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# A Poem -

My Mother's Bible

By Miss Emma Ed-Edholm

This book is all that's left me now  
 Tears will unbidden start  
 With full, ruing, life and throbbing, glow  
 I press it to my heart  
 For many generations past  
 Here is our family tree  
 My mother's hands this Bible clasp.  
 She dying gave me.

Oh well do I remember those

whose names these records bear

Who round the hearth-stone used to close

After the evening prayer

~~And~~ ~~spoke~~ of what these pages said.

In tones my heart would thrill

Though they are with the silent dead

Here are they living still