

The Anaconda, May, 1869

The dear old home of my child-  
hood,

It makes me feel sad and alone.

I will thought 'twas so hard to  
part,

Till I bade my friends adieu  
At the quiet little station,  
And the new home was in view.

But the old home had its shadows,  
For death had been in at the  
door.

And taken a sister and brother,  
Who are waiting for me on  
the shore.

There's never a life but has  
partings  
From home or from those  
whom we love,  
And there'll be neither sorrow  
nor sighing  
In our Father's home above.

Oliver.

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Nature seems, this season  
to be trying to give to  
May the character of  
June. We seldom have  
had more summer like  
weather even in June than  
we have been favored  
with this May. Nature  
has put on her summer  
dress. Fruit-trees are in  
bloom and coolness  
meets the eye in every  
direction!