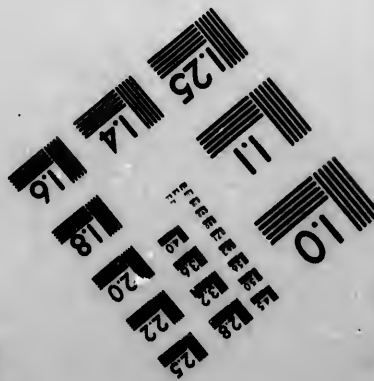
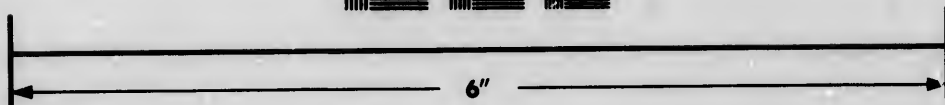
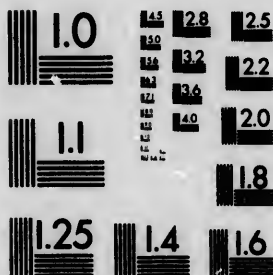


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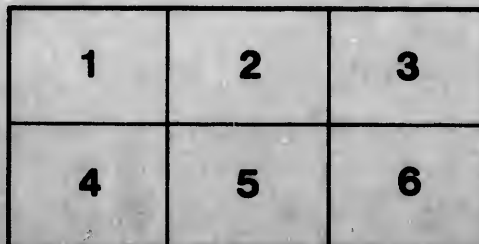
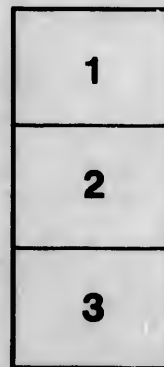
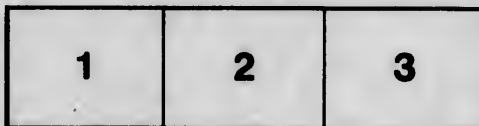
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ISLAND HOUSE,

A COLLECTION OF

ORIGINAL POEMS

ON

TEMPERANCE AND OTHER SUBJECTS,

BY A. R., CAVENDISH ROAD.

CHARLOTTETOWN:

HENRY COOPER, PRINTER, KENT STREET.

1869.

J. R.

THE
ISLAND ROSE;

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ON

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By A. R., CAVENDISH ROAD.



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1869.

ST. LOUIS, MO. 1883

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INTRODUCTION.

RELUCTANTLY, and with a great many misgivings as to what reception it will meet, I have at last ventured to place this little Work before the public eye. Though some time has elapsed since I composed the greater part of the following pieces, I have not had sufficient courage to get them published until now. Urged by the solicitations of friends, I have consented to make a trial of them. The subject of the greater part of the pieces is Intemperance, the evil effects of which are well known, to the sorrow of many broken-hearted wives and mothers throughout the land. Having always been a foe to intemperance, and having seen and read a great deal of the evils attendant upon it,—how many of its victims have fallen from splendor and independence to the lowest depths of poverty and want,—and as it is the duty of everyone to do all they can to arrest the progress of this monster vice, that is spreading devastation and death throughout the land, I have composed this little Work, thinking that it may, perhaps, prove instrumental in turning some drunkard from the error of his ways. If so, my humble efforts will not have been in vain. That it may meet with a favorable reception by all classes, and that it may be the means of accomplishing some good, is the earnest wish of the writer.

A. R.

Camden Road, January 1st, 1869.

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THE ISLAND ROSE.

THE SHIPWRECK.

O'er the calm and tranquil ocean,
Calm and peaceful all around,
Glides a ship with easy motion,
And she now is homeward bound.

Now with what fond expectation
Happy hearts so joyous beat !
Friends and parents, fond relations,
Soon they now expect to meet.

See that youth ! his face is radiant—
“ I will soon be home,” he cries,
“ Then I'll meet my lovely Mary—
All my friends I will surprise.”

Sad they were when I was leaving,
Leaving my lov'd native shore ;
Sadly Mary wept, believing
She would see my face no more.

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THE ROSE.

Dearest friends, so kind and loving,
Urged me fondly not to roam;
But now I am tired of roving,
I will stay with them at home.

How my mother's eyes will glisten
When her son before her stands,
And how eagerly she'll listen
While I tell of foreign lands!

But a threatening cloud is rising,—
“ Captain, is there danger near:
T'was so fine, it is surprising,
But I think we need not fear.”

“ Fear to me it is a stranger,”
Cries the captain, “ though the storm
Wildly rages, lives endanger,
Yet, I never feel alarm.

“ In this life are many trials—
Trials on the sea and land—
Still they all are sent, remember,
From a loving Father's hand.”

Ah! the cloud is larger growing,
Evening now is drawing nigh;
Yes, a storm is surely rising,
Dark and gloomy is the sky.

THE ROSE.

Almost home! but O, the tempest
Now is raging dark and wild;
On this dreadful night the captain
Gives his orders calm and mild.

Home, with all its fond endearments,—
Home, so loved by many there,—
Now their fondest hopes are blighted,
Now they weep in deep despair.

Mirth has ceased, and fear and terror
Stamped on almost every brow;
And the wind is wilder rising,—
Who can guide in safety now.

" Captain, see the fate before us,"
Cries a worthy seaman brave;
" Wild the storm is gathering o'er us,
We will meet a watery grave."

" Yes, I see," the captain answers,—
Calmly did he raise his eyes,—
" See the tempest wildly raging,
See the angry billows rise.

" Yet I trust in my Redeemer;
Calmly do I wait his will;
He can calm the raging billows,
He can bid the storm be still.

THE BOSE.

" If we sink, O trembling sailor,
There's a better home on high,
There will Christians meet together,
And their joys will never die."

Hark ! a voice is wildly shrieking,
" We are sinking—save, O save !"
Fast the noble ship is leaking,
Wave is rolling over wave.

And the youth that in the morning
Talked of home and friends, so gay,
Now is speaking to the captain,
Listen what he has to say :

" Captain, listen for a moment,
For a few words I would speak ;
If you reach the shore in safety,
Tell my parents not to weep.

" Tell them that—the thought should cheer them—
Though on earth we meet no more,
That their son will yet be near them,
On a brighter, happier shore.

" And my Mary—oh, so gently
The sad tidings to her break,—
Give to her this little present,
Bid her keep it for my sake ;

" Tell her that I loved her fondly,
Ere I sank beneath the wave,
That her true and constant Henry
Now has found a watery grave.

" Cheer my parents' hearts in sorrow,
Tell them that I feared not death,
That I prayed for them sincerely,
Almost with my latest breath.

" Give to them this little Bible,
Tell them oft to read it through,
That it proved to me a comfort
When that death appeared in view.

" Captain, tell them I was happy,—
Long ago I did prepare
For that bright and heavenly kingdom,—
Tell them for to meet me there.

" You have yet one chance of safety,
You can swim and reach the shore,
While I sink with many others
In the deep, to rise no more."

" No, dear Henry," cried the captain,
" To a happier home you'll rise;
There your joys will be eternal,
Bright, unfading in the skies.

THE ROSE.

" There no sorrows e'er can enter,
Happiness will never end ;
May we meet again in glory,—
Now farewell, my dearest friend."

O, t'was in this trying hour,
When all earthly hopes were gone,
That they felt religion's power,
Then it proved to them a balm.

Though the waves are wildly rolling,
Still they do their comrades tell,
" Though we sink beneath the ocean,
We are happy, all is well."

Wilder grows the angry tempest,
Wildly now the ship is tossed,
Mortals are in terror screaming,
" We are sinking, we are lost ! "

Yes, the ship indeed is sinking,
Not a ray of hope is left,
Soon will parents, friends, and brothers
Of their lov'd ones be bereft.

Out upon the boisterous ocean,
Struggling now their lives to save,
But the mighty waves o'erwhelm them,
They have found a watery grave.

THE ROSE.

7

All are gone,—their struggles ended,—
Save the captain and the mate,
They are saved to tell the story
Of their comrades' dreadful fate.

Called so sudden, unexpected,
Many of them unprepared,
How they prayed in deepest anguish
That their lives might but be spared!

When they thought their voyage near ended,
Thought they soon their friends should see,
Came the storm, and they were quickly
Launched into eternity.



THE DYING BOY.

There was a lovely little boy,
So playful and so bright,
His parents looked on him with joy,
He was their hearts delight;
They watched with joy and pleasure
This playful little child,
He was their household treasure,
So gentle and so mild.

But oh, how sad it is to tell,
When but three years of age,
This little boy they loved so well,—
Who did their hearts engage,—
Was on a bed of sickness laid,
Tortured by dreadful pain;
Friends and relations were afraid
He'd ne'er get well again.

His mother watched beside his bed
With anxious, tearful eye,
And words of fond affection said
Unto her darling boy;
But oh, how did his parents grieve,
When told that he would die,
That no one could their child relieve,—
Death unto him was nigh.

They saw with grief and deep despair
That he was sinking fast,
The thoughts of death they could not bear,
They hoped until the last;
But soon it did to all appear
His hours on earth were few,
And loving friends shed many a tear
As weaker still he grew.

He opened wide his mild blue eyes,
Ere life had fled away,

THE ROSE.

And, to his parents' great surprise,
Said, " Oh, I cannot pray."
They saw that all would soon be o'er,
Death would not long delay,
When rising up he said once more,
" I was not taught to pray."

And then the fluttering pulse did cease,
One sigh, and all was o'er,
That voice was hushed in silent peace,
Their darling was no more.
No more on earth, but happier far
In realms so bright above,
There no disease his joys can mar,
There all is peace and love.

THE RECLAIMED DRUNKARD'S ADDRESS.

My friends, you know two years ago
A Son of Temperance brave
Came unto me,—“ O, John, said he,
I wish that I could save—
Could save you from that poisonous rum

Which soon your life will end,
 Unless you turn, your folly mourn,—
 Now listen to your friend :

“ A wretched life, 'mid want and strife,
 It is that now you lead :
 Your clothes so worn, so ragged torn,
 Are miserable indeed.
 Come, sign the pledge,—I will engage
 That you will happy be,
 If you give up the maddening cup,—
 Now come along with me.”

I felt so bad—of rum I had
 Too much the day before—
 I said, “ alas, had I a glass
 I would not ask for more.
 I'm on my way, I cannot stay,
 For I must quench my thirst ;
 I am not well, the truth to tell,
 And I am getting worse.”

“ My friend, said he, a cup of tea
 Will do more good than rum ;
 We'll have it strong, so come along,
 The noisy tavern shun.”
 I've bid adieu to rum, tis true,
 To brandy, gin, and wine ;

THE ROSE.

11

▲ happy life, a cheerful wife,
▲ pleasant home is mine.

I gave consent, with him I went;
My friends it was not long
Before I signed the pledge, to bind
Me from the liquor strong;
And since that time that I did join
The Temperance Band so true,
In sweet content my days were spent,
The happiest e'er I knew.

My wife so glad, my family clad
With clothing warm and neat;
From pleasant home I seldom roam,
For home to me is sweet.
I now am free from poverty,
Want comes not near my door,
Now I have health, kind friends and wealth,
I am no longer poor.

Ah, when I think that on the brink
Of ruin once was I,
I bless the day, and well I may,
For 'twas a day of joy,
The day that I from rum did fly,
And joined the temperance band,
For now I may with pleasure say
I am a happy man.

THE ROSE.

ROBERT HAYES.

My youthful friends, I pray draw near
And listen now awhile,
And I will with a mournful tale
Your lonely hours beguile:
A tale of heartfelt sorrow deep,
A tale of want and woe,
Of one who spent long years in grief
And suffering here below.

Near to a flowing river stood
A splendid mansion fair,
With it no one for miles around
In beauty could compare.
Two loving ones within it dwelt,
Who forward looked with joy,
They did not dream of aught that could
Their pleasant hopes destroy.

Contentment dwelt beneath that roof,
Within that mansion neat;
Around the lovely flowers grew
And shed their fragrance sweet;
And near this sweet sequestered home
There was a shadey grove,
Where feathered songsters merrily
Did warble notes of love.

This was the home of Robert Hayes,
And many a passer by
Did on this pretty dwelling gaze
And oftimes heave a sigh ;
And thought if he had such a home
That he would happy be ;
But 'tis not wealth brings happiness,
As shortly you will see.

Their every want was well supplied,
For wealth they had in store ;
Freely they shared their riches with
Their neighbours that were poor.
The busy bees did them supply
With hives of honeycomb,
And their cattle through the pastures rich
In numerous herds did roam.

A lovely boy to them was given,
Their lonely hours to cheer,
With joy the mother's heart was filled,
She did not know a fear.
She did not see the heavy storm
That was about to break
Upon her head, and of her hopes
To make a total wreck.

O, had the one thing needful
Been but by them possessed,

How happy would they both have been,
How truly have been blest.
But ah, they had no treasures
Laid up for them above;
This world's false fleeting pleasures
Too fondly did they love.

Soon Robert found those pleasures
Were all vain and corrupt,
And turned to the false pleasures of
The intoxicating cup.
No longer in that beauteous home
Did peace and pleasure reign,
For he a drunkard's life began—
A drunkard did remain.

O, how it grieved his father's heart
To see his mad career,—
For unto him this erring son
Had always been so dear.
He was a lawyer, and beloved
By neighbours all around;
No blemish on his character
Before this could be found.

How bright his prospects once did look;
With wealth and talents rare,
His father watched o'er him with pride

THE ROSE.

15

And fond parental care.
But now his hopes were dashed away,
Dark did the future seem,
O that this sad reality
Had only been a dream,—

A dream, that when the night had passed
All grief had fled away,
And the sad visions all had fled
With dawning of the day.
But ah, the morning brought no joy
To his afflicted heart,
For from this wayward son he feared
He soon would have to part.

For he was aged,—time had marked
Deep furrows on his brow ;
To bear this sad and dreadful grief,
Alas, he knew not how.
Ah, sad indeed it was to see
His son thus gone astray,
And wandering far from paths of peace,
From wisdom's pleasant way.

His mother, many a year before,
Had in the grave been laid,
O, if her kind injunctions had
Been by her son obeyed ;

He would not now have turned aside
In paths of sin and shame,
Nor grieved the hearts of all his friends
Who did with him remain.

But oh, his young wife's tender heart
Seemed to be nearly broke ;
Her hopes now all were blighted by
This unexpected stroke.
She felt the sad and woeful change,
And bitterly she wept
Oft in the still and silent night,
While others peaceful slept.

For him she left a happy home,
For him did trials brave,
And now most earnestly she tried
Her husband for to save.
All her entreaties useless were,
She could not make him turn,
And in deep anguish and despair
For him she loved did mourn.

Oft he would promise to reform,
But oft the promise broke ;
To save him from a drunkard's grave,
She feared there was no hope.
And often, borne along the stream

Of sad and mournful thought,
She wept in deep despair, and when
Her husband knew it not.

She thought of all her happy days
That were forever past ;
Those hours of hope and joy had been
Too beautiful to last.

Alas ! such bright and happy days
She never more shall know ;
Before her nothing now she sees
But misery and woe.

Her husband now by drink debased,
Who once so kind and true
Had been in happier days, when first
He came her heart to woo.

'Twas but a few short years since he
Had to the altar led
His lovely bride, so young and fair,
And to her had been wed.

The future bright to her appeared ;
Her's seemed a happy lot ;
Her Robert's love her life had cheered,
No other joy she sought.
But now those happy days are past,
Passed never to return—

Alone she now is left, alas !
In sorrow for to mourn.

Her little son oft wept to see
His mother look so sad ;
Though young, yet for his mother he
Such strong affection had.
How many an hour in grief she spent—
How many a night of woe—
For Robert, almost every night,
Did to the tavern go.

One evening as she sat alone,
O'ercome by grief and fear,—
'Twas late, and she expected soon
Her husband's step to hear,—
Her little son had staid up late,
His father for to meet,
But growing tired at last he had
Fell very sound asleep.

At last she heard him coming home,—
But O, how sad to tell,
So much intoxicated, he
Upon the doorstep fell.
In wild alarm she quickly rose
And opened wide the door ;
Scarce could this fallen, drunken man
Walk straight across the floor.

The little child was wakened by
The noise his father made ;
But ah ! the sunlight in his eye
It soon began to fade.

No kind and loving words to him
His father now did speak,
And he began to weep as if
His little heart would break.

For oft when he had waited up
His father for to see,
With kind and gentle words he spoke,
And took him on his knee.

But, stupefied by drink that night,
Did not his child regard,—
So well he loved his father that
He thought this very hard.

The mother took her weeping child
Up to his little bed ;
And then lay down awhile to rest
Her weary, acheing head.

She from her sleepless bed arose,
Soon as the day did dawn,—
Is there no one to pity now
This sad afflicted one ?

Yes ; there is One who from above
Looks down with pitying eye ;

He knows her grief, He sees her tears,
For He is ever nigh.
'Tis but in love He chastens now,
To turn her heart to Him,
That she may leave the paths of woe,
The deadly paths of sin.

Late in the day her husband rose,
Down to his breakfast came ;
His looks did bear the marks of vice,
Of conscious guilt and shame.
How changed he looked from what he was
But a few months before ;
He then was temperate,—now the marks
Of drunkenness he bore.

The child unto his father ran,
Soon as he did him see,
Who kindly spoke to him and took
Him up upon his knee.
“ O Pa,” he said, “ last night for you
I bitterly did cry ! ”
“ Why did you weep for me, my child,—
Tell me the reason why ? ”

“ Because you were so sick, Papa,
'Twas that that made me weep ;
I wept a long, long time, until

At last I fell asleep.
What was it made you then so sick,
Papa, O can you tell?"
The father did not answer, for
The cause he knew too well.

His wife began to weep—her tears
Adown her cheeks did flow,
To think this child of tender years
So soon the cause must know.
Soon as he saw his mother weep
He left his father's knee,
And joined his artless cries with hers,
So sad and mournfully.

And when poor Robert turned his thoughts
Upon the life he led,
He wiped away the trickling tears,
And wished that he was dead.
His heart was touched by grief to see
His wife in such despair,—
To see her happy once had been
His first and only care.

He went up to her then, and did
Her tenderly embrace,
But still most bitterly she wept
And turned away her face.

He told her that he nevermore
Would give her cause to grieve ;
But oft he told her this before,--
She could not him believe.

“ O do not promise this,” she said,
“ Unto me any more,
For oft such promises you broke,
So many times before.
You wish for death,--’tis I who should,
So worn by heavy grief,
For surely to me now it would
Be such a blest relief.

“ Were it not I would leave my child
A helpless orphan boy,
I gladly would this very night
Just lay me down and die.”
He rose, embraced her tenderly,
And tried her heart to cheer,
But ’twas in vain, the future looked
To her both dark and drear.

“ O Mary, never more I’ll cause
Your gentle heart to grieve ;
Will you not listen to me now,
Will you not me believe.
’Tis I who ought to weep, for I

Did so myself disgrace ;
But I will turn and be once more
The temperate Robert Hayes ”

How weak is he ! in vain he tries
In his own strength to gain
From this destructive, baneful vice,
A freedom to obtain.
He tries, but he is weak,—he sinks
Down nevermore to rise,—
O when will man upon the brink
Of ruin e'er be wise.

“ My heart is nearly broke,” she said,
And fast her tears did flow,
“ But soon I'll rest my weary head,
And fly from grief and woe.
It grieves my heart to think upon
The ruin that must come ;
I and my helpless child will soon
Be left without a home.

“ O flatter not yourself at all
That you will ever turn ;
For still the fiery alcohol
Will strong within you burn.
In former happy years, by you
No tavern then was sought,

But now to gain the liquor strong
It is your only thought.

“ 'Twas then you never happy seemed
But when you were at home ;
But now, with every drunkard vile,
In search of liquor roam.
In former days, now past and gone,
How happy then was I,
And you content and cheerful was,
And sorrow came not nigh !

“ How oft I've thought, while other men
Unto the taverns went,
And all their earnings from their wives
And children there they spent,
That while their wives in sorrow wept
You staid with me at home,
But what I pitied others for,
Upon myself has come.

“ Why did I live such days to see ?
Why was I ever born ?
Thus to be left in misery,
So weary and forlorn.
My life to me a burden is,
But soon will all be o'er,
Soon will I safely landed be
Upon that happy shore.

" There grief and sorrow is not known,
There will I ever rest,
No more to sigh, so weak and worn,
So weary and opprest.
And O, I know that He who feeds
The ravens when they cry
Will look upon and safely guard
My gentle orphan boy."

She ceased; her heart was overcome
By deep and heavy grief.
Poor Mary, soon from all your woes
You'll find a blest relief.
Soon will your drunken husband be
Left here on earth to sigh,
Whilst you will fly to happier scenes,
To brighter realms on high.

For she had chose the better part,
Like Mary had of old,
The heavenly riches better far
Than all earth's glittering gold.
In trusting faith she humbly prayed
That soon the time might come
When Christ the heavenly shepherd
Would call his wanderer home.

A while in grief and want did she
Drag out her weary life;

Ah! well she learned what 'twas to be
A wretched drunkard's wife.
His wealth was at the tavern spent,
And she, so worn and weak,
Had for to gain a livelihood
A menial labor seek.

But 'twas not long, for death soon came :
Her trials all did cease ;
No grief can e'er afflict her now,
For all is joy and peace.
For to that land of brightest day
No sorrow cometh nigh,
The tears will all be wiped away
From every weeping eye.

But Robert's course was nothing checked,
For lower still he sank,
For of the liquor strong he still
So very freely drank.
Yes, he would drain the fiery cup
As long as he had breath,
Until, in want and misery,
He died a drunkard's death.

Ye drunkards all a warning take
By this sad, truthful tale ;
Strive now the evil to forsake,

O strive, and do not fail.
Not in your own strength,—you are weak,—
But there is One above
Who strength will give, and safely keep
You in His tender love.

And if you ask you will receive
Help for to overcome ;
No longer cause your friends to grieve
O'er you, the erring one.
No longer grieve your weeping wife,
Her heart no longer pain,
But quit this sad and deadly vice,
And be a man again.

If you have children, do not them
A bad example set,
For what they learn in youthful days
They will not soon forget.
Then from the deadly poison turn,
Before all hope is fled,
And you are in the silent grave,
And numbered with the dead.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MESSRS. ALLEN AND
CALLBECK.

They are gone, and no more will their friends hear in
gladness

The voices of those they so tenderly loved ;
Now are their hearts filled with sorrow and sadness,
For those young men so quickly from earth were removed.
Their mothers are grieving, all hope seems departed,
They mourn for their sons, but they find 'tis in vain,
And through life journey on, though almost broken
hearted,

But hoping above for to meet them again.

Young Callbeck and Allan will long be remembered,
As fond friends in sorrow will think o'er the past,
Although with the dead those young men have been
numbered,

Still long will their mem'ry in loving hearts last.
Little they thought on the morn that they started,
Across the wide ocean intending to sail,
That they from this earth would so soon be departed
And that all their plans for the future should fail.

Wild blew the wind,—'twas in vain they were striving
Assistance to gain, ere a grave they had met ;
Onward the gale their frail boat still was driving,

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At last in the ocean so deep it upset.
Hearts that with joy and with hope once were beating,
Dreaming that pleasures for them were in store,
No more on earth will each other be greeting,
The sun in its glory for them rise no more.

Short on this earth has been their sojourning,
Sudden and quickly they were called away ;
Friends and relations in sorrow are mourning,
Still when the call comes we all must obey.
By this sad event should gay mortals take warning,
Awhile cease their laughter, their folly and mirth,
For as joyful we rise in the dawn of the morning,
We know not what sorrows a day may bring forth.

THE FRIEND FOR ME.

The friend who with a flattering tongue
Pretends so true to be,
But is a false deceitful one,
Is not the friend for me.

The friend who in the hour of grief
A comforter will be,

And strives the mourner to relieve,
O that's the friend for me.

The friend who when distresses come,
Will then in terror flee,
Again in search of pleasure roam,
Is not the friend for me.

The friend who long will true remain,
Through want and poverty,
Through storm and sunshine still the same,
O that's the friend for me.



THE FATAL GLASS.

Intemperate friends, come listen to
The tale I now relate,
And shun the vice of drinking rum
Before you seal your fate.
O spurn the serpent from your hands
Ere you have felt his sting,
Which on you endless misery
Is almost sure to bring.

George Morgan being a young man
Of constitution weak,
His father thought some easier life
Than a farmer's he should seek ;
So he sent young George to College,—
But little did he know
How soon the temptations there
Would prove his overthrow.

ame,
He began, as many a drunkard did,
By taking but a glass,
Then bad companions led him on
In evil ways so fast,
His father took him home to see
If this career he'd stop,
But he thought that he could never do
Without a little drop.

There was one whose gentle spirit
Was overcome with grief,
His misery fell like mildew
Upon the tender leaf;
It was a lovely maiden who
Had given him her heart ;
Their love for many a year had grew,
They thought they could not part.

How often for young Morgan
This maiden's tears did flow,

Oft she had thought that with him
No sorrows she should know ;
But although she loved him truly,
Well as she loved her life,
She felt that she could not consent
To be a drunkard's wife.

His father every means had tried
To lead poor George aright ;
How oft in earlier days he looked
On him with fond delight.
His poor mother by his conduct
With grief was overcome,
She always loved her George so well—
He was her only son.

Perhaps some intemperate young man,
Who may this story read,
May be engaged to some fair maid,
If so, he should take heed,
Lest in that path so far he go
That back he cannot turn,
And leave the fair one all her life
In sorrow for to mourn.

Poor Margaret's grief was so intense
Her health began to fail,
For all that she could say to George

It was of no avail.
At length, one Sabbath morning,
She did her parents tell,
That evening she intended
To bid her George farewell.

That evening she sent word to George
The time and place to meet ;
But how can I paint the anguish,
The misery so deep,
That both did suffer during
This sad brief interview,
For their love for many a long year
Had been sincere and true.

How hard it was her fondest hopes
To sever at one stroke,
And bitterly she felt it, for
Her heart was almost broke ;
But she had gathered strength at last
To give her lover up,
Unless he'd quit forevermore
The deadly, maddening cup.

The place where they agreed to meet,
Was a most lovely spot ;
How oft in happier days they had
This pleasant arbor sought ;

But now those happy days were past,
Those hours of peace and joy,
How soon intemperance did all
Their fondest hopes destroy.

Ah! slow was then her step indeed,
And heavy was her heart,
When for to bid young George farewell
That evening she did start.
Adown her pale and lovely cheeks
The tears were flowing fast,
As she thought that this interview
Would likely be their last.

George was at the place appointed,
And as the maid drew near
He said, " I am rejoiced to meet
You now, my Margaret dear.
Will you not give me your hand?"
(For she turned from him away,)
At last the weeping maiden
These words to him did say :

" O George, you know that to you
I had given my whole heart;
I fondly hoped that naught but death
Would cause us for to part.
I thought to walk through this fair world

With you, love, by my side,
But now I find that happiness
It is to me denied.

“ The happy vision now is past,
I must bid you farewell,
What anguish this does cause me
No tongue on earth can tell.
I cannot give up all my hopes
Of happiness above,
Although that better than my life
George Morgan I do love.”

“ O Margaret,” the young man replied,
“ The promise you did make
You told me many and many a time
You never would it break.”

“ O yes, I well remember now
The promise made to you,
I at that time intended
To keep that promise true.

“ But since that time you’ve gone astray,
And quaffed the maddening bowl,
I fear your ruin it will prove
Of body and of soul.
The path of duty I have sought,
With many a tear and prayer,

And in it I must walk, though hard
It may to you appear."

Said George, "I fear some other one
Has your affections gained,
I know a woman's fancy
Is liable to change."

"O George, how can you say so,
No one else I could adore,—
But now of these memorials
I have no need any more."

She handed him a package,
And as she turned away,
He gazed on her retiring form
In anguish and dismay.
And when that she had passed away
Entirely from his view,
From the package that she gave him
Some letters forth he drew.

'Twas the letters he had sent to her
Before he did begin
To walk in paths of wickedness,
Of folly and of sin.
Some more tokens of affection too
He found within also,
And as he thought of happier days
His tears began to flow.

“ O I am called a drunkard now
By even her,” he cried,
“ And all my hopes are now laid low,
She will not be my bride.
I am utterly forsaken now,
She has bid me farewell,
And the misery that now I feel
My tongue can never tell.”

He did not know that by a friend
He had been overheard,
’Twas a brother of his Margaret’s
To whom I have referred.
Seeing George so much affected,
From his hiding place withdrew,
And stood before his early friend,
A friend sincere and true.

He seized him by the hand and said,
“ O George, my dearest friend,
I hope this heartfelt sorrow
Will cause you to amend ;
For others’ sake and for your own,
Leave off your evil ways,
And for help this to accomplish
Go to the Throne of Grace.”

“ My friends,” he cried, “ despise me now,
I do not wish to live ;”

" But if you turn from drinking, George,
They all will yet forgive."

" O no, they won't forgive me,
They view me with contempt,—
That I should ever come to this
I'm sure I never dreamt."

" O can you not, dear George," he said,

" For my poor sister's sake,
Those evil habits off from you
Will you not try to break?"

" O no, she does despise me,
She has forsook me too,
And all my hopes are vanished
Like as the morning dew."

" O George, there is another one
Who still for you does grieve,
And surely for her sake you will
Those evil habits leave ;
It is your aged mother, Oh,
For her the rum forsake,
Before her loving heart you cause
In sorrow for to break."

" O yes, my mother loves me still,"

The young man then replied,

" To turn me from my evil ways

How often she has tried !
And when my father censured her
For being to me mild,
Her firm reply would always be,
' George is my only child.'

" O how much grief and anguish
I've caused my mother dear !
I know that for her wayward son
She has shed many a tear."

" O George, 'tis in your power now
To fill her heart with joy ;
O turn, and do not all your hopes
Of happiness destroy."

In silence, a few moments
They sat together there ;
For George his friend did utter
A brief but earnest prayer.
At last George bowed down his head,
His tears afresh did flow,
And he resolved that very night
To leave the paths of woe.

There was a temperance lecture
Delivered on that night ;
George went and enrolled his name
With feelings of delight.

No tongue can faithfully describe
The happiness and joy
His mother felt when she had heard
This tidings of her boy.

Eighteen months had passed away,
George still continued firm,
And no one ever thought that he
Would from his purpose turn.
Into her favour once again
His Margaret him received,
And in her joy tried to forget
That she had ever grieved.

Their wedding day it came at last,
And friends invited were,
A little of their joy and mirth
And luxuries to share.
But now the saddest part by far
Of my story comes to tell,
Had not Sir Alcohol been there,
All would have ended well.

The ceremony being performed,
They handed round the wine,
And to poor George's ruin we
This act may now assign.
When first the wine was offered him.

He it refused to take,
For he said his resolution
He did not wish to break.

“O George, you’ll surely take a glass,”
His bride to him did say,
“One glass will never harm you,
All on your wedding day.”
“Well, Margaret, if you wish it,
I will take a little drop ;
One glass will never harm me,
For with that one I’ll stop.”

He drank the glass and called for more,—
That glass had sealed his fate,—
How bitterly poor Margaret wept,
But now it was too late.
She bade him take the fatal glass,
She blamed herself for all ;
She always said she was the cause
Of his sad second fall.

And from that hour George Morgan’s hopes
Of happiness were gone ;
It seemed as if he could not stop,
That something led him on.
When rebuked for his intemperance
He always would exclaim,

“ You should not give a taste of blood
To a wild beast you did tame.”

The manly form of Morgan
Lies in the silent grave.
O by this tale take warning,
Stretch forth your hand to save ;
And put not the cup of liquor strong
To lips of friend or foe,
Lest, like young Morgan, they may end
In misery and woe.

A DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

What maiden lovely, young and fair,
Whose future hopes are bright,
Who does not know a grief or care,
Whose heart is always light,
Would say, “ My happy home I'll leave,
And sadly spend my life
In wretchedness and want and grief,—
I'll be a drunkard's wife !

“ Through misery and trials hard
I'll wend my weary way,
My husband's voice I must regard,
Though he is gone astray ;

Though he may treat me cruelly,
 My path with grief be rife,
 Yet, for all this, I choose to be
 A drunkard's sorrowing wife.

"I'll spend my days in sorrow deep,
 No pleasure will I know,
 In grief and sorrow will I weep,
 In sad and heartfelt woe ;
 And broken-hearted wander on,
 'Mid care and grief and strife,
 Till all my days on earth are gone,—
 Then die a drunkard's wife."

Oh, maiden ! from such misery
 You quickly turn away ;
 "A drunkard's wife I will not be,"
 I think I hear you say.
 Then wed a Son of Temperance now,
 And happy spend your life,
 That you the anguish may not know
 Of many a drunkard's wife.

TOUCH NOT THE WINE CUP !

Touch not the wine cup,
 There's poison within :
 Touch not the adder
 Or he will you sting.

Wine, the Destroyer,
Your hopes will destroy—
Rob you of comfort
And rob you of joy ;

Plunge you in poverty,
Sorrow and woe ;
Do not go near him
For he is your foe.
O then fly from him,
No longer delay,
Delays are so dangerous,
O turn while you may !

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THE HON.
THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

As the morning dawns so bright,
In its radiant, beauteous light,
In the clear and cloudless skies
See the glorious sun arise ;
And the winged songsters gay
Merrily hail the opening day,
Warble forth their sweetest notes
From their pretty feathered throats.

Yet this beauteous morning fair
Brings but sorrow and despair ;

By some dreadful, heavy stroke,
Many a heart is nearly broke ;
They some mournful news have heard,
Something dreadful has occurred ;
Crowds of men together draw—
Sadness reigns in Ottawa.

Listen to that doleful sound,
See the mourners stand around !
Why so many gathered there,
Why are they in such despair,
What has caused such dreadful grief,—
Nothing gives their hearts relief,—
Why so many tears now shed?
Ah, 'tis brave M'Gee is dead !

He who never felt a fear,
Thought not of the death so near,—
Thought not of the treacherous foe
Who so quickly laid him low,—
Thought not of the numerous spies
Watching him with envious eyes,—
Yet the villians watched him well,—
By that fatal shot he fell.

Cut off in the midst of fame,
Long will live his noble name.
Firmly by the right he stood,

Laboured for his country's good ;
Where can they his equal find,—
Gifted, eloquent, and kind,—
Patiently he used the pen
For to aid his fellow men.

'Twas a dreadful death he died,
No kind friends were by his side,
No fond wife or children near,
His last moments for to cheer.
Not a word of warning gave,
He was hastened to the grave
Ere he bade a last adieu
To the friends he loved so true.

Deeply though his loss they feel,
Time will yet their sorrows heal ;
They will hope to meet above
Him they did so fondly love ;
And this hope their hearts will cheer,
Though to them he was so dear,
As they think, when life is o'er,
They will meet to part no more.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

Yon aged man in sorrow lives,
His brow is marked by care ;
To all this good advice he gives,—
Of alcohol beware.

For deepest sorrow he has known,
And many a tear has shed,
For those who now are from him gone,
Who now, alas ! are dead.

Yes, once a happy home he had,
And fortune on him smiled ;
Two playful children, bright and glad,
The pleasant hours beguiled.

A son and daughter bound to him
By strong affection's tie ;
And when he thinks of what has been
A tear is in his eye.

Their childhood's happy days they passed
In merry, artless glee ;
No thought upon the future cast,
No sorrows did they see.

And when to riper years they grew,
Still by their father's side,
With hearts affectionate and true,
They were his joy and pride.

For O, a mother's tender care
They early were denied ;
Their gentle mother, young and fair,
In early life had died.

Fair Helen's praises could be heard
From almost every tongue ;
For she was amiable and kind,
Accomplished and young.

And many a suitor to her came,
And kind attentions paid ;
But there was only one could gain
The heart of this fair maid.

James Brown, who was the favoured one,
Who stole her heart away,
Was an esteemed, rich merchant's son,
So courteous, kind and gay.

The father saw his daughter's choice,
The home she soon would share ;
But O, to part with her ! it was
A trial hard to bear.

" My child," he cried, " may Heaven on you
Her richest blessings send,
And may your husband still be true
Until this life will end."

In wedlock's bonds they soon were joined;
Fair Helen's heart was light,
Her husband was to her so kind,
The future looked so bright.

Her's was a trusting, loving heart,
In James she did confide,
When from her father she did part,
Became a happy bride.

A few years passed, but grief has come,
She now has cause to weep;
And on her once bright happy home
We now will take a peep.

The time is winter,—on the hearth
A few small embers burn;
All here looks comfortless and drear,
Whatever way you turn.

The wife and mother is in tears,
And O, how thin and pale!
She starts, and rises as she hears
Her infant's piteous wail.

But little has she now to say,—
Sad are her looks indeed,—
And in her face a stranger may
A tale of suffering read.

But see, the door is opening now,
A drunkard staggers in ;
'Tis he, who three short years ago
Fair Helen's heart did win.

With staggering steps he moves along,
And nearly tumbles o'er
His little child, who just began
To walk across the floor.

The mother ran, her child to save,
She knew his anger well ;
But her a heavy blow he gave,
And on the floor she fell.

That fall to her has fatal proved.
How will her father grieve,
That her by him so truly loved
So soon this world should leave!

And all that now remained on earth
For him to gaze upon,
The icy form, so cold in death,
Of his beloved one.

A few days passed, and her remains
All in the grave were laid ;
Her soul had fled to happier climes,
To joys that never fade.

Though she had trials here below,
Those trials all are past,
And she has fled from grief and woe
To joys that ever last.

Her father saw, with sorrow deep,
His daughter from him gone ;
In heartfelt anguish did he weep,
And sadly did he moan.

But yet he was not quite alone ;
A son of promise rare,
Who had to years of manhood grown,
His cares and griefs did share.

Young John was loved by all around,
So manly kind and true ;
Wherever he went a friend he found,
His equals were but few.

But in an evil hour he learned
To drink the liquor strong,
And oft his father for him mourned,
And told him it was wrong.

But O, it seemed too hard for him
From liquor to abstain ;
He who high honors thought to win,
A drunkard vile became.

One evening, as was usual, John
Did to the tavern go ;
The night was very dark and cold,
The wind did wildly blow.

The father also left his home,
To see a neighbor went,
And when he had his errand done
His steps were homeward bent.

The thunder rolled most mournfully,
Fast fell the heavy rain ;
He stepped beneath a large oak tree,
A shelter to obtain.

Near him he heard a heavy groan,
And, by the lightning's aid,
He saw it was his only son
Who on the ground was laid.

He took him up, him carried home
And laid him on his bed,
And looked upon his face, but Oh !
His much loved son was dead.

Who can describe the father's grief,
When he was left to mourn,
That in a period so brief
His children both were gone !

O what has blighted all his hopes,
And, in their youth and bloom,
Has caused his children to be laid
In such an early tomb?

Why did James strike the dreadful blow
That caused the fatal fall,
And what caused poor John's overthrow?
Intemperance done it all!

Intemperance, vile, much more has done,
And much more still will do,—
Has caused the death of many a man
And many a woman too.

And now this aged man will mourn
For those that he did love,
But hopes that he will meet them soon,
In yon bright world above.

No wonder, then, he looks so sad;
No wonder he does cry,
To every man and every lad,—
Avoid it,—pass it by!

And now to every drunkard I
A few words have to say:
From rum, as from a serpent, fly,
Turn now while yet you may.

Go, sign the pledge, no longer wait,
And from the vice abstain,
And you will never need regret
That you have lived in vain.

For you may lead some erring one
To quit the maddening bowl,
Before that it has caused the death
Of body and of soul.

Let not this pass unheeded by,—
Hear now the warning voice,—
Turn from the poison, ere you die,—
Make now the happy choice.

THE MISER.

The miser loves his gold so well,
He counts it o'er and o'er,
And, not content with what he has,
He wishes still for more.

'Tis all his heart is set upon,
He dreads with it to part;
He fears from him it will be gone,
And anxious is his heart.

With angry voice he sends away
The beggar from his door,—
“ I’ll give you nothing now,” he says,
“ So trouble me no more.”

Though by his hoary locks we see
That he is growing old,
He thinks not of eternity,—
His thoughts are on his gold.

He has no treasure in the sky,—
Gold that will never rust,—
He thinks not that he soon must die,
And moulder into dust.

And when all hope of life is gone,
His heart will nearly break
To think that now some other one
His riches all will take.

In search of wealth his life was spent,
Nor did for death prepare ;
He saw no time for to repent,
His gold was all his care.

No peace of mind his riches now,
Or comfort can supply ;
With anguish marked upon his brow,
He finds that he must die.

LAMENT OF A YOUTH DYING IN A FOREIGN LAND.

I am far from my home and my parents so dear,
None but hard-hearted strangers unto me are near ;

O why did I ramble ! O why did I roam !

In the time of affliction there's no place like home.

O how I wish I with my parents had stayed,—
Their kind counsels and warnings had I but obeyed,

I would not have been here, in sorrow and pain,—

O that I could once more but see them again !

O, if to their arms now I only could fly,

To ask their forgiveness before that I die ;

But those wishes are vain, for that never can be,

My dear loving parents no more I will see.

Had I treasure laid up in heaven above,

O now what a blessing to me it would prove ;

But gold was my idol, for it I did sigh,

And now I have gained it, alas, I must die !

No hope now is left me,—in anguish—alone—

My thoughts wander back to the days that are gone ;

The bright days of childhood, but they are all passed,

And now in a strange land I must breathe my last.

Ah listen, ye youths, unto me while I tell,—

Be content with your lot if you know when you're well,

For if ever you venture afar for to roam,

You'll find there is no place so pleasant as home.

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