

hearing of this occurrence, as we believe they will appeal to our readers. It always tries a man somewhat to leave a field in which, though he may have been roughing it, like the settlers, he has found human sympathy and Christian spirit, and has become acquainted with the hearts, as well as the homes of the people. C.

THE UNVANISHING VISION

In Memoriam : J. N. Aged 15

Ere morning yet was mirrored on the peaks,
 I drifted outward o'er their second glory
 That trembled on the bosom of the lakes,
 And told my aching heart a hopeful story.

I saw her in the shadow of the steep,
 Her snowy kerchief tossed in farewell token—
 Ah, loving God, what blessing I can keep
 Her treasured image in a light unbroken.

Forever she shall linger by the lake,
 A lovely flower in unchanging blossom;
 Forever while this wounded heart can ache,
 Her distant voice shall echo through my bosom.

O cedars by the waters where we strayed,
 A joyous footstep rings amid your sighing;
 O waters that betrayed the trusting maid,
 Her joyous laughter lives beyond your crying!

