

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

Yon bit of sacred ground, tended by me,
The hours that pass without thy company,
 All whisper of my loss.
Amidst it all thy blessed Home seems near,
For by unfailing sight I see most clear,
 A pathway cut across.

Our joys on earth outnumbered sorrows far,
Ray after ray came forth from love's clear star,
 And when death strove to sever,
His dark and mockful frown this light withstood,
And through the thick black pall of widowhood,
 'Twill gleam and glisten ever.

