

Else we would think she just "to sleep" had gone ;
 And, O, our breast
 Is full of envy, as we look upon
 Such perfect *rest* !

O calm, closed eyes, you never more need wake
 To tears and pain ;
 And you, O silent heart, with care shall break
 Never again.

Those waxen fingers clasp the Blessed Sign
 Of hope—God-given,
 The precious key that, thanks to Love Divine,
 Hath opened Heaven !

While, over all, that Faithful Mother stands,
 Pure, sweet, and mild,
 With yearning tenderness and outstretched hands,
 To guard her child !

Sleep, "Child of Mary," at our Mother's feet
 Her prayers will keep
All evil from her own !—So, calm and sweet,
 Sleep, Sister, sleep.

Rage on, O stormy wind and sobbing rain,
 Your fiercest sound
 Shall never waken to earth's care again
 That sleep profound.

Sept. 25, '82.