

Nor day nor night. Each need supplied:  
And order there, whate'er betide.  
Each requisite of hers is sure,  
Physician or his balm to cure,  
Or Earth's nutritious stores that frame  
To nourish and sustain. The same  
Kind thought itself doth manifest,  
In soothing speech, and all the rest  
Of kindly deeds to comfort give  
Thy well-belov'd, while she doth live.

\* \* \* \* \*

And why should not thine heart o'erflow?  
Intrinsic love she did bestow.  
Fond parents knelt with both at prayer,  
And ask'd for Grace and Mercy there.  
She walk'd beside thee to the church,  
With thee the Psalms and Hymns did search;  
Together skipped in dale, on hill,  
At home, at school, and by the rill.  
A sister, yet a mother she,  
In counsel wise and ways to thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twain lives in sweet communion spent;  
By anger or by strife unrent.