

In memory of A. G. Parke

Woman endowed with fertile brain
 A steadfast will and sterling worth,
 Yet bound by circumstances' chain
 Still girds her boy and sends him forth.

Go, do and be and hope and dare,
 This, mother's charge to thee, her son,-
 "Trust in the omnipotent care
 And do the work I fain had done."

Sacred the trust, nor fear, nor hate,
 He craves not power, nor praise, nor rest,
 With eye fixed on the ultimate
 Heir but to "tendencies suppressed".

T'is finished. Active hands at rest.
 Deaths signet seal steals o'er his brow.
 She folds him back upon her breast.
 He "Mourneth" for his mother" now.

Let those who search for purest springs
 Who seek the gold, not base alloy
 But look beneath lifes outer fringe
 Find there the mother's tender boy.

L. F. Tarbell.

Mich. 21st, 1915.
 Dayton, N. Y.