

Fair Chateaugay must feel a pride to claim her
honored child

When true success shall crown the aim of efforts
undefiled.

The idol fond of parents dear, be theirs, when all
applaud ;

May Heaven grant thee health and strength once
more, God speed the Maud !

Vindicated.

On a London street, imposing, grand,
A lonely mansion yet does stand,
Wherein, but a few years gone was seen
A pastor and curate of humble mien,
Who daily sought, mid sin and strife
To recall each dying soul to life,
Whose rival efforts sprung from a cause,
That prompts the noblest of charity's laws—
A love of God and the human race.
War to sin and force to grace :
The pastor was proud of his curate's aid,
And the zealous courage oft displayed,
All for a time did happiness bring
Like the graceful sweep of an Angel's wing.
But, anon, in his mind a doubt arose,
Which troubled the calm of the night's repose ;
Oft from the wine vault there was found