

Yet I am so young—I am not yet eighteen, Henry, and but a few weeks ago I was so happy! I do not mean to reproach you, my beloved, but you shall never forget me—mark me, Henry Vavasour, you shall never forget me. Farewell—farewell; come to me when you read this, and you will see me for the last time; come.

"In a paroxysm of terror I flew to the abode of the Grayson's as soon as I read this wild and incoherent letter. It was early in the morning, but the windows were closed, and I heard the voice of loud weeping as I stood upon the threshold. I rushed into the house—I have a dim recollection of forcing my way through a dense crowd in the narrow hall, but I saw nothing until I found myself at the door of the inner apartment, into which I had seen Juliet enter. A group of women were gathered in the middle of the room—grave, cold, stern-looking men, stood around the bed which had been decked in snow white draperies for our bridal—but I saw only the extended form of my beautiful, my beloved Juliet. She looked like one who had lain down to sleep after the fatigues of a merry dance. Her face was full of placid sweetness, her attitude was that of graceful repose, and I sprang to her side in utter bewilderment at the strange scene which surrounded us. Alas! it was the sleep of death. I bent forward to kiss her pale brow, and its touch shot like an icebolt through my blood. At the same instant, some one lifted her pillow, and while the long curls fell back from her forehead, a vial was drawn from its concealment beneath the clustering mass of ringlets. I heard a confused murmur of many voices—the word 'poison' reached my ears, and I remembered nothing more!

"When I recovered my senses, I had been for months the tenant of a private mad-house, and the doom of the wretched felon, as well as the untimely fate of the lovely but misguided Juliet, had long ceased to be the topic of daily interest. Both were forgotten by the world, but Grayson still lives within his narrow cell, and though the glorious beauty which excited my fatal passion has long since mouldered beneath the coffin-lid, yet her form still lives in my remembrance, a bright but terrific spectre of the past.

"The denunciations of scripture have been literally fulfilled. The sin of the father has been visited heavily upon her who knew no sin, and I have learned the bitter lesson which all must know who 'reap the whirlwind from the oft-sown wind.' The passions of our youth become the severest stings of our late life, our

errors often assume the awful character of crimes; and this one folly of my boyhood has compelled me to bear unto my grave a weight of unutterable remorse; that worst 'burden of the heart—the heart whose sweat is gore.'"



For the Amaranth.

### OH, TELL ME NOT.

Oh, tell me not of brighter hours—  
Of happier days to come:  
Speak not of spring's returning flowers,  
They cannot always bloom;—  
Too soon, alas! a wintry sky  
Bids every flowret droop and die.

Oh, tell me not of friendship's charms,  
Friends are not always true;  
And sparkling eyes, and snowy arms,  
The soft cheek's roseate hue,  
Too often bloom where falsehood's art  
Lies hidden deep within the heart.

Speak not of love, oh tell me not  
'Tis constant, warm, and true,  
For each deep vow may be forgot,  
And change can quick subdue  
The scalding tear—the throbbing sigh,  
They live awhile, then fade and die.

But speak of Hope, oh, yes! and know  
There is a world above,  
Where friendship's blossoms ever blow,  
And love—celestial love,  
Burns bright—oh! burns forever bright,  
And feels not sorrow's withering blight.

Yes, speak of hope, so sweet and calm—  
It soothes the troubled breast,  
Sheds o'er the wounded heart a balm,  
Gives the sad spirit rest;  
It points to realms beyond the skies,  
Where friendship blooms, and love ne'er dies.  
St. John, March, 1842. H. S. B.



NATURE.—We really talk of nature as of a goddess, and say she renews her youth and beauty, and puts on the green robe of Spring, the flowery mantle of Summer, and Autumn's ripe, sheafy crown. But the energy of nature is only the breath of the Almighty—the Creator: her beauty is but the reflection of his benevolence: her bounty is the overflowing of his ever-during love for the creatures he hath made. Rely on Him, and thou wilt never be forsaken—never destitute—never in despair.  
Mrs. S. J. Hale.