

I do not fear to die, mother,
To lie beneath the sod;
My body only there will sleep—
My soul will be with God.
Yet I would have thee plant some flowers,
To yield a sweet perfume,
Upon the gentle breeze that blows
About my lonely tomb.

And when above that quiet spot
Bright stars their vigil keep,
You'll come and kneel upon the mound,
But, mother, do not weep.
My spirit will be near thee, then,
And God will hear thy prayer;
He'll guide you to the pearly gate,
And I will meet you there.

Oh, mother! I'm so weary now,
Surely I'm going home—
Yes! yes! I see bright angel ones!
They softly whisper—come!
But we will not be parted long:
Sweet mother, do not cry;
The angels say they'll bring you soon
To God's dear home—good-bye.

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS.

Not gazing idly toward the far blue sky,
With idle wish to see an angel pass,
But mindful of the soft winds drifting by;
The wealth of green, the sunlight on the grass,
I stoop to pick the flowers around my feet,
Thinking God loved them when he made them sweet.

Thinking that He would have me love them, too—
The daisies, and the clover red and white,
The sky, wild roses, sparkling yet with dew,
The blue-eyed grass uplifted to the light—
And thanking Him that with such beauty here,
He gave the seeing eye, the hearing ear.

Not longing for the tranquil evening hour,
When busy plans must all be laid aside,
When active hands and brain must lose their power,
And with their half-done work rest satisfied;
But, drinking in the blessed morning air,
I watch the climbing sun, with eager prayer.