

KIRKLAWN GONE.

KIRKLAWN gone ! the home we had cherished ;
Surely it cannot be,—still it is so ;
Mother has scrawled it in pencil and mailed it :
There is her letter,—yes Mother, I'll go.

Gaily we planned for a family reunion ;
One summer more, and the wanderers return,
To the place that was home, but is cinders and ashes,
With blasted trees mourning they too did not burn.

Gone in a night are the treasures we valued ;
Nobly they toiled who were there to take part.
Thank all the neighbors for kindly assistance ;
Still home is gone ! we must make a new start.



An Indian band, so says their traditions,
Once fled for their lives from a furnace of flame,
Till, fording a stream, they cried "*A-la-ba-ma*,"
And dwelt in the country now known by that name.

Now *A-la-ba-ma*,—we rest by the river,
While close by the bluff at the Bay-side we dwell.
As friends their mere trappings, so homes excel houses,
And he who rules all things, works wisely and well.

