

Written for the Amaranth.

## ALENS AND ALETHINA.

BY BETA.

ALENS, of olden time, loved Alethina, the daughter of the rich and powerful chief Ancon; he sought her hand—his suit was not rejected. The day had arrived that was to unite them, but on that day a chief burned with anger, and jealousy gnawed his heart; he had made advances for the daughter of Ancon, but was told she loved another—he said in his heart, "This day I'll have revenge! I'll satiate my mad'ning jealousy!"

He armed himself and followers with bows and arrows, then led them to the territory of Ancon; he came suddenly upon him—but Ancon's arm was strong, his followers many.—They repulsed the invaders with great slaughter. Their chief fled, but Alens was on a swift horse, he overtook the flying leader and pierced his heart. He stripped the fallen enemy, and arrayed himself in his garments; he then mounted his horse, and slowly followed his far advanced companions.

The victors returned to their village, their brows were crowned with laurels—the young maidens sought with eager eyes, the well-known lineaments of their lovers; and mothers, with maternal joy, welcomed their sons. Were all happy? No; not all—Alethina was not—for she stood alone, and smiled not. Her scrutinizing glance had scanned the countenances of all—Alens was missing! She ran, with an air of abstraction, to her father's side, he heeded not her questions; his countenance was stern, his soul was wrapped in war; but suddenly his body seemed convulsed; he pushed his daughter, who had grasped his hand, roughly from his side, and with upraised arm and thundering voice, he exclaimed:—"An enemy, within our very tents! Let fly your arrows with steady aim, and pierce his heart! We'll nail his body to a tree, for vultures to glut their appetites on, an example to aspiring fools."

He had scarce ceased speaking, ere an hundred shafts left their bows, and the advancing horseman fell to the ground a lifeless corpse! A strange, an unearthly shriek arose above the clamorous din of the enraged clan; it was a shriek that pierced the adamant heart of Ancon—for in it he recognized the voice of his daughter. He kept his eyes immoveably fixed upon her, as she ran with all the fury of a mad-woman, and threw herself upon the form of her dead lover! He gazed upon her, he wondered she moved not—it was no wonder—her

spirit had winged its "mystic flight to future worlds." \* \* \* \* \*

Beneath the shade of a group of trees, there was a grave, and flowing near it a small undulating stream, which hallowed the gloom that reigned around; the merry laugh of the youth of other times, was hushed as they neared that spot; and many a tear was shed over the grave that contained the bones of ALENS AND ALETHINA.

*St. John, January, 1842.*



## TURN THE PAGE.

STUDENT, by the lamp's pale light,  
Turn the page—what greets thy sight?  
Dogmas new of earthly lore,  
Wisdom—never scanned before.

Poet! o'er thy page of snow  
Mournful strains, like tear drops, flow;  
Hope would fain thy woes assuage  
Change thy hand and turn the page.

Reader of historic lore,  
Dark the events thou connect o'er,  
Deeds of blood and deeds of pain;  
Turn the page and break the chain.

Maiden, while thine eye doth rove  
O'er some magic tale of love,  
Now in hope and now despair  
Turn the page, what see'st thou there?

Man of mammon, ever seen  
O'er thy ledger poring keen,  
Life and soul thou'st given for gain,  
Turn the page—thou'st read in vain.

Man, before whose thoughtful eye  
Earth and time go sweeping by,  
Thou hast turned another page,  
In the volume of thine age.

Every year that fades and dies  
Leaves a lesson for the wise,  
And from every page they turn  
Truth and wisdom deep they learn.



## STANZAS.

ALL the bliss of higher feeling  
We may take, or may refuse;  
Nature, in her free revealing,  
Ever wears the spirits' hues.

All things, in truth, are good and fair,  
All of nature, all of art;  
If thou wouldst see God every where,  
Take Him with thee in thy heart.