

Three times the ship hath struck. Again!
 She never more will float.
 Oh! wait not for the rising tide;
 Be steady—man the boat.
 And see, assembled on the shore,
 The merciful, the brave—
 Quick, set the female convicts free,
 There still is time to save!

It is in vain! what demon blinds
 The captain and the crew?
 The rapid rising of the tide
 With mad delight they view.
 They hope the coming waves will waft
 The convict-ship away!
 The foaming monster hurries on,
 Impatient for his prey!

And he is come! the rushing flood
 In thunder sweeps the deck;
 The groaning timbers fly apart,
 The vessel is a wreck!
 One moment from the female crowd
 There comes a fearful cry;
 The next, they're hurl'd into the deep,
 To struggle and to die!

Their corpses strew a foreign shore,
 Left by the ebbing tide;
 And sixty, in a ghastly row,
 Lie number'd, side by side!
 The lifeless mother's bleeding form
 Comes floating from the wreck;
 And lifeless is the babe she bound
 So fondly round her neck!

'Tis morn—the anxious eye can trace
 No vessel on the deep;
 But gather'd timber on the shore
 Lies in a gloomy heap;
 In winter time those brands will blaze,
 Our tranquil homes to warn,
 Though torn from that poor convict-ship
 That perish'd in the storm!

THE NEW YEAR.

"Who can see a new year open upon him, without being better for the prospect—without making sundry wise reflections (for any reflections on this subject *must* be comparatively wise ones) on the step he is about to take towards the goal of his being? Every first of January that we arrive at, is an imaginary mile-stone on the turnpike track of human life; at once a resting place for thought and meditation, and a starting point for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey. The man who does not at least *propose to himself* to be better *this* year than he was last, must be either very good, or very bad indeed! And only to *propose* to be better, is something; if nothing else, it is an acknowledgment of our *need* to be so, which is the first step towards amendment. But, in fact, to propose to oneself to do well, is in some sort to do well, positively; for there is no such thing as a stationary point in human endeavours; he who is not worse to-day than he was yesterday, is better; and he who is not better, is worse."

It is written, "Improve your time," in the text-hand set of copies put before us when we were better taught to write than to understand what we wrote. How often these three words recurred at that period without their meaning being discovered! How often and how serviceably they have recurred since to some who have obeyed the injunction! How painful has reflection been to others, who, recollecting it, preferred to *suffer* rather than to *do*!

AUTHENTIC SPEECH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH,

To her Army embarked at Tilbury, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, in the year 1588, when these kingdoms were threatened with an invasion from Spain. Referred to by Rapin in his History of England.

MY LOVING PEOPLE,

We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of *treachery*; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people.

Let tyrants fear; I have always so demeaned myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport—but being resolved, in the midst and heat of battle, to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my kingdoms, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust.

I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a *king of England* too; and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field.

I know that, for your forwardness, you have already deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but, by your obedience to my general, by your conduct in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a *famous victory* over these enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my well-beloved and loving people.

THE KING'S ARMS.

When Charles II. was going home one night drunk, and leaning upon the shoulders of Sedley and Rochester, one of them asked him what he imagined his subjects would think if they could behold him in that pickle.—"Think!" said the King, "that I am my own arms, supported by two beasts."

In one of the latest days of Fox, the conversation turned on the comparative wisdom of the French and English character. "The Frenchman," it was observed, "delights himself with the present; the Englishman makes himself anxious about the future. Is not the Frenchman the wiser?" "He may be the *merrier*," said Fox; "but did you ever hear of a savage who did not buy a *mirror* in preference to a *telescope*?"

ALLITERATION.

The following line we believe to be the most complete instance of alliteration the language affords. It occurs in a short poem, written by a lady, on her return from a visit to a friend, whose name was Lee:

Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane.
 Here every syllable begins with the same letter; and the liquid flow of its sounds renders it particularly harmonious.

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