

It seemed we scarcely knew her
In her many years on earth,
Nor realized 'til she had gone,
Her wondrous woman's worth.
Too much she gave, too freely toiled
For others, all the while;
Too much we blindly let her give-
Forgetting thanks or smile.
Now, looking back across the years,
Our hearts are wrung with pain,
Remembering the price she paid,
That we - her own - might gain;
She placed no price upon her deeds-
Love prompted every one;
We simply knew she filled our needs,
Until her work was done.



Mother

Those toil-worn hands had never meant
So much to us, until,
Upon her quiet breast they lay,
So white, so cold and still;
What service they had done for us
We never paused to say,
Until we missed their ministry-
When she had gone away.
The thin gray hair upon her brow
Was like a halo light,
But we had never known it-
Till she went away that night;
We longed to tell our love, at last,
And how we held her dear,
But, oh, that hour had glided past-
Our words she could not hear!
Heart-breaking tears! At last we saw,
With vision clear and bright,
The beauties of that noble soul
Who went away that night;
With aching hearts we knew, too late,
There never was another
So fine and true the whole way thru
As she whom we called - MOTHER.

Reyth Parmley Scott

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