

And O my thoughts still wander o'er,
Those happy scenes away ;
Those scenes to be enjoyed no more,
'Less at some distant day.

Years may pass by us like the wind,
Loved ones go home above ;
Yet mem'ry oft will bring to mind
Your many acts of love.

But I must hasten on to tell
Of other scenes and times ;
Things that you do not know so well,
Before I close these lines.

Of late I've been day after day
Engaged in Harrisville ;
To save the church and people there,
I labored with a will.

And also I've been journeying
O'er mountain hill and plain ;
O'er lake and river sailing down—
Down to the pleasant main.

God has, indeed, our labor blessed,
And crowned it with success ;
Therefore I'll press towards yonder port,
And there those palms possess.

But I've not time to speak of all
The scenes through which I've passed,
While at the great Centennial,
Which is now closed at last.

Therefore I'll pause for I am done,
And trust we'll meet again ;
Where we will talk and journey on,
Our labor 's not in vain.

May God be with you evermore,
Dear friends so kind and true ;
My best regards to one and all,
Adieu ! once more adieu !

Oswegatchie, Lewis Co., N. Y.

TO MRS. W. K. BURR.

AMELIASBURG, ONT.

My Dear Wife :—Leaving Jordan Thursday afternoon in company with Mr. and Mrs. M. Konkle, we journeyed with private conveyance to the residence of Mrs. George Bradt, in Pelham, a distance