

have left the place for other parts of the world, but the majority have gone to their last home. So has it been and so shall it be to the end of time.

Ah ! changed are the days since the cedars dark
 Dipped their sprays in the rapid stream,
 As it rushed along to the deep black pool
 Almost hid from the sun's bright beam.

Ah ! gone are the friends of that olden time,
 The pioneers bold and true,
 Who toiled for their homes in the forest wild
 Far away from their mountains blue.

The howl of the wolf is heard no more,
 Nor is seen the bounding deer ;
 Hushed is the cry of the whip-poor-will,
 Of the saw-whetter sharp and clear.

All things on this earth with time must change,
 And on earth true friends must part ;
 But a better land and a heavenly home
 Await the true Christian heart.

FERGUS, 1865.

