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Verses by Edward Perkins Selden

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EDWARD PERKINS SELDEN

VERSES

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This little volume of

" Verses "

is lovingly Dedicated to

My Mother.

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My Mother.

N her heart and mind there is

The constant thought of duty, Renewed, transformed, by Grace. The sunshine of His beauty Reflected in her face.

His work, her life-long mission, His will, her will entire; His praise, her great ambition, His love, her heart's desire.

The melodies of heaven, Re-echoed in her songs Of praises to Him given, To whom all praise belongs.

Her own supremest pleasure, Her one intense delight; Her longing, without measure, Her prayer by day and night;

The thought of His returning, To crown her work begun; And from His own lips learning, The welcome words, "Well done."

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