

Then, may I boldly strike my simple lyre—
 Perchance, 'twill live like some tall tow'ring spire,
 Its "little hour," or, rudely smitten down—
 In fragments lie neglected on the ground.
 Well, be it so, the work itself may find
 A kindred spirit to the builder's mind;
 Perchance, of greater art and wider fame,
 Who'll change it to a thing of diff'rent name,
 Still it may live, and from its fragments raise
 A something to exist, and merit praise.
 Now, my "advent'rous song" goes back to tell
 Of him, who, when I fainting; fainted, fell,
 And lay expos'd to die! such succour gave
 As quite restor'd and sav'd me from the grave!
 Of him I need not, for himself does speak—
 Wiping the "big tear" from his "furrowed cheek"—
 "Stranger, friend," (he thus to me began,)
 "I feel that you're my fellow creature—man,
 And 'bide you here within my hermit cell
 To hear my tale—for ere you leave, I well
 Do know this aged head of mine will be
 Quiet in death! 'tis no vain prophecy."
 Years have roll'd," (and then he gaz'd around,)
 "Yes, years have pass'd since shelter here I found—
 One half century, and one quarter more
 Have pass'd since first I trod New-Brunswick's shore;
 And, one century's quarter, less twice two,
 Had pass'd o'er me when that I bade adieu
 To parents, brothers, sisters, country, and
 The fairest flow'r that bloom'd in 'Erin's land.'
 Pardon the weakness of a 'poor old man,'
 For 'flesh is flesh,' resist it as we can;
 Pardon this weakness, for I here speak truth,
 When memory carries me back to scenes of youth,
 And flings the sombre veil of time aside,
 When youth in all its beauty, bloom and pride,