

## LINES

*To my Son on his Return in the Pacific Whaler.*

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

OFt have I thought of thee my boy,  
 Since thou didst leave thy mother's side;  
 By dreams of sorrow and of joy  
 Thy father has been tried.

Woe has oft touch'd thy mother's breast,  
 And care with tears has dimmed her eye ;  
 Thoughts rose of happy days of rest,  
 Ah ! days to us so long gone by.

Oh ! never leave thy native land,  
 Again to tempt the deep's loud roar ;  
 Soon shall I feel Death's with'ring hand,  
 And then my earthly race is o'er.

*Halifax, Sept. 1830.*

E. G.

## THE BOATING PARTY.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

THE day was fine, the sun did shine,  
 The trees were green, and all,  
 When Ma did to her daughter say,  
 " Do go bring down my shawl—  
 Go ask your pa to get the boat,  
 And we will have a sail."  
 " Oh la! dear ma," exclaimed miss Jane,  
 " We're sure to have a gale ;  
 And there's no fun in getting sick,  
 There is no fun at all ;  
 The deuce a pleasure in the boat,  
 Whene'er there is a squall."

" Oh no," says ma, " go ask your pa,  
 And he will say my loves,  
 That we must go to Miller's Isle—  
 Do go bring down my gloves,  
 Go ask your aunt, and Sally Barns,  
 Aunt Betsy, and her daughter."  
 " I go," says Jane, " we might get sick  
 On land as well as water.  
 But there's no fun in getting sick, &c.