

and feel, when he reflects that he, like those who have there perished, is at the mercy of Him "who holds the waters of the ocean in the hollow of his hand." Of what does wealth avail him? Nothing—comparatively nothing; giving him an elevation, perhaps, above his fellow mortals in the sphere of fashion and its luxuries, but in no way cannot it secure for him a higher seat in heaven above the poorest of his fellow men. Apart, therefore, from mere enjoyment, is the participation in scenes of nature in her beauty and simplicity, calculated to soothe the distracted mind, to minister to the enlargement of our better feelings, and to humble the haughty spirit, which, in the plentitude of power and the exuberance of riches, forgets that there is a being in whose eye he is but one of the innumerable links in the illimitable chain of creation.



Written for the Amaranth.

TO ISADORE.

Thou sayest I am false—untrue,
And when thou sayest so
A cloud quick gathers o'er thy brow,
A shade of poignant woe;
'Tis then methinks I hear thee say
I well would like to know,
If falsehood lurks beneath the words
Why say, "*it is not so.*"

Thou sayest I am false—nor heedst
The anguish thou mayest give,
To feelings overwrought with pain,
By it made sensitive;
I am not false;—deceit to thee
Were sin I cannot know,
Oh! then believe me when I say
It never has been so.

I may have been what thou hast not,
Foolish, and proud, and vain;
But oh! I've suffer'd for the sin,
Deep and reproachful pain;
If thou couldst read the tortur'd mind—
Inspect the troubled soul,
Thou wouldst not *think* that I am false,
But say, "*it is not so.*"

Forget it love, 'tis slander's tale
And poison in thine ear;
Let not a doubt distract thy mind
Nor have a single fear.
I am not false—my heart from thee
Astray will never go;
Oh! then believe the truthful words
Which say, "*it is not so.*"

Though all forsake thee here below—
And leave thee to thy grief,
Yet I will cheer thee thro' the vale
And bring thee sweet relief;
While seasons roll their mystic rounds,
The sun with fervor glow,
I'll prove to thee I am not false,
And never will be so.
Dismiss that tear, sweet Isadore,
Light up thy beaming eye,
Let *hope's* assurance reign within—
Defer that thrilling sigh;
To thee I am not false, dear girl,
As well my actions show;
Thou know'st that I am *thine*, my love,
And ever have been so.

Liverpool, N. S., 1842. WILHELMINA

THE AMARANTH.

An Epitome of the History and Statistics of Nova-Scotia.—We omitted to acknowledge our last number, the receipt of a copy of this useful little work, which has recently made its appearance in Halifax. It is written by "*Nora-Scotian*,"—and judging from the flattering manner in which the Press has spoken of its merits, we doubt not but that it will be generally adopted in the schools of the sister province, for which it is particularly designed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The numerous favors which we have received, and which have already been noticed, will, as far as our space permits, be attended to in our next.

"THE BANKER AND THE COUNT," translated from the French, by G. R., Fredericton, will be commenced in our next; and "GEORGE NEVERS," an original tale, by W. R. M. B.

"A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE BERMUDAS," &c.; "THE STAR SPIRIT," by Clara; "NO SENSE," by Winnefred Middleton; "THE ENTHUSIAST," by Emily B—n; "FLIGHT OF THOUGHT," by Wilhelmina; "THE DYING CHILD," by Annette; with several other favors shall receive attention.

THE AMARANTH,

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