THE WEST OBSERVER.

No. 23.

## THE GARLAND.

WE have reason to believe that the following beautiful little poem is the production of Mr. ANDREW CRICHTON, author of "Blackadder's Memoirs," and other prose works, and whose pen has frequently afforded instruction and amusement to the public.—Eo.]

A VISION OF MIRZA. (Written on the death of an Infant Boy.)
On a desert shore methought I stood,
As the closing day withdiew;
And wide ver the orean a solitude
The twilight dimly grew.

The troubled sea was rolling dark, And the tempest gathering fast, When I spied a stender little bank On the stormy billows cast.

One lonely wight was all its freight,
And he seemed to weep and mouse,
For he looked like one on a louvey got.
Where the travellers at chareture.

Where the travellers no extracture.

But still be rowed amid the blast.
And slowly he bore away.
Through the wigned gloom that, all o'ercast.
On the water's bosom lay.
I sighed to think of the hapless wight,
On this sea of perils throws;
For the sky was dark with the cloud of night,
And he rode the waves alone.

of O how shalt thou the bolsterous shock
Of wind and tide repel;
Or guide thy course through reef and rack,
Or signs of danger tell?

"Thy bark is light to tempt the storm
With a mariner so young,
White blackening clouds of phantom form
Are round the welkin hung. "Before thee far expands the deep,
Nor shore par haven nigh;
And thou hast no watch tower on the steep,
No star in the mospless sky.

Behind thee fast racedes the land, Between high rolls the wave; and all unskilled is thy little hand The angry surge to brave.

"Unknown, untravelled is the bourne Of the land thy our must win; and the night is long e'er dawn of mora On thy dreary path begin.

Some angel-hand, on the distant strand Or golden mountains high, beacon rise to point the land. When the hour of pecil's nigh."

The bark, now far in the wave's embrace,
Was faintly sinking away;
When the scowl of heaven grew bright apace
With the purpling break of day. And the hills of a green and fairy land Appeared on the verge of the deep; And arains were beard of sometholy band, Like music to midnight sleep;

And spirits bright, as orbs of light, In skining througs were seen,

With erones of gold in their robes of white,
And palms of evergreen.

They beckened him on with angel smiles, Away to their bowers of bliss ; And they hailed him home to their sunny isten

ALL HOMES AND DECEMBER 10, 1888.

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