

**John Clendenan, Farmer, 8 miles from
Lindsay. In Cambray.**

Clendenan owns a lovely farm,
 In Cambrayville presents a charm ;
 Two storey dwelling, bricks and lime,
 Will volumes tell in future time ;
 Outbuildings, orchard, flocks all round,
 His splendid mansions well abound.
 From his loft window, just behold,
 The village coined in beauty's mould ;
 Where stores and hotels are in sight,
 Boot-makers, Blacksmiths, and Wheelwright.
 Post-office built upon his land,
 All heart can wish for or demand.
 In temperance circles, Sunday schools,
 And sermons of the golden rules ;
 Where he can hear the cheerful sing—
 Sweet parlour strains, and anvils ring.

**Miss Mary Clendenan. Laments the
Loss of her Father ; she signed to help the
Author. Father died April 15, 1871.**

Mary chose the better part,
 Yet grief hath touched her tender heart ;
 Through faith in Christ she hopes to meet
 Departed friends, and find a seat,
 Far from this Terrestrial Ball,
 Where God himself reigns over all ;
 She means to sail into that realm,
 Faith builds the vessel, Christ the helm.
 Her earthly dwellings neat and clean,
 Her door yard grove is ever green ;
 Peace calling and election sure,
 Like Queen Victoria helps the poor ;
 Unspotted fame, void of reproach,
 And surplus cash to ride in coach.