

# RUSTIC RHYMES.



## MOTHER.

**A**MONG 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.