

Ye mournful chant their requiem,
Those days of long ago.

He sailed upon thy whitened crest,
The choicest of our band ;
Thy seething surges wail his dirge
On far New Holland strand.
That other sleeps—we know not where,
Who early braved thy tide ;—
Sing wavelets ! we shall meet at length
Upon that further side.

Yes, mighty Ocean ! all thy storms
Shall lull to perfect peace ;
And all thy weary monotones,
With rhythms sad shall cease.
So now, we stand upon thy brink ;
Whilst 'yond thy sparkling foam,
We hear sweet voices calling us
To our eternal home.

"I GAVE HIM AN ORANGE."

FROM DR. CONROY'S EVIDENCE.

BESIDE the lowly couch of pain,
They watched the flickering breath ;
They knew that mortal skill was vain
To stem the tide of death.

For ruthless hands, and heart impure,
Though unprovoked by strife,