The snow lay 1843, and the lay. Towards elville Church. The Rev. Mr. occasional supit the late Mr. cople together onducting the that poor Mr. , and long rides ecember, 1843, e disruption of the disruption hment in 1844, to which body in the village

ce of religious

ny, the want of

a great sensas the name of ind, the sitting Warden, Mr. uties. I went altogether, althe command of the voters. heard were in he oath of alleyold neighbor Vebster should ril to any one the tender sex. recorded, and , to vote than d days. Mr. Mr. Webster l of money for some very nice ne to anchor as ppier life than ince, but none election.

n quite abanunder the acv mills and a nd afterwards and tact out-

of the first from memory gards what is an old settler left. Some 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.