

August 14<sup>th</sup> 1852

When in future distant years  
Though shall look upon this page  
Through the coyaled vale of tears  
That rise our eyes in after age  
Think it was a Brothers' hand  
Though its smile no more thought see  
Pointing towards that better land  
Gave this sacred gift to thee

Lightly though esteem it now  
For thy heart is young and wild  
And upon this girlhood's brow  
Bright but sunny hope has smiled  
But when disappointments come  
And the world begins to steal  
All thy spirit's early bloom  
Then its value thou wilt feel

Not alone in hours of ease  
Search the scriptures but while gay  
Both life's blissful cup as flow  
Be it oft thy sweet employ  
To remembering in thy youth  
Him whose spirit lights each page  
Though shall have abundant proof  
He will not forget thine age

On Board Ship Pacific Oct 5<sup>th</sup> 1852

As I gaze on these fast fading shores  
Which memory oft will hold dear  
How swift come the pang of regret  
How soon falls the bright silent tear

Adieu, cherished scenes and sweet pleasure

I bid ye a long, long Adieu  
I go to the land of warm climate  
I go to a land strange and new

Lies, firm knit and of long duration  
So dear as ye are to my heart  
Cruel fate has doomed us to sever  
Be it so then resigned we must part

Though miles many miles lie between us  
Though years unnumbered roll by  
I grieve not in the least I'll forget thee  
Or banish thee once from mine eyes

Loved friends, of my youth and connection  
Bright home, of my joys and cares  
I leave you to seek a vagrant fortune  
In a world of treacherous snares

The scenes of my childhood's fond pleasure  
Endowed with a blissful hue  
And the roof that has sheltered my head  
To each must I utter Adieu

From the land of my hallowed birth place  
The winds come the sound of a knell  
And each accent distinctly and clear  
Seems to utter in saddest farewell

J. P. D.