

RUSTIC RHYMES.



MOTHER.

AMONG earth's fondly cherished words
Can there be any other,
With golden memories more suffused,
Than the name of Mother ?

The riper fruits of life's career
Develop from the seed,
Sown by her kindly, gentle hand,
In early years of need.

Around her circles moulding youth—
"The father of the man."
Fond recollections ever cling,
Since memory's trace began.

Ten thousand miles can ne'er dissolve
The early tender ties,
Which seem to strengthen as we dwell
Beneath the southern skies.