

1871  
Apr 27  
P. J. [unclear]

To the Editor of the Daily Intelligencer.  
**Emigration of Boys.**

Sir,—Would you kindly insert the following notice in your paper:—

By advices received yesterday, 26th April, from Miss Macpherson, we learn that she purposes leaving Liverpool on the 2nd of May with 150 boys—ages between 6 and 16.

Farmers wishing for a boy should apply at once personally at Marchmont, or by letter, with reference, to

MISS BILBROUGH,  
Marchmont,  
Belleville.

Marchmont, April 27, 1871.

THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER  
1871 May 27

We sang "The Land without a storm," we sang  
of that fair climate  
Whose glories never fade away, beneath the  
touch of time;  
Hymns we had sung together amid the billows'  
roar,  
Hymns learned beneath our English skies, we  
sang them here once more,  
And then once more together our heads we  
bowed in prayer,  
As we thanked our Heavenly Father for His  
ever loving care;  
Then ere good night was spoken another voice  
was heard,  
And we listened in the darkness that we might  
not lose a word,  
For we knew 'twas Jemmy Chester, and hushed  
was every noise  
As thus he spoke right earnestly, a boy address-  
ing boys:

"Now boys, I'm just a boy like you, I came out  
here last year,  
And I think I know a thing or two that you  
would like to hear.  
You all intend to get on well, to be rich men  
some day,  
So listen now, and I will try to tell you all the  
way:  
Well now, you mind and be good boys, and don't  
get in disgrace,  
And to begin, do try and stop a year in your  
first place—  
Of course there will be troubles, I know that well  
enough;  
I know no place where you will find the smooth  
without the rough—  
And should the master prove unkind, why, bear  
it like a man,  
And try to please him every way, stay with him  
if you can,

But if you cannot stand it, don't leave or run  
away,  
But wait till Miss Macpherson comes, and see  
what she will say,  
Or write to Marchmont, for, you know, that  
always is a home;  
In sickness or in sorrow there you may freely  
come.  
Don't try and get a place yourself, but do as I  
have done;  
Miss Bilbrough helped me kindly, as she has  
many a one.  
My place was hard, my master I strove to please  
in vain,  
So back I came to Marchmont, and found a  
home again.  
And now—why, what a place I have, I'm happy  
as the day,  
I weary every minute that I am kept away.  
My mistress, now that I am here, I fear is at a  
loss;  
She scarce can do without me; why, boys, I'm  
nearly boss,  
And when folks ask me if I'm good, as sometimes  
is their way,  
I just say, Ask my mistress, and see what she  
will say;  
I follow out her orders, she tells me what to do,  
But I mean to work her farm for her, within a  
year or two,  
And then when I have paid my fare, like any  
honest boy  
(What a mean fellow I should be not to pay  
that with joy!)

For the Intelligencer.

**Evening at Marchmont.**

(TO OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS.)

[James Chester lives with Mrs. Clair, Thomas-  
burg, who allowed him to come down to March-  
mont to assist in preparations for the reception  
of the 150 boys lately arrived. His address to  
the boys was carefully taken down by a lady  
now at Marchmont, who prefaced and closed it  
for the benefit of the friends in England.]

'Twas evening in our western land, with you  
'twas deepest night;  
The sun was setting gloriously, tinging our bay  
with light;  
And when his parting beams were lost, in twi-  
light cool and dim,  
We gathered in our place of prayer, to sing our  
evening hymn.