

IN MEMORY OF  
**MOSES A. AND HANNAH CORDREY.**

TO BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

O, do you remember the time  
When our parents were in their prime?  
How they toiled on the old homestead,  
That we, their children, might have bread?

The great desire that filled their mind  
Was not for food of earthly kind:  
For bread that satisfies the soul  
Of all, inscribed on Heaven's roll.

Often they prayed, in solemn tones,  
For such bread in their children's homes,  
That their table in grace might shine  
With rich beams of Heaven divine.

Do our souls hunger for this food?  
Or seek we for some other good,  
If for the trifling things of earth  
They'll prove to us of little worth?

To my parents my mind does turn,  
And for them still my heart doth yearn.  
O, the anguish that filled my heart  
When with them I was called to part!

But why for them are we weeping?  
They in Christ are only sleeping:  
Did they not, on their dying bed,  
On Jesus' bosom rest their head?

The record of their life below  
Is proof enough that we may know  
That they did gain the other shore,  
With Christ to live, forever more.

By faith I see, just over there,  
Two forms, with robes so white and fair!  
Surely it can be no other  
Than father, embracing mother!

It seems they are looking this way,  
Ever anxious to hear us pray!  
Father calls—mother waves her hand—  
"Come, children, to this goodly land!"

In golden letters o'er their head,  
I read the promise that we made  
Before their eyes were closed in sleep,  
That in heaven we all would meet.

FRANCIS CORDREY.