

Each wasted branch imploring rears, —
Its glory is laid low.

Then Winter, o'er the mournful scene,
Makes haste his mantle white to spread :
Forgotten soon, for no more seen,
Safe slumber on the dead.

The dead? Ah, no ! They now but sleep,
Each embryo safely in its tomb ;
A Voice shall break that slumber deep.
Earth yet again shall bloom !

What says such process? So, our life,
Our sojourn in "this vale of tears,"
Shall find its solace — end of strife —
'Twixt dangers, hopes and fears,

When friendly Death — Why not a friend? —
That heals the wounds none else can cure,
Shall meet us at this journey's end,
And lay us down secure.

And on that great, yet awful, day,
So grandly, terribly, sublime
When Earth and Heaven shall pass away,
And be no more of Time,

Then ! then shall grief and sorrow cease ;
The aching heart no more feel pain,
The wearied spirit rest in peace,
Nor ever tire again.

DISCIPULUS.

Reminiscences of Seal River 100 Years Ago.

CONTINUED.

JOHN VAN IDERSTINE settled on a farm on the south side of Vernon River, about the year 1820—the writer is not certain of the date, but it was early in the century. Provisions running very low one winter he