round her throat in a rich mass of curls; and her beautiful figure scarce lost its youthful roundness—and yet, with all her loveliness of mind and person—she was to die. Oh! why does death always select the loveliest? why are not the young and beautiful exempt from its unerring shaft?

Estelle's spirits had completely left her, and there were times when I could scarcely rouse her from the sad dreams she would fall into.

One evening when she was, if possible, more ill than usual, she said to me—

"Clara, you may, perhaps, wish a history of my thoughts and feelings since I left my home in the summer sky;—oh why did I ever leave it, I who was so happy?"

"But dearest Estelle, have you not been happy here?" I asked. She thought a moment, and said—

"Oh! yes, very—only when death came between me and those I loved. You will find, after I am gone, a package directed to you, read it, Clara, and do not forget the moral, as you read of the errors of a star spirit, and now my kind friend, I wish to sleep—kiss me—good night."

I kissed her, and then seated myself beside her. She was asleep almost immediately; at first her breathing was short and quick, from the exertion of talking, at last it became sweet and calm as an infant's. She lay perfectly quiet for an hour; the evening was lovely, the summer moon shone brightly through the window, lighting up with her silvery beams, the beautiful brow of the unconscious sleeper.— Suddenly she moved—I bent down towards her, she murmured the name of "Evelyn," in her sleep, and was still again. What volumes did that whispered name reveal to me, in one moment I had traced out the mysterious cause of her illness. Again she stirred—a sweet smile lit up her beautiful countenance— again she spoke, her words were few, but the tone with which she said, "dearest Evelyn, I am to join you," I shall never forget. She was still once more—I listened for her breathing— I heard it not—I laid my hand on her heart— it beat no longer—the beautiful spirit was fled. My screams brought the family to the room. I knew no more until the tall grass waved over the grave of my sweet Estelle.

It was long before I could bring myself to read what she had wished me to peruse. But when I did, I could scarcely feel sorry that she had left us. Trifles which to mortals had seemed light as air, were to her sensitive mind trials almost beyond bearing. The narrative

of her feelings, was interspersed with so many touching allusions to her former beautiful home, that I could not but wish that she had returned there. And there was mentioned one to whom she had given all the warm affections of her young heart; he slept the sleep of death, in his grave—the lone blue sea, a fit resting place for *him*; but "the midsummer sun shone on hers."   CLARA.

Saint John, N. B., 1842.

For The Amaranth.

THE DYING CHILD.

Kiss me once more, sweet Mother,
　And chaunt that pretty hymn—
Ere I join my little brother
　In the realms of our great King!

In the land where flowers bloom,
　And no face wears a care;
Where all looks bright and ne'er dark gloom
　Pervades its balmy air.

There gloomy night is never known,
　But all is sunny day;
And earthly thoughts forever flown,
　Leave spirits free and gay.

Ah! mother, what a happy land
　To all of us is given;
And one whose words are sweet and bland—
　Invites us to his heaven.

How pleasant I have thought this earth,
　And how happy I have been;
When my playmates in their merry mirth,
　Crowned me their young May Queen.

But now I go to claim a crown
　That will not fade nor wither;
But one whose pure and bright renown
　Is hallowed by the giver.

St. John, N. B., 1842.   ANNETTE.

CONVERSATION.

It is a wonderful thing that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, should entertain those with whom they converse, by giving them the history of their pains, and aches; and imagine such narrations their quota of the conversation. This is, of all other, the meanest help to discourse, and a man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an account of his headach answered by another's asking what news by the last mail.—*Steele.*