

To gather his saints to their final home.
Let the dying Christian take comfort here,
This very dust to a Saviour is dear,
And not one atom shall ever be lost
Of the good old soldier, "who died at his post."

TO THE MEMORY OF UNCLE JOE LITTLE.

BY "PHILOS."*

In the village church-yard they have laid him to rest,
With friends whom he loved in his youth ;
Let his name be revered, let his memory be blest,
For his life was a tribute to truth.

He was genial and kind, tho' eccentric and witty,
True son of Old Erin was he ;
Now sparkling with mirth, and now melting with pity,
Now bursting with innocent glee.

From Warwick as centre, north, south, east and west,
On Toby he rode through the land ;
He preached to the sinners, God's people he blessed,
And strengthened by word, look and hand.

He had not a wife, yet the women received him
As a true friend, who never beguiled ;
He had not a child, yet the children revered him,
And looked in his kind face and smiled.

He had not a home, yet lived he contentedly,
By faith taking God by the hand ;
Tho' corn might be scant, he would say he had plenty,
And "fared on the fat of the land."

*Colin Campbell, Manitoba.