

If from the past the future ages we trace,
 The present wants its animating face,
 For providential marks are wide,
 And show that far'ring Providence has been our guide.
 When in our front the sea opposing lay,
 Still dire' the moon behind a devious way,—
 If humid fog obscured the mid-day sun
 From every danger safe, we still have run:—
 Unfaithful here the guiding needle lies,
 Now points to Northern, now to Southern skies;
 But ever here we kept the path design'd,
 And left the distant Eastern shores behind.
 What brave conclusions of the heav'nly Hand
 That saved our vessels from the fatal strand,
 When far extended floss with headlong way
 Drove fiercely shoreward in yon Western bay!—
 Yet morning's light, the' human help was vain,
 Behold us riding on the liquid main:
 And still, I trust, that Hand, which rules o'er all,
 Which guides the motions of this whirling ball,
 Will lead us onward thro' the icy road
 To where the southern fias the polar flood,
 Until at length that happy morn appear
 When Behning's words shall echo British ears:—

Sons of my country! in her cause allied,
 A sailor's feelings are my bosom's pride,—
 These feelings tell me that each brother tar
 Exults in cherish'd hope, advanced thus far—
 The hope that soon success shall crown our toil,
 And honours great us on our native soil.
 Britannia's hopes are centred in our deeds,—
 To this empire the path of glory leads!—
 Her ancient shield of ever-honour'd name,
 Call on us now to emulate their fame:—
 Each tender to that deep infixes here,
 Bids us our country and ourselves revere:
 Then, sailors, thus I'll your resolve express,
 "We can't command, but will deserve success."

THE Editor would be ill satisfied with himself were he to permit the *Winter Chronicle* to conclude without expressing his thanks to his Correspondents generally, for the courtesy with which they have patronised him; and to those gentlemen particularly, who have principally supported the Paper, for the readiness with which they have at all times attended to his request of contributions; and frequently at a very short notice.

His more than thanks are due and are felt to his two friends who have so cheerfully and kindly taken on themselves, even from the commencement, the manual duties of the editorial office; leaving to the Editor himself little more than the honour of the name.

Winter Harbour, March 10, 1830.

END.