

The anchor is cast, the loved haven now gained,
Hardy cheeks wear a smile and a tear ;
As friend after friend grasps the bold sailor's hand,
And the wife or the parents appear.

But where! noble captain, 'mongst all thy brave crew,
I see no Canadian youth ;
He sailed on thy vessel, his health to renew,
I pray thou wouldst tell me in truth.

Yes, he sailed from this harbor to far distant seas,
Where we seek the Leviathan's oil ;
But the foe ever followed, and fatal disease
Soon secured this fair youth for his spoil.

By his gentle demeanor, our friendship he gained,
In our confidence daily he grew ;
Every heart filled with sorrow—our tears scarce restrained,
As we felt 'twas a final adieu.

In a Southern clime, on the Coast of Peru,
A brief home among strangers he found ;
We left him to die,—we our course to pursue,
He to slumber beneath a green mound.

Yes! he shuddered to think of a grave in the deep,
At his gentle entreaty we turned ;
And we sought out a friend, who a kind watch would keep,
While the taper of life dimly burned.

Oh! what wealth would he give, could a mother's loved voice,
Scotch his fears, point his way to the sky ;
Watch beside his death couch, bid his soul to rejoice,
In that Saviour who hears every sigh.