

Written for the Amaranth.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Loved of my heart! my only son!
 Thy mother oft, oft weeps for thee—
 Weeps, that a heart so light and young
 So soon this world's cold frown should see:
 So soon should leave our happy band,
 To wander o'er a distant land.

She weeps when nightly round our hearth,
 All are assembled—all but thou!
 When beauteous peace, and laughing mirth,
 Smiling bedecks each youthful brow.
 Oh, then thy mother sheds the tear,
 My son, my son! thou art not here!

She weeps—when rages fearfully,
 The bitter blast, the wintry storm,
 That thou art on the raging sea—
 Far from thy parents, land, and home;
 Thou dost not feel a mother's care,
 Yet, oh! thou hast a mother's prayer.

Oh, thou art young, too young to rove,
 Alone this world of sin and woe—
 Too young to leave a mother's love,
 To brave the storms that rudely blow—
 The roaring waves—the dashing spray,
 That e'er attend the sailor's way.

But bless thee, dearest! may kind Heaven
 E'er watch thy steps, and guard thy way,
 Her choicest gifts to thee be given,
 Her arm be thy protecting stay!
 Farewell, a mother's heart is thine,
 Round thee her fondest hopes entwine.

St. John, January, 1842. H. S. B.

STANZAS.

"We've learn'd to live without each other."

We have!—but have we learned to view
 The past without regret?
 Is either calm and happy now,
 As though we ne'er had met?

Is there no dark cloud in the sky,
 No thorn amid the flowers?
 No bitterness within life's cup,
 That was not always ours?

Whence does the fount of feeling flow,
 That opened once to me?
 Or is it chill'd, like that within
 My breast—once shared with thee?

There is no answer!—Memory
 And Hope alike are vain!
 We only know we live apart,
 And shall not meet again.

Written for the Amaranth.

A Tale of the Fifteenth Century.

"Ah, Marie, believe me that I will never
 with a crowned Prince; tell me sweet
 what happiness I could expect? Look at
 cousin Joan, though wedded to the bold
 gundy, do you ever see a smile on her coun-
 tenance?"

Such were the exclamations of the
 daughter of Charles VI. of France. Here
 panion's reply was met with a sweet, child-
 laugh of surprize; and Katherine raising
 beautiful eyes to her friend's countenance,
 to her—

"And so my sage Marie, you believe that
 father would will his daughter to wed with
 she liked not. Oh, I tell you truly, *ma*
cousine, that even if England's lion-heart
 Henry were to sue for my hand, I would
 fuse him. Katherine of France gives not
 hand where her heart is not given; and I
 be right well wooed before I allow myself
 to be won."

It was in a retired walk of the palace
 that this conversation was going on.
 speakers were both beautiful; one was tall
 of queenly grace—the other was fair and
 cate as a fragile flower; but for all that
 looked well fitted for the high station in
 she was placed.

They continued their earnest conversat-
 they thought, unheard; but they had a
 ner, and if one might judge by the smile
 his countenance, he was well pleased with
 he had learned.

"A dainty lady," whispered he to him-
 "and so not even Henry of England would
 her." As he said this, something lying
 walk attracted his attention—it was a glove
 which, by its size, he knew must belong to
 smaller of the two ladies; he quickly turned
 into the walk in which they were promenad-
 and presenting himself before the ladies,
 ferred the glove to its fair owner; their eyes
 and the destiny of both was fixed in that
 glance, and the young man, instead of re-
 ing the glove, placed it in his bosom, with
 words—

"Lady, this glove shall never be out of
 possession, unless Katharine of France
 claims it;" he fixed his searching eyes on
 lady's face, and he knew his surmise was
 This sweet bud of beauty, that seemed
 bursting into womanhood, *was* Katharine
 France. "Farewell, sweet lady," he
 ed, "and do not forget Henry Hereford."