

## THE STRANGER'S HEART.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

*Set to Music by Franz Petersilea, of St. John.*

THE stranger's heart! Oh! wound it not!  
 A yearning anguish is its lot;  
 In the green shadow of thy tree,  
 The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves  
 Glad music round thy household eaves;  
 To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—  
 The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing play  
 A lovely sight at fall of day;—  
 Then are the stranger's thoughts oppressed—  
 His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend with friend  
 Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;  
 Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim—  
 Far, far are those who prayed with him.

## LIGHTS AND SHADES.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

*Set to Music by Franz Petersilea, of St. John.*

THE gloomiest day hath gleams of light,  
 The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;  
 And twinkles through the cloudiest night  
 Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom;  
 The saddest heart is not *all* sadness;  
 And sweetly o'er the darkest doom  
 There shines some lingering beam of glad-  
 ness.

Despair is never quite despair;  
 Nor life, nor death, the future closes;  
 And round the shadowy brow of care  
 Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

For The Amaranth.

## THE FEMALE HEART.

THERE is nothing on earth so pure and fervent as the heart of woman, so mild and tranquil, and yet how enchanting! Her heart's leading feature are mildness and complaisance. The happiest hours of a man's life, if he possess the common friendship of mankind, are those spent in the society of his female friends; and if he is in possession of a true female heart, when they are separated he can feast his wandering thoughts on that which is as dear to him as life itself. He feels himself happy in

the possession of a heart that beats but for him, and though weary of the troubles of life, the memory of her will hush his cares to rest; he thinks of the past, that she has breathed to him her vows of love, and in secret she has consented to become the partner and companion of his life, to sooth his sorrows, and share his grief, and to participate in all his enjoyments. Who then would not be happy! In life there is nothing more devoted than woman's love, if her heart is fixed, it will remain unmoved.—No earthly power can break the ties which mutual love has bound. Nothing can triumph over the feelings of a devoted heart; kings may rule over nations, but they cannot over minds. Nothing can banish from the mind the object of its affection. The possession of a female heart, is more precious than all the wealth of the eastern hills. It is a kingdom of itself, a throne to which all men are happy to aspire; how dear to man are all her smiles, her gentle emotions of love—give her one look of love, one act of kindness, one token of true regard, and it is responded to with a thousand tender feelings that her heart cannot conceal. There is no blessing like affection, no feelings so tender as mutual love; there is nothing in nature so fascinating as a faithful virtuous female. I would rather claim the heart of one devoted, generous, virtuous female, than all the riches of the Peruvian mines. Her mind soars above what wealth can purchase, her heart is true to the object which has won it, she is in truth the *messenger of peace* and the object of all man's enjoyment.

*St. John, September.*

E. D. F.

For The Amaranth.

## A TALE OF THE WEST INDIES.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED LIFE OF A SAILOR.

THE island of St. Eustatius belongs to the Danish crown, and lies in latitude 17.29 N., and longitude west of Greenwich, 63.04.—The harbour or bay, (for it is nothing else) is open to the south-east, and is exposed to the swell caused by the continued blowing of the trade winds; affording no shelter to the shipping during the hurricane months. Business is carried on in the bay or lower town, and the merchants' dwelling houses are on an eminence above, called the Upper Town, to which each retires after the conclusion of his daily toils. There is very little export of sugars from St. Eustatius, or "Statia," as the island is generally called—but during the last Ameri-