

SAINT JOHN : TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1828.

THE GARLAND. From the Atlantic Souvenir, for 1829. THE CONSCRIPT'S FAREWELL.

BY E. M. CHANDLER.

Farewell father, T had hoped that I should be to thise age a staff for thee; But when years have mark'd thy brow, When thy step is weak and slow, When thy hair is thin and white, And thise eye hath lost its fight, I shall never seek thy side, And thise eye hath lost its fight, I shall never seek thy side, And thise eye hath lost its fight, I shall never seek thy side, And thise eye hath lost its fight, I shall never seek thy side, And thy faltering footsteps guide: Where my country's banners fly Proughy 'neath a distant sky, To the battle forth I speed. There to fight and there to bleed; Mathewasses the formul starce Giltters in the values of France ; Not because a stranger's mirth,

Not because a stranger's mirth, Rises round any father's hearth; Not at glory's trumpet call, Nor in freedom's cause to fall; Bot because ambitious power Tears me from my peaceful bower. Yet amidst the battle strife, In the closing bours of life, Think not that my heart shall quall, Spirit droop, or courage fail. Where the boldest deed is done, Where the boldest deed is done, Where the standard engles fly, Three thy son shall proudly die : Though perhaps no voice may tell How the nameless conscript fell. Thy blessing, father.

Farewell molher, It is hard to part from thee, And my tears are flowing free. While around thee gloom and night Quench'd religion's blessed light, Still thou hadst my lisping voice In the evening hymn rejoice, And my childish prayer was said, Ere thou ble s'd my pillow'd head. Oh, before I leave thee now, Place thy hand upon my brow, And with every treasured word That my infant eais have beard, Bless me, mother.

Fare well brother, Many an hour of boyish glee have pass d in joy with thee s it with careless word or tongue have ever done thee wrong, Think upon thy brother's lot, And be all his faults forgot; Thom may'ss dey our mother's tears, Soothe our sisters' anxious fears, Be their shield, their guide, their say, Thronghout many a coming day; Freely with thy father share All his secret weight of care, Be what it were mine to be. Bud 1 shift remand with thee, And love me, brother.

Farewell sisters,

Yonder is our favourite vine, You must now its tendrils twine, And when 'neath its leafy bower

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