

Upon his hospitable board,  
 With dangerous lustro shine.  
 He know the mischief it had wrought,  
 Yet, futile boast and vain !  
 "The weak may fall," he proudly cried,  
 "I can myself restrain !"  
 And sleeping thus, in fancied strength,  
 On ruin's verge he ran,  
 He woke, to find himself, alas !  
 A fallen, fostered, man !  
 Remorse is knawing at his heart,  
 While ever to his eye,  
 When reason reigns, present themselves,  
 The scenes of days gone by.  
 And when, their stinging memory,  
 To still he vainly tries,  
 Back to the baneful curse of all,  
 Despairingly he flies !

Curse of mankind ! thou fruitful source  
 Of pain, of crime, and woe !  
 When shall thy poisonous waters cease,  
 O'er this fair earth to flow ?  
 Pleasant and beautiful it is  
 When round the graceful vine,  
 In rich luxuriance, we see  
 The purple clusters twine,  
 But when the gift, which God bestowed,  
 The fevered lip to cool,  
 Is wrought, by demon art, to turn  
 A man into a fool !  
 Nay ! worse than fool, a very brute !  
 To drown in sensual joy,  
 The gifts of soul, he should, to serve  
 His fellow men employ ;  
 To close his breast to sympathy ;  
 To turn into a hell,  
 The home where peace and comfort ought,  
 Alone, for ever dwell,—  
 Howe'er enticingly and bright  
 The treacherous cup may flow  
 Sick'ning, we turn from thee, and loathe,  
 The source of sin and woe.

Halifax, N. S., January, 1842.

SARAH.

[We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with the above beautiful Sketch,—it includes fine painting, deep thought, and excellent morals. May Sarah's abilities be ever devoted to causes which will give pleasure and honour, that mere literary success cannot command.]—Ed.

For the Visitor.

CHANGES.

How have the sages passed away from Earth,  
 Leaving less trace, save in their storied works,  
 Than the pale vapour which, at gentle dawn,  
 Shrouds copse and stream, but ere the swain awakes  
 Melts valueless into the sunny air.  
 Shakespeare and Milton, and the brilliant train  
 Which link them with the earliest age, and us  
 With them, like statues in a vista's depth,  
 Each potent in his day, each central point

Of many hearts—which seemed, harmonious, fixed,  
 As the sun's system—all have passed away,  
 Like the quick spark struck by the courser's heel.  
 Alas ! for man, how great with pride and care—  
 He talks as if his circle and himself  
 Comprised all being, yet, a fleeting space  
 Sees his whole generation crowd the tombs.  
 So with our time ; as passed our fathers, we  
 Must pass, leaving our landmarks on the tide  
 For our de-ccendants ; and they, in their turn—  
 After brief converse of the ancient men  
 Whose monuments adorn their temple walls—  
 Will also shrink into the narrow house.  
 Ah ! what, if this be life, is life's amount ?  
 A dream, an idle tale, a painted scene,  
 Passing away as time rolls up the scroll.  
 For generations does oblivion wait ?

Alas ! our own com-patriots have become  
 The spirits of the past. Witness the names  
 Of Scott and Byron, and the courtly throng  
 These stars illumined,—yesterday their spheres  
 Were best and brightest with all gilded care,  
 To-day, in darkness, silence, sleep of death !  
 Oppressive change,—humiliating fate,—  
 How shrinks the pomp of life from such review !  
 Like ocean waves men pass ; the gathering swells  
 Roll on, important,—curl in foamy pride,  
 As snowy plumes above a battle plain,  
 Then break, and fall, and blend in massy gloom.  
 Such is earth's nature,—fleeting, falling, all ;—  
 But this Aecldema is not the whole !

From clouds, and waves, and vapours, look beyond  
 To the high world which knows no death, or night ;  
 That vindicates our destiny ; there meet  
 The travellers who o'er the road of time  
 Posted so hurriedly. That is their home ;  
 And there each fleeting year deposits safe  
 The treasures which on earth were wailed as lost.  
 Then let the changes roll, if we but pass  
 Our trial worthily, what rapturous scenes,  
 Stable as heav'n, await our exit hence :  
 What meetings, converse, admiration, love,  
 Full satisfaction, deep repose, delight,—  
 Admitted to the host who through all time  
 Have been exhaled from earth,—to angel hands  
 Who knew not sin or death,—and to the vast  
 Ecstatic vision of the Lmpyrean Throne.

[The expressions—" Ah what, if this be life, &c." and "That vindicates our destiny, &c."—remind of lines met with the writer believes, in Young's Night Thoughts. The imitation, if imitation there be, was unintentional, and only recognized on a second reading. The recollection of the lines alluded to is not sufficient for quotation.]

AN EXAMPLE.—A dealer in spirituous liquors, in a town in Lincoln county, was a week or more since in Boston purchasing a winter stock of "fire water." But ever captain to whom he applied for freight, refused to have anything to do with it, declaring that they would rather the vessels should go home in ballast, than be thus freighted. The dealer changed his rum for corn, and the good people have now more nutritious food and less poison.