

"See, the example they have left behind ;  
 True to themselves, and faithful to mankind !"  
 Let us then seize the plough, and ne'er look back,  
 Our course is onward, 'tis no devious track.  
 By law of scripture we are strictly bound  
 Our talents not to hide beneath the ground.  
 May then our Viceroy and all ranks unite  
 To turn dire darkness unto shining light.  
 Thus our Dominion on a rock will stand,  
 Not on a basis shifting as the sand.  
 I've passed the dreaded rubicon of life,  
 Mid'st war's alarms and many a civil strife,—  
 On proud Busaco's heights I've spent the night,  
 Dreaming of victory in the coming fight ;  
 In Torres Vedras lines full many a day,  
 Anxious for battle and the deadly fray ;  
 The dreary Pyrenees full well I know,  
 With all their misery of frost and snow ;  
 The vast vicissitudes of war in France,  
 To my mind's eye appear a grand romance ;  
 On St. Helena's lonely rock I've stood,  
 And seen Napoleon in his darkest mood.  
 In my adopted land through many a year,  
 (Fain would I drop the tribute of a tear,)  
 I've known men "rise and flourish and decay,"  
 Who now, I trust, enjoy a brighter day.  
 In schools and prisons I have spent much time,  
 Teaching the young,—the old—to flee from crime.  
 I've counseled soldiers, feeling for their fate,  
 Whose gratitude is marked by gift of *plate*.  
 Children have given me that book divine,  
 Which tells our duties in each sacred line.  
 As to my trials, legion is their name,  
 They came in troops when seeking earthly fame.  
 Here is a lesson for the proud—the brave,—  
 "The path of glory leads but to the grave."  
 While "Conscience, which makes cowards of us all,"  
 Whispers this question, "shall we stand or fall?"  
 I answer, suffering from the world's deep scars,  
 "He builds too low who builds beneath the stars."  
 This line is worthy of the noble mind  
 That penned "Night Thoughts," to benefit mankind.