

Fond memories how they crowd upon me,
Like spring's soft vernal showers,
And my heart in silent sorrow,
Sighs for childhood's happy hours.

Loved ones, best of earth and dearest,
Have long since slept within the tomb,
And I, a poor wanderer wearied,
Hope in heaven to meet them soon.

Yes, a voice within is whispering,
Of endless life without alloy,
Of fond re-union with the loved ones,
In our Father's home on high.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

In the old churchyard rest peacefully,
The sunbeams on a grassy mound,
'Neath which my dearest earthly friend,
A resting place hath found.

The drooping willow shades the spot,
There birds sing their first lay,
And there in soothing loveliness,
Flowers bloom and fade away.

There, there with anguish wild and deep,
We laid the lov'd one down to sleep,