

And the visits the converts so frequently made
 To their brethren, and theirs in return—
 For each to the other gave mutual aid
 When "of mind they were under concern."

And the shouts through the woods which were constantly
 ringing
 With voices from a grotto and shade;
 While vocal with praying, exhorting, and singing,
 The fields and the forests were made.

And next, the great fire, occurring one morn,
 As we to our breakfasts were going;
 Which doomed to destruction our spacious old barn,
 Just filled from the farm to o'erflowing.

And the martyr-like death of the "invalid" steer,
 Whose fate all our sympathy claims;
 Whose agony drew from us many a tear
 As he writhed in the merciless flames.*

And how, near the spot where the *old* barn stood,
 Phœnix-like, rose a *new* in its place,
 And how at the *raising*, in right merry mood,
 It was christened from summit to base.†

And true to the custom which deemed it no crime
 To drink and to dance through the night;
 How the men, one and all, had a jolly good time,
 Though disturbed, now and then, by a fight.

And last, though not least, my unfortunate ride
 On the road leading up from Oak Bay,
 When I fell in a snow-bank and there would have died
 But for Dickie, who passing that way,

Put me on to his sled with his bags of corn-meal,
 And drove me to *old Buzzy's* door;
 The warmth of whose fire I was soon made to feel
 As I lay at full length on the floor.

* This poor animal was burned to death while tied in his stall, where he had been placed only a few minutes before the fire broke out.

† This *christening* consisted in breaking a bottle of rum on the ridge-pole after the building had, according to the custom of the country, received its name.