

He knows how weak and frail we are ;
He knows what we can stand ;
We know he doth the very best,
Because he understands.

Oh ! Why should mourning thoughts
arise

While on this earth we stand ?
For by and by, we'll go to Thee,
And then we'll understand.

Childhood's Days.

My mind goes back to sunny hours ;
My soul doth wing its way ;
A child I am, 'neath a willow tree,
While children round me play.

And play we do with all our might,
As we build our houses three,
And laugh and romp and dance about
Beneath that willow tree.

But we look out and up the hill
And our hearts are filled with glee ;
For O, how lovely is the sight
From 'neath that willow tree.

For there upon that sloping hill,
As lovely as could be,
The Daffodils smiled back at us
Beneath that willow tree.

O Daffodils, you lovely flowers
Smile up to-day at me,
As when a child, I saw you first
From 'neath that willow tree

I knew not what to call you then,
For you were new to see ;
But the glory of your lovely flowers
Remains to-day with me.

And, as I gaze upon you now,
And all your beauty see,
I can but think of those that then
Were 'neath that willow tree.