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THE OLD MARINE.

Here is an episode of thrilling pain,
On Charity's sweet face a hideous stain.
Could the great limner* both of things and men
Peep at this patriot in his wretched den,
Struggling with poverty and loathsome dirt,
Without a blanket and without a shirt,
Another story he would quickly write,
Condemning selfishness with all his might.
Oh! shades of Nelson, and his great compeer,
Who held that "duty" was the one thing dear,
Could you but view this classic piece of ground,
Where the old hero of the Nile was found,
Your angry spirits would at once exclaim :—
" Where are the guardians of our England's fame,
And where, the offspring of our sires of old,
Who held their honour dearer than their gold ?"
Nelson would holloa " duty " in our ears,
The " Iron Duke " would almost yield to tears.
Oh! what in England would they say to this ?
Soldiers would call it a decided " miss."

The New Dominion has its name to make,
Her future interests are all at stake,
The great Republic—rivals in the race,
The prize, bright glory, with abounding grace.
Then on this proverb let us take our stand
" The righteous only can exalt a land."
Each has his part responsibly to act,
Which is a beautiful, tho' serious fact.
Let us resolve upon *His* name to call,
The good, the great ensample to us all ;
The whole philosophy of life—of men,
Was taught by Him who would have " spared for ten."
His words are simple and His voice sublime,
Announcing glory at a future time :
His thoughts on charity, all Christians know,
Meant to refresh us in this vale of woe.

* Mr. C. Dickens.