

A little farther to westward, on Bostick's rock-girt isle,
Roseneath and *Channel Vista*, with happy faces smile ;

Swift through the island mazes the light canoe and skiff
Dart in their playful races, past lichen-crested cliff,
Waking the sleeping echoes with merry laugh and shout,
Or singing the evening song, as the evening stars shine out ;
Or, in the depths of its "lonely bay," in the Sabbath sunset
fair,

Still holier notes ascending, bear the voice of praise and
prayer.