

To Mary  
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To day, as I muse o'er the years that have fled,  
Since I found me a home in this wilderness land;  
I think of companions, either living or dead,  
Held in memory by ties like a silvery band.

I think of the lights and the shadows of life,  
Of the griefs and the joys that have chequered my way;  
Till there came to my side a dear helpful wife,  
To scatter the night with the brightness of day.

Thus far we have journeyed thro' sunshine and storm,  
And realized fully a parents true joy,  
In the prattle and play of a sweet, tiny form,  
The love and delights of a dear baby boy.

To day we are severed by miles upon miles,  
Of dark gloomy forests, tall mountains, and plains;  
But memory still clings to the language and smiles  
And accents of love sung in musical strains.

But hope bids us cling to a promise oft given;  
That a Heavenly Father, will care for His own;  
And faith leads our hearts still upward to heaven,  
When all earthly comforts, have seemingly flown.

Then darling let's trust that a kind loving hand,  
Will lead thro' this gloom, to a much brighter day;  
When united again, a dear little band,  
Will journey together forever and aye.

Warm Springs Agency O  
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C. H. Walker