

'NATIVE LAND ! in summer smiling,—  
Hill and valley, grove and stream ;  
Home ! whose nameless charms beguiling,  
Peaceful nursed our infant dream ;  
Haunts ! to which our childhood hasted,  
Where the earliest wild flowers grew ;  
Church ! where Christ's free grace was tasted,  
Graved on memory's page,—*Adieu !*

'MOTHER ! who hast watched our pillow  
In thy tender, sleepless love,  
Lo, we dare the crested billow ;  
Mother, put thy trust above.  
Father ! from thy guidance turning,  
O'er the deep our way we take ;  
Keep the prayerful incense burning  
On thine altar, for our sake.

'BROTHERS ! SISTERS ! more than ever  
Are our fond affections twined,  
As that hallowed bond we sever  
Which the hand of nature joined,  
But the cry of Burma's anguish  
Through our inmost hearts doth sound ;  
Countless souls in misery languish ;  
We would fly to heal their wound.

'BURMA ! we would soothe thy weeping ;  
Take us to thy sultry breast ;  
Where the sainted dust is sleeping  
Let us share a kindred rest,  
Friends, this span of life is fleeting ;  
Hark ! the harps of angels swell ;  
Think of that eternal meeting  
Where no voice shall say, *Farewell !*

MRS. SIGOURNEY.