

I believe the family history of this letter
after having been duly informed of the
beauties, the prospects and some of the
current news of Bay View, had arrived at
the place where she was to embark and
was about to make some agreement with
the writer.

Conclusion.

That you observe for both and describe it to me,
For from me you inherit this "traveling"^{emotion}
It's always been my desire to cross over the ocean
And when flying machines take you cross for
a dime,
I expect to indulge this great craving of mine.
I imagine I see you, and my heart's all a quiver
As you go proudly sailing down the St. Lawrence ^{river}
To the great ocean, where you're caught on the ^{crest}
Of the waves that come rolling from the ^{west}
And I fancy your being is thrilled, and in awe
You stand watching, and think of the wonderful ^{law}
Made by our Father, who never slumbers or ^{sleeps}
And is caring for those on the face of the ^{deep}
And you feel some like Noah with the ^{fall} ^{rod} ^{and}
You look for the dove - long for land to be found,
You think of the centuries that are gone, one by one
That has brought man these changes, to show what
^{can be done}
As time moves ever onward - such is the decree,
To discover new wonders, more blessings to be.
But I must pass on, time presses me close
I see the scene changing, as things change at
The ocean grows boisterous, high winds prevail,
Your limbs feel unsteady - your heart in
your quails,
over