

OUR GALLANT SHIP.

With rippling sea and freshening breeze  
Our gallant ship sails on and on,  
And hopeful hearts repose at ease,  
And merry thoughts take vent in song.

No adverse winds disturb the sail,  
The gallant ship sweeps proudly by,  
A few more billows and we'll hail  
Our fatherland, "sweet by and by."

A soft, clear voice sings out the strain  
That oft has cheered the weary soul,  
Then all take up the rich refrain  
Till o'er the waves the accents roll.

The night is dark, the moon is young,  
A heavy mist comes spreading out  
The signal lights aloft are hung  
And all aboard is trim and taut

The bells ring out the midnight hour,  
In murky sky and splashing tide,  
When lo! a bark of giant power  
Comes crashing on the harbour side.

With staggering lurch she heels around  
Like vanquished hero seeks a grave,  
With riven beams and gurgling sound  
She sinks beneath the dismal wave.

Fond hearts were there, the true the brave,  
Deep buried in the swirling tide;  
How blest who know that Christ can save,  
On sea or land, what'er betide.

The winds a mournful requiem sing  
With wailing moan and tender sigh,  
And in our hearts the voices ring  
That sang at eve "sweet by and bye."

Old ocean let them sleep,  
Give them a quiet resting-place  
In thy waters still and deep:  
Safely hold  
Thy treasures, mighty sea:  
Until the Archangel calls -  
"Give up thy dead to me."

ATHOL, GLENGARRY. C. C. A. F.

GLEANINGS.

It is said that the devil has many imp: it is presumed the following are among the number:—Imp-erfection, imp-etuosity imp-lacability, imp-udence, imp-ertinence, imp-urity, imp-iety.

"Come, Doctor," said a gentleman to his minister, "I can give you a treat—a bottle of claret forty years old." The Doctor was in raptures, and eagerly accepted the invitation, when, to his dismay, the expected quart proved only to be a pint bottle. "Waes me," said he, taking it up in his hand, "but its unco wee o' its age."

A friend attending on Charles Mathews the elder, the celebrated comedian, in his last illness, intending to give him his medicine, gave in mistake some ink from a phial on a shelf. On discovering the error, his friend exclaimed, "Good Heavens! Mathews I have given you ink." "Never—never mind, my boy—never mind" said Mathews, faintly, "I'll swallow a bit of blotting paper."

A church in the North Country, which required a pastor had a beadle who took an active interest in all proceedings taken to fill up the vacancy. One of the candidates, after the afternoon service was over, put off his cloak in the vestry and stepped into the church in which our worthy was just putting things to rights. "I was just taking a look at the church" said the minister. "Ay, tak a guid look at it,"

said the beadle "for it's likely ye'll ever see't again."

Pause before you follow example. A mule laden with salt, and an ass laden with wool, went over a brook together. By chance the mule's pack became wetted, the salt melted, and his pack became lighter. After they had passed, the mule told his good fortune to the ass, who thinking to speed as well, wetted his pack at the next water; but his load became heavier, and he broke down under it. That which helps one man may hinder another. Be cautious in giving advice; and consider before you adopt advice.

One of the most amusing scenes in the legislature of Pennsylvania occurred on a motion to remove the Capitol of the States from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. A matter-of-fact member from the rural districts, who had heard by the great facility with which brick houses are moved from one part of a city to another, and who had not the least idea that moving anything but the State House was in contemplation, rose and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have no objection to the motion, but I don't see how on airth you are going to git it over the river."

A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintances that Doctor Goldsmith had studied phisic, and hearing of his great humanity solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient found him sinking into that worst state of sickness—poverty. The doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label:—These must be used as necessities require; be patient and of good heart. He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to anything Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.

BORRIBOOLA GHA.

A stranger preached last Sunday,  
And crowds of people came  
To hear a two hours' sermon  
With a barbarous sounding name:  
Twas all about some heathen  
Thousands of miles afar,  
Who lived in a land of darkness  
Called Borriboola Gha.

So well their wants he pictured  
That when the plate was passed,  
Each listener felt his pocket.  
And goodly sums were cast;  
For all must lend a shoulder  
To push the rolling car  
That carried light and comfort  
To Borriboola Gha.

That night their wants and sorrows  
Lay heavy on my soul,  
And in deep meditation  
I took my morning stroll,  
Till something caught my mantle  
With eager grasp and wild,  
And looking down with wonder,  
I saw a little child:

A pale and puny creature  
In dirt and rags forlorn;  
What could she want, I questioned.

Impatient to be gone,  
With trembling lips she answered,  
"We live just down the street,  
And mamma she's a dyin',  
And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a wretched basement,  
With mould upon the walls,  
Through whose half-buried windows  
God's sunshine never falls,  
Where cold, and want, and hunger  
Crouched near her as she lay  
I found a fellow creature  
Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,  
A bed of dirty straw,  
A hearth all dark and fireless  
But these I scarcely saw,  
For the mournful sight before me,  
The sad and sickening show  
Oh, never had I pictured  
A scene so full of woe

The famished and the naked,  
The babes that pine for bread,  
The squalid group that huddled  
Around the dying bed,  
All this distress and sorrow  
Should be in lands afar;  
Was I suddenly transplanted  
To Borriboola Gha?

Ah, no; the poor and wretched  
Were close beside my door,  
And I had passed them heedless  
A thousand times before.  
Alas for the cold and hungry  
That met me every day  
While all my tears were given  
To the suffering far away.

There's work enough for Christians  
In distant lands we know;  
Our Lord commands his servants  
Through all the world to go,  
Not only to the heathen;  
This was the charge to them  
"Go, preach the word, beginning  
First at Jerusalem."

O, Christian, God has promised  
Who'er to thee has given  
A cup of pure cold water  
Shall find reward in Heaven.  
Would you secure the blessing,  
You need not seek it far:  
Go, find in yonder hovel  
A Borriboola Gha.

THE BEAUTIES.

When St. Stephen's Green was the fashionable promenade in Dublin, not long after pretty Mrs. Delany and tuncful Mrs. Donellan walked three times around it, and three times passed the brass statue of George the Second, every fine day, in order to recruit their constitutions and complexions for the Bishop of Cork and Ross's hospitalities, two girls in the poplins and mantuas of the genteel life of the period, walked in the dusk of the evening in the direction leading from Leeson Street to Fishamble Street. They were panting with the speed they were making, while they occasionally talked with much eagerness.

"I wonder if we shall get them, Sally?"  
"If we do they will be at the top of the mode, Peg, for she never had anything behind the fashion."

"I wonder if we shall charm her ladyship?"

"Sure we can try, Sally; if we do it will be the making of us."

Clearly, it was a mission of great importance in the girls' eyes, enough to engross them so completely, that they neither looked to the right nor to the left as they pursued their way, though more than one passenger in the dim light looked after them. Maria Edgeworth tells us, that

at the Dublin Ranelagh her young sister Honor was mobbed and compelled to retire from the scene—of her personal attractions; but these girls in the sprigged poplins, they not only charmed Dublin, they turned the dogged John Bull head of the City and Court of London. They were not altogether safe from notice and annoyance at this hour and in these streets, but Irishmen are gallant and Irish women fearless.

However, as the girls approached the door of a house in Fishamble Street, one of them hung back.

"I cannot do it, Peg; she will be angry."

"Angry child! she is the best-natured woman in the world."

"She will grudge her lute-strings and laces."

"Grudge, Sally! she is so free-handed, she scatters silver coin every night among the boys and girls that run after her chair."

"And they cry, 'We don't want your poor money; we want one of your smiles, you jewel, for they are like the dawn of day.' But now, Peg, don't you think it is low in us to push ourselves into a player's house and borrow her bravery?"

"My dear creature, we cannot help it, it is our only hope. Such a dance as I have run to get the card to the Lady Lieutenant's, and it is plain we cannot go without fine clothes, and father finds he cannot furnish them. Bless you, we will pay them back like queens when we are ladies of quality, with rich lords at our backs."

"Pay them back, indeed! When did rampant selfishness remember a benefit, worldly or unworldly? The tradition lingers of the loan, but who records the repayment? What mention is there made of the two loveliest and stateliest peeresses in his Majesty's realm supporting and consoling poor, penitent Peg Woffington?"

"Oh, Peg, Peg Gunning! I don't think it is becoming."

"You silly, changeable chit, we have no time to lose," scolded the bolder adventuress. "I'll tell you what, Sally: will you go in with me, if I fetch out Sally Fortesque, who is to introduce us to her ladyship, and if she consent to bear us company?"

"It would not be so bad, Peg," granted Sally, like all cowardly, credulous persons, inclined to snatch at the defence of company: you know you often say the more the merrier."

"I never need folk to lead me by the nose," grumbled Peg. "But Sally Fortesque is good-natured when you speak her fair; and she wants sorely, for her own ends, to be sure, to be off with her ladyship, while we want as mightily to be on with her; so for the present we suit each other like curls and cream. Just wait a bit in the entrance, Sally, and see that you don't let any of the men look under your hood."

Away dashed the proud, schemer and leader, who bore down and dragged after her the more fretful, but more scrupulous companion. In a few minutes she returned with a girl blushing under her hood, and plucking nervously at her apron.

"I'm afraid it is not right, Peg; you may have anything you like of mine, and welcome; I'll rather stay at home myself."

"Heyday! and who would present us to her ladyship? Besides, you know,