

THE ABSENT ONES.

"TIME hath passed with a light foot fall,
Friend, o'er thy old ancestral hall;
The fret work still looks fresh and fair,
The windows their gorgeous colouring wear,
The dome is firm, the pillars strong;
How can I think the time so long?

Years since I stooped my head before,
'Neath the wreaths o'ershadowing the low side
door;

Years—and no trace of dim decay
Is here—yet a something hath passed away;
The fire burns bright on the ample hearth,
But I miss the sound of the children's mirth,
I miss each silvery voice's tone,—
Where—oh, where—are thy children gone?

There was one whose eye had an eagle's glance,
And courage sat on his brow's expanse—
'Tell me, sweet friend, and where is he?"
A wanderer from home on the treacherous sea,
Long hath he roamed with adventurous band,
Seeking for wealth in a distant land,
But when summer is fair over valley and plain,
With the rose and the swallow, he comes again!

"And where was another—a thoughtful boy,
Careless of childish sport or toy,
But loving wild tales, and legends of old,—
Pouring o'er books like a miser o'er gold,—
Thought drew swift lines o'er that pure young
brow;—

Where is the gentle and gifted now?"
Thro' the wood walks he strays, but when
night stars burn,
I trust, to his home, will the dreamer return.

"And the merry bright child, with the golden
hair,
Dancing like light on his forehead fair?"
He tarricth with teachers loving and kind,
Winning rich stores for his opening mind;
But when the frost on the leafless trees,
Is nestling crisp in the winter breeze,
And the Christmas bough in the hall doth
sway,
I trust in our home will the merry child play.

"And the sweetest of all, the lovely one,
Whose low soft voice had so dear a tone,
Whose eye was so darkly, so tenderly bright,
Whose hand was so small, whose step was so
light;—

Thou tremblest—thou weepest! and is it so—
Is that graceful head in the dust laid low?
Alas—and time may the rest restore—
But the fairest and dearest can come no more!"

Well hast thou guessed! from our household
band

The bright one hath passed to a holier land—
She drinks from the fountain of Wisdom there
With a brow unclouded by earthly care,
And she dwells with a Teacher far away,
Nor looks, nor longs, for a holiday.—
She hath passed through the valley of death
dark track,
And we know on its pathway she comes no
back.

But by the light of her cloudless eye,
So full of Faith's holy prophecy,
By the blessed words of prayer and praise
That hallowed her lips in her few short days
By her glad "Farewell!" when we needs must
part,

I have gathered strength to my weary heart
For I know in her Saviour's ransomed train
With the angels and saints, she shall come
again!



SUCH is the diligence with which, in countries
completely civilized, one part of mankind labours
for another, that wants are supplied faster than
they can be formed, and the idle and luxurious
find life stagnate for want of some desire to keep
it in motion. This species of distress furnishes
a new set of occupations; and multitudes are
busied from day to day in finding the rich and
the fortunate something to do.

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