

her convulsive grasp from the lifeless idol. After we had prevailed, and it was borne from her sight, we still heard, in the pauses of the soothing voice with which her husband sought to console her, the wild cry, "She will breathe again! John! John! I saw her sweet lips move when they took her from me. My baby will live again."

It was laid out on our sofa, in the lady's cabin, in a pure white robe, its brow surpassingly beautiful, and the deeply fringed lids but imperfectly closed over the large, lustrous eyes. The black lace veil of the mother shaded its form and features, and through it was clearly visible, the last green slip of my rose geranium. It was my gift to the dead, and pressed into that little pale hand, not without a tear. This was the last office of that cherished plant, which had left its own home, in the quiet gardens of New-England, to do this service to faded innocence, and itself to die. Happy shall we be, if in the closing of our own frail life, we like this trembling voyager, leave behind a gleam of light and consolation, as the olive-leaf above the flood, or the dove, whose last act was peace, ere it entered rejoicing into the Ark, to be a wanderer no more.

—Mrs. Sigourney.



THE DUST ON THE LILY.

PURE as cheek of youthful maiden,
When she kneels in morning prayer,
With sweet dewy fragrance laden,
Spread the Lily's blossom fair—
Type it seemed of truth and feeling,
Where the heart its faith might trust,
Save that wooing winds, in stealing
O'er, had left a trace of *dust*.

One who long, as life's sole treasure,
Perfect love and truth had sought,
On the Lily gazed with pleasure—
'Twas the transcript of his thought;
Joy's bright visions o'er him hovered,
Nature's promise bade him hope,
Till the *dust* his eye discovered,
With his curious microscope!

Then, with doubt and sadness burdened,
On his way that lone one goes,
Heeding not that life is guerdoned
By enjoyments for its woes—
That the *good* from *evil* wrested,
Is the triumph of the soul,
As the proud ship's strength is tested
When the storm-heaved billows roll.

Gentle wife, thy bridal over,

In thine own sweet home at rest,
Dost thou dream of sighing lover?
Of gay crowds to make thee blest?
No, thy soul a blessing dearer

In thy life-pledged friend hath found,
And thine angel-guides seem nearer
As heart-hallowed cares abound.

Mother, as the Lily's beauty

Shines above the water's strife,
Thy sweet, placid smile of duty
Charms the restless waves of life,
And thy humble faith may borrow
Happiness amid thy pain,
For thy lot of care and sorrow
God hath promised to sustain.

Thus, in nature's garden planted,

Blooms some flower for every hand,
And the light divine is granted
All who seek the spirit land;
Never let earth's darkest hour
Quench thy star of heavenly hope;
Never scan thy chosen flower
With *dust seeking* microscope.



Flattery is the ladder by which ambitious men climb to power. In a royal government they fawn around the prince, and flatter his whims and foibles; in a democratic republican government, they bestow the same some flattery upon the people.

THE AMARANTH

Is issued on the first week in every Month by ROBERT SHIVES, Proprietor and Publisher—and delivered to City subscribers at a very low price of 7s. 6d. per annum. Persons in the Country, receiving the Amaranth by Mail, will be charged 1s. 3d. additional, to cover the cost of postage.

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