

beam vanished away ; while dark night lit upon
the sacred tumuli, and from the dim, haunted
forest, that seemed to tremble at the sound, a
dead voice replied : "*never!*" When the echo
fled away, Arginiou lay stretched upon Was-
satchul's grave—the heart of the *Sagamou*
was broken. Old Tonea's prophecy was ful-
filled : *the white gull had flown over all!*

Peace to the red men that are gone !
Their children are the pale strangers' scoff ;
The heritage of their Fathers is a mournful
thought ;
The memory of their glory—a broken song !



Written for The Amaranth.

CHILDHOOD.

BRIGHT vision of childhood, return ye again,
Then calmest my sorrows, and soothest my
pain ;
Oh! bring me again the wild gladness of youth,
When hope was my banner, arrayed in bright
truth.

Return ye again! let me thoughtlessly rove
By the meandering streamlet that wound
through the grove ;
Let me pluck the sweet flowers that grew wild-
ly along,

And dance to the notes of the nightingale's song.
Come, come and again let me wander in dreams,
And revisit in fancy the loved youthful scenes :
When my childhood passed sweetly, my days
were as bright

As the calm summer morn's gentle pale light.
Oh! bright joyous hours—how swiftly ye
passed,

Touched by misfortune, unfit earth's cold
blast ;

When my heart beat as lightly, my voice was
as gay [ter's lay.

As the sweet evening notes of the wild songs—
Return ye, return ye, Oh! bring to me now
The soft balmy zephyrs which fanned my
young brow ;

Oh! bring me the lost ones, which oft with
me roved,

And more let me hear the sweet voices I loved.
Alas! they have fled, and my childhood is
gone,

No more shall I rove o'er my youth's treasured
home—

No more shall I list to the sweet evening bell,
Bright vision of childhood, farewell—Oh!
farewell!

N. John, N. B., 1842.

H. S. B.

For The Amaranth.

A TALE OF INTEMPERANCE.

"*Thy drunkenness. whose vile incontinence*
Takes both away the reason and the sense ;
'Till with deep flowing cups the mind possess,
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns to beast ;
Think while thou swallowest the capacious
bowl,
Thou lettest in seas to wreck and drown the
soul."

It was a bright and balmy morn in the
flowery month of June—the pearly blossoms
of the hawthorn wreathed with the crimson
buds of the wild rose, flung their rich odours
on the breeze as it swept the glittering dew-
drops from their leaves ; and the sweet melody
of birds rung forth from every spray, mingling
with the merry rush of sparkling waters, as
they sped on their path, bearing, as it seemed,
in their glad waves, a song of love and praise
from every creature of the fair earth. The sky
was cloudless, and the golden sunlight beamed
on all ; even the rugged mountains seemed
softened into beauty, and the lovely valley of
Glenallan looked lovelier than ever, in the
brightness of that glorious sabbath. Although
'twas not yet the usual hour of prayer, already
the kirk of Glenallan was thronged even to the
very doors, and among the green hillocks of
the grave-yard were gathered old men whose
white hair and trembling limbs, told that ere
long they would be laid by those who slept
around them ; and children, their laughing
eyes calmed into seriousness. And the strong
and the beautiful knelt there with the chasten-
ed brow and men besuited those who are met
to hallow the christian sabbath.

It was a day of mingled sorrow and joy in
Glenallan. Their beloved pastor, the friend of
the aged and the guide of youth, he who had
long allured and led the way to brighter worlds,
overcome by the infirmities of age, was this
day to resign the ministry into younger and
abler hands. Sixty years had passed since he
first stood there to serve in the temple of God.
Few who looked upon him then, were yet
dwellers on the earth, still there were some.
Sweet and holy were the words of the aged
pastor to the pilgrims of his own days—they
had seen the brightest and the dearest treasures
of their hearts fade from before them ; the green
moss grew over them they had loved, and the
days had come when they had "no pleasure in
them." But far beyond the things of time did
the pastor point—to that brighter land, where
the blessed dwell in the fulness of that love, and
whos' peace passeth the understanding of man