

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.

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**"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,