

And though I sometimes sighed for my own land,
 I was content from hence no more to roam;
 But darksome clouds sometimes 'round Pilgrims rise,
 That Heaven's designs may each accomplished be;
 And now I quit these hospitable skies,
 For the loved land of my nativity.
 And as the steamer o'er the proud wave glides,
 And from my view each mountain top retires,
 I own a power supreme o'er all presides,
 And hope's bright beams my saddened breast inspires
 Well I remember, when in childhood's pride,
 With spirits buoyant as this wafting breeze,
 I first these lofty mountain tops descried;
 Pleased with the varied hues that decked the trees.

But childhood's hours and youthful days are fled,
 And time's dark shadows o'er my pathway steal;
 And while on me her sable robe is spread,
 She on my form her fading power reveals.
 Where'er kind providence may cast my lot,
 To me New Brunswick will be ever dear;
 And memory linger o'er some favorite spot,
 And shed affection's tributary tear,

Ah! dear the sod, beneath which lies concealed
 Kindred, and friends, by death's cold fetters bound,
 Near whom, I thought, when from life's burdens freed,
 To sleep in peace till the last trump should sound!
 And dear! oh, very dear the wave-washed strand!
 Where I the Saviour's precious name confessed;
 Yielded obedience to his high command,
 And of His promises became possessed.
 And dear the place where with a happy few,
 I oft assembled 'round his sacred board,
 Our prayers to offer, and our strength renew,
 And to each other mutual aid afford.

New Brunswick! from thy rock-environed shore,
 I now depart with sentiments most kind.
 My Heaven its richest blessings on thee pour,
 While I thee leave my earlier home behind.

We owe our readers, and correspondents an humble apology for so long neglecting them. Although our excursion through Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia was, as we had anticipated, a rapid one; too much so, indeed, to be of much benefit to the cause of the Lord; yet it occupied more time than we had expected. We arrived at home, however, in good health and much refreshed in spirit, on the 19th of November; but have not yet had time even to read all the letters that came to hand during our absence. Friends, brethren, and patrons, will please to be patient with us, and we will do what is in our power to make amends for the apparent neglect of the past. W. W. E.

To Brother Rouse and subscribers in Boston we say, The Christian has been sent regularly to the same address. We see no reason why the last *four* or *five* numbers have not come to hand. There is no doubt but they all arrived at the Boston post office. If any loss has occurred through our neglect, all shall be made right so soon as we are apprised of the fact. W. W. E.