

How far hyperbolic language is justifiable, I cannot say; yet, I fear, the major part of poets may be classed with liars; if writing what is the opposite of truth may be called lying.

J. R.—s.

St. John, September, 1843.

P. S.—Let no one infer from the above remarks, that I think lightly of Doctor Young; on the contrary, I esteem him highly, he is one of my favorite authors: and, if under any necessity, I would rather part with Milton than with Young.

J. R.



HOPE FOR THE BEST.—There is reason for this. It is a world of change we live in. Night is followed by day. Who, that has had gloomy prospects, did not after a while find the heavens to smile again! Hope then for the best, child of misfortune. Events may soon take some more favorable turn, or in your present condition some fresh resources of happiness may be found, of which you are not aware.—Human life is ever fluctuating, and as unforeseen calamity often surprises the prosperous, so unexpected light may arise to gladden those who are bewildered in darkness. This at least is certain, that whosoever we may be that are afflicted, we shall not always feel our misfortune with the same poignancy with which we feel it now. Time which on all things lays its lenient hand, will soon assuage the anguish of our grief. The mind will learn to accommodate itself to circumstances. Sources of consolation will appear, which we never imagined before, and the time will come when we shall look back with wonder, at the despondence which oppresses us. Such is the law of Providence. Have faith in it, do your duty, hope for the best, and all will be well with you in the end.



“L' ENNUÏ.”

(Translated from Voltaire.)

THIS tiring listlessness of soul,
Born of constraint and leisure,
Doth far more of our time engross
Than either grief or pleasure.

To be employ'd, is to be blest,
We pine when idle, and sigh;
The mind must be fed as a fire,
Which, if neglected, will die.

St. John, 1843.

RODOLPHO.

For The Amaranth.

LINES ON PARTING.

OH! when we part, 'tis then we feel
What happiness we've shared;
'Tis then we prize each look, each smile—
Each breath of love we've heard;
And sigh when we recall again
Each sweet, fond parting word.

'Tis then that we each day retrace,
Each hour that fled on,
And deeply mourn our thoughtlessness
Of bliss which on us shone,
Inspiring our heart's inmost core—
Fond love's most sacred throne.

'Tis then that scenes once heedless view'd
Sweet memory recalls;
The perfumed groves, the silvery stream,
The playful waterfalls,
Rippling 'neath some moss-grown tow'r,
And glittering 'gainst its walls.

The bowers where we've sat and sung—
The flow'ry wreaths we wove,
With jessamine twined, and fragrant rose
All redolent of love;
While calm eve's sky, with varied tint,
Glow'd bright and pure above.

The very portal where we've stood
Has its peculiar ties;
The latticed window, ivy-twined,
Some tender thought describes,
And with it then, how many more
Within our hearts arise!

Ah! sad it is, to think that fate
Should us so often sever
From such sweet scenes, now for a time,
And now perhaps for ever;
But time or change, where'er we roam,
Can ne'er efface them—never!

'Tis absence then, that truly tries
The secrets of the heart,
'Tis then alone, we really know,
What pang it gives to part—
From those most dear and fondest too,
'Tis then we feel its smart.

Should we, perchance, e'er meet again,
Though sorrow hath beset,
We happy hail each wonted smile,
Which oft before, we met:
We'll talk o'er happy by-gone days,
And banish past regret!

St. John, 1843.

RODOLPHO.