

TO MY SON EDWARD.

Edward, my loved and only son,
 Your fifteenth birthday now has come,
 Happy may your birthday be,
 Long life and sweet prosperity.

Dear Ed. your heart is young and warm,
 May you manly face the storm,
 For in this life you'll find its tough;
 As you've already proved its rough.

My dear boy, fresh courage take,
 Be manly for your mother's sake,
 Always to her be very kind,
 For your poor Father, he is blind.

Never mind boy, God's will be done,
 Into His Hands I will place my son,
 Trust Him lad, He thy Father will be,
 And God will always care for thee.

THE BLIND MAN'S DAUGHTER.

Ada, you are my little queen,
 Although your face I've never seen,
 For you have been my eyes to-day,
 To lead your Father on his way,

On the sidewalks about the town,
 You lead me on my daily round,
 Or when to a neighbours a visit I pay,
 You guide me that I may not stray.

O Ada, do you understand,
 That Jesus dwells at God's right hand,
 And if you always watch and pray,
 He will lead you on *your* way.

Ada, may you ever be
 Pure innocent, and free,
 And may your path forever shine,
 With deeds of kindness you've left behind.

Ada darling, though we are poor,
 I know we'll meet on the other shore.
 With our Heavenly Father we shall be,
 And then my little queen I'll see,