

For here our love, true love was lifted up,
Yet for thy spirit sake we love thee still,
We recognise our duty unto thee,
And lip to thee the secret of aspire.
A birth took we but not again of flesh,
For God proves unto us the spirit's sire.

There is no distinction in life like this.
Our soul's rank friend, as friend God loves
us all;
Sweet hearest thou our mother song the
church,
As by her hand our cradles here are rocked;
Peace be thy spirit, whilst ye wait for
strength;
Be patient through wisdom, thy tongue be
stayed,
Else go ye forth through gain to crown thy
lips;
Like Judas with a kiss, his Christ betrayed.

Our social hearts to-night extend to thee
A hearty welcome, true unfeigned, sincere;
One of respect tuned full of gratitude,
For labors done for which we hold esteem;
Rejoice, rejoice, for well ye may at heart
Profitable, to souls both yours and ours;
This league of life, where hearts live on
secure;
Neath this parental roof whilst darkness
lowers.

Come now enjoy with us to-night
These moments for the blest;
They hold for all a calm delight,
For such we make request.
Time is harvest, time is treasure,
Now reap a store from word and song;
Seek and such shall be thy measure
To make this soul in weakness, strong.

*The Walton Epworth League, dedicated for
the "At Home" to our congregation, March
22nd, 1898.*

*The following poem was composed on
the morning of March the 22nd, dedicated
to Monday evening, March 21st. Entitled
"Bidding Them Our Last Good-bye," or*

Parting for the Far Prairie.

Just as spring was bout to open
Out charming buds, in nature's green;
Through a kindly voice of welcome
Did I behold this parting dream,
When the night was past and over,
The time for all to homeward turn.
Speak farewell became our mission,
Their heart and hand its pangs to learn;
None beheld it light or airy,
Every soul did inward cry,

Parting for the far prairie,
Every breast did heave its sigh.

What a message time doth carry,
Me in this present future look,
In this kindly voice of welcome,
Here recorded within this book;
How strange it is in every phase,
Tis our best always seems to go,
And leave behind the greenest herbs
To taste every bitter woo,
Which heal the heart and bring at once
Melting tear drops to the eye;
Parting for the far prairie,
To them I bid my last good-bye.

Soon the cars shall stretch the distance,
T'wixt old Huron's well tempered dust;
Friends must part as life is precious,
Too precious yet to waste or rust;
But last night as friends we gathered,
Each formed to quest to hold esteem;
Through a kindly voice of welcome,
And thus beheld this parting dream;
None beheld it light or airy,
Every soul did inward cry;
Parting for the far prairie,
Every breast did heave its sigh.

Soon the bride must follow after,
To own her home out in the west;
Cruel to say its joys and laughter,
Shall n'er surpass old Huron's jest!
May this move lead on to fortune,
As sunshine follows after rains;
May that province, smooth and level,
Yield health and comfort to their veins;
True my wish is not of envy,
Riches possessed are never mine;
So I give as I receive them,
Withholding gifts is losing time.

Then farewell dear friends and neighbors,
Until we meet, yes meet again;
Though ye hold a smile of courage,
Yet deep within there's hidden pain;
Hidden sorrow, when at parting,
Sad sensation within the breast;
Thrilling, weeping, ever smarting,
When love is changed a mourning quest,
None beheld it light or airy,
Every soul doth inward cry;
Parting for the far prairie,
Every breast must heave its sigh.

Toothache.

*This is not only a truth, but an exper-
ienced fact, witnessed by the Author.*

Of all ills that flesh is heir to,
Deed toothache caps them all;
You'd think your jaw was shot clean through,