

in youth, allows her to grow up in ignorance of those duties which, in after life, are so essential to her welfare."

For the Amaranth.

"THE REMEMBERED ONE."

SHE comes on my senses in visions of night,
From the regions of fancy she comes to my sight—

In the light of bright dreams I behold her.
She sheds the mild beams of her beauteous blue eyes, [skies,
Like an angel of light looking down from the
On some favour'd—tho' earthly beholder.

Her lips in the language of love breathe my name,
The accents that follow—ah, yes—they're the same, [spoken.

That years since by the same lips were
She bends her fair form, and oh! moment of bliss—

Imprints on my forehead and lip the sweet kiss,
She's gone!—the delusion is broken.

'Twas thus in the years of reality's reign,
And mem'ry and love keep together the chain
Which oblivion in vain strives to sever.

We met—round our brows in her favourite
bowers,

Hope wove her bright wreaths, and we hail'd
them as ours,

But they faded—we parted for ever.

Yes, parted in *person*, but when shades of night
Bring repose to the body, and souls take their flight,

To commune with each other in air—
Ours meet, and exchange in the regions of space,
While hovering around, the sweet kiss and embrace,

Then back to their earth homes repair.

And ev'n when the sun lights the world with
his beams,

She is still in my memory first, as in dreams,
When his blaze and bright splendor are gone.
And so she will ever, by night and by day,
'Till the God, who my soul gave, that soul call away,

Be still "the Remembered One."

St. John, November, 1841.

H. C.



GOOD ADVICE.—Keep out of bad company, for the chance is that when the devil fires into a flock he will hit somebody.

LOVE AND MAGNETISM.

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BY JOHN INMAN

SAMUEL DILBURY, ESQUIRE, as he delighted to see himself written down in the parish books, and on the backs of letters, was a retired London tradesman, passing rich with a plum and an only daughter. He had a pretty estate, some thirty miles from London, where he amused himself with politics, the London papers, and innumerable games at backgammon; while his pretty daughter, Miss Harriet, contrived to pass her time away by the help of novels, a hot correspondence with two or three boarding-school friends, her birds, her flowers, the usual routine of parties and balls, dress, and a lover. This last was a nice young gentleman, not very long out of his minority, the only son of a rich widow, and heir to an estate, the income of which placed him above all necessity of doing any thing for his living. In a word, he was a very good match for Miss Harriet, and up to the time when this story commences, there had come nothing between him and the success of his wooing. The old gentleman had looked on graciously enough, while his young neighbour was dropping in every day, on one pretext or another—had always conveniently fallen asleep after dinner—and it was perfectly well understood that when, in the natural order of things, the proposal should be made in due form, and his consent be applied for after the usual fashion, there would be nothing farther required than the settlements, the license, the parson, and the favors and wedding cake.—Such was the condition of things at the moment to which we have referred; but moments sometimes make wonderful changes, and so it turned out in the experience of Harriet Dilbury and young Walter Hamilton.

Samuel Dilbury, Esquire, while making his fortune in one of the narrow and dark lanes which they call streets in the city of London, was a steady, matter-of-fact person enough; giving his whole soul to the due disposition of consignments, the methodical entry of transactions, the punctual honouring of notes and acceptances, and, in general, to the orderly and successful fulfilment of all those duties incumbent upon him in his calling of a drysalter.—Of books he knew little, and cared less, saving such as the day book and ledger; in the newspapers he read only the debates in parliament, the marine list, the notifications of bankruptcy and the "city articles;" and as for science and literature, they existed for him only in certain vague and rather slighting conceptions, dimly