

Mr. McKay and I remained for two days in St. John's, enjoying very great kindness and hospitality from friends there, whom we had never seen before, but who recognized us as professedly one in the Lord. We returned by Portland, grateful for all the protection which the Lord vouchsafed to us, for all the way by which he led us—and having learned, I trust, a stronger lesson of sympathy with, and regard for others engaged in the glorious work of our common Lord and Master.

Yours, very sincerely,

ALEXANDER TOPP.

TORONTO, September, 1868.

VERSES.

COMPOSED WHILE TRAVELLING THROUGH THE MAGNIFICENT VALLEY OF
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, MAINE, U. S.

As sweeping o'er the rails, with bird-like speed,
By crystal streams, and fields of living green,
'Mong tree-clad mountains, vast and multiplied,
Which rear their bald heads to the sky serene.
Far in the distance, Lord of the great band,
Towering supreme, Mount Washington I saw ;
And my soul rose within me, as the grand,
And solemn scene I gazed upon with awe.

And as I looked, with calm and holy joy,
On these great spokesmen of the Almighty's power.
I felt that nothing should his peace destroy,
Who rests on HIM, in dark, or sunny hour.
But as I gazed, with wonder ever new,
On these grand mountains ; onward 'mong the host
Of giant hills, one smaller met my view,
Which called up memories that had long been lost.

In size, and shape, the counterpart it seems
Of dear old Tinto, pride of Clydesdale hills :
And when the sun-light on its summit gleams,
The old familiar scene my bosom fills.
And what a crowd of memories rush to view,
Drawn by this mountain from their deep recess,
The home, and haunts of youth, and friendships true,
And friends long resting in the land of bliss.

O my loved country, still supremely dear !
Nought can efface thine image from my heart,
And though I've much to love and value here,
They ne'er can be to me what still thou art.
Grand are the rivers of this glorious land,
Fertile its plains, its forests, how sublime !
Turning the wealth which lies at its command,
But all things savor of a foreign clime.

Then, since I may not rest on Scotland's soil,
Let me resolve to lend what help I can,