

Across the Western main he sped,
And came to Charlottetown,
Expecting not to find a maid
To whom he could bow down,

But soon he spied a dimpled face
That made him softly sigh ;
That stole his heart and made it her's,
With one glance of her eye.

He told the maid the touching tale :—
With pride the fact she learn'd :—
He blessed the day he went from home,
And found his love return'd.

With joy he clasp'd her promised hand
And proudly call'd her his ;
In happiness she own'd the spell ;
And both believ'd it bliss.

But one sad note must come to sound
More mournfully my theme,
For one sad night of sorrow came
To mar their pleasing dream.

The Barrister, in all good faith,
To see his lady fair,
With burnished locks and heart elate,
Himself he did prepare.

But ere he rang the willing bell,
He needs must *make a call*,
He "did not mean to tarry long,—
Just quench his thirst, 'twas all."