

Oh ! could we virtue have retained,
 We then might say this life were blest ;
 But vice has quenched the light that flamed
 So brightly in our youthful breast.

Backward we cast our longing eyes
 To hours when virtue reigned within ;
 We mourn for the departed prize,
 And wish to break the bands of sin.

But, like a wanderer on the deep,
 Who seeks in vain to reach the shore,
 We for lost innocence may weep,
 But shall possess the gem no more.

True goodness shall alone endure
 Against the storms of vice and sin ;
 The hearts that in this life are pure
 The after, lasting life shall win.

A DEFENCE OF BRITAIN.

The following was written in reply to an insult to the nation we love, a nation second to none among the kingdoms of earth :

Speak not the word ! dost thou cease to remember
 How nations have trembled and shrank in alarm ?
 How each luckless foe who has dared to offend her
 Has sought earth in vain for a refuge from harm ?
 Dost thou forget that from ocean to ocean,
 Wherever the footstep of mortal can roam,
 A million brave hearts, with a throb of emotion,
 Call Britain their birthplace, their pride and their home ?

Breathe not a sentence that tells of dishonor,
 Lest vengeance should fall as the words ye rehearse ;
 Nor cast the foul blot of a shadow upon her,
 Or link the proud name of our land with a curse ;
 Stainless and pure as the sunlight of Heaven,
 That shines, in the strength of the Master secure,
 Though each boasted stronghold asunder be riven,
 Untarnished the light of her fame shall endure.