoning.

FLÉCHIER.

WHAT gnarled stretch, what depth of shade is his!

There needs no crown to mark the forest's king;
How in his leaves outshines full summer's bliss!
Sun, storm, rain, dew, to him their tribute bring,
Which he with such benignant royalty
Accepts, as overpayeth what is lent;
All nature seems his vassal proud to be,
And cunning only for his ornament.

How towers he, too, amid the billowed snows,
An unquelled exile from the summer's throne,
Whose plain, uncinctured front more kingly shows,
Now that the obscuring courtier leaves are flown!
His boughs make music of the winter air,
Jewelled with sleet, like some cathedral front
Where clinging snow-flakes, with quaint art, repair
The dents and furrows of Time's envious brunt.

How doth his patient strength the rude March wind
Persuade to seem glad breaths of summer breeze,
And win the soil that fain would be unkind,
To swell his revenues with proud increase!
He is the gem; and all the landscape wide
(So doth his grandeur isolate the sense)
Seems but the setting, worthless all beside,
An empty socket, were he fallen thence.

So from oft converse with life's wintry gales,
Should man learn how to clasp with tougher roots
The inspiring earth; how otherwise avails
The leaf-creating sap that sunward shoots?
So every year that falls with noiseless flake
Should fill old scars up on the stormward side,
And make hoar age revered for age's sake,
Not for traditions of youth's leafy pride.

So, from the pinched soil of a churlish fate,
True hearts compel the sap of sturdier growth,
So between earth and heaven stand simply great,
That these shall seem but their attendants both;
For nature's forces with obedient zeal
Wait on the rooted faith and oaken will;
As quickly the pretender's cheat they feel,
And turn mad Pucks to flout and mock him still.

Lord! all Thy works are lessons, each contains
Some emblem of man's all-containing soul;
Shall he make fruitless all thy glorious pains,
Delving within Thy grace an eyeless mole?
Make me the least of Thy Dodona-grove,
Cause me some message of Thy truth to bring,
Speak but a word through me, nor let Thy love
Among Thy boughs disdain to perch and sing.

LOWELL.

ORD FALKLAND had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters, he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not, by resistance, made necessary: insomuch that at Edge-hill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom it may be, others were more fierce for having thrown them away; so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirits stole upon him which he had never been used to: yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor, he resisted those indispositions.

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word 'peace,' 'peace;' and would passionately profess, 'that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.' This made some think, or pretend to think, 'that he was so much enamoured with peace that he would have been glad the king should have bought it at any price;' which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect on conscience or honour, could have wished the king to have committed a trespass against either. And yet this senseless scandal made some impression upon him, or at least he used it for an excuse of the daring-ness of his spirit: for at the leaguer before Gloucester, when his friend passionately reprehended him for exposing his person unnecessarily to

danger (for he delighted to visit the trenches and nearest approaches, and to discover what the enemy did), as being so much beside the duty of his place, that it might be understood rather to be against it, he would say merrily, 'that his office could not take away the privilege of his age; and that a secretary in war might be present at the greatest secret in danger;' but withal, alleged seriously, 'that it concerned him to be more active in enterprises of hazard than other men; that all might see that his impatience for peace proceeded not from pusillanimity, or fear to adventure his own person.'

CLARENDON.

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WHEN I went out to the gate through the city;
 When I prepared my seat in the street;
 The young men saw me and hid themselves;
 The aged arose and stood up;
 The princes refrained talking; the nobles held their peace.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me;
 When the eye saw me, it gave witness to me;
 Because I delivered the poor that cried—
 The fatherless, and him that had none to help him.
 The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me,
 And I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame;
 I was a father to the poor;
 And the cause which I knew not I searched out.

My root was spread out by the waters,
 And the dew lay all night upon my branch;
 My glory was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand.

Unto me men gave ear and waited;
 They kept silence at my counsel;
 After my words they spake not again, and my speech dropped upon
 them:
 They waited for me as for the rain;
 They opened their mouth, as for the latter rain.
 I chose out their way, and sat chief;
 I dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners.

Book of Job.

HE was one whose open face
Did his inmost heart reveal ;
One who wore with meekest grace,
On his forehead, Heaven's broad seal.

Kindness all his looks expressed,
Charity was every word ;
Him the eye beheld and blessed,
And the ear rejoiced that heard.

As a cedar of the Lord,
On the height of Lebanon,
Shade and shelter doth afford,
From the tempest and the sun,—

While in green luxuriant prime,
Fragrant airs its boughs diffuse,
From its locks it shakes sublime,
O'er the hills, the morning dews ;—

Thus he flourished, tall and strong,
Glorious in perennial health ;
Thus he scattered, late and long,
All his plenitude of wealth.

Then the widow's heart would sing,
As she turned her wheel, for joy ;
Then the bliss of hope would spring
On the outcast orphan-boy.

As the earth puts forth her flowers,
Heavenward breathing, from below ;
As the clouds descend in showers,
When the southern breezes blow ;—

Thus his renovated mind,
Warm with pure celestial love,
Shed its influence on mankind,
While its hopes aspired above.

J. MONTGOMERY.

SEPTEMBER.

JASMINE—THE MATRON.

‘Here Jasmine spreads the silver flower
To deck the wall, or weave the bower.’

HE was the wife of a dignified clergyman, and resided chiefly in a great cathedral town, to which I once or twice accompanied my father, whose near relation she had married. She was a middle-aged woman, with sons and daughters already settled in life, and must, in her youth, have been exceedingly lovely; indeed, she might still be deemed a model of matronly beauty. Her face was in the highest degree soft, feminine, and delicate, with an extreme purity and fairness of complexion; dove-like eyes, a gentle smile, and a general complacency and benevolence of aspect, such as I have rarely seen equalled. That sweet face was all sunshine. There was something in her look which realised the fine expression of the poet, when he speaks of,—

. . . ‘those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love whate’er they looked upon.’

Her voice and manner were equally delightful, equally captivating, although quite removed from any of the usual arts of captivation. Their great charm was their perfect artlessness and graciousness, the natural result of a most artless and gracious nature. She kept but little company; being so deaf as almost to unfit her for society; but this infirmity, which to most people is so great a disadvantage, seemed, in her case, only an added charm. She sat on her sofa in sober cheerfulness, placid and smiling, as if removed from the cares and the din of the work-a-day world . . . . and she was so attentive and so quick, that one sentence,—half a sentence, a word,—half a word, would be enough. She could catch even the zest of a repartee . . . . and when she uttered her pretty petition, ‘Mirth, admit me of thy crew!’ brought as ready a comprehension, as true a spirit of gaiety, and as much innocent enjoyment into a young and laughing circle, as she found there. Her reliance on the kindness and affection of all around her was unbounded. She was a most sweet person. I saw too little of her, and lost her too soon; but I loved her dearly, and still cherish her memory.

MISS MITFORD.

N early youth, ere life appeared
The sober thing I since have found it,
Or disappointment yet had seared
The garlands with which hope had crowned it,
How oft I longed, when thou, fair flower,
At eve thy treasured sweets wert breathing,
To find in some lone glen a bower
Which thy dark mantling sprays were wreathing;
And there, from morn to evening grey,
Muse tranquilly my life away.

But stern realities since then
Have long such idle musings banished,
And at their touch the lonely glen
And jasmine-shaded bower have vanished;
For I have seen the dark grave close
O'er some I loved, perchance too blindly,
And others, who once uttered vows
Of changeless friendship, look less kindly;
Still learning with my added years,
That life has fewer smiles than tears.

But though wild fancy never more
Such fond conceits from thee may borrow,
Yet still I love thee, sweetest flower,
E'en for the tints thou yield'st to sorrow;
Flowers that do bend, all meek and pale,
When storms arise, submission teach me;
But when upon eve's chilly gale
I feel thy choicest odours reach me,
Thou showest me more than how to bend,
Yea, with submission praise to blend.

MRS. HEY.

WHO can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.
 The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her;
 She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.

She riseth up while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and
 a portion to her maidens;
 She considereth a field, and buyeth it:
 With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.
 She looketh that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night.
 She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.
 She stretcheth out her hands to the poor;
 Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.
 She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.
 She looketh well to the ways of her household,
 And eateth not the bread of idleness.
 Her children arise up, and call her blessed;
 Her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Proverbs of Solomon.

SWEET Jessamine, long may thy elegant flower
 Breathe fragrance and solace to me;
 And long thy green sprays overshadow the bower
 Devoted to friendship and thee.

The eye that was dazzled where lilies and roses
 Their brilliant assemblage displayed,
 With grateful delight on thy verdure reposes,
 A tranquil and delicate shade.

But ah what dejection that foliage expresses,
 Which pensively droops on her breast!
 The dew of the evening has laden her tresses,
 And stands like a tear on her crest.

But soon will the shadows of night be withdrawn,
Which ever in mercy are given;
And thou shalt be cheered by the light of the morn,
And fanned by the breezes of heaven.

And still may thy tranquil and delicate shade,
Yield fragrance and solace to me;
For though all the flowers in my garden should fade,
My heart will repose upon thee.

JANE TAYLOR.

THAT dear little modest flower, the Jessamine, with its milk-white blossoms half hid in the masses of cool refreshing green, used to adorn the most limited spot, in the shape of a garden, that ever I was confined to, as a promenade. It was, in fact, merely a gravelled walk, raised to the height of a couple of steps above the level of the paved court, which formed the rear of some premises where I was an inmate. The further side, and the extremities of this walk, were bounded by an exceedingly high wall; and nothing could have been more ruefully sombre, or more widely removed from any approach to the picturesque, had not the old wall possessed a mantle of jessamine, the most luxuriant that I remember ever to have seen. The slender branches had mounted nearly to its summit; then, finding no further artificial support, through neglect, which shall presently be accounted for, they bent downward, shooting out in unchecked profusion, until the whole space might with strict propriety be called a bower. The upper part of the wall was more gaudily attired, in all the variations of green moss, yellow and blue creepers, and the dark red of the wallflower. Beyond these, nothing appeared but a strip of sky. At the foot of the rampart some thrifty hand had arranged a narrow plantation of balm, sage, parsley, and thyme, so close that the introduction of any other shrub was impossible; of course the old wall possessed the sole claim to the designation of a flower-garden; and, circumstanced as I then was, I

learnt to be thankful for any medium that led my eye to the brighter world above; for, in truth, all sublunary things were exceedingly dark around me.

It was impossible, at least to me, to avoid identifying the jessamine with her who owned that narrow spot, and who was peacefully journeying on, to take up her last earthly abode in one still narrower. Disease had blanched her cheek to the whiteness of the flower, and bowed her frame like its declining branches; while the nature of her malady forbade the continuance of her once favourite occupation of training and propping the jessamine.

Often have I gone out from the presence of the dear sufferer, to meditate upon the amazing power of Divine grace which she abundantly possessed; a rich treasure, in an earthen vessel so deplorably marred as to make it doubly apparent that all the excellence of that power was of God.

Chapters on Flowers.

ONE blossom's left to tell of sunny hours;
 But one sad relic of the host of flowers,
 Which, short time since, thick scattered o'er the tree,
 Shone as the sunlit drops upon the sea.
 How beautiful, how beautiful were set
 Those stars in Summer's golden coronet!
 Then Rose and Woodbine shed their fragrance round
 And in a glorious wreath the window bound;
 But Autumn now hath swept their beauty low;
 Woodbine and Rose alike have ceased to blow:
 Thy tresses, Jasmine, trail along the ground,
 And on them but one lingering flower is found—
 How dear, how doubly dear, to see thee bloom
 Amid this scene of fading and of gloom;
 To tell that, in the hours of doubt and care,
 Still, if we seek, we find some blossom there,—
 Some hope to cheer us in our darkened way,
 Some star to shed around a softening ray.

ALE was her hue; yet mortal cheek
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak
When aught had suffered wrong;—
When aught that breathes had felt a wound;
Such look the oppressor might confound,
However proud and strong.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things;
Her quiet is secure:
No thorns can pierce her tender feet,
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,
As climbing Jasmine, pure:

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,
Or lily heaving with the wave
That feeds it, or defends;
As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed
The mountain-top, or breathed the mist
That from the vale ascends.

WORDSWORTH.

OCTOBER.

THE VINE—THE FAMILY.

'They led the vine
To wed her elm; she spoused, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves.'—MILTON.

HAD not seen Winthrop for years; but we were old college friends, and I had gladly accepted an invitation to renew our ancient intimacy, by passing the New Year's season in his family. I found him still the same hale, kindly, cheery fellow, as in days of old, though time had taken the same liberty with his handsome head that Jack Frost had with the cedars and spruces out-of-doors, in giving to it a graceful and becoming sprinkle of silver.

'Here you are, my dear fellow!' said he, shaking me by both hands. 'Just in season for the ham and chickens—coffee all smoking. My dear,' he added, to a motherly-looking woman who now entered, 'here's John! I beg pardon, Mr. Stuart.' As he spoke, two bold, handsome boys broke into the room, accompanied by a huge Newfoundland dog, all as full of hilarity and abundant animation as an afternoon of glorious skating could have generated.

'Ha, Tom and Ned! You rogues; you don't want any supper to-night, I suppose,' said the father, gaily. 'Come up here and be introduced to my old friend. Here they come,' said he, as one by one the opening doors admitted the various children to the summons of the evening meal. 'Here,' presenting a tall young girl, 'is our eldest, beginning to think herself a young lady on the strength of being fifteen, and wearing her hair tucked up. And here is Eliza,' said he, giving a pull to a blooming, roguish girl of ten, with large, saucy, black eyes. 'And here is Willie,' a bashful, blushing little fellow, in a checked apron. 'And now, where's the little queen? where's her majesty? where's Ally?'

A golden head of curls was, at this instant, thrust timidly in at

the door, and I caught a passing glimpse of a pair of blue eyes; but the head, curls, eyes, and all instantly vanished, though a little, fat, dimpled hand was seen holding on to the door, and swinging it back and forward. 'Ally dear, come in!' said the mother, in a tone of encouragement. 'Come in, Ally! come in!' was repeated in various tones by each child; but brother Tom pushed open the door, and taking the little recusant in his arms, brought her fairly in and deposited her on her father's knee. She took firm hold of his coat, and then turned and gazed shyly upon me, her large blue eyes gleaming through her golden curls. It was evident that this was the pet lamb of the fold, and she was at that age when babyhood is verging into childhood—an age often indefinitely prolonged in a large family, where the universal admiration that waits on every look, and motion, and word of *the baby*, and the multiplied monopolies and privileges of the baby estate, seem, by universal consent, to extend as long and far as possible. And why not thus delay the little bark of the child among the flowery shores of its first Eden? Defer them as we may, the hard, the real, the cold commonplace of life, comes on all too soon.

'This is our New Year's gift,' said Winthrop, fondly caressing the curly head. 'Ally, tell the gentleman how old you are.'

'I s'al be four next New 'Ears,' said the little one, while all the circle looked applause.

'Ally, tell the gentleman what you are,' said brother Ned.

Ally looked coquettishly at me, as if she did not know whether she should favour me to that extent, and the young princess was further solicited.

'Tell him what Ally is,' said the eldest sister, with a patronizing air.

'Papa's New 'Ears present,' said my little lady at last.

'And mamma's too,' said the mother, gently, amid the applauses on the admiring circle.

Winthrop looked apologetically at me, and said, 'We all spoil her,—that's a fact—every one of us, down to Rover there, who lets her tie tippets round his neck and put bonnets on his head, and hug and kiss him, to a degree that would disconcert any other dog in the world.'

MRS. STOWE.

NOT hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and softer woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit:
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood.
Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and one fair daughter sweet;
And time, and care, and birthtime woes
Have dimmed thine eye and paled thy rose;
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that me charms, of tale and song;
And still 'tis sweet, to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine.
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought;
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower;
Oh, then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And high resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak:
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

THE Vine, too, here her clustering tendrils shoots,
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing, to the south,
 Where, by the potent sun elated high,
 The vineyard swells, refulgent, on the day;
 Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs
 Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
 From cliff to cliff increased, the heightened blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
 Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparent, while perfection breathes
 White o'er the turgid film the living dew.

THOMSON.

THERE is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
 Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
 Art thou a man, a patriot?—look around;
 Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land thy country, and that spot thy Home.

MONTGOMERY.

AND oh, what tongue can tell what bliss o'erflowed
The mother's tender heart while round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisped her name;—
And who hath not been ravished, as she passed
With all her playful band of little ones,
Like Luna with her daughters of the sky,
Walking in matron majesty and grace?
So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed.

POLLOK.

WE had now come in full view of the old family mansion, partly thrown in deep shadow, and partly lit up by the cool moonshine. As we approached the house we heard the sound of music, and now and then a burst of laughter, from one end of the building. This, Bracebridge said, must proceed from the servants'-hall, where a great deal of revelry was permitted, and even encouraged, by the squire, throughout the twelve days of Christmas, provided everything was done conformably to ancient usage. So intent were the servants upon their sports, that we had to ring repeatedly before we could make ourselves heard. On our arrival being announced, the squire came out to receive us, accompanied by his two other sons; one a young officer in the army, home on leave of absence, the other an Oxonian just from the University. The squire was a fine, healthy-looking old gentleman, with silver hair, curling lightly round an open florid countenance, in which the physiognomist, with the advantage, like myself, of a previous hint or two, might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence. The family meeting was warm and affectionate; as the evening was far advanced, the squire would not permit us to change our travelling dresses, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large, old-fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connexion, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts,

comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country-cousins, half-fledged striplings, and bright-eyed boarding-school hoydens. They were variously employed; some at a round game, others conversing around the fire-place; at one end of the hall was a group of young folks, some nearly grown up, others of a more tender and budding age, fully engrossed by a merry game; and a profusion of wooden horses, penny trumpets, and tattered dolls about the floor, showed traces of a troop of little fairy beings, who, having frolicked through a happy day, had been carried off to slumber through a peaceful night.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

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O H, love of loves! to thy white hand is given
 Of earthly happiness the golden key;
 Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
 When the babes eling around their father's knee;
 And thine the voice, that, on the midnight sea,
 Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
 Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
 Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou hast come,
 And on its altar closed,—for ever closed, thy plume.

CROLY.

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O THE sweet, merry mouths upturned to be kissed
 When I come home, when I come home!
 How the younglings yearn from the hungry nest,
 When I come home, when I come home!

My weary-worn heart into sweetness is stirred,
 And it dances and sings like a singing-bird,
 On the branch nighest heaven,—a-top of my life,
 As I elasp my winsome, wooing wife!
 And her pale cheek with rich, tender passion doth bloom,
 When I come home, when I come home:
 Home, home, when I come home,
 Far i' the night when I come home.

MASSEY.

NOVEMBER.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM—DECLINING YEARS.

'Thou hast a tale of bygone hours,
A tale of withered Summer flowers,
To pensive thought, perchance, addressed.'

BEFORE we came in sight of the little town of Wrington, we entered an avenue thickly bordered with luxuriant evergreens, which led directly to the cottage of Barley Wood. As we drew nearer the dwelling, a thick hedge of roses, jessamine, woodbine and clematis, fringed the smooth and sloping lawn on one side—on the other, laurel and laurustinus were in full and beautiful verdure; from the shrubbery the ground ascends, and is well wooded by flowery larch, dark cypress, spreading chestnut, and some lordly forest trees. Amid this *mélange*, rustic seats and temples occasionally peep forth; and two monuments are particularly conspicuous—the one to the memory of Porteus, the other to the memory of Locke.

I was much struck by the air of affectionate kindness with which the old lady welcomed me to Barley Wood; there was something of courtliness about it—at the same time the courtliness of the *vieille cour*, which one reads of, but so seldom meets. Her dress was of light grey Venetian silk; a yellow, richly-embroidered crape shawl enveloped her shoulders; and a pretty net cap, tied under her chin with white satin riband, completed the costume. Her figure is singularly *petite*; but to have any idea of the expression of her countenance, you must imagine the small withered face of a woman in her seventy-seventh year, and imagine also (shaded but not obscured by long and perfectly white eyelashes) eyes dark, brilliant, flashing and penetrating; sparkling from object to object with all the fire and energy of youth, and smiling welcome on all around.

When I first entered the room, Lady S—— and her family were there; they soon prepared to depart; but the youngest boy—a fine

little fellow of six—looked anxiously in Mrs. More's face after she had kissed him, and his mamma said, 'You will not forget Mrs. Hannah, my dear;' and he shook his head.

'Do not forget, my dear child,' said the kind old lady, assuming a playful manner. 'But they say your sex is naturally capricious—there, I will give you another kiss; keep it for my sake; and when you are a man, remember Hannah More.' 'I will,' he replied, 'remember that you loved children.' It was a beautiful compliment.

W. ROBERTS.

THE withered leaves bestrew the garden path,
 Made miry with the fall of fleeting showers;
 The sun emits a feeble ray, which hath
 No power to warm or cheer the gloomy hours;
 The robin only sings among the bowers,
 Now bare and desolate, his simple lay;
 All other birds are mute and sad, or they
 Have flitted with the spring and summer flowers:
 Yet are the borders not entirely bare,
 For bright Chrysanthemums nod here and there
 Their heads, to chilling blast and pelting rain.

H. G. ADAMS.

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
 So calm are we when passions are no more:
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things—too certain to be lost.
 The Soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd,
 The Body stooping, does herself erect.
 Clouds of affections from our younger eyes,
 Conceal that happiness which age deseries:
 The soul's dark dwelling, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through ehinks that time has made.
 Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home:
 Leaving the Old, both worlds at once they view,
 Who stand upon the threshold of the New.

WALLER.

WHEN I have indulged such thoughts for a minute or two, I enter the mansion which is said to have been the gatehouse only of the original building, and find one being on whom time seems to have made little impression; for the Aunt Margaret of to-day bears the same proportional age to the Aunt Margaret of my early youth that the boy of ten years old does to the man of some fifty-six years. The old lady's invariable costume has, doubtless, some share in confirming one in the opinion that time has stood still with Aunt Margaret.

The brown or chocolate-coloured silk gown, with ruffles of the same stuff at the elbow, within which are others of Mechlin lace; the black silk gloves or mitts; the white hair combed back upon a roll, and the cap of spotless cambric which closes round the venerable countenance, as they were not the costume of 1780, so neither were they that of 1826;—they are altogether a style peculiar to the individual Aunt Margaret. There she still sits, as she sat thirty years ago, with her wheel, or the stocking which she works by the fire in winter, and by the window in summer; or, perhaps, venturing as far as the porch in an unusually fine summer evening. Her frame, like some well-constructed piece of mechanism, still performs the operations for which it had seemed destined, going its round with an activity which is gradually diminished, yet indicating no probability that it will soon come to a period.

The solicitude and affection which had made Aunt Margaret the willing slave to the inflictions of a whole nursery, have now for their sole object the health and comfort of one old and infirm man, the last remaining relative of her family, and the only one who can still find interest in the traditional stores which she hoards, as some miser hides the gold which he desires no one shall enjoy after his death.

SIR W. SCOTT.

At evening time let there be light:—
 Life's little day draws near its close,
 Around me fall the shades of night,
 The night of death, the grave's repose;
 To crown my joys, to end my woes,
 At evening time let there be light.

At evening time let there be light:—
 Stormy and dark has been my day;
 Yet rose the morn benignly bright,
 Dews, birds, and flowers, cheered all the way;
 Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray!
 At evening time let there be light.

At evening time there shall be light:—
 For God hath said, 'So let it be:'
 Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight,
 His glory now is risen on me;
 Mine eyes shall His salvation see:
 'Tis evening time; and there is light.

J. MONTGOMERY.

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LAST smile of the departing year,
 Thy sister sweets are flown!
 Thy pensive wreath is far more dear
 For blooming thus alone!

Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,
 Unnoticed might be past:
 But now thou com'st with softer claim,
 The loveliest and the last.

Sweet are the charms in thee we find,
 Emblems of Hope's gay wing;
 'Tis thine to call past bloom to mind,
 To promise future Spring.

MOURN no more my vanished years :

Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain, of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and sighing low,
I hear the glad streams run ;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

I plough no more a desert land,
To reap but weed and tare :
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim-staff,—I lay
Aside my toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of Spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through an Autumn morn.

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven ;
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given ;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track :
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back :

That more and more a Providence
Of Love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good :—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair ;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm ;

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. WHITTIER.

DECEMBER.

THE HOLLY—OLD AGE.

'The year doth bind her garland up with thee,
Rough product of a hale and healthy tree!
Through Winter's sleet she bids thee shine out free
Under a sacred name.'—M. A. BACON.

HE grate had been removed from the wide overwhelming fireplace to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log, glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast volume of heat and light. This, I understood, was the Yule-log, which the squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on a Christmas-eve, according to ancient custom.

It was really delightful to see the old squire seated in his hereditary elbow-chair, by the hospitable fireplace of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor, and stretch himself to sleep again, confident of kindness and protection. There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

The party broke up for the night with the kind-hearted old custom of shaking hands. As I passed through the hall on my way to my chamber the dying embers of the Yule-log still sent forth a dusky glow; and had it not been the season when no spirit dares stir abroad, I should have been half tempted to steal from my room at midnight and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

READER, hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize:
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as when all the summer-trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The Holly-leaves a sober hue display
 Less bright than they,
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng;
 So would I seem amid the young and gay
 More grave than they;
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

SOUTHEY.

EVER, indeed, was Mr. Wilberforce more evidently happy than in that calm old age on which he entered with the elasticity of youth, and the simplicity of childhood. Gay, busy, social, and affable, tender without softness, and witty without sting, he was still the delight of old and young; and whether he was joining in the 'animated talk amongst the young hands,' or discoursing with his remaining equals, it was in the busiest and happiest groups that he was always to be found. His days at Highwood were very regularly spent. He rose soon after seven, spent the first hour and a half in his closet; then dressed, hearing his reader for three-quarters of an hour, and by half-past nine met his household for family worship; always a great thing in his esteem.

After family prayers, which occupied about half-an-hour, he never failed to sally forth for a few minutes

'To take the air, and hear the thrushes sing.'

He enjoyed this stroll exceedingly. 'A delightful morning. Walked out and saw the most abundant dewdrops sparkling in the sunbeams on the grass-plat. How it calls forth the devotional feelings in the morning when the mind is vacant from worldly business, to see all nature

pour forth, as it were, its song of praise to the great Creator and Preserver of all things!’

Breakfast was often prolonged and animated by his unwearied powers of conversation, and when congenial friends were gathered round him, their discussions lasted sometimes till noon. From the breakfast-room he went till post-time to his study, where he was commonly employed long about his letters. If they were finished he turned to some other business, never enduring to be idle all the day.

About three o’clock, when the post was gone, he sallied forth into the garden, humming often to himself, in the gladness of his heart, some favourite tune, alone, or in the company of some few friends, or with his reader. Here he would pace up and down some sheltered, sunny walk, rejoicing especially in one which had been formed for him by a son, and was called ever after, with some hint of affection, by his name. He loved flowers with all the simple delight of childhood. He would hover from bed to bed over his favourites; and when he came in, even from his shortest walk, deposited a few that he had gathered, safely in his own room before he joined the family. Often would he say, as he enjoyed their fragrance, ‘How good is God to us! Surely flowers are the smiles of His goodness.’

He would stay out till near dinner, which was never after five, and early in the evening lay down for an hour and a half. He would then rise for a new term of existence, and sparkle through a long evening, to the astonishment of those who expected, at his time of life, to see his mind and spirits flag, even if his strength was not exhausted. The whole evening was seldom spent in conversation, for he had commonly some book in ‘family reading’ which was a text for multiplied digressions full of incident and illustrations.

In such occupations as these he would go on till very late, for, from long use in Parliament, ‘the midnight hour was his zenith, and, like the beautiful Cereus, with all her petals expanded, he was then in full bloom.’ This was especially the case when old and valued friends had gathered round him. Old age had scarcely lessened his relish for society, but it had drawn still closer the bonds of his affection for his early friends.’

Life of W. Wilberforce.

WHAT though the moments fly,
Mourn not their speed ;
Sweet shall thy portion be
Whither they lead.

Though sorrow count the hours,
Hoping the last,
Let not thy spirit faint
Ere they be past.

Smile when the moments fly,
Smile when they stay ;
Life's longest, shortest night,
Closes in day.

CAROLINE FRY.

WHEN the weariness of life is ended,
And the task of our long day is done,
And the props on which our hearts depended
All have failed or broken, one by one ;
Evening and our sorrow's shadow blended,
Telling us that peace is now begun.

How far back will seem the sun's first dawning,
And those early mists so cold and grey !
Half-forgotten even the toil of morning,
And the heat and burden of the day :
Flowers that we were tending, and weeds scorning,
All alike withered and cast away.

Vain will seem the impatient heart, which waited
Toils that gathered but too quickly round ;
And the childish joy, so soon elated
At the path we thought none else had found ;
And the foolish ardour soon abated,
By the storm which cast us to the ground.

Vain those pauses on the road, each seeming
As our final home and resting-place ;
And the leaving them, while tears were streaming
Of eternal sorrow down our face ;
And the hands we held, fond folly dreaming
That no future could their touch efface.

All will then be faded :—night will borrow
Stars of light to crown our perfect rest ;
And the dim vague memory of faint sorrow
Just remain to show us all was best ;
Then melt into a divine to-morrow :—
Oh, how poor a day to be so blest !

A. A. PROCTER.