

We left our sweet home distant climates to range,
To meet there with nothing but infidel's strange,
Who know not our feelings, who know not our hearts ;
Such is often his fate who from parents departs.

We left all the pleasures of birthplace and home,
To wander about, for a living to roam,
Cast on the wide world—so unfriendly, so cold
Where honor and virtue mean riches and gold.

How bitter is life, full of sorrow and woe,
When children from father and mother must go !
When brothers must part from the sisterly smile,
To live with the stranger, the wretched and vile.

There once was a time, but it's now past and o'er,
When little we dreaded what fate was in store ;
When, innocent, happy and free from all care,
We feared not what afterwards time might prepare.

Alas for us now if our hearts will grow cold ;
Though faces or features we cannot behold,
In filial love to unite let us strive ;
Peradventure the time we can meet will arrive.

And then our rejoicing will more than repay
Our sorrow and grief while we live far away.
So then let us hope for that happiest hour,
When every such pleasure will be in our power.

A MOTHER TO HER ABSENT FAMILY AND
DEPARTED CHILD.

Oft in the still dark night I feel
For you that are abroad :
How you did part with gloomy heart
From your beloved abode,
Where you had spent in sweet content,
At troubles all unawed,
Your youthful days in virtue's ways,
Ere thorny paths you trod ;
But you were glad with what you had,
For joy came then from God.