

## POETRY.

(FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.)

## LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. J. PRICE,  
LATE OF MONTREAL.

Yes, loved brother, thou art dead,  
Ended thy career below,  
To the climes of glory fled,

And free from every woe—  
Mingling with that glorious throng,  
Joining in the immortal song.

'Mid tens of thousands thou,  
Before the great white throne,  
Bowing in adoration now,  
Casting thy glittering crown  
In rapt'rous joy at Jesu's feet,  
His endless praises to repeat.

Call'd in thy prime away  
To realms of pure delight,  
To reign through endless day  
In unobscured light—

Where gloom nor sorrow ne'er can come—  
Those bright abodes thy happy home.

Montreal, August 17. E.

## FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

The following lines were written on the shipwreck of the children of Henry I., the account of which appeared in the 13th number of the Instructor—and are the production of a young lady of this city.

On England's lofty throne  
Once sat a noble king,  
His brow a golden crown  
Encircling.

Just gain'd ambition's height,  
Returning home in haste,  
When lo a sudden blight  
Laid waste

His brightest earthly joys,  
His hope of future years ;  
'Ah me,' the father sighs,  
And bursts in tears.

Three royal children's doom  
The hapless monarch mourns,  
He lonely wanders in the gloom  
'Mid tombs—

But oh, they rest not there,  
Their graves are in the deep,  
The coral branch spreads where  
They sleep.

The gallant bark sped swiftly o'er  
'The swelling ocean's breast,  
When all around, above, below,  
Had sunk to rest.

Hark—a loud crash, a piercing cry—  
The decks asunder part  
Fill'd with despair and agony  
Is every heart.

For help, on ruin's brink,  
They hopelessly implore—  
They now in awful terror sink  
To rise no more.

In vain the seamen tried  
The little boat to save—  
"Ah, woe is me," the pilot cried,  
And sank beneath the wave.

Montreal, August 17. E.

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