

Liveth the mother's undying love.
 Cherish it then, that holy spell,
 Guard and love it and keep it well;
 A sister's heart may to thee be cold,
 A brother afar in search of gold,
 A father may look with brow of wrath
 On the darkness of thine errors' path;
 But the mother's love forgives thy ill,
 And like the fount of mercy still—
 Comes with its soft and silvery stream,
 To sooth the heart with its gentle beam;
 So sung the Spirit and passed away
 On the glittering star which brought the day.

EMILY.

Mount Auburn, (English Settlement), 1842.



For The Amaranth.

STANZAS.

Our life is like the lightning
 When flash illumines the high;
 'Tis seen—'tis gone—'tis vanished,
 'Tis but a fitful light.

'Tis like the sun's bright setting—
 His last ray in the sky,
 When evening's shadows come
 And bid it fade and die.

'Tis like the rushing river,
 Which flowing fast and free,
 Mingles with ocean's waters
 A dark eternity!

'Tis like the vapour—wreathing
 The morning's earliest sky;—
 'Tis off on mystic wings away,
 How swiftly doth it fly!

Our life is like our slumber,
 Disturbed with fearful dreams;
 Deceptive more the joy it gives,
 The more like truth it seems.

'Tis like the gushing fountain,
 When silver waters flow;
 But while the showers descend to fill
 Its hidden fount below.

'Tis like the latest flickering
 Of a candle's dying light—
 It fitful glances a moment's space
 And dwindles into night.

Fall soon our severed being
 On earth will cease to be,
 And we shall pierce the clouded bounds
 Of vast eternity!

Liverpool, N. S., 1842. WILHELMINA.

THE WEST AND THE EAST.

"Lost thou seek happiness? Hope not
 In hollow promises of far off good
 To find the prize. Delusive hope
 May feed the glowing fancy for a while,
 Then lure thee to thy ruin. Would'st thou be
 blest,
 Learn to enjoy the present."

WE are not going to write a treatise on the respective claims of the west and the east, to the possession in the greatest abundance of those resources that go to make up the comfort, convenience, and glory of man, in this probationary state, whether considered individually or nationally. We shall not be so rash as to attempt to gainsay the prevalent opinion, that the former abounds in native features of beauty and usefulness, vastness and sublimity, far exceeding the latter portion of the continent. Nor shall we deny (indeed we could not were we ever so much disposed to do so, in view of the vast quantities of estates that come down to us from thence,) that man can live *easier*—if that be a desideratum—and may accumulate riches with more dispatch, and to a greater extent, amidst the abundance of the west, than on the more sterile soil of the east. Neither shall we bring up, to counterbalance these striking features, the superior moral, religious, and social advantages of the east, and dilate upon the bearing of these upon the real happiness of man, in either division of this great land; our object is not to philosophize on these points, but to relate a plain unvarnished tale, showing forth the sad consequences of giving way to feelings of discontent and desire for change—no matter how occasioned—so far as to abandon, voluntarily, present comforts, though they may be at times somewhat restricted, for the untried prospects of distant, but lauded good.

Mr. Excitable was a county magistrate, possessed of some property, which he employed actively in a lucrative business. Enjoying the confidence and esteem of his fellow men, over whom he exercised considerable influence, by his talents and useful qualities, he was also blessed with a charming wife, and an intelligent family of children. No man was more generally beloved, or appeared to take more substantial enjoyment, surrounded as he was by every thing that could render life agreeable.

Such, in short, was Mr. Excitable, when the fruitful and prosperous years of 1830 to 1830, or thereabouts, gave place to the following years of scarcity of crops, and consequent dis-