

L I N E S

On the death of JAMES W. AGNEW, washed overboard from the ship "Herald," of Boston, on 12th of May last, off the Cape of Good Hope, son of the late Mr. James Agnew, of this city, aged 29 years.

FAREWELL ! till the hour when thy form shall rise

From its briny bed to the starry skies ;

We know thou art sleeping as sound and well.

As if laid in some sweet and shady dell ;

But our hearts are bleeding ! our eyes must weep,

When we think of thee now, in thy last long sleep.

Were thy visions of home, when the raging blast

Hurled thy fair young form on the billow's crest ?

Or of her, who so lately has gone before,

To await us, her children, on Jordan's shore ?

Yet she tarried not long, for her dark-eyed boy,

He has followed her soon to the realms of joy.

Ah sorrow ! to think of that brow so fair,

That the sea-weed entwines in thy golden hair ;

That the sad sweet pleasure can never be ours

To bedeck thy grave with earth's sweetest flowers.

Roll on deep sea, for there cometh a day

When our treasures shall rise from thy depths away.

Yes, there cometh a day when the tempest's roar,

Shall resound in thy caverns, from shore to shore ;

When the millions that lie in thy vast domain

Shall be clothed in humanity's robes again,

And the song of the Blessed that day shall be

"Death is conquered now ; ours—the victory."