

The following stanzas were suggested by hearing an extract of a letter from Capt. Chase, giving an account of the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown Owen, who died on his passage to California.

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer,
 For my limbs are growing cold,
 And thy presence seemeth dearer,
 When thy arms around me fold ;
 I am dying, brother, dying,
 Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
 For my form will soon be lying
 'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Harken to me, brother, harken,
 I have something I would say,
 E're the veil my vision darken,
 And I go from hence away.
 I am going, surely going,
 But my hope in God is strong,
 I am willing, brother, knowing
 That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father, when you greet him,
 That in death I prayed for him,
 Prayed that one day I might meet him
 In a world that's free from sin.
 Tell my mother, God assist her,
 Now that she is growing old,
 Tell her child would glad have kissed her
 When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
 'Tis my wife I'd speak of now,
 Tell, O tell her how I missed her
 When the fever burned my brow ;
 Tell her, brother,—closely listen—
 Don't forget a single word,
 That in death my eyes did glisten
 With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
 Like the kiss of last impressed,
 Hold them as when last I held them,
 Folded closely to my breast ;