

Midst our circle of friends, who I trust are not few,
Moved a youth of fair promise and parts :
Early manhood, with grace, gently beamed o'er his brow,
While his kindness secured many hearts.

Ah ! why didst thou leave, for a home on the seas,
The arms of those parents so dear,
They had watched o'er thy infancy, prayed oft for thee,
And hoped their last days thou wouldst cheer.

Like a canker concealed in the sweet blooming rose
Fell disease, how it oft revels there,
Amid beauty of form—mental graces, repose
The destroyer who seldom doth spare.

Didst thou fondly expect, on some far distant shore,
'Mid the isles of the western lea,
His darts to escape, and thy health to restore,
Roving wide o'er the fathomless sea.

Vain, delusive the hope, tho' to calm their fond fears,
Thou did'st send words of comfort and cheer ;
And thy fond parents trusted, and dried up their tears,
And still hoped thy returning was near.

With the changes of season, and changes of scene,
Three years in succession rolled on ;
Still hope ever strengthens as months intervene,
That they yet should embrace their dear son.

Now the homeward-bound bark, with her cargo complete,
Spread her sails to the favoring breeze ;
Hope now lightens all toil,—makes brave hearts bound to meet
Friend who'll soon greet them home from the seas.