

Obit. - Griffin, Daniel - Mrs.  
Mar. 22, 1906

in Remembrance of Our

Mother, Mrs. Daniel Griffin.

How oft have we sat in the twilight  
When the sun had left its rays,  
And listened as she told the stories  
Of those bygone early days.

How they lived on the bank of Fox river  
In the year of thirty-six,  
And after settled in Jonesville  
And caused its name to be fixed.

How they lived in a log cabin  
With an opening to let in the light,  
A blanket served for a door  
To keep out the chill of the night.

When the red man roamed the forest  
And the wolf howled near the door,  
How they felt the touch of hunger,  
But hardships with courage they bore.

How the neighbors were few and kind  
hearted  
And had always an open door,  
Whenever assistance was needed  
A brother could hardly do more.

How the forest gave way to the clearing  
Which broadened year by year,  
And the red man moved his wigwam  
As the forest would disappear.

How villages sprung up like buds  
And blossomed with church, school and  
store

And great cities sprung up in the swamps,  
Where once the wild birds used to soar

We oft heard the name of Stockman,  
Elmore, Barlow and Ball,  
Mingled with the names of others  
Who have gone at the Master's call.

How great and many are the changes  
Since first the Fox river she crossed,  
How hard and many the trials  
While over life's sea we are tossed.

She will meet us no more in the twilight  
And join in story and hymn,  
For Jesus has called her Home  
To be forever with Him.

Yes, she crossed the silent river  
Leaning on the Saviour's breast,  
We can only think of her now  
As having gone Home to rest.

Yes, we will think of her in a mansion  
In that City whose streets are as gold,  
Of all its beauty and grandeur  
The half has never been told.

When we gather in the family circle  
There will be a vacant chair,  
May it ever be a reminder  
To prepare to meet her there.

There is one more mound in the graveyard  
To be sprinkled with dew and rain,  
And we will listen oft for her words of love  
But only listen in vain.

Through life she courted right living  
With the Word of God for her guide,  
And to minister unto others  
Was ever her joy and pride.

She lived a life unspotted  
Though often racked with pain,  
Though the paths of life not all smooth  
Was not the one to complain.

With her trust in the crucified Saviour  
Ever willing to bow at His feet,  
With a brave christian departure  
Life's journey was made complete.

It is hard to break those family ties,  
It fills our heart with pain,  
We leave this simple tribute,  
The hath not lived in vain.

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