

LINES.

ON AN UNFORTUNATE MAN, WHO WAS EXECUTED AT LUNENBURG, N. S.,  
30th DECEMBER, 1873.

Unhappy man! where has thy spirit fled?  
After a life of labor—death of dread.  
A crime that madness only can explain,  
A helpless woman by her husband slain.  
The tortures of his heart to God were known,  
Whose reason struggled to regain her throne.  
The fear of death still held him as a slave,  
The fear of death and of a felon's grave.  
Earnest and well his Counsel did contend  
Against strong proof his client to defend.  
Boldly and ably his appeal was made,  
But all in vain the fatal verdict said.  
When what the law could say or do was done,  
Plainly his earthly race completely run,  
God, willing that his misery should cease,  
To this sad prisoner sent a man of peace,  
Who loved the sinner but the crime abhorred,  
And brought sweet sounds of hope—the gospel word.  
Of that dear victim, on the cross resigned,  
Whose blood for every sin can pardon find.  
He spoke of paradise,—its boundless joys,  
Where pleasure endless is and never cloy.  
Persistent, day by day, and night by night,  
Till that despairing heart began to melt  
And penitent the sufferer humbly knelt,  
In that poor being's breast new thoughts arise,  
And shew a path that leads beyond the skies.  
God's mercy now in brightness round him flows,  
And to his troubled soul comes sweet repose.  
No longer Death the king of terrors seems,  
No longer horror on his visage gleams.  
But humble, calm and patient he awaits  
With faith and hope, his guides to heaven's gates.  
Blest be the judge who gave him ample time,  
To think of God, and to repent his crime.  
How thankful those should be, whose happy home  
Invites to rest, while some are driven to roam.  
Not tempted in unhallowed paths to tread,  
But in content to lay the weary head.  
Ah! who can tell what his own fate might prove,  
If banished from the realms of peace and love.  
When o'er the mind the stormy passions rule,  
The wisest man's no better than a fool.

EINWOHNER.

Lunenburg, Jan'y 3, 1874.

*He held the heaven's mission to his right*