

Thy dear remains, abides there unimpair'd ;  
 Fresh as it from the sculptor's chisel came,  
 It bears the brief memorial of thy name,  
 The little rosetree little hands with care  
 Beside thee planted, is unwither'd there.  
 And not a footstep ever seems to pass  
 So near thy grave as to disturb the grass ;  
 But desolation everywhere appears,  
 Seen thro' the vistas in a mist of years.

Whilst wandering in this wilderness of woe,  
 Nor path, nor landmark to direct me—Lo !  
 I lift the volume of the past once more,  
 And turn the pages of remembrance o'er ;  
 Those pages hallowed with the lessons fraught  
 Thy lips and life so eminently taught.  
 To me they breathe authority divine,  
 That filial love, and length of days combine ;  
 Assur'd tho' clouds mysterious intervene,  
 (Even when bereavements blessings may have been.)  
 Another guardian,—an unerring guide  
 Thro' the unseen a passage will provide,  
 Until, without a stone to mark the spot  
 I may lie down like thee and be forgot ;  
 Few then to mourn,—perhaps not one to weep—  
 Or *wake* the sleeper in his tranquil sleep.

Have I escaped the avenues of hell  
 Where sin's high priest and human demons dwell ?  
 Have I been kept from temples where a crowd  
 Of satan's servants day and night are bow'd ;  
 Have I been spared the tortures manifold  
 That Mammon's worshippers must take with gold ?  
 And those more awful,—if more awful 's known  
 Among the votaries pleasure calls her own ;  
 Or is an unoffensive conscience mine,  
 Though sometimes wrong, yet never by design.  
 A name alas ! though not from failings free,  
 But few that would have claimed a blush from thee.  
 If in declining years I can rejoice  
 That " wisdom's ways " were early made my choice,  
 It is to thee, my Mother, that I owe,  
 All under providence I may be now.