A SEA-SHORE ECHO.

Alone-and on the smooth, hard, sandy shore of the boundless sea. A lovelier morning never dawned upon the world of nature.-Oh, how balmy, how clear, how soul-subduing, how invigorating is the air. Calmness sits throned upon the unmoving clouds, whose colours are like the sky, only of a deeper hue. The green waves with their undulating swell, come rolling in upon the sand, making a plaintive music sweeter than the blended harmonics of a thousand instruments. Would that I might leap in, and wrestle with them, and, when overcome with fatigue, lay my heated brow upon those cool and watery billows, rocked to and fro as in a cradle, while my lullaby would be the moaning of the sea. The mists of morning are all dispelled, and the glorious sunshine, emblem of God's love, is bathing with effulgent light the ocean before me, and behind me, the mountains and valleys of my own loved Look-how the white-caps chase each other along the watery plain, like milkwhite steeds, striving in their freedom to outstrip the breeze. Whence comes this breeze, and whither is it going? Three days ago, at set of sun, it spread its wings near to a spring in the sandy desert of Africa, where a caravan of camels and horses and men had halted for the night. Its course is onward, and, at the dawning of to-morrow, it will be sporting with the forest-trees of the western wilderness. as the eye can reach, "the sea is sprinkled o'er with ships," their white sails gleaming in the sunlight. One of them has just returned from India, another from the Pacific and another from the Arctic sea. Years have rolled by since they departed hence. They have been exposed to a thousand dangers, but the great God who holds the ocean in the hellow of his hand, has conducted them in safety to their desired homes. How many silent prayers of thanksgiving will ascend to heaven, and what a thrilling and joyous shout will echo to the shore, as those mariners drop the anchor in their native waters!

Yonder too, are some with their sails just spread, bound to the remotest corners of the earth! They seem to rejoice in their beauty and proud is their bearing-but will they ever return? Alas! the shadowy future alone can answer. Yonder-on that fisherman's stake a little sparrow has just alighted, facing the main! It has been lured away from the green bowers of home, by the music of the sea, and is now gazing, perhaps with feelings John Hea, Jr. Miramichi.

kindred to my own upon the most magnific structure of the Almighty hand. But see spreads its wings again, and is dashing town the water, fearless and free. Ah! it has go too near, for the spray moistens its wing There-there it goes, frightened back to native woodland! That little bird, so far its importance and power are concerned, sea to me a fit emblem of the mind of man; this mighty, ever heaving, and boundless our an appropriate symbol of the mind of God.

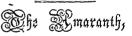
Mr. SHIVES,

Sir,-My solution to question third, int Amaranth for November, was founded ont simple notion, that heat emanates from surface of the sun. Your correspondent s poses heat to proceed only from the sun's a tre: this, I think, will account for the different M. N. W. of the results.

ERRATA.-In the 10th line of the poetry titled "Waterloo," on the 10th page of January number, read "merry," instead mercy.

To Correspondents .- Several original ticles which were laying in our office at t time of the fire of the 15th November, which were either destroyed or mislaid, will inserted if the authors will furnish us with pies of the same.

"W's" poetical effusion requires seve amendments before it can be inserted.



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