

For The Amaranth.

May you Die among your Kindred.

AN ORIENTAL BENEDICTION.

MAY you die among your kindred !
May they round your dying bed
Soothe dissolutions' awful hour,
And raise your drooping head ;
May the breezes of your fatherland,
Around you lightly play,
And the smiling sun of its summer eve,
Gild your last earthly day.

MAY you die among your kindred !
May their countless deeds of love,
Gladden your spirit as it takes
Its flight to worlds above ;
May they gently close the sightless eyes,
And o'er your lifeless clay,
Drop the silent tear, and fondly speak
Of the spirit far away.

MAY you die among your kindred !
May you sleep within their grave—
May the ancient overshadowing trees
Their foliage o'er you wave ;
And th' wild grass and flow'rs that bloom
Over your kindred dead,
Flourish as brightly and as green
Above the wanderer's head !

St. John, June.

L. E.

THE EXTREMELY NATURAL YOUNG LADY.—
Far be it from us to deny that the fair sex are exhibited to the most advantage, when they throw off artificials and appear in their natural character. But there is a class who like so much to have it said of them "how very natural!" that they become affected on purpose.

The extremely natural young lady is always doing some out-of-the-way thing, that she may appear simple and girlish. She is most particularly fond of romping; and, when you are out walking with her is sure to run after a small donkey, or jump a ditch, or have her fortune told, or thrust herself bolt through a hedge; all which little exhibitions she esteems to be beautiful and touching pieces of rustic elegance. Then suppose she is able to sing, and comes to a green lane, forthwith she begins chirruping like a young sparrow; and if a cart pass by at that particular time, ten to one she jumps in and tells the boy to make the horses gallop. She enjoys nothing so much as getting her gown torn, and is particularly fond of arranging her hair out of doors. We have known her stop on a common, give us her bonnet and cap

to hold, and proceed to her toilet in the most simple, and unaffected manner possible; all so delightfully natural; it was quite pleasant to see her setting her curls in their places, and wagging about her head right and left. When the natural young lady is in doors, she is always running out of doors, especially if it rains—that is perfection. She is delighted above all things with making snow-balls. If there be a cow within a mile, she is sure to go some morning before breakfast and drink the warm milk, a feat of which she never ceases to talk for three months after. She will box a gentleman's ears and think nothing of it. She was never known to walk, but always hops and skips. Her utmost ambition is to be called a wild thing. This makes her talk frequently in a very odd manner, especially to gentlemen. She will tell Mr. Cripps that he looks particularly well, whereupon Mr. Cripps smiles, and is straightway informed that he looks particularly well for Mr. Cripps.

If we are ever to fall in love, in this late season of our existence, preserve us from falling in love with the extremely natural young lady.



For The Amaranth.

THE OUTCAST.

THOUGH fortune smile not on my lot,
Though friends forsake and own me not;
Though dark despair my portion be,
My thoughts will fondly cherish thee.

Though fate should lower upon my way,
And render burthensome my stay,
I'd bear it all with patient heart,
If thou would'st from me ne'er depart.

Thou art the solace of my days—
Thou art the subject of my lays—
Thy presence can my cares beguile,
And grief itself shall wear a smile.

In lands far distant from my home,
I wander here in exile lone;
No friend to cheer my lonely stay,
Or wipe the starting tear away.

Oh, Home!—the sound is sweet to me,
It brings remembrances of thee;
It lulls my troubled thoughts to rest;
I sink enraptured on thy breast.

Yon sun that sinks adown the west—
Thou beauteous orb in splendour drest—
Ye stars that gild the vault above,
You can attest my unalter'd love.

St. John, June.

C.