

Poetry.

Write Soon.

— by J. C. COOK.

Our parting from the barbers we have
With shadow on the right side the
A happy time at parting before
A day's suspense and careless repose.
A sad farewell is warmly due,
But something dearer far behind
To well-chosen words are secured,
And link us closer closely bound.

The pressing hand, the steadfast touch,
And both less earnest than the "I am,"
Whose fervently the last fond sigh,
Begs in the hope "I will write again."
We're soon to leave our quiet rest,
It's needful to consent to all,
We heard it first in early years,
When mothers were the leaving home
And still more the return again."

That's done, and now and then
We're with the same old change,
Till in the same old place we find
We pass the years in war,
In which we're always at home.

We're with the same old change,

And still more the return again."

Forget Not the Aged.

— by J. C. COOK.

Forget not the aged,
They are not unkind,
They are not unkind.

Forget not the aged,

They are not unkind,

They are not unkind,