

A SOOTHING ADDRESS,

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

O sink not a prey to despair,
Nor grieve for what grief cannot mend,
Don't torture thy mind, for what sorrow and
care

Can never restore, my poor friend ;
Tho' harass'd and hurt and distress,
Cast all bitter feeling aside—
'Twill only cause fever to burn thy own breast,
Where patience and hope should preside ;
In the storm of adversity strive to the last—
True courage and spirit may weather the blast.

If thou wilt consider the woe
Of some, high on fortune's bright wheel,
Which recent reverses have cast far below
What thou canst imagine or feel ;
Contemplate their mortified pride,
With luxury's absence combin'd,
Thy envy will die and thy murmurs subside—
Contentment will solace thy mind ;
With this healing balm thou art not quite bereft,
While gratitude sweetens the crumbs thou hast
left.

Contemplate the poor ship-wrecked Tar,
Cast lone on some far barren isle,
To which he has recently 'scap'd on a spar—
His ship-mates all perish'd the while ;
Does he lie inactive and wish
For shelter, a fire and a bed—
A gun for the fowl or a hook for the fish—
A bowl of warm soup and some bread ?
No, no, he well knows his exertions must save,
From a doom which is worse than a watery
grave !

Tho' hungry and weak and athirst,
Behold the faint object arise—
Look round for a drink of fresh water the first,
And then for more solid supplies.
Now tho' with due caution he sips
The water he's found at a well,
'Tis sweet as the nectar of gods to his lips—
As manna, raw fish from the shell ;
This water and shell-fish a feast may afford,
More rich than all dainties on luxury's board.

Well-knowing 'tis useless to weep
For ship and for ship-mates no more,
He picks up with care what the merciless deep
Has left of the wreck on the shore ;
And leaving despondence abaft,
Forgetting the pains of the past,
With sedulous labour he forms a rude craft—
Perchance with an oar for the mast ;

With the anchor of hope he embarks on the
wave—
In trust that some ship may descry him and
save.

Tho' riven by ravenous law,
And broken from stem unto stern,
Thou hast still some resources on which thou
canst draw—

May save thee much painful concern ;
With health and good hands and good skill,
Thou art more independent than those
Who have notes in the bank, and no cash in
the till—

Who quake on the verge of a close ;
Let courage thy spur be—thy motto exertion,
Bright days and good fortune may lie in re-
version.

Consider the birds how they fare—
When winter that ravages rude,
Has strip'd both the orchard and forest-trees
bare,

And left them no shelter nor food ;
Contented they twitter and sing,
Not knowing where next they must feed—
Their care is far lighter than down on their
wing,

Yet Providence cares for their need ;
Then banish thy fear, cherish hope in its stead
Who cares for the fowls will supply thee with
bread.

The promise is made to the poor
Who seek for his kingdom the first,
Who care for life's perishing food—yet still
more

For righteousness hunger and thirst ;
Then lay up thy treasure in heaven,
Where moth and where thief cannot come—
Thy bread and thy water shall daily be given
'Till thou shalt arrive at thy home ;
And there thou shalt bask in a sun without
shade,

Be crown'd with a glory that never shall fade.

JAMES REDFERN.

St. John, N. B., June, 1843.



By permitting the political laws to take cog-
nizance of marriage vows, the sexes gain an
additional security on each other ; inasmuch as
their mutual pledges are places under the safe-
guard of society, which, by its laws and cus-
toms, will inflict a severe punishment for any
intentional breach of them, not so much in or-
der to identify any injured individual, as to pre-
serve its own good order and tranquility.