

Many a flower in bud of life,  
 In a moment, wastes away;  
 And many a flower that blooms to day,  
 Tomorrow will decay.

Trials perhaps he would have had  
 Now no more will be;  
 He's now at rest, for God knows  
 He all things can foresee.

### Canmore Cemetery.

Upon a wild and lonely plain  
 The village grave-yard stands,  
 Surrounded by mountainous heights,  
 Thick wood, and bushy lands.

Mountain pines, all charred with fire,  
 Lie scattered all around;  
 Fine epitaphs, grand monuments—  
 Are no where to be found.

Not a flower, blooms on the soil,  
 For nothing there will grow;  
 In winter time, when days are wild,  
 All's mantled o'er with snow.

Around those tombs, the piercing winds  
 Ne'er cease their mournful tone;  
 Still memory and hearts are warm,  
 For loved ones that are gone.