

BALM : A SONNET.

WELL me, Cleo, is my life for naught
But to live my little span of years,
Smiling with like joy, or shedding tears
When you joy or weep?—The battle fought,
And we are gone, what then?—Shall we find aught,
Shall we then balm discover for the fears,
The griefs and bleeding hearts?—Or must our biers
End everything in sleep?—Is't this we've sought?
When all's been said, and joy 'gainst grief's been
measured,
There is not much in life to wish it longer :
The joy—'tis soon forgot : the sorrows cling!
And yet, and yet the faith the while we've treasured
Is the best balm, best recompense ; and stronger
At the end, we hear His summons ring.

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