

The Boyne River carries its water
along beside the overhanging oaks ;
and that is all the tangible remains
we have of those we held so dear !

Of those dear "loved and lost"
ones, Mrs. Louisa Moulton says :

"The birds come back to their last year's
nest,

And the wild rose nods in the lane ;
And the gold in the East and the red
in the West,

The sun bestirs him again.

"Ah ! the birds come back to their last
year's nest,

And the wild rose laughs in the lane,
But I turn to the East and I turn to
the West—

She never comes back again."

And thus we travel on, never
to meet again till we overtake