

The Ramble continued.

12 We sat down there to rest a while,  
Our photo's several took,  
We shall I think have quite a pile,  
I wonder how they'll look.

13 A brother gave a helping hand,  
We think he managed well,  
"Let me" he said "help you to stand,"  
And as he spoke he fell.

14 This proved to be a harmless slip,  
But in the Race we run,  
God grant us each a firm sure grip,  
And Life through His Dear Son,

15 Now looking back with memory sweet,  
And forward with desire,  
We hope such rambles to repeat,  
Such scenery to admire.

Thoughts by Mary Bellamy.