

from the casement into the very midst of the flames which rose fiercely beneath her, and at the same instant a large bird whose snowy breast gleamed brightly in the red light of the burning pile, rose slowly from the tower of the old Hall, and wheeling thrice above the spot where the lady had disappeared, soared aloft, and vanished from the view.

No one ever knew how the dreadful calamity occurred. They who alone could have told—the crazed mother and the aged nurse, fell victims to the destroying elements. The body of the unfortunate Lady of Oxenham was found amid the ruins, blackened and charred with fire, but still clasping to her bosom the remains of her babe. It was universally believed, however, that in a paroxysm of insanity, the last of the race of Oxenham had fulfilled the curse which had doomed them to extinction. The estates subsequently lapsed to the crown, and the white bird of Oxenham has never since been seen; but the legend is still remembered among the inhabitants of Devonshire, and the ruins of Oxenham are still shunned as haunted and unholy ground.

NOTE.—The preceding tale is founded upon an allusion to a legend which I found in Mrs. Bray's Traditions of Devonshire. "There is a family," says Prince, speaking of Oxenham, in his Worthies of Devon "of considerable standing of this name, at South Tawton, near Oakhampton, in this country, of which this strange and wonderful thing is recorded: that at the death of any of them, a bird, with a white breast, is seen, for a while, fluttering about their beds, and then to suddenly vanish away."

The letter of King Charles II., which I have quoted, is taken from an autograph copy, now in my possession, of one addressed by him to Lady Shirley, on the death of her husband in the tower.

For The Amaranth. AN ACROSTIC.

A way, away, over hill and dale,
Make speed with the breath of the passing gale,
And rise to Brunswick a monument,
Rife with the beauties of a Continent—
A bounding in grandeur most sublime;
New—tho' old as the oldest clime—
Thrice valued gem,—thou Brunswick grant,
Hail! all hail to the "AMARANTH."

Bridgetown, April, 1841. WILHELMINA.

INFLUENCE OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.—What a public blessing, what an instrument of exalted good, is a Christian mother! It would require a pen superior to mine to trace the merits of such a character. How many, perhaps who now hear me, feel that they owe to it all the virtue and piety that adorn them; or may recollect at this moment some saint in heaven that brought them into light, to labour for their happiness, temporal and eternal. No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses in forming the hearts of her children at a season when nature imbibes instruction at every pore.

Confined by duty and inclination within the walls of her own house, every hour in her life becomes an hour of instruction, every feature of her conduct a transplanted virtue. Methinks I behold her, encircled by her beloved charge, like a being more than human, on whom every mind is bent, and every eye directed; the eager simplicity of infancy, inhaling from her lips the sacred truths of religion in adapted phrase and familiar story; the whole rule of the moral and religious duties simplified for easier infusion, the countenance of this fond and anxious parent all beaming with delight and love, and her eye raised occasionally to heaven in fervent supplication for a blessing on her work. Oh, what a glorious part does such a woman fill, and how much is the mortal to be pitied who is not struck with the image of such excellence! When I look to its consequences and remote effects, I see the plant she has raised and cultivated spreading through the community with richest increase of fruit. I see her diffusing happiness and virtue through a great portion of the human race. I can fancy generations yet unborn, rising to prove and hail her worth; and I adore that God who can destine a single human being to be the stem of such extended and incalculable benefits to the world.—*Kirwan*.

WE ought always to deal justly, not only with those who are just to us, but likewise with those who endeavour to injure us, and this, too, for fear lest by rendering them evil for evil, we should fall into the same vice; so we ought likewise to have friendship, that is to say, humanity and good will, for all who are of the same nature with us.

A man endowed with great perfections, but without good breeding, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.