

And music murmurs in each crystal rill ;
While all the eye surveys can charms impart,
That twine, unbroken, round the generous heart.
'Tis where our household gods securely stand
In the calm bosom of our native land.

Where rest the honored ashes of our sires,
Where burn, undimmed, our bright domestic fires ;
Where we first heard a mother's silvery tone
And felt her lip, enraptured, meet our own ;
Where we first climbed a doting father's knee,
And cheered his spirit with our childish glee.

Yes, there's a feeling, that, from pole to pole,
To one dear spot still fondly links the soul.
Exiled from home Foscarei pined and died ;
And, as the Hebrew, by Euphrates' side,
Thought of the scenes that blest his childish hours,
Canaan's shady groves and rosy bowers,
The founts of feeling, filled in other years,
Poured o'er his wasted cheek a flood of tears.
The wandering Swiss, as through the world he roves,
Sighs to behold the Alpine land he loves ;
And even Lapland's rude, untutored child,
With icy pinnacles around him piled,
Slumbers in peace upon his lichen bed,
Though the gaunt wolf may howl around his head.

The poet truly adds :—

And bless the feeling, for it ever leads
To sacred thoughts, and high and daring deeds.

May it be so, in all your cases, my young friends. May New Brunswick ever possess, in full measure, the rich inheritance of her children's love ; and may you ever act under the strong conviction that there is a noble country, presently to become a nation, whose great heart may be wounded or strengthened by your behaviour. "What will they say in England?" was Nelson's first and last thought. Let your's ever be, what will they say in New Brunswick? What will they they think in the Provinces? Store your minds with knowledge ; be not ashamed to do your country's work day by day, and to live thereby ; but master every noble accomplishment within your reach, and "be ready—aye ready." Tell could not have hit the apple if he had not learned to shoot, nor could David have vanquished the Philistine if he had not learned to sling. See that you have arrows in your quiver and pebbles in your sack, when your country calls you to exertion. British America is rapidly expanding into an Empire. Her future is full of hope and promise for you all. Every man's hour for exertion sounds at some time. When yours sounds, be ready ; and, in the meantime, in all your labors, studies and amusements, may the blessing of the Most High descend upon you, fitting you for the trials of the earth, and training you for Heaven.