

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

Ere now the Poet's harp I've dared to try,
 When sorrow reign'd, or love my bosom fir'd,
 But all my inspiration was a sigh,
 And with that sigh my short-liv'd song expir'd.
 But other, dearer hopes my heart hath felt,
 (A humble vot'ry at the Muses' shrine,)
 And when upon the poet's grave I've knelt,
 Have wish'd his immortality was mine.
 I would not be forgotten, when this head
 Shall rest in peace, upon its last, cold bed ;
 O ! fain from such oblivion would I save
 One little flow'r to blossom on my grave,
 To claim the pledge of feeling (priz'd most dear)
 From kindred hearts—a sympathetic tear.

St. John, N. B.

CECIL.

Selected.

ALI, OR THE FORTUNATE PRODIGAL.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

IN Cairo lived a very rich dealer in precious stones, named Hassan. He had an only son named Ali, whom he educated with the greatest care. When he was upon his death-bed, he sent for his son, and gave him these admonitions : " My son, this world passes away, and no one remains ; all that lives becomes the prey of Death. I feel that he approaches me, and I wish to bestow on you the last counsels I shall ever offer, I leave you, my dear son, rich—so rich that you may spend five hundred ducats a day, without hurting your fortune. But, my son, never forego the fear of God and his prophet ; do good, associate with upright people, avoid bad company, be not avaricious, indulge not in immoral pleasures, and cherish your wife who is now pregnant—adieu ! For the little time that is left me, I will pray to God that he will be pleased to guard you from every obstacle, which may prevent our meeting again before his throne."

Ali wept bitterly : his father embraced him for the last time, and soon afterwards expired. The house resounded with cries of mourning ; the corpse was washed and interred with

the customary solemnities, and Ali passed forty days in doors, reading the koran and excluding all visitors. After this period a party of young men called upon him ; they were the sons of merchants and the companions of his youth ; they rallied him for such extreme indulgence of his grief, and persuaded him to mount his mule, and take an airing with them. He consented, and was easily induced to spend the day in their company in festive enjoyment ; other days were passed in a similar manner, and he was completely immersed in gaiety. His wife reminded him of his father's dying admonitions, that he should avoid bad company.

" My companions," he replied, " are all respectable men, the sons of merchants, and of sound principles ; they are social and joyous, it is true ; but that is no fault even in the opinion of men of rigid rectitude."

After some weeks had elapsed in this manner, Ali's companions persuaded him that it was now his turn to be entertainer, and they knew him to be a man of too much spirit to wish to be excused. The logic was irresistible, and precipitated young

CECIL.