

For The Amaranth.

SONNETS WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM--
GIVEN AT PARTING.

TREASURE it well! this offering—the last fond
gift to thee,
None who'll keep thy vanished form long, long
in memory;
Who loved to watch thy infancy, when grief
his head had bowed,
And traced thy onward course through life, and
there was no dark cloud.

Cannot hope again to view that winning smile
of thine,
That sent bright summer into hearts more cold
and strange than mine;

For I am like the snow-clad tree in autumn's
parting moan,
That hath not one green leaf to look upon and
call its own;

And yet *not* as that tree when spring comes
forth with all her train,
For in brighter hues its emerald leaves of pride
will come again;

Set on my lonely hearth and home, green sum-
mer smiles in vain.

And yet not all in vain, for when I lift my soul
on high,

Seem to hear a promise given of immortality,
Hope 'ere long, of meeting where earth's win-
ters ne'er intrude—

Gift of love, to shed sweet peace o'er my lone
solitude.

Treasure it well! perchance 'ere long the break-
ing of a wave,

For the passing from a gentle flower of the breath
that summer gave,

For the rein-deer bounding from the cliff, in its
wild agony

For rock and surge, as though it knew that
death were liberty—

That 'tis but the eagle's heritage to live and yet
be free.

For the twining of the ivy leaf around some
ruined shrine,

May be more worth a moment's thought than
this sere heart of mine;

For I am old and weary, and my head unseen
must lie—

When thine is crowned with youth's fresh flow-
ers, and love's sweet melody.

Set not a thought unholy, in these pages find a
place,

But let thy sentiments be such as angels love
to trace;

Pure as the pitying tear that youth on misery
bestows—

Pure as the dew that on the violet's breast has
sought repose.

Write not a bitter feeling, or a word unkind and
vain—

Perhaps the calm of after years might wish:
them back again.

Be memory the fertile soil, and love the giant
tree,

Whose every branch shall seem a friend whis-
pering "home" to thee—

Whose every leaf shall bear a thought—a trea-
sure of the past,

And holy faith the clinging vine that binds
them to the last.

Farewell! farewell! At morn and eve when-
e'er thou bend'st the knee,

And pourest out thy soul in prayer before
heaven's majesty—

O think that in thy native land—*an old man
prays for thee!*

Saint John, August, 1842.



SUMMER.—This is the season of pleasure—all
partake of its beauties and enjoyments. The
man of business closes his ledger and forgets
his thirst for gain in the seclusion of rural life.
The young and neglected wife has now the full
enjoyment of her husband's society—not con-
demned to her solitary city home: wearying
for the hour to terminate the day, and bring
him perhaps moody and melancholy to her
arms. Bargains, speculations, and interest, are
here forgotten, in the sweet walk, the deep glen,
shady grove, or by the silver streamlet, recal-
ling again the moments of their first hopes and
affections. Her fairy form perhaps is changed
for that of the mother, and around them sport
in the innocence of childhood, a beautiful fa-
mily, bursting rose-buds from the parent stem.
Unseen by every eye but that of nature, in "the
dim sweet melancholy" of some wood, wander
a pair of youthful beings, who seek no society
but their own, who dwell in a world of happi-
ness, and look on the prospective as never to
be clouded with speck or stain—joyous mo-
ments, while yet the heart is fresh, and the
blight of age or mistrust has not fallen on the m.
Or wandering by the shore of the boundless
ocean, whose trump of eternal thunder never
ceases, in whose depths lie the spoils of nations,
for which the strong and the fearless have
struggled, toiled, and staked life and eternal
happiness; what must the rich man then think