

ed, one only second, forming a dangerous pinnacle of height and light, to sadden the deep replunge that death and darkness claimed. I beheld him uplifted as if in triumph—and then—I saw but the full heavings of the main.

I knew the Great Cause of all effect had then resumed his own—mighty to save, He knew that noble heart had done its ministering work below, and claimed no needless warfare from His creature. Upon God's earth I had but him to soothe, to cherish, and to love me, yet would I not have spared that dead brother, for twenty living ones—for, methought full surely his grave was in the deep, and his Pæan was upon the sounding waters. My brain was dizzy then, and the piercing strife of voices entered—"He is safe!"—"safe!" was echoed and re-echoed in joy's strange clamor of felicity. I looked once more—Reginald! my Reginald Saint Clare was climbing the vessel's side, and the wide ether was ringing with the shoutings of her crew.

Soon stood in safety those sojourners of fortune, and the last surge had laved the youthful pilgrims. Hearts trembling even in security, and cheeks pale with the bliss of rescue—eyes all bright amid their rising waters, and little schoolboy bosoms throbbing from their first trial in adversity, were taught the unequal pulsations of a troubled joy. Then arose the labouring spirit's aspirations, albeit untold, unheard, and seen but in a rising glance of gratitude acknowledging the Omnipresent Deity.

The saving instrument of Providence, as worn, as blest as were the rescued, wept heaven-born tears. Another vessel in a similar state of desolation was before him. Without calculating upon his impaired power, and disordered nerves, whilst o'er the reeling wreck, the savage storm beat in its fury, he proceeded to the rescue of man, his brother man—but the commissioned billow bore him to his God.—The measurement of life is deeds, not years.

'Twas thine, Saint Clare, sublimely great and good,

For man, thy brother man, distress'd to dare
The direful passage of the raging flood,
And join the frantic children of despair!

There it was thine in comforts balmy tone,
To soothe their sorrows 'mid the tempest's roar—

To hush the mother's shriek, the stripling's groan,
And bear the sufferers trembling to the shore.

So when this mighty orb in dread alarm,
Shall crash in ruins at its God's decree,
The saving Angel, with triumphant arm,
Shall from the wreck of all things rescue thee!



THE accounts of the rich embroidered ecclesiastical vestments—robes, sandals, girdles, tunics, vests, palls, cloaks, altar cloths, and veils or hangings of various descriptions—common in churches in the dark ages, would almost surpass belief, if the minuteness with which they are enumerated in some few ancient authors did not attest the fact. The cost of many of these garments was enormous, for pearls and precious jewels were literally interwrought, and the time and labour bestowed on them was almost incredible. It was no uncommon circumstance for three years to be spent, even by those assiduous and indefatigable votaries of the needle, on one garment.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"A Rover's Exclamation," by FREDERICK; "The Dying Chief," by "J. A.;" and "The Sentinel," by "L. E.," will appear in our next number. "Calchas," will please accept our thanks for his advice, but we need not be told that we are wanting in discernment, because we refused to insert his satirical effusion. The article is altogether too personal, and would only gratify a few of our readers. The MS. can be had by calling at the Office.



CORRECTION.—Instead of page 342, which occurs only in a few copies—it should be 243.



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