

At last the time came for me to say good-bye to all my friends and to my dear old mother, knowing that it was not very likely that I would ever see her again in this world. It was a sad parting. We could not speak for a little while; then at last she put her arms around me and said: "My dear child, good-bye, meet me in heaven next time we meet; my God will surely take you safely home again, good-bye."

All the way to the station the people were waiting to shake hands with me and wish me God speed on my way back to my Canadian home.

On my way down I called in to bid good-bye to my old Sunday School teacher, when he placed these lines in my hand with a "God bless you."

LINES WRITTEN ON

THE WRECK OF THE LABRADOR

AND DEDICATED TO MRS. J. W. SMITH, OF HAMILTON, BY A. T. DOWELL



From Halifax the steamer sailed,
Bound for proud Albion's shore,
Her captain and her crew were skilled,
Nay, few could be much more;
For several days she sped her way
O'er water smooth as glass.
Of lurking danger not a ray
Across our minds did pass.
Our hearts were light, our spirits bright,
For we were homeward bound,
And day and night the alternate light
Of sun and moon shone round;
But ah, proud steamer, never more
Thou'dst plough the mighty main,
The perils great that lie before