

(ORIGINAL.)

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

When sorrow preys upon the mind,
And struggling in the bosom pent;
Like fluid, when too close confined,
'Twill burst the shell, or find a vent:

He died far from home on the ocean*,
Yet his country's brave tars, bore his bier;
His pall was the flag of the nation,
Which in life to his heart was so dear.
While lowering the youth to his grave,
Grief spoke through the sighs of the brave.

Oh! he died in a far distant clime,
No parent to tend and watch o'er him;
He went down to the grave in life's prime,
Leaving friends whom he loved to deplore him,
Gone—gone to that haven of rest,
Where souls anchor safe with the blest.

Though he died on the main far from land,
Yet a friend, heaven sent, smoothed his pillow †;
And perhaps, too, the same friendly hand,
May plant o'er his lone grave a willow.
To mark out the spot where he lies.
To which are now wafted sad sighs.

But why thus should we grieve that he's gone?
Alas! for ourselves is the sorrow;
Though to day the sun brilliant hath shone,
Who can promise a cloudless tomorrow?
Vain hopes, which in fancy we form,
Oft vanish—or fall 'neath the sto

He was manly, yet modest and mild,
Warm-hearted—aye, in friendship sincere;
If a parent may mourn a loved child,
There is due to his virtues a tear.
But tears unavailing may flow,
Alas! they efface not the woe.

Three Rivers, 1st May, 1842.

R.

TRUTH.

THEY who speak truth, however discovered, have a right to be heard:—they who assist others in discovering it, have the yet nigher claim to be applauded.—*Par's Spital Sermon.*

* On board Her Majesty's Steamship Prometheus, Lieutenant Sparks, Commander, on the passage from Malta to Gibraltar, at which latter place the remains of the lamented youth to which these imperfect lines refer, were interred.

† Thomas Davenport, Esq. whose kindness is gratefully remembered by the bereaved parents.

"DRINK AND AWAY."

There is a beautiful rill in Barbary received into a larger basin, which bears the name signifying "Drink and away," from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins.

SHAW'S TRAVELS.

Ay, drink and away, though the fountain is clear,
Thou desert-worn pilgrim—oh! linger not here,
Though the turf-covered earth may be soft for thy bed,
Though the blue skies of Afric beam bright o'er thy head,
Though the pure sparkling waters allure thee to stay,
Oh, heed not their music—but "drink and away!"

Though the soft moon is rising new lustre to shed,
Where nature her beauties profusely has spread;
Though long thou hast wandered all cheerless and lone,
Till freshness and strength from thy bosom have flown;

Though weary and sad be thy still-onward way—
Oh, list to the caution—"drink, drink and away!"

A wanderer art thou from the home of thy youth,
From the friends whose affection is fervor and truth,
And afar must thou roam ere again thou canst stand
Within the charmed bounds of thine own native land
Yet the bliss of that meeting thy toil shall repay,
Then pause not, delay not—but "drink and away!"

For the fierce sons of Afric are close on thy path,
In vain wouldst thou soften their terrible wrath;
They know not the spells which attach us to home,
For they love o'er the desert unwearied to roam.
And gladly they make the lone stranger their prey;
Then rest not, oh, pilgrim—but "drink and away!"

Oh, such is the aspect of life's weary scene,
Where nature is fairest the spoiler hath been;
We toil after pleasures which fade from us fast,
And leave us to cold disappointment at last;
By the founts of temptation we heedlessly stay,
Forgetting the caution, to "drink and away!"

But on let us pass—for not far must we roam,
Ere the pilgrim shall stand in his beautiful home;
For the desert of life is not far from that shore
Where trial and danger are heard of no more.
In the waters of heaven our thirst we'll allay;
Then pause not, ye weary ones, "drink and away!"

R. R.

IMAGINARY EVILS.

IF we except the blessings of strength, health, and the testimony of a good conscience, all the other conveniences and pleasures of life depend on opinion. Except pain of body, and remorse of conscience, all our evils are imaginary.—*Rousseau.*