

For The Amaranth.

THE BABY'S GRAVE.

There was a spot of calm and shade,
Far down the garden side,
Where the mild summer breezes strayed,
'Mid willows, branching wide.
The blue sky glanced with soften'd light,
Down through each trembling spray,
And the sweet sunbeams seemed less bright,
When on that grave they lay.

The earliest vernal blossoms there,
Their gentle perfume gave—
'Twas meet that flowers so frail and fair,
Should deck the baby's grave;
A turn would primrose, snow-drop, pale,
With summer fav'rites shine—
Loss-rose and lily of the vale,
And fragrant eglantine.

Not far away, a streamlet kept
Its course, with murmuring sound—
A requiem to the one who slept
Beneath the grassy mound:
And standing near that lowly grave,
The presence of the dead,
A calm and holy feeling gave,
Before which passion fled.

Here, from their play, with step subdued,
Two little ones would steal,
Their young hearts with deep thought imbued,
Beside the grave to kneel;
Would speak of him, their brother dear,
Who slept the sods below—
Would'ring if he their words could hear,
Or of their presence know.

To them it was a fearful thing—
A thing of mystery,
That their free steps could cease to spring,
At will o'er lawn and lea;
That all unheeded on their ear,
Their mother's voice might fall,
And birds, sweet flow'rs, and streamlet clear,
Be hid in darkness all.

And yet a holy, "high belief"
Dwelt in each youthful heart—
Faith in a world where nought of grief,
Of sin or pain has part;
A happy home, the stars among,
Where God is ever praised,
And their young brother swells the song
Seraphic voices raised.

But when the grateful twilight dews
Refreshed the thirsty flower,
The mother bent her steps to muse,
Within that tranquil bower;

It was her first-born son, above
Whose head the trees did wave—
The earliest pledge of nuptial love,
Now slumb'ring in the grave.
With mournful pleasure she would dwell
Upon his form and face—
His soft blue eyes, the hair that fell
In curls with so much grace;
His cherub smile, the tott'ring feet
That oft to meet her came;
The voice, than music far more sweet,
That lisped his mother's name!
Ah! she that infant one had made
The idol of her soul;
Nor dreamed that clouds her star could shade,
Or darkness o'er it roll.
But he who rightly claims our all,
And knew his erring child,
In mercy did the gift recall,
That had her heart beguiled.

It was a fearful stroke—she bowed
At first in mute despair,
Then faith unveiled her eyes and showed
Her father's hand was there;
Despair and weak repining fled,
And faith the triumph won—
She kissed the chast'ning rod, and said—
"Thy will, oh, Lord, be done!"

Oft at that grave, for grace she sought,
And grace to her was given,
Safe through a path with danger fraught—
To guide her babes to Heaven;
And though remembrance of the past,
At times her breast might wring—
The hope of meeting there at last,
Would ever comfort bring.

Oh! holy hope, thou art a ray
Sent from a brighter clime,
And shedding o'er the mourner's way
A brilliancy sublime!
A rainbow, rich with hues more fair
Than ever spann'd the sky,
And which a dearer pledge declare—
"The loved shall meet on high!"

Halifax, N. S., 1843.

SARAH.

THE LAST DAYS OF LIFE.

"Does she sleep?" whispered Mary Can-
ning, as she stepped lightly into the chamber
of her sick friend.

Mrs. Mowbray shook her head sadly, and
the patient sufferer softly replied, "No, Mary,
my thoughts have been too busy. I have been
pondering upon the home whither I am going.
Home! what delightful emotions are kindled