

THE MORNING GLORY.

(In memoriam Bertha L. Simonson.)

Into a Garden, soft, a Shadow stole
And looked upon a flower,—the loveliest there.
It was a Morning Glory, bright and fair,
Uplifting to the sun its yearning soul,
Seeking more light and life while yet 'twas day;
Drinking such beauty from the earth and sky,
The Rose and Lily made a bower close by,
And sang that night and death were passed away.

The Shadow nearer crept, then sweetly smiled,
And lo! the spirit of that flower was free,
And all the air was hush'd, as if beguiled
By some most subtle, dreamlike mystery.
—Perchance it was an Angel in disguise!
For now the flower doth bloom in Paradise.