

For The Amaranth.

To T— B—.

FORGET thee, no! I'll think of thee,
 When first bright moon appears—
 When gaily o'er the deep, deep sea
 Thy gallant vessel steers.
 Oh, then I'll raise the silent prayer,
 That heaven will guard and bless—
 And keep thee safe from every snare,
 That round thy steps e'er press.

I'll think of thee when gentle eve,
 Her own soft radiance throws :
 When night her gloomy curtains weave—
 And lulls us to repose.
 When hushed is each tumultuous noise,
 When calmly nature rests—
 Oh! then to heaven I'll raise my voice,
 That thou may'st still be blest.

And oh, I'll think and pray for thee,
 When tempests rage around ;
 When roaring waves dash fearfully,
 And billows madly bound—
 When thine own brave heart almost despairs,
 Then look to one above,
 Together let us raise our prayers—
 He'll shield thee with his love.

Forget! oh no, I'll not forget,
 Though seas our hearts divide,
 Though far away—I'll love, 'till yet
 Unchanged thou'rt by my side;
 Then, then, to an Almighty arm,
 The grateful song I'll raise,
 He shielded thee from every harm,
 To Him be all the praise.

St. John, November, 1841.

H. S. B.

THE MAIDEN'S ENQUIRY.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

TELL me where the God of Love
 Dwells by mortal eyes unseen?
 Shall I seek him in the grove,
 On the dew bespangled green—

Where the sparkling fountains spring,
 Untasted by the lips of man—
 Where the swallow laves her wing,
 And summer zephyrs lightly fan?

In modest bud and blushing flower
 I sought the urchin to surprise,
 Till wandering near thy favourite bower,
 I caught him laughing in thine eyes!

Montreal Garland.

THE GONDOLIER.

DURING a short residence in Venice, it was my habitual custom to enjoy the sweet hours of twilight in sailing among the canals and lagoons, in one or other of the many beautiful gondolas which, at every quarter, are to be obtained for a trifling expense. Among the various gondoliers whom I employed, was one whose appearance and conversation peculiarly attracted my notice. He was a man, I should consider, nearly sixty years of age, and who, although thus old, yet presented a noble person, with most exquisitely formed features—his conversation, too, was likewise characterized by a purity and elegance of language, which showed that he had moved in a better sphere than the lower order of Venetians. Whenever I could find Fabiano, for that was his name, among the gondoliers, I was certain to engage him, and thus, from frequent association, a kind of intimacy was soon established between us.—One evening we were more conversant than usual, and Fabiano happening to remark that he had been in Paris, from which capital I had just come, I ventured to hint—"That I was of opinion that he had once seen better days."—My remark called from him a deep sigh, and he mournfully replied—

"Ah, Signor, you are right, but they are gone never to return."

"Is your life a secret?" I inquired. "You have always appeared to me to be suffering from some deep grief. If you are willing, confide in me, Fabiano; I promise that your confidence shall not be abused."

"I believe you, signor," he answered. "I will confide in you; to tell you my sorrow, perhaps will lighten my heart, but I fear I will fatigue you with that which you cannot help, and in which you cannot be expected to take an interest."

"You do not know," I replied. "Let me have it. I at least promise you attention and secrecy."

Reclining on his oars, he thus began his narration without further preface.

THE GONDOLIER'S STORY.

"I was not always a gondolier, signor, but circumstances over which I had no control, compelled me to adopt the calling. I was born in Venice, and although I am now known as Fabiano, my right name is Gaetano Fiorello. My father, who was one of the wealthiest merchants, determined that I, his only child, should be educated in a style equal to the sons of our republican nobles, and with this design,