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## REV. MOTHER TERESA DEASE

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Reverend Mother Teresa's Grave at Niagara Falls.

High o'er the fast flowing river,  
That leaps from its bed with a bound,  
Nigh where the wild rapids shiver  
There rises a green stately mound,  
Whose sides lofty shade trees adorn  
And willow and mountain ash wave  
Their branches from bright sunny morn  
To-night, o'er our dear Mother's grave.

Years have gone by since she left us,  
The waters look glad as before,  
And echo has not bereft us  
The rime of the Cataract's roar.  
The ruddy sun rises at morn,  
O'er rocks that the rude waters lave  
And bathes with a brightness newborn  
The sod o'er that sweet sainted grave.

Now gone are the rose tints of dawn,  
In haste to the west sweeps the sun,  
Black shadows flit o'er the green lawn,  
Since day-star's swift course had begun  
Why follow such fleeting glory  
O'er mountain, o'er valley, o'er wave,  
More bright is the light of life 's story,  
Shot back from the cross on that grave.