

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM FORT BEAU SEJOUR,

We met as strangers. strangers now no more ;

This parting hour I claim thee as a friend ;

Our paths in life may never cross again.

But kindly thoughts of thee can have no end.

Thy parting footsteps seek the world's wide track,—

Amid its din thy mind may sometimes turn

To this lone spot—tradition's favoured ground—

And from afar its scenery still discern.

The rushing tide, the wildly wide-spread bay,

May rise before thy view as in a dream ;

The solitude, the face of distant friends,

'Mid other scenes, may dim and shadowy seem,

Life's warfare once begun, we scarce have time

To muse upon the past, however fair ;

The purest flowers die 'neath our hasty tread,

Their perfume lost in thoughts of worldly care,