

brook and full of cheer, was the song of the red-breasted robin. "And memory lingers in heart and brain, making me often a child again."

"There was never a harsh or 'mournful' note
That came afresh from that warbler's throat;
He taught me a lesson of 'hope' and 'cheer'
That carried me on from year to year,
To 'sing' in the shadow, as well as the sun,
Doing my part 'till my work is done."

Yes; the flowers, the musical notes of the happy birds comforted me in my sorrow. How often have I sung the old song that will never, never lose its pathos—"There's No Place Like Home"—little dreaming that I would ever be without one. Oh! what a relief to my overburdened heart "now" to sit at my old "Chickering" piano and sing the touching lines over and over again. Could I but dwell at my dear old home and look out of the window and view the holy spot which contains the ashes of those I loved and respected—my dear old grandfather, my own father and mother, brother, sister and three of my children—those of the little flock I fancied loved me most and who are now chanting sweet music in heaven!!!

"I call them *dead*, but well I know
They dwell where living waters flow."

Sad, truly sad, is the reflection that the "old family graveyard" is all that I can now call mine own, where I have planted lilac, mock orange, narcissus, monthly damask roses and other favorite flowers of my dear grandfather, and have tended them for *his* sake. There let me sleep with the dear ones, where once "my careless childhood strayed." Yes; in this quiet, shady spot let me rest, where I have kept out weeds and briars and enjoyed the blooming of the sweet-scented shrubbery so long.

"Then when life's journey is ended,
And earth again mingles with earth,
Lamented or not, still my wish is
To rest in the *land of my birth*."

"Bloomfield" is yet the dearest spot on earth to me, where the birds sing more joyously than anywhere else, the old-time flowers grow in luxuriance, beauty and retirement, and the healthful breezes blow through every casement, bringing along