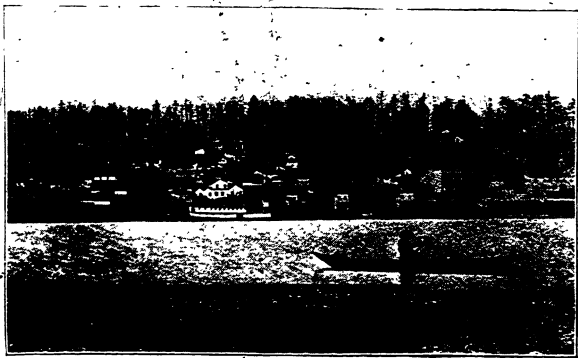


Tho' fortune may not smile
Upon his labour here,
There is a world abune
Where his prospect will be clear—
If he accept the offer
O' a stake beyond compare—
A happy hame for aye,
Wi' a "castle in the air."



NEW WESTMINSTER IN 1862.