

1907.

Thirty-seven years ago,  
I came to Rose Hill Farm ;  
The fields were rough, the fare was scant  
And I had much to learn.  
Twelve children played around our door,  
They brought full many a care ;  
But their merry thoughts, their calls  
for Mother,  
Made joys both rich and rare.  
The wealth that comes to other homes,  
'Twas not our lot to share ;  
But oft times sickness, care and pain,  
That at times was hard to bear.  
But he, who notes the sparrow's fall,  
Said, " Cast on Me thy care, "  
And, O ! the deep, the heart-felt joy,  
When sanctified by prayer.  
The years rolled on, the children grew,  
And scattered far and wide ;  
They came sometimes when winter  
snows  
Brought round the Christmas tide.  
But three did leave us and our hearts  
Beat low with heavy pain ;  
We knew that they would come no more ;  
We ne'er should meet again.  
Until we, too, are called to pass  
O'er Jordan's rolling stream,  
Then we shall meet our loved and lost,  
No chilling tide between.

