

* THE HOME *

For the CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST.

HOPE.

BY GRANDMA GOWAN, MOUNT ROYAL VALE, MONTREAL, P.Q.

*I hear the north wind sigh, and say,
Soon I'll bring frost and snow.
I bid farewell to my flowers to-day,
Sweet treasures! must you go.*

*I may not see you here again,
And ere my roses bloom,
Kind hearts, whose love shall never wane,
May plant thee near my tomb.*

*Flowers lovelier than mortal thing!
I'd sleep, if thou wert near;
And all around thy fragrance sling,
And drop a crystal tear—*

*What's loved in life; may it be given
(If humble the request)
To roam 'mongst flowers in the fields of heaven,
With garlands for the blest!*

*Garlands, to hang on the harps of gold
Of my loves ones lost, and found,
Now safe within the Shepherd's fold,
Where joy and peace abound.*

*Sweet sadness leads me to the throne.
My aching heart to still,
To make my mate petitions know:
And hear His kind "I will."*

*Oh happy hope! through endless years,
I'll sing again their lullaby,
For God will change my sighs and tears
Into a deathless melody!*

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