

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

I watch its visitors bring flowers,
I know which flower each gave,
I see the glistening love-drops roll
And fall upon thy grave.

My father, looking back upon
My child and girlhood's days,
I see no sullen clouds break through
The light of home's bright rays.

Therefore with tender, grateful hands,
I bring my buds and blooms,
And lay them very gently down
Between two sacred tombs.

Toronto, 1894.

M. J. T.

