

In his majesty's Frigate *Sea-lion*, "for New York with despatches for Congress."

Nor to tell of his goodly mansion, and his hospitality famous ;
And the noble ships he built in the yards of St. John, from the lumber
The lordly river swept down, and the ports in the Indies they sailed to,
And the wondrous wares they brought,—nor the manor house at Clearwater
Built on to the old log cabin, where Lester every summer
Brought his fair wife, unchanged, with an ever-increasing quiver,
To swim and paddle and fill little cheeks with the country's roses.

Nor to tell how Jonathan Sherwood, by the sale of cruel Clearwater,
Built, on his Parr-town lot, a pleasant cottage, contented,
After his former splendour and his latter straits, with existence
Secure from starvation and cold, and with fellow creatures to talk to,
And striving in to vain fathom the depth of the infinite goodness
Of that great heart he had scorned with a daughter's prayer—which for-
gave him,
And, in his hour of despair brought him life and love and fortune.