

Could the hand smooth thy pillow, and wet thy parched tongue;
Wipe the cold sweat from off thy fair brow ;
Me thinks thy sad heart yet with hope would be strong,
And a soul-cheering joy thou would'st know.

Midst the wonders of nature, so wildly displayed,
As thou roamed o'er the storm-troubled deep ;
To the God of thy fathers, in heaven thou'st prayed,
He thy soul from all evil would keep.

Where the broad palm leaf on the steel-strewn shore,
In the odour-filled Southerly breeze ;
Has thy young heart been lifted, thy God to adore,
And his favor hast sought on thy knees.

When the fierce storm was howling, and dark was the night,
As thou watch'd on the bark's slippery deck ;
Oh ! what joy filled thy soul, as there rose to thy sight,
A lone star o'er the wanderer's track.

Yes, we trust it still led thee, a guide and a friend,
To brighten thy languishing days ;
All powerful to save, and in death to defend,
Till thy harp should be tuned to thy praise.

ined,

keep,

voice,