

HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

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The Family Meeting.

We are all here!
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother.

All who hold each other dear.

Each chair is filled, we all sit at home.

To night let no friend or stranger come;

It is not often thus around.

Shared familiar health we're found,

Bliss then the meeting and the part.

For every care forgot,

Let gentle words assert her power,

And kind affection rule the hour;

We're all—all here.

We're not all here,

Some are away—the dead—those dear!

Who bring with them innocent heart,

And give me hour to grieve—mornin'

Fare, with a stern, relentless mind,

Loved and honored our little band;

Some like the night—flash passed away;

And some work, lingering, day by day;

The quiet grave—some lie there,

And others—Distant lies there—

Death has no where—

We're not all here.

We are all here!

Even they—the dead—though dead so soon,

Fond memory, in her duty true,

Brings back their faded forms to view,

How life has through the mist of years,

Each well remembered face appears,

We see them as in former long past;

From each such kind look are cast,

We hear their words, their smiles, their looks,

They're round us in thy wreath of gold—

We're all—all here.

We are all here!

Father, Mother,

Sister, Brother.

You that I love—so dear—

That may not long as it be so,

Some must, my love, join the gathering here,

And by the heart we now are bound,

Some other world will become,

From hence to meet in many a year,

That friends a list of peace b. low,

In the world to follow us,

May each repeat, in words of love,

We're all—all here.

We are all here!

Oh, Weep Not,

at the banqueting.

And weep not that the friends ye leave,

Most change and pass away;

And weep not that your heart's check,

Can roses and decay.

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Most change and pass away;

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