

MY MOTHER.

Oh! who is this that walks around,
 Her staff set firmly on the ground
 Yes, bowed and frail, but hale and sound?
 That Lady is my Mother.
 You scan that aged wrinkled face,
 And mark of beauty still a trace,
 And much of goodness and of Grace,
 If you see little other.

A form once tall inclined to bow,
 A strong, fine face and noble brow,
 O'er which is hid a crown of snow,
 For she's a Prince's daughter.
 Her eyes e'er kindly in their glance,
 Look at you keenly, ne'er askance,
 Her lips, though abrunken, truth advance,
 And neither fear nor flatter.

Aye, she is old, near ninety one,
 One third beyond the common span,
 Look back that vista if you can,—
 How much for hearts to ponder!
 Ah dear! how many smiles and tears,
 What prayers, and toils, and anxious fears,
 Crowd into all those ninety years,
 We well may ask, and wonder.

How many storms have swept her sky,
 What scenes and changes flitted by,
 How many born to live, and die,
 And pass away before her?
 Aye, speak to her of long ago—
 How lights her eye, her features glow,
 And smiles and tears alternate show,
 As memories sweep o'er her.

Aye, speak too of that better land,
 That now she holds so near at hand,—
 How bright her hopes, how firm her stand!
 In Christ her Trust and Glory.
 Beloved One, dear to many a heart,
 Well hast thou done a Mother's part,
 And taught us all with faithful art
 The Old but Saving Story.

Thou wife and widow, didst thy best,
 In old age therefore, gently rest;
 Six children live and call thee blest,
 And two are gone to heaven.
 O Mother dear, we love thee nigh;
 And when we meet beyond the sky,
 With all thy dear ones there on high,
 Well mayst thou say, Lord, here am I
 With all Thou hast me given.