

tured there on "temperance," the subject was new, and many heeded little his discourse, 'till they looked on one who stood beside him; they saw the dimmed eye, the sunken cheek, and the brow long since shaded with untimely silver—they remembered Mary Lisle—they thought upon her sorrows, and the "temperance pledge" was signed there by many an eager hand. B—N.

*Mount Auburn, (English Settlement,) 1842.*



For The Amaranth.

—  
SPRING.

SPRING hath the ling'ring wreath of snow  
Gilt by the moon's pale ray,  
Whisp'ring that fairest things must fade—  
E'en tho' in beauty's garb array'd,  
And pass from earth away.

It hath the dew-drop glittering bright,  
Pendant from forest bough,  
Reflecting back the sun's red ray  
As first he gilds with golden day  
The pine-clad mountain brow.

And spring hath flowers, deep-tinted flowers  
Its landscape to adorn;  
It hath the odour pure and new,  
Refreshing as the dripping dew  
Of bright effulgent morn.

It hath the music tones of love  
Floating æriel past;  
From nature's warblers sweet they flow—  
Incessant from the bowers below  
Up thro' the boundless vast.

It hath the playful zephyr's breath  
Meand'ring from the west,  
Sighing amid its leafy bowers—  
Calming the spirit's ruffled hours  
And lulling it to rest.

It hath the magic twilight hour  
Inviting sweet repose—  
Or evening walk—before the shades  
Of darker night the scene invades,  
Its beauties to enclose.

It hath the tinted cloud at eve  
Refulgent—glowing—bright,  
Wreathing around the setting sun,  
Ling'ring to see his journey done—  
His last departing light.

Sweet childhood of the year, Oh! spring!  
True semblance of my youth;  
Thou bear'st the imprint of its joys  
Without it's sorrows or alloys,  
Its character of truth.

*Liverpool, N. S., 1842.*

WILHELMINA.

Written for the Amaranth.

—  
ON PRAYER.

Oh! I love to pray when the daylight break  
And tinges with "glory" the earth's blue lake  
When the mists are floating o'er the dells,  
And the dew lies deep in the lily's bells;  
When the earth is bright with opening flowers  
And birds sing in the forest bowers—  
Oh! then on that fresh and balmy air,  
How sweet to breathe the soul in prayer.

I love to pray when the sun rides high,  
In radiance through the beaming sky,  
And lightly plays through the leafy shade  
Of some lonely and-silent glade;  
When the streams have a soft and soothing  
sound,  
And silence and beauty is all around—  
How sweet in that lonely glen untrod,  
To raise the heart and thoughts to God.

I love to pray when the sunset glow  
Sheds its light on the world below;  
When the purple brightness of the west  
Seems to the eye like a "home of rest,"  
And the gleaming rays of gold,  
Shine like the "pillared light of old;"  
Oh! 'tis sweet in the glorious "even"  
To praise the "Holy One" of heaven.

I love to pray when the light is gone,  
And the still night comes calmly on;  
When the moonbeams shine upon the stream  
And the waters flash in their pearly beams  
And the stars look down on the silent ground  
From the blue vault of heaven above—  
How sweet to pierce the clouds of night  
And raise our eyes to the God of Light.

'Tis sweet to pray by the social hearth,  
When eyes around are bright with mirth;  
When no dark clouds of sorrow come  
To mar the brightness of our home;  
Then, then is the theme for praise and prayer  
To rise to God for the blessings there.

But the joys of the world are frail and brief  
And long are the hours of pain and grief:  
When all the hopes of earth are fled,  
And the loved ones of our hearts are dead,  
And we see them hurried to the tomb—  
As flowers fade in their first bright bloom:  
Oh! in that hour of woe and care  
How sweet to the wearied soul is "prayer"

*Long Creek, Sept. 1842.*

END



HUMILITY is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet every body is contented to