

DEDICATION.



This book is tenderly dedicated to the joint memory of my late beloved husband, James Thayers, and my dear departed father, George Shaw.

My husband, I can ne'er forget
Thy good and kindly ways,
How thou hast strove to smooth my path,
Through all our wedded days.

I'll love thee while this heart can love--
Till every cord is riven,
Then recommence and love thee through
The endless life of heaven.

Thy gentle kiss, thy tender look,
Have oft soothed sorrow's hour ;
Thy loving words have been to me
Like fragrance from a flower.

Thy constant kindness, James, has been
Like a clear, steady light--
Not now a flicker, then a blaze,
But ever calm and bright.

* * * * *

My father, when I visits pay
Yon grave in fair Mount P——,
I'm not unmindful of thine own
Away across the sea.