

"*bon soir*," to be sure it sounded as much like Greek as French, but then her infant efforts seemed to Emily very precocious in a babe of a year and a half old.

She had written to her mother soon after her arrival, giving her an account of all that had transpired since she last heard from her, and begging a few lines to assure her she was forgiven and remembered with affection. She told her she was living in honest independence on the proceeds of her own exertions, and needed no pecuniary assistance, but her heart yearned for that consolation and sympathy, which she who gave her birth alone could give. She had not long to wait for an answer. Mr. Russel received a letter from Captain Chilton, informing him that Emily had left France and gone he knew not whither. On making another attempt to see her, he found the cottage closed, and all the neighbours could tell him, was, that the Count de L—— was married, and a few days before had made the same inquiries concerning "the lady," and they presumed he was quite as ignorant as themselves. Louis still hoped she had gone to America, and he begged Mr. Russel, if such should be the case, to find the place of her abode, and receive her with kindness.

Most welcome then were the tidings which Emily's letter conveyed to the stricken heart of her parents. They wrote to her to meet them at Savannah in the ensuing fall, and left the little village where they had resided since their marriage, to follow her to the "sunny south," and after six months of loneliness at New Orleans, in the arms of her natural protectors, the weary dove found rest.

"See, see, mamma," lisped the little Adele, "who is that gentleman coming up the lawn?"

Emily fixed a long and earnest gaze upon the stranger—and ere she could speak, was folded to the breast of her husband. "Forgive, Louis," she murmured, "forgive your repentant wife."

And did Louis Chilton spurn from him one whom he felt was more "sinned against than sinning?" No—he looked upon her chastened features and knew her afflictions had been sanctified, and he clasped her to his bosom—the future resting place of all her joys and sorrows.

And are there those, who from mistaken ideas of delicacy and honor, would blame his decision? "*Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone.*"

For The Amaranth.

While the Smile of Beauty Lingers.

WHILE the smile of beauty lingers,
And the spring of life is bright,
Ere dark sorrow's wrinkled fingers
Bring to our young hearts a blight;—
While the light of joy and gladness
Sheds itself o'er every heart,
And no shade of care or sadness
Bids the angel peace depart.

While life's path is bright before us,
And the sunny eye of youth
Tells that age is not yet o'er us—
Let us seek the way of truth;
Gave our hearts to God's kind keeping,
Ask of him to guard and guide
Through this vale of woe and weeping,
Where so many ills betide.

While the brow bears nought of sorrow,
And the bloom is on the cheek,
Let us all the radiance borrow
Of the christian's spirit meek;
E'en as our shepherd—humble—lowly,
Let us ever strive to be,
Praying him to make us holy.
Guard—protect—and keep us free.

Now ere sin's vague palsy strike us
With its dark—unholy power,
Or the blasts that yet may strike us
In their gloom, begin to lower,
Let us seek that rock of ages
Where the good and wise and great,
Prophets—priests—apostles—sages—
Ever found a safe retreat.

For to Him who gave us beauty,
Life and health, and ev'ry grace,
We owe it as our humble duty
Early thus to seek his face;
That he may crown us with the garlands
Of his mercy rich and free,
In the high and unknown far lands
Of his own eternity!

Liverpool, N. S., 1843.

ARTHUR.

AN AFFGHAN HEROINE.

THE cavalry taking no part in their operation I was an idle, but not the less anxious spectator of the scene. I had never before witnessed effects so awfully grand, or so intensely exciting in their nature, as those which immediately preceded and followed the explosion at the gates. The atmosphere was illuminated by sudden and powerful flashes of various coloured light, which exposed the walls