

## **\*The Funeral.**

A friendly group had gather'd there,  
Their last respects to pay.  
The thoughtless youth, young maidens fair,  
And locks with age grown gray;  
The sadness on each face was deep,  
A tear was in each eye;  
I looked to see the mother weep,  
But found her cheeks were dry.  
In death there lay a lovely boy —  
But yesterday the pride  
Of his mother's hope and joy,  
Had like a flower died.  
I gazed upon the solemn scene,  
And heard each heartfelt sigh,  
Though tears on ev'ry cheek were seen,  
The mother's still were dry.  
A hymn was sang, a speech was made,  
To soothe each mourner's woe.  
A short and fervent prayer was said,  
But still the tear drops flow.  
Ye who have wept o'er loved ones dead,  
Ask not the reason why,  
That mother had no tear to shed,  
Her fount of tears was dry.

A. M. BLANCHARD.

\*This poem was written on the death of Mr. Nephi Hall, and dedicated to his mother.