

POETRY BY EUPHEMIA RUSSELL.

A DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

I AM dying, mother, dying,
Upon this far off shore,
Soon the sands of time shall vanish,
And the race of life be o'er.

Soon this sleeping form shall slumber
On death's cold and tranquil breast,
Soon shall this weary spirit enter,
Upon its eternal rest.

Mother, can'st thou with my Saviour,
Say, "I freely thee forgive,"
All the wanderings, sins and errors,
That have often made thee grieve.

O, I long to clasp thee, mother,
In a fond and long embrace,
And to hear thee bid the wanderer,
Welcome to thy heart and place.

But the feet of time move swiftly,
On earth I may not gaze on thee,