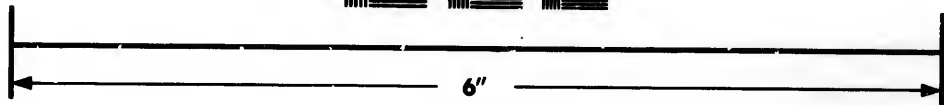
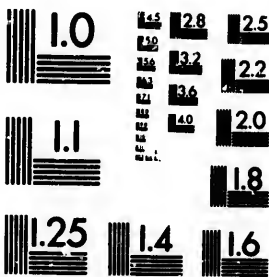


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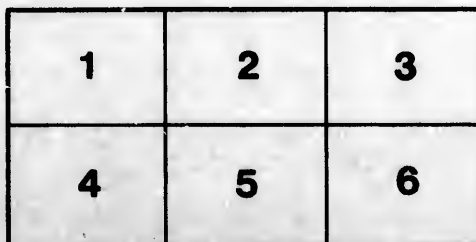
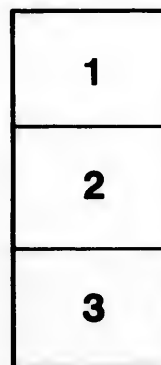
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# VOICES FROM ABEGWEET;

OR,

THE HOME ON THE WAVE.

BY

MAURICE SWABEY, M.A.,

VICAR OF ST THOMAS, EXETER.



LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

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1878.

4585 June 20 '19

EDINBURGH : PRINTED BY JOHN GREIG AND SON.

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TO  
MAURICE CHARLES MERTTINS SWABEY, Esq., D.C.L.,  
OF LANGLEY MARISH, BUCKS,  
LATE STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH (OXON),  
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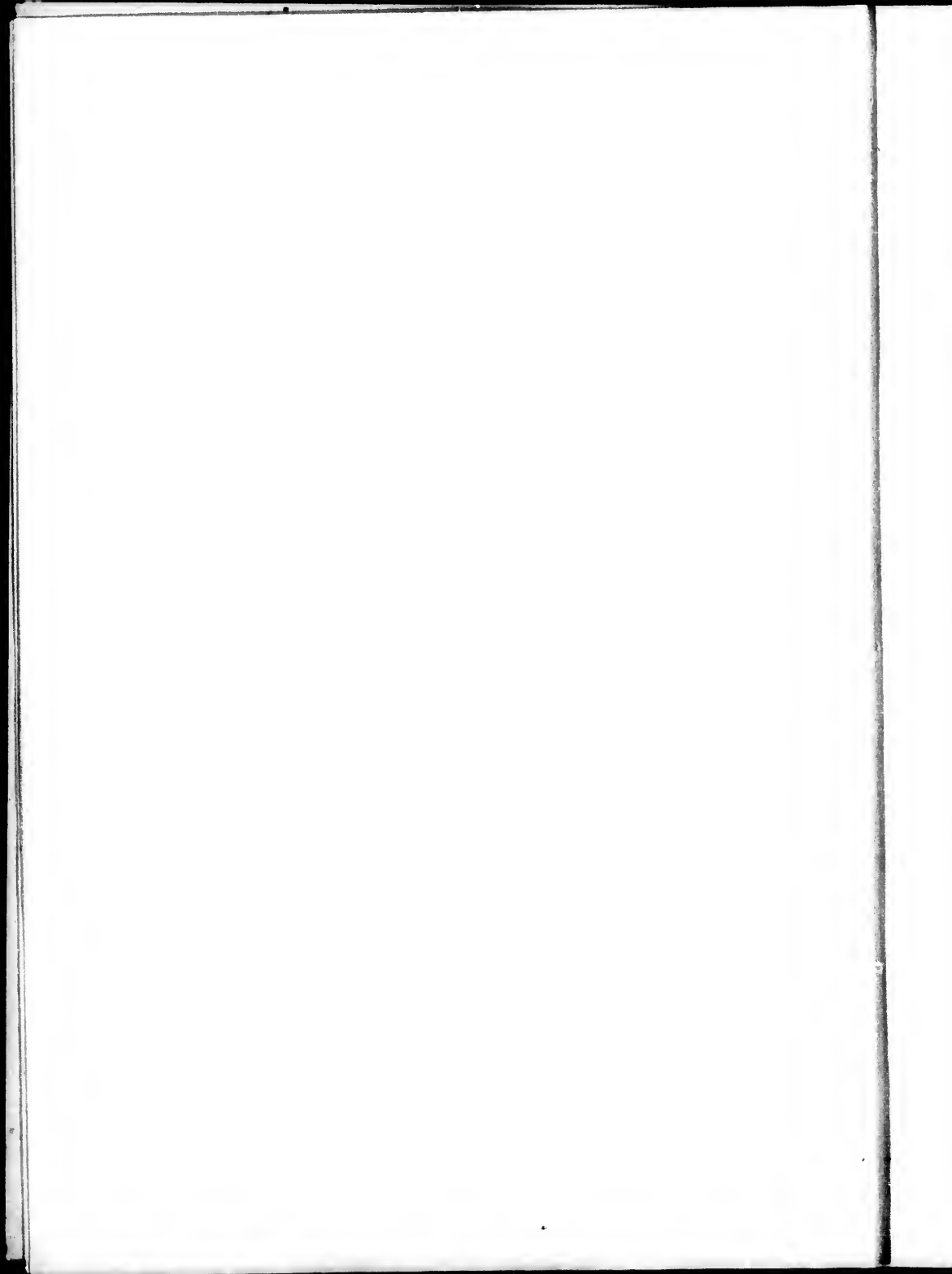
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## P R E F A C E.

OME of the fugitive pieces strung together in the following pages have already appeared in Stewart's *Quarterly* (St John, New Brunswick), and other transatlantic periodicals. "Abegweet" (or "The Home on the Wave") is the poetical name by which Prince Edward Island is known amongst the "Miac" Indians, who inhabit the shores of the Gulf of St Lawrence, and is prefixed by the writer to his little book, because he first ventured to touch the lyre in that "Garden of Canada."

If, as he hardly dares to hope, these "Voices" shall be heard beyond the circle of old friends, he trusts they may arouse a deeper interest in the wellbeing of our colonists, and likewise in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the "children of the forest," now fast fading away before the advancing tide of civilisation. The verses

which bear the signature "W. S." are from the pen of the writer's lamented father (formerly a captain in the Royal Horse Artillery), who, having served his country on various hard-fought fields in the Peninsula, and taken part in the crowning fight at Waterloo, emigrated to Prince Edward Island, where, for nearly twenty-two years, he earnestly laboured (whether as a Legislative Councillor, or Member of the Government) to promote the best interests of his adopted home. The lines signed "L. C. J." (on an "Indian Summer's Day") were composed by the writer's revered friend and former pastor, the Rev. Dr Jenkins, late Rector of Charlottetown, and Ecclesiastical Commissary of Prince Edward Island, which (with its population of nearly 100,000) still forms a part of the diocese of Nova Scotia.

THE VICARAGE, ST THOMAS,  
EXETER, 1878.

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## THE MICMACS.

A DIRGE FOR 1970 A.D.

WHERE is the spirit of the Micmac race ?  
That martial glory hath not pass'd from earth ?  
Of Nature's children lives there not a trace ?  
Where are the sylvan homes that gave them birth ?

Where is the chieftain with his eagle plume,  
The grey moose tracking in the morning bright,  
The conic wigwam, 'mid the forests' gloom  
Breathing a welcome in the evening's light ?

Where is the quiver from the shoulder slung,  
The death-fraught arrow, the unerring bow,  
The reeking scalplock from the wampum strung,  
Enduring trophy of the vanquish'd foe ?

Where the flint hatchet, and the ruthless blade  
That mars the slain, and terminates the strife;  
The tomahawk,—that from the captive's head  
Hath reft his honour dearer than his life?

Where the swart visage, the dark piercing eye,  
Quick as the falcon's on the foeman's trail,  
The tawny bosom's terrifying dye,  
The stoic firmness never known to quail?

Where are the torchlights with their fitful glow,  
Like meteors flitting o'er the shadow'd deep?  
The wily savage in his bark canoe,  
Th' uplifted spear, the noiseless paddle's sweep?

Where the wild mirth that on a festal day,  
Romantic "Lennox,"\* marked thy fairy scene,  
Thy gathered maidens in their bright array,  
The mimic grandeur of thy virgin queen?

Where are the warriors round the council fire,  
Smoking the peace-stalk, where the pointless spear,  
The squaws carousing in their wild attire,  
Where is the venison for the evening's cheer?

Where the rude birchen shroud, the moss-clad bier,  
The proud traditions of the honoured dead ?  
The maple groves re-echo sadly—" WHERE ?"  
Manitto called—the tribe for ever fled !

\* A beautiful island in Richmond Bay, Prince Edward Island, the headquarters of the Micmacs of that province (to whom it is known as "El-nooy-mon-âgo"). Once every year, on St Anne's day, the Indians, who are Roman Catholics, and have a neat chapel of their own, assemble there from all parts for religious observances and festivities, and the island then presents a most animated appearance. When the writer last visited this romantic spot, "Sally Francis," an unmarried squaw, was hereditary princess of the tribe. The Rev. S. T. Rand, of Hantsport, Nova Scotia, is the only Protestant missionary labouring among the Micmacs and Milicetes, and, (with the aid of the British and Foreign Bible Society), striving to give them the Word of God in their own tongue. He has been very successful in reducing the different dialects to writing, and his work merits the support of all true friends of the Red man. (See pp. 7, 15.)





ON THE BREAKING UP OF THE ICE IN  
"PORT LA JOIE."

(CHARLOTTETOWN HARBOUR—PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND)  
APRIL 1846.

THE rushing Hillsboro' chafed beneath the yoke  
That iron winter him compelled to bear,  
Arousing all his energy he broke  
The tie which bound him from his native air.

The sparkling waves enraptured at the sight,  
Pursue each other o'er the smiling bay ;  
Whilst all combining urge their captor's flight,  
And waft him far from Edward's Isle away.

Again the cattle revel in his streams,  
Or wanton gambol on his pebbly side,  
Nor dashing sleigh, nor peasant's lab'ring teams,  
Shall cross awhile his sullen fetter'd tide.

*On the Breaking up of the Ice in "Port la Foie." 5*

Again the sighing swain goes forth to bring  
The vernal flowers from the laughing groves,  
Again the wild goose, harbinger of spring,  
Athwart the sky in long procession moves.

Again the soil the precious seed receives,  
And silent glens to melody awake ;  
Again the silv'ry trout the ocean leaves,  
To taste the pleasures of the crystal lake.

All nature round the Hillsbro' seems intent,  
Rejoicing o'er the fall of winter's sway ;  
Employing ev'ry means she can invent  
To blot from view the signs of tyranny.

Man, too, exults at the return of Spring,  
For love of *liberty* with life is given ;  
And *life itself* were but a vapid thing,  
Without this priceless privilege from Heaven !

## THE MICMACS OF THE "NEW DOMINION."

1868 A. D.

Oh! the children of the forest,  
I can scarce suppress a sigh,  
As along the crowded pavement  
They pass unheeded by,

And mark the stately buildings  
Where the willow used to wave,  
And the busy mart of commerce  
O'er the honoured chieftain's grave!

The golden sun is shining,  
As in former days he shone,  
And the river to the ocean  
Still is wildly rushing on;

But the spirit of the Micmac  
Is sullen and subdued ;  
For had he not " Dominion "  
Where *now* his steps intrude ?

What though in fair " Abegweet "  
(The home upon the sea),  
To rear his conic wigwam  
The Indian is free ?

What though a sylvan Princess  
Still rules o'er " Lennox Isle,"\*  
And savage men and maidens  
May revel in her smile ?

The noisy mill has banish'd  
The salmon from the stream,  
The cariboo has vanish'd,  
*For ever*—like a dream !

\* See note, p. 3.

## A SILVER THAW IN "ABEGWEET."

(PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.)

DWELT ever eye on fairer scene than *this*,  
 Since Adam fell, and that eventful morn,  
 To *man* eventful, when in Eden's bowers  
 He shrank abash'd before Omniscience?

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 Ye murm'ring souls that with impatient eye  
 Behold fair Winter as she passes by,  
 And when she sits enthron'd upon the sea,  
 Refuse your homage to her majesty,  
 And long to hear the vernal breezes blow,  
 That sap her strength, and lay her sceptre low—  
 Look forth to-day! and in your ravish'd breast,  
 Be all her claims to loveliness confess'd!  
 Look forth *to-day!* the "silver age," again,  
 Hath surely dawned upon the haunts of men,

Or, we have pass'd since evening's shadows fell  
To fabled isles where fairies only dwell !  
The stately trees, as by magician's wand,  
To chandeliers all metamorphos'd stand.  
Crystalline lamps from ev'ry branch depend,  
And to the scene enchantment's colours lend !  
The sombre earth, in icy mantle veil'd,  
Gleams like the surface of a silver shield ;  
Ten thousand jewels in the vallies glow,  
And fancy revels in the burnish'd snow.  
What graceful forms embellish ev'ry slope !  
Say, is the world a vast Kaleidisclope ?  
Or, has the sun disclos'd at length to view,  
Some El-Dorado buried hitherto ?  
Soft fleecy vapours fill the azure sky,  
Entrance the bosom, and deceive the eye.  
"Sol" seems to shine with Phœbe's mellow'd light,  
And Day to linger in the car of Night ;  
Illusive glories lend the mirror'd plain  
The smiling features of the placid main ;  
Each blazon'd roof and Heaven-pointing spire  
Seems sheath'd with gold, or wrapp'd in living fire ;  
Whilst *all below*—lake, city, forest, sea,  
In common own the spell of mystery !  
Creator ! Lord ! how manifold the ways  
Employed by Thee to win the creature's praise !

What varied charms the seasons, as they roll,  
In turn present to captivate the soul !  
At Thy command, from ocean's angry breast  
The storied iceberg lifts its silver crest,  
Smiles down in triumph on the puny barque,  
Or looms portentous through the tempest dark !  
Impell'd by Thee, Aurora's arrows fly  
In paths of light athwart the shadow'd sky ;  
They seem to lend a momentary view  
Of glories past yon canopy of blue,  
Or else, to write on Heaven's walls, afar,  
THY coming doom—apostate Lucifer !  
Thy spirit breathes !—but why my God prolong  
A strain more fitted for a seraph's tongue,  
Or strive to tell, when goes Thy fiat forth,  
What marvels gild the chambers of the North ?  
Their balmy gales let other regions boast,  
Pellucid streams unfetter'd by the frost,  
Unclouded skies, and groves that never know  
A fading leaf or coverlet of snow ;  
We would not change *these* spectacles sublime  
For all the splendours of a southern clime !  
Blanch'd though her cheek by Winter's chilly breath  
Yet Nature still is beautiful, in death ;  
Nor praise *Thee less*, hyperborean snows,  
Than Spring's fair blossoms, or the Summer's rose.

## AN INDIAN SUMMER'S DAY IN "APEGV'EET."

(PRINCE EDWARD ISLE.)

FAIR Hillsborough's flood pursues its silent way  
By gloomy woods, rich fields, and meadows gay,  
Slow o'er its breast the stately vessels glide,  
Their drooping sails reflected in the tide.  
A roseate blush the spreading haze pervades,  
And jets of amber light the sylvan shades ;  
The with'ring leaves of faded green and gold,  
Drop from the spreading beeches grey and old,  
The maple's scarlet liv'ry blends with these,  
And silver birches tremble in the breeze ;  
Whilst swelling hills, red cliffs, and sheltered farms,  
Lend to the glowing landscape added charms.—  
But ah ! how fleeting is the scene I view,  
How like the sum of *man's* existence, too !  
Soon will the dark and rolling clouds arise,  
And howling storms obscure the sunny skies.



12 *An Indian Summer's Day in "Abegwect."*

The short-lived honours of these faded trees  
Must soon be scatter'd by the wintry breeze,  
The placid flood by tempests wildly tost,  
Wail o'er its transient beauties marr'd and lost !  
'Tis thus with MAN, his glories pass away  
Like the short triumph of a summer's day ;  
The autumn of his life, serene yet brief,  
Recals the image of the fading leaf,  
The wintry clouds involve him in the gloom  
That shrouds his entrance to the lonely tomb ;—  
Yet faith in Christ shall triumph o'er decay,  
And radiant Hope point out a brighter day,  
When death's dread power by the Lord o'erthrown,  
The "Sun of Righteousness" shall reign alone,  
And risen saints their hallelujahs sing,  
Amid the sweetness of perpetual Spring !

L. C. J.



THE "MAN OF THE BOOK" AND HIS WOUNDED  
MILICETE INTERPRETER.\*

DROOPING 'neath the wigwan's shadow,  
Lay the forest's crippled child,  
Seldom on a picture sadder  
Hath the rosy morning smiled.

By the margin of the river,  
Idly floats the bark canoe,  
Leaps the silver trout for ever,  
*He* must all the sport forego.

Through the russet maple cover  
Swift the grey moose crashes by,  
From his pendant rifle, "Brother,"  
Glances at his shatter'd thigh.

\* The "Milicete" (or "feeble-speaking") tribe inhabit the shores of the *rivers* of New Brunswick. The Micmacs dwell chiefly on the sea-coasts of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia.

*The "Man of the Book."*

Who his little ones shall pity,  
Shield from hunger's cruel law ?  
Toiling to the distant city,  
See his basket-laden squaw.

Woman, when the trial's sorest,  
Nobly rising to the need,—  
In the palace or the forest,  
Oft a heroine indeed !

Blending with the curling vapour,  
Sighing through the darkened grove,  
Novel sounds cannot escape her,  
Bringing back the spoils of love.

Through the thicket softly creeping  
Peers she anxiously within,  
Not the hound his vigil keeping,  
Hears her cautious mocassin.

Vanished now her sense of danger,  
*Happy* is her chieftain's look ;  
By his side reclines a stranger,  
Talking slowly from a book.

Rapt she listens—words how tender  
Through the wigwam steal along,—  
Words her Noel speaks to render  
Sweeter in her mother tongue.

'Tis the tale of one that perish'd,  
Piercèd in His hands and feet ;  
'Tis the love that Jesus cherish'd,  
Whispered in the "Milicete."

Hark ! she hears—the Lord will never,  
*Never* "break the bruised reed,"  
Satan ! vain thy worst endeavour,  
Did He not for *sinner*s bleed ?

Daily in the "camp" of sorrow,  
Weaves the consecrated scribe \*  
Holy words,—to ring to-morrow  
Through the feeble-speaking tribe.

Let the hunter have his glory !  
Better maim'd than in the chase,  
Who hath clothed salvation's story  
In the language of his race !

\* Rev. S. T. Rand. (See note, p. 3.)

ON THE ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF LADY MARY  
FITZROY.\*

ALONG the silent path of Sydney's street,  
Of late a train of mourners slowly moved,  
Scarce could you hear the echo of their feet,  
They bear the mangled corpse of her they loved.

And who was she whom thousands thus deplore,  
Snatch'd in a moment from this earthly scene?  
From ev'ry eye behold the tribute pour,  
On ev'ry cheek the glistening tear is seen!

Ah! she was noble, Fitzroy's matchless wife,  
Richmond's loved sister, of a lineage proud,  
Yet, could they not retain so dear a life—  
Witness the scene, witness the weeping crowd!

\* Sister of the late Duke of Richmond, and wife of Sir Charles A. Fitzroy, Governor of New South Wales (and formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island).

*On the Death of Lady Mary Fitzroy.* 17

Yet something higher moulders on that bier  
Than worldly rank or titled name bestows,  
'Twas that cold hand that stayed the widow's tear,  
'Twas that still heart that throbb'd for others' woes!

Yon shiv'ring orphan, weeping as they go,  
Lifts its thin hand, and seems to ask of Heaven  
By whose kind care, for fain t'would love to know,  
Its morrow's meal perchance may now be given.

Alas! alas! no moment could be spared  
To sigh adieu to those she loved so well;  
She's gone!—but let us hope not unprepared  
To hear without dismay that parting knell.

W. S.



## A GLIMPSE FROM CARLETON TOWER.

(ST JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, 1870.)

WOULD you with ravish'd eye behold  
 Fair Nature's ample stores unroll'd,  
 And feel beneath her magic spell  
 Your heart with adoration swell,  
 To Him who stamped on sea and sky  
 The impress of His majesty?  
 Go! take your stand some leisure hour  
 On Carleton's grey embattled tower,  
 That casts its lengthened shadow down  
 O'er ragged rock and silent town,  
 And seaward shows its frowning form  
 Through half a century of storm.  
 There, as you gaze with throbbing breast  
 From proud Ben-Lomond's wooded crest,  
 (*Once proud*, but now in Autumn's prime,  
 Flush'd with the memory of crime!)\*

\* Near the scene of the Munro murder, 1869.

To where the dying sunbeams kiss  
The mountains of Annapolis ;  
Or mark the faithless billows smile  
Round philanthropic " Partridge Isle ;"  
(That lifts above the southern wave  
Her torch, the mariner to save),  
Or catch the torrent's mutter'd tone  
As 'neath "the bridge" it rushes on  
To lave the busy city's feet,  
And "Cuangondy's" waters meet :  
Methinks your soul will drop her care  
On yonder turret's winding stair,  
And whisper, "What can grander be,  
New Brunswick, than thy scenery !"





LINES WRITTEN ON THE BURIAL DAY OF  
PRESIDENT LINCOLN, U.S.A.

COLUMBIA weeps ! her frantic bosom burns  
With sorrow, wrath, astonishment, by turns,  
As o'er the body of her murdered chief  
She pours the tribute of a nation's grief !  
The light of joy has vanish'd from her eye,  
And from her lip the song of victory ;  
The laurel wreath that clasped her gladden'd brow  
Beneath her feet lies little heeded now,  
For all forgotten other deeds to her,  
In that dread scene and gory sepulchre !  
Low sigh the leaves in Shenandoah's vale,  
Potomac's waves repeat the bloody tale,  
The hollow winds pronounce th' assassin's name,  
Rings ev'ry cavern with the cry of shame !  
And from her heart, America, to thee  
A startled world rolls in her sympathy !

## FOR AN ALBUM.

( Opposite a Photograph of St Mark's Parish Church, St John,  
New Brunswick. )

OFT as on yonder page you bend your eye,  
And muse on Sabbaths in the years gone by,  
When in those hallow'd courts you bowed the knee,  
Or swell'd the strain of sacred melody,  
And heard the herald of the cross proclaim  
A free salvation in his Master's name—  
Think more of Him, "the Way, the Life, the Truth,"  
Than vanished friends and vanished days of youth;  
And ponder well what answer canst thou give  
To *this* demand—"Dost *thou* believe and live?"  
Thus may the word come back to thee with power  
From yon still courts and Heaven-pointing tower,  
And grace employ the photographic art  
To stamp the preacher's message on thy heart.

THE FUNERAL KNELL OF A ST MARK'S  
SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

( ST JOHN, N.B. )

RING out ! *Ring out !* funereal bell,  
The sainted maiden's triumph tell,  
How faith prevail'd that hallow'd morn,  
When she joined the ranks of the heaven-born.

Ring out ! Ring out ! in joyful strain,  
And greet the sombre solemn train ;  
Earth cannot keep its charge to-day,  
And the ransom'd spirit's pass'd away !

Ring out ! Ring out ! she welcomed death,  
" Oh ! bring not back my parting breath !"  
E'en in that measur'd mournful knell  
She seems to lisp, " It is well !—'tis well !"

*The Funeral Knell.*

23

Ring out! Ring out! toll not for her,  
The tenant of yon silent bier,  
Those eyes may lack their lustre now,  
But the jewel's on her Saviour's brow!



rn.

## A RETROSPECT.

(Green Head, on St John River, near Carleton, New Brunswick.)

How often still, in memory, I tread  
Thy sylvan slopes, magnificent Green Head !  
And catch the scene which bursts upon my view,  
When, passed at length the cedar avenue ;  
I stand entranc'd upon the rocky brow,  
Whose image glitters in the depths below !  
Here charms that only Canada can claim,  
Transpierce the bosom and the soul inflame ;  
Fair Nature revels in her wildest mood,  
And pours her wealth of foliage and flood.  
Neat rural villas nestle at my feet,  
Beside the wigwam of the "Milicete."  
Adown the stream, in swift succession, go  
The gilded steamer and the bark canoe,  
And fancy's wing, in sweet sequester'd coves,  
Takes on the crimson of the maple groves !

Descending fast, St John's blue waters kiss  
 Thy verdant banks, enchanting Nerepis,  
 And snow-white sails upon the spreading Bay  
 Flash back the glories of the parting day!  
 O'er yonder cape, so fitly named "the Boar"  
 (From rugged outline, and from savage shore),  
 These sadden'd eyes the noble river trace,  
 Where gallant "Renforth"\* perished in the race,  
 And jealous Death rode o'er the limpid tide  
 To snatch the laurels from aquatic pride!  
 No noxious drug dissolved the "silver cord"  
 (Be such a crime by Canada abhorr'd!).  
 At God's decree the British champion falls—  
 His sudden fate the stoutest heart appals;  
 And ringing cheers to frantic sorrow turn,  
 Along thy banks, romantic "Torryburn."

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 E'en Tiny seems with more than canine glee  
 To wag her tail, and caper at my knee,  
 As though it were dogmatically clear  
 That even brutes should be inspired *here!*  
 Ah! "little bridge," ah! fair "Mosquito cove,"  
 Ah! "Zoë valley," and the paths I love,

\* Death of Renforth in the contest with the Paris crew of St John, N.B., on the Kennebecâsis river, near Torryburn, 1871.

Say, bear ye *yet* the print of little feet ?  
Resound ye *still* with voices soft and sweet ?  
From "Sutton's Mill" there comes a mellow'd tone—  
"To other lands the children's feet have flown !"



## IMPROMPTU WELCOME.\*

HAIL! Oarsmen of New Brunswick,  
 Hail! victors of the Seine,  
 Through coming years, untarnish'd,  
 Your honours shall remain!

And, round the "New Dominion,"  
 Shall ring your triumphs won,  
 Where wake the golden daybeams,  
 And sleeps the setting sun!

\* A welcome to the famous "Paris crew" of St John, New Brunswick, Canada—viz., R. Fulton, R. Hutton, E. Ross, J. Price—who, after defeating all-comers, including the best amateur crews of Europe, in the *two* great *four*-oared races of the International Regatta at the Paris Exposition in 1867, vanquished the celebrated "Ward Brothers" (champion oarsmen of the United States of America), at Springfield, Massachusetts, 1868. The "Ward Brothers" *subsequently* defeated the "Taylor-Winship" crew, and another famous professional four of Newcastle-on-Tyne (which included H. Kelley and R. Chambers, jun.), at Saratoga Lake, U.S.A., 1871, soon after the lamented death of James Renforth (Champion Sculler of England) in New Brunswick. (See p. 25.)



## EXCELSIOR.

WHERE giant "Mizpeh" overlooks the plain,\*  
And classic "Avon" stretches to the main,  
And dimly seen dark "Blomidon" afar,  
Hurls back defiance at the tempest's roar ;—  
On some proud rock, that beetles o'er the sea,  
And at its fury smiles in mockery,  
Where Nature's impress lingers on the sod,  
And man—the spoiler man—hath never trod :  
*There* would I dwell, perchance forgotten die,  
The heath my bed, my canopy the sky !  
Such is the prayer of him whose fever'd mind  
Has sought in vain *perfection* in his kind,  
Who fondly dreams he can *himself* elude,  
In some sweet shade or lofty solitude.  
But *he*, whose happy soul has learn'd to rest  
Her aching head upon the Saviour's breast,  
Disdains to fly, his hope's white banner furl'd,  
From out the battle of the busy world.

\* Windsor, Nova Scotia.

Athwart the clouds of sorrow, sin, and death,  
His eye discerns, with telescope of faith,  
A bow of promise, pledge of brighter things,  
Within the palace of the King of kings.  
Go! Christian worker, perish at your post,  
A *useful* life was never, *never*, lost:  
It gilds the loom, the sickle, and the desk,  
And makes the meanest cottage picturesque.  
The wreaths that deck the valley and the field,  
To *duty's* sons a double pleasure yield,  
And grace shall weave for him a fairer crown  
Who seeks a moral beauty of his own.



## ON HEARING THE OLD SCHOOL BELL.

( Central Academy of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. )

AH ! summons oft my boyish pastime stayed,  
What feelings rise at thy remember'd peal ;  
Whisp'ring afar like echo from the dead,  
O'er all my soul thine undulations steal !  
Once more, submission, prompt at thy command,  
Mounts in my bosom at the well-known sound ;  
Again, to grasp the tomes my wonted hand  
Extends, as though from magic spell unbound.  
Once more, in sullen haste, by choice unmov'd,  
In fancy's dream, my boyish footsteps tread  
The woodland path, ah ! path but little loved,  
Save when *retraced*, with freedom's chaplets spread  
Anon arrived, amidst the motley band,  
Each unforgotten face I seem to see,  
Whilst furtive glances seek the sluggish hand  
That marks the term of mimic slavery.

*On Hearing the Old School Bell.*

31

Ring out, old bell! whilst in thy hallow'd tone  
There seems to breathe a melancholy lay,  
O'er phantom youth, and friends for ever gone,  
I hear thee lisp, "*Be diligent to-day!*"



## AURI SACRA FAMES.

WITH fickle step man climbs the road to wealth,  
Now losing ground, now gaining more by stealth  
At last, attained the height he first desired,  
He looks above with greater zeal inspired.  
Ah ! could I reach yon lofty peak, he cries,  
What envy should I gain from mortal eyes ;  
There would I pause, and rest declining age,  
And dying, be embalmed in bounty's page.  
Vain fool ! conceive his utmost wish complete,  
The world and all its pleasures at his feet,  
The reins of power in his eager hand,  
Unbounded riches at his least command :  
Of what avails it, whilst before his eyes,  
Yet unattained, some gilded summit lies !  
No, no ; he cannot rest : the mystic power  
That urged him first increases every hour ;  
Innate, impelled him erst the mount to climb,  
Continues with him to his latest time ;

Raised in his bosom hopes that still attend,  
And but inflame the higher he ascend ;  
Hopes which, though fortune haply stay her frown,  
And God in mercy should not hurl him down,  
Leave him at death for ever undeceived,  
His soul a wreck, his purpose unachieved !



## F A M E.

SPURRING madly to the fight,  
See th' enthusiastic knight,  
Lo ! his batter'd helm and shield,  
Prone upon the battle-field—  
Stoop and scan the heroic name,  
“ Dauntless devotee of fame !”

Bending o'er the classic page,  
Mark the solitary sage !  
See his animated eye  
Beaming with philosophy ;  
Him may critic's pen proclaim,  
“ Ardent votary of fame !”

Tossed upon the troubled main,  
See the voyager again,

View his tatter'd flag unroll  
Proudly from the starry pole,  
Truth shall designate his aim,  
"Blind idolatry of fame!"

Soaring to the azure sky,  
Now the æronaut survey ;  
See his liberated car  
Range the thunder-cloud afar !  
Son of Dædalus ! the same  
Syren fascinates thee—Fame !





ON THE DEATH OF ADELAIDE THE QUEEN-  
DOWAGER.

BRITANNIA weeps ! unstain'd the classic scroll  
Of proud renown, loved Adelaide, for thee,  
This maxim ruled thine unambitious soul,  
"Virtue alone is true nobility."  
Yes ! thou wast noble, but the lordly crest,  
And fair escutcheon, which thy birth reveal'd,  
Were but the gauze that flutter'd on thy breast,  
Thy nobler nature earn'd a better shield !  
Christian ! fond wife ! the nation's mother ! friend !  
The sailor's refuge ! leader in the bands  
Of mercy's sisters ! thine it was to lend  
The lamp of truth to sin-benighted lands !  
Alas ! thy sun of charity hath set,  
Yet orphan England through her tears can see,  
With eye of faith, celestial spirits greet  
Its endless dawn on immortality !

## HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

BRIGHT was the garb, wept poet of a day!  
Fame threw around thee, but in brighter far,  
Hope sees thee now imperishably clad  
Beyond the tomb! for in thy manhood's morn,  
Thou learnd'st betimes no Aganippe's fount  
Could cleanse thy soul, or satisfy its thirst!  
Grace taught thee *this*, then in that crimson stream  
Which flow'd, (ere yet Omnipotence unveil'd  
Dark ocean's face), from Pity's riven side,  
Immers'd thy robes!—enough! for ever stand,  
And strike thy harp before the Father's throne!



REPLY OF LEONIDAS TO THE HERALD OF  
XERXES AT THERMOPYLÆ.

PROUD son of the Persian ! I know not the word,  
Lacedæmon is *dumb* when she renders the sword,  
Untaught are her legions to number the foe,  
They sleep on the plain, or to victory flow ;  
Unstain'd are her banners, yon darkling flood  
Shall shew to the Spartan no recreant blood !  
Far, far o'er the waters shall echo the cry,  
" Laconians ! Stand ! for your country die !"  
The shade of Achilles shall start from the tomb,  
Revived shall his valorous Myrmidons come,  
Forth, down from his seat in yon heavenly sphere,  
Patroclus shall leap, with his death-giving spear,  
Atrides !——but hark ! from the Pythian brow,  
'Tis the voice of the prophetess muttering slow—  
" Discomfited monarch ! go fetter the sea !  
Leonidas sleeps, but Achaia is free !"

SEQUEL.

The strife is o'er—red sinks the sun,  
Thermopylæ is fought and won,  
Dark treachery hath drank the tide  
Of life-blood from the Spartan's side,  
And he is *now* the vulture's prey  
Who scorned submission—yesterday !  
The Persian vaunts, but let him smile !  
Though vengeance slumbereth awhile,  
Though nought but ashes live to tell  
The sage where Pallas loved to dwell—  
A day shall dawn, a *redder day*,\*  
Than thine—deplored Thermopylæ !

\* Salamis.



## HOME AT LAST.

(The Kerry Maiden's Return to Erin from America.)

A FACT.

CARRY her gently over the tide,  
For her spirit has scarcely fled ;  
She might not die by her mother's side,  
But her mother must see her dead.

The livelong day she has heard the wave  
As it broke on her native shore ;  
And her heart has yearned for a quiet grave  
By her childhood's home of yore.

The flush has passed from her wasted cheek,  
And the light from her beaming eye ;  
But she *knew* that her voiceless lip would speak  
To her mother by-and-by !

The Sabbath bell she shall never hear  
From her village church again ;  
But its solemn music shall linger near,  
When the daylight gilds the main.

Then *gently* your precious burden bear,  
Ye seamen wild and rude !  
Where her dust may be wet with a mother's tear,  
But a billow ne'er intrude.



## THE ORACLE AT DELPHI.

WHEN erst Apollo, sage prophetic god,  
Encouraged strife, or with propitious nod,  
Predicted peace ; to ken the immortal will,  
And then convey, betide it good or ill,  
The dread response ; a superhuman task  
The priests affirmed ; who said it but to mask  
Their subtle plans, and temper such replies  
As seemed to them most politic or wise  
For Delphic ends !—with artifices base  
They rear a tripod in the sacred place  
Above a pile, and on its summit high  
The maiden set, they seek to mystify.  
Now curls the smoke, the vapour dense ascends,  
Within the mist the wily priest pretends  
Great Phœbus with the metamorphos'd speaks  
And hastes to note th' *intelligible shrieks*,  
Which he to dupes will speedily unfold,  
When they have *paid the Deity* in gold !

## THE TOMB OF BYRON.

1872 A.D.

IF ever fame seemed lighter than the air,  
A thing of naught, more empty than a dream,  
A silver gloss on earthen vessels laid,  
That fades away before the touch of death ;  
'Tis surely *here*, where moulders 'neath my feet,  
The hand that wrote "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."  
Oh, what a "Poet's Corner" this, to hide  
The feet that press'd the highest mount of song,  
The tongue that hymn'd the threnodies of Greece,  
The arm that laid the muse's garland by,  
To wield the sword, and strike for liberty !  
St Paul's proud dome, the Abbey's stately aisles,  
So rich in stores of consecrated dust,  
Half rob the "king of terrors of his gloom,  
And keep the ashes of the great alive ;"  
But desolation *here* reigns all supreme,



And fancy shrinks from dread mortality.  
Yon dreary nave, that grim and ghastly tower,  
(That peers so coldly o'er the village street,  
Where rustic wit, to delicacy dead,  
Has dubb'd the noisy 'public'—"Byron's Rest;")  
And seems to fix its melancholy gaze  
On Newstead, nestled in the vale below  
Where—lord of all the bard's ancestral lands—  
The *stranger* sits), say do they not proclaim  
With stony lips a lesson to the world?  
'Tis Heaven's decree that honour, length of days,  
Domestic bliss, the love that never dies,  
Unfading wealth that dignifies the man,  
And makes him blessed, a blessing to his kind,  
E'en in the tomb; *his* heritage shall be,  
Who cleaves to Christ, and walks in virtue's ways,  
Who never stoops to prostitute his gifts  
At passion's shrine, but *honours God with all!*

## THE TEES AT ROKEBY.

How dead is he who uninspired sees  
The rushing waters of the classic Tees,  
Where, grim memento of the days gone by,  
Proud Barnard lifts his turrets to the sky,  
Or hears unmoved the river's pensive tone,  
As past the walls of ruined Eglistone  
He hastes to kiss the consecrated spot  
Where Rokeby mourns the memory of Scott,  
Till, clasped at length in Greta's soft embrace,  
By Mortham's keep he glides with quicker pace,  
Lost to the view by Wycliffe's fane afar,  
Where truth revived display'd her "morning star."

## THE LEGEND OF WHITBY ABBEY.

BEFORE a drop of blood was spilt,  
King Oswy leaned upon his hilt,  
And breath'd this solemn vow :  
"If I the victory should gain,  
I'll rear a splendid Gothic fane  
On Whitby's rocky brow ;  
There, high above the billow's strife,  
My little daughter's saintly life  
Shall speak her father's praise !"  
He said : (the southern bowmen yield),  
A cry rings through the battle-field,  
"Northumbria has won !"  
The ruined abbey tells the rest,  
Saint Hilda's parting spirit blest—  
HERE ruled the royal Nun,  
Ælfleda !

## WHITBY ABBEY.

A FRAGMENT.

HERE ruined grandeur waves her magic wand  
Above the surf that beats upon the strand,  
Here all the Present mingles with the Past,  
And Time is proved the great iconoclast.  
On fancy's wing I cross the gulf of years,  
I see Saint Hilda with her veil'd compeers,  
Adown the aisle they move in sable throng,  
Whilst vaulted roof gives back the even song.  
Here, half conceal'd in massive pillar's shade,  
Ælfleda kneels—the consecrated maid ;  
And, as he hears her accents soft and mild,  
King Oswy asks a blessing on his child.

## HOLY STREET MILL.

(CHAGFORD, DARTMOOR.)

I LOVE that gnarl'd and twisted tree,  
Of other days it speaks to me,  
And hearts that now are still.

Full many a blithe and sportive maid  
Beneath its spreading boughs hath play'd,  
And mused on joys to come.

Full many a stripling, bending now,  
With hoary head and wrinkled brow,  
Hath scal'd its leafy crest.

Full oft the music, soft and sweet,  
Of yon old mill of "Holy Street,"  
Hath here entranc'd the soul.

And still the current flows and flows,  
And jaded townsmen seek repose  
    In scenes that God hath made.

Here Nature lends to Fancy wings,  
And breathes unutterable things  
    In Meditation's ear.

Each forest bird that flashes by,  
Each bud that opens to the sky,  
    Has language of its own.

As yonder streamlet seeks the main,  
So grace shall emulate the "Teign,"  
    And blend with glory's sea !

How much of Eden lingers still  
On verdant plain and breezy hill  
    To win the creature's praise.

Lord, cause the sinner's heart to yield,  
And make the beauties of the field  
    Thy telephone of love !

## THE EXECUTION OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

UNMOV'D upon the scaffold Charlotte stood,  
Prepared to pay the penalty in blood ;  
To Heaven she cast her patriotic glance,  
And breathed a prayer for liberty and France.  
Pale are her cheeks—yet her majestic mien  
Betrays no terror of the guillotine,  
The axe may fall, for she has reft away  
From freedom's neck the yoke of tyranny !  
Calmly she views the surging crowd below,  
Nor recks if jibes or tears of pity flow,  
*One* mighty thought obliterates the rest,  
“ This hand has sheath'd a dagger in his breast,  
Has sent a monster to th' eternal shore,  
Who deluged France with cataracts of gore ! ”  
O child of vengeance ! can we bid thee live,  
Who dared t' invade the *Lord's* prerogative,  
Who caught the cry of innocence afar,  
And quench'd the light of hideous Marat ?

*Just* is thy doom ; though vice in virtue's dress  
Disclaims the brand of common murderess !  
No marble bust hoar Rouen's streets display,  
To tell the tale of " Citoyenne Corday,"  
Yet Norman maidens in the days to come,  
Shall point the pilgrim to her early home ;  
And as he leaves the windings of the Seine,  
To lose himself in reverie again  
Beneath the pile (dark blot on Britain's fame),  
Where Joan of Arc expired in the flame,  
The thought shall come, that *she* who gamboll'd near,  
First caught the spark of heroism *here*,  
And burn'd to lay the land's oppressor low,  
Though she herself should perish in the blow !





"SHE THAT LIVETH IN PLEASURE IS DEAD  
WHILE SHE LIVETH."

TELL me not of flowers springing  
Where the feet of beauty tread,  
And of birds for ever singing  
O'er the maiden's chisell'd head.

Tell me not of laughing waters,  
And the sunlight's richer glow,  
By the side of pleasure's daughters,  
Where the buds of folly grow.

In the midst of fashion's glitter,  
At the theatre or ball,  
Oft the sweet is turned to bitter,  
By the writing on the wall.

*"She that liveth in pleasure."*

53

With the music's lightest jingle  
Blends a monitory strain,  
"Christ and Mammon cannot mingle,  
*One* must o'er thy bosom reign!"

Like the dark and troubled ocean,  
Waverers can never rest;  
Happiness attends devotion,  
They that "*fully serve*" are blest.



## THE MARTYR BISHOP.

(Reprinted from the *Church Observer*, Montreal, 1872.)

THE Southern Cross is veil'd in gloom  
 Above the latest martyr's tomb,  
     Pacific's rolling flood—  
 The sea-bird hovers on the wing,  
 And ocean's ebon arches ring,  
     As spills the righteous blood!

Alas! alas! the cruel blow  
 That fell, intended for the foe,  
     On Melanesia's *friend!*  
 I see the unavailing tears,  
 I catch the sighs in coming years  
     That savage bosoms rend!

No more through perils of the deep  
 Shall he, whose zeal could never sleep  
     In Selwyn's footsteps come!

The tongue that heralded to each  
Benighted nation—*in its speech*,  
The love of Christ is dumb.

Shall we the note of grief prolong,  
Or charge the Omniscient with wrong  
In this obscure decree?  
No, Patteson! the noble band  
Who died on Erromanga's strand<sup>1</sup>  
For Jesus, needed *thee*.

The "seed of evil-doers"<sup>2</sup> raise  
The hymn of their Redeemer's praise,  
On Norfolk's verdant isle,  
And He, who trained in holy fear  
The scions of the mutineer,  
Can bid the desert smile!

Faith sees the stricken church's balm  
In that fresh frond of knotted palm  
That shades thy bleeding breast;  
What though *revenge* has placed it there?<sup>3</sup>  
It bids us seek thy rest to share,  
And tells us thou art blest!

## EPISTLE.

( Addressed to an old College Friend, by a wandering " Deputation "  
from a Missionary Society. 1873.)

FRIEND of my youth ! how swiftly flew the hours,  
When side by side we threaded Langton bowers,  
And conjured up, beneath the spreading trees,  
Those happy scenes we knew beyond the seas.  
When free from care, and full of boyish fire,  
*I* little thought to be a " begging friar,"  
Nor *you* had dreamed, that, on my native shores,  
A village pastor's life would e'er be yours !—  
Full twenty years and more had roll'd away,  
Since that bright morning of life's fitful day ;  
Yet as we walked, nor marked on either pow  
A single flake of monitory snow,  
It seem'd a *breath* since college pranks were played,  
And Windsor held us in her classic shade !  
In vain tradition casts her spell around,  
And tells us *this* is consecrated ground ;  
That Johnson's self, the giant of his age,  
Has cracked his jokes in yonder parsonage ;

That Goldsmith oft has woo'd his willing muse  
 In these fair fields and shady avenues ;  
 That (minus coat) by Boswell uncontroll'd,  
 Down yonder hill the burly doctor roll'd ;\*  
 Not one or all, sage, sycophant, or bard,  
 Can pinion fancy or her flight retard :  
 She shakes her foot and cries, " Away ! Avaunt !  
 'Tis Bowman, Hazen, Allison, we want !"  
 Then spreads her wing across the western main,  
 And bears us back to Avon's shores again,  
 Where, wild with joy, we recognise by turns  
 Stuart, Pickman, Butler, Savary, and Sterns !

. . . . .

Ah ! good " old ship," methinks I see thee *now*,  
 " Youth at the helm, and pleasure at the prow,"  
 In thought I tread each fellow-student's room  
 (Ambition's cradle, or ambition's tomb),  
 And, but that death has claim'd his two or three,  
 And sent his solemn messages to me,  
 I scarce could think, as *Hensley's* form appears,†

\* A fact. (See *Life of Dr Johnson*.)

† The writer's beloved friend and College contemporary, Rev. John Manuel Hensley, D.D., S.T.P., Canon of Nova Scotia Cathedral, and Vice-President of King's College, Nova Scotia, who has passed away honoured and lamented since the above lines were written.

"The Doctor," too, so gently touched by years,\*  
 That, nigh a quarter century has flown  
 Since "Alma Mater" stamped us for her own.  
 Why, (den of dens!) your rooms in "Middle Bay,"  
 They look as if you'd *never* been away,  
 And I and Hazen (chums as true as steel)  
 Were bounding in to join you in a meal!  
 Your oval table trembles on its legs,  
 Your cap and gown are swinging from the pegs,  
 "Longinus" lies, half open, on the shelf,  
 The buckwheat pancakes frizzle on the delf,  
 Whilst "Pompey" views, with horror in his eye, †  
 Your awful boots, that cover hip and thigh!  
 But hark! the bell! we hurry in a trice,  
 To "Chapel Bay" to listen to "the Vice," ‡  
 Who little dreams that *you* and *he'll* obey  
 "Great Tom of Lincoln" at a future day,  
 And I, the vagrant beggar of the cloth,  
 In English vales shall disinter you both!

\* The learned and venerable George MacCawley, D.D. (late Archdeacon of Nova Scotia), President of King's College, University of Windsor, Nova Scotia, from 1836 to 1875.

† The negro "gyp."

‡ The Rev. J. Bainbridge Smith, M.A. (Cam.), Rector of Sotby (Diocese of Lincoln), formerly Professor of Mathematics, and Vice-President of King's College, Nova Scotia.

A YOUNG BRITISH OFFICER'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS  
OF SPAIN AND HER PEOPLE.

1811.

STRANGE land! where all that bounteous Nature gives  
Of fertile dale, or rich luxuriant mead,  
Washed by a thousand grand historic streams,  
O'erhung by mountains, noble in their pride,  
Of savage nudity, and bordered gay  
By the blithe flow'ret and the balmy shrub  
Is various still, and captivates the soul!  
How oft transfixed, in wonder and in awe,  
Does the rude pilgrim dwell upon the scene,  
And revel in the never-ending change  
Of crag and cliff, of mountain, shrub, and tree,  
Of gushing torrent and of peaceful stream!  
The traveller sees th' adventurous goatherd's shed  
Beside the convent's turret, rising proud  
From the hoar summit of the mountain steep,



That beetles o'er, in the expanse below,  
 A world of hamlets, girt by bleating flocks.  
 Proud Spain ! though homely is thy peasant's fare,  
 Yet mark his mien, his penetrating eye,  
 His tall athletic form, and port of pride,  
 Nor deem that luxury's unnervèd sons  
 Can boast of souls as free, or hearts as brave,  
 Or blood more lavish in their country's cause !  
 Land of romance ! where ev'ry crag combines,  
 In its rude grandeur, to inspire the mind  
 To thoughts heroic and to deeds of fame,  
 To steel the arm to valour's daring strife,  
 And nerve the soul with all enduring pride ;  
 What pity ! that instruction's golden page  
 (Fond nurse, and guardian of the human race),  
 Has never led thy children's thoughts to glow  
 With useful lore, and bade the noble mind  
 Its thirst assuage at revelation's spring !

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

What, without *her*, is valour's highest aim,  
 But vengeful cruelty and brutal rage ?  
 What is the love of freedom, but the scorn  
 Of beauteous order, and protecting law  
 What is ambition's son, but envy's slave ?  
 And what religion's fair and virtuous rule,

But superstition's yoke ? the glance of love,  
But jealousy's distrustful scowl of hate,  
Hast'ning to plunge the foul assassin's knife  
In kindred blood ? whilst honour's soul recoils  
From deeds of stealth, and stab of treachery !

W. S.



## SONG OF A VIVANDIÈRE.

(BEFORE THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.)

BID the shrilling trumpet rise,  
Let the martial hautboy tell  
Our triumph to the wondering skies,  
Bid the notes of music swell !

Let Europe's echoing kingdoms hear,  
From cottage thatch to palace dome,  
Sounds of dread and tones of fear ;  
'Tis Gallia's host, they come ! they come !

Moscow stoops, and Prussia yields,  
Lusitania crouches low,  
Conquest wastes Italia's fields,  
Spain has rued the fatal blow.

Britain trembles in her isles,  
Trembles at the victor's name—  
Vanquish'd nations wait his smiles,  
Sing the hero's deeds of fame!

SEQUEL.

ILL fared the day on Gallia's side,  
Her eagle wept his fallen pride,  
Ambition heard the fatal knell  
That rang o'er her departing spell;  
'Twas then, where rose a gilded fane,  
She saw but a deserted plain,  
Her hand that grasped an empire's chair,  
Held nothing but the yielding air,  
The song that fluttered round the throne,  
Was drownèd in the Frenchman's groan,  
And Spain, the crushed, discerned on high  
Britannia's star of victory!\*

W. S. (1813.)

\* The writer of the foregoing lines (Captain Wm. Swabey, R.H.A.) was present with his troop at the taking of Copenhagen in 1807, and subsequently at the battles of Ciudad-Rodrigo, Salamanca, Vittoria (where he received a bullet in the knee), Toulouse, and Waterloo. He survived the final triumph of the British arms over Napoleon Buonaparte nearly fifty-seven years, and died in England in his eighty-third year, February 1872.

## FRAGMENT.

WHEN to one end the heart has given  
Each hope, almost the hope of Heaven ;  
What is there in this slighted earth,  
Whence joy or grandeur spring to birth ?  
What in ambition's grasp that lives,  
Or what that soft retirement gives,  
Can to one smile the soul surprise,  
Save with that end it sympathize ?  
But O ! what light may pierce that gloom,  
When hope has found its earthly tomb,  
When sleeps in night the feeble ray,  
Whose dimness we mistook for day ?  
For such, the world in vain may strive  
The drooping spirit to revive ;  
'Tis like the mockery that is shed  
O'er the cold mansion of the dead,  
If, glittering round its marble cell  
Awhile some dancing moonbeam dwell,  
'T may tell where pleasure *once* did reign ;  
But cannot bid it laugh again !

W. S.

## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

(Who, without previous indisposition, expired suddenly whilst out walking with her brother and sister.)

THE smallest flow'ret that perfumes the mead,  
Subject to Nature's order is decreed ;  
The tender bud survives the wintry air,  
Partakes at length the Spring's peculiar care,  
Swells till its strength no longer dreads the blast ;  
Summer is gone, its infant days are past,  
Its balmy fragrance floats upon the morn,  
Its hues unruffled, and its leaf untorn.  
At length the autumnal wind sweeps o'er the hill,  
Bleak is the morn, the evening damp and chill,  
Beneath the frigid blast the flow'ret shakes,  
Leaf after leaf the quivering stem forsakes,  
Till on the ground its prostrate beauties lie.  
Man views the wreck, and knows that Winter's nigh,

Yet passes on, nor heeds he Nature's law ;  
Or, if a moral from the scene he draw,  
He reasons that when *years* have swept along,  
*He* too, alas . must quit life's busy throng ;  
Life's Autumn shall behold his youth decay,  
And wintry age restore him to his clay.  
Thou fool ! reflect, *thy* God is Nature's God,  
And it has pleased Him from the heathy sod  
To bid the tendril and the flow'ret rise ;  
It is *His* air that wafts amid the skies  
Their fragrant scents, His Summer that displays  
Their varied hues, His sun their tints arrays ;  
And it has pleased Him, too, to fix their fate,  
Their length of days, unchang'd, determinate.  
But *thou*, fond fool ! yon sun that gilds the sky,  
Will *thou* behold it, will it glad *thine* eye,  
When on to-morrow it shall leave its bed  
Its Master's glories o'er the earth to shed ?  
Death sleeps not ! haply on thy very couch  
*To-night* may see the ruthless tyrant crouch.  
Deem not health's pulse, or roseate hue can save  
From the dark empire of the loathsome grave !  
She, who beneath this marble hearse is laid,  
The morn beheld a youthful joyous maid,  
Health on her cheeks its playful tints had placed,  
Beauty and youth in every step were traced ;

Ardour and hope, companions that beguile,  
Her way attended, and invoked her smile ;  
*She* haply formed, to fancy's secret sight,  
Aerial schemes the future to delight ;  
Around her those whom her fond bosom loved,  
Brothers and sisters in affection moved !  
Heedless that o'er her death was hov'ring nigh,  
Haply she laughed the laugh of gaiety !  
The unerring shaft well aim'd, had left the bow,  
Quick in her heart was still'd the mirthful glow.  
Vain were your tears, as by her corpse ye stood,  
Vainly ye poured affection's dearest flood,  
Never your ears again shall catch that strain,  
So late your joy, but now your keenest pain !  
Be this your consolation! that she lives  
In *His* blest presence, who all blessing gives,  
Life is His boon, which, when He takes away,  
Who shall prescribe to *Him* th' appointed day?  
To you, to all who dwell upon this tale,  
Strive from its breath this lesson to inhale :  
Call not the moment *that's to come* your own,  
But watch and live, as though before the throne  
Of Him thy Judge, the *next* was fix'd for *thee*,  
To give account of thy past ministry.

W. S.



## THE MAGNET.

WHEN, half mistrustful of the budding wing,  
From leaf to bough the little warblers spring,  
High o'er the nest the tender mother flies,  
And lures her timid offspring to the skies.

So Christian, He, "from whom all blessings flow,"  
To wean thy soul from vanities below,  
Folds to Himself some idol of its love,  
And bids thee soar to happiness above!



APPEAL FOR THE COLONIAL AND CONTINENTAL  
CHURCH SOCIETY.

(Reprinted from the *Greater Britain Messenger*, 1876.)

REST NOT ! but heed thy brother's cry of anguish  
For "living bread" across the stormy sea :  
Shall famish'd souls in "Greater Britain" languish,  
When God has sent His messengers to thee ?

Haste where as yet no heaven-pointing tower  
Reminds the settler of a better world :  
Go ! teach his sons the source of England's power—  
The Spirit's sword, the Gospel flag unfurl'd.

Go ! shield our youth from Superstition's darts  
In sunny France, fair Italy, and Spain ;  
Go ! press the claims of Christ upon their hearts,  
And waft your Sabbath blessings o'er the main.

Go ! plead for Jesus with thy banish'd brother,  
And cheer his cabin 'mid the forest wild ;  
Seek *first thine own*, (like Andrew), then another,  
And shew them each the Father's holy Child !

THE PASSING KNELL OF THE DEPARTING  
YEAR.

'Tis done ! the curtain falls ! another year  
Has played its part, and finish'd its career,  
Has borne its record to th' eternal throne,  
Of sins committed, and of duties done,  
Its joys have vanished, and the silent dust  
Has buried all its miseries, we trust ;  
Elate with hope, we long to pierce the veil  
That shrouds the future, but our efforts fail ;  
'Tis *man's, to-day* a life of faith to live,  
*To-morrow's* ken is *God's* prerogative !



## NOTES (p. 55).

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<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Williams, of the London Missionary Society, and the Rev. Messrs Gordon and Mrs Gordon of the Nova Scotia (Presbyterian) Mission to the New Hebrides, South Pacific. The Rev. Messrs Gordon were natives of Cascumpeque, now Alberton, Prince Edward Island (the writer's first sphere of missionary labour). When the elder brother and his wife (who were well-known to Bishops Selwyn and Patteson), met with a violent death about the year 1863, the younger brother, with heroic self-devotion, offered himself for the vacant post! Alas! *he too* fell a victim to the blind fury of the natives of Erromanga Island, 1874!

<sup>2</sup> The *pious* descendants of the mutineers of H. M. S. *Bounty*, transferred from Pitcairn's Island, some years ago, to Norfolk Island, which was latterly the head-quarters of the Melanesian Mission, presided over by the lamented Bishop Patteson.

<sup>3</sup> A small branch of cocoa-nut palm, with *five* knots on it, was found laid upon the breast of the murdered bishop (when his body was discovered in the drifting canoe), indicating that his life had been taken as "utu" (or payment) for the lives of five Melanesians who had no doubt been slain by the *white* kidnapers. This circumstance has been brought out by the sculptor with consummate skill in the splendid stone-pulpit recently erected to the memory of the martyr-bishop in the nave of Exeter Cathedral (where he was first set apart to the work of the sacred ministry).

