

In the land of gold and jasper and pearly gates
that be."

His voice was very weary, and hurried grew his
breath ;

A little feeble struggling, and the mother knew
'twas death.

"God give me strength to bear it," she said in
faltering tone,

"My love has gone before me, and now I'm left
alone ;

A year ago my husband went to that Better Land,
And now my child has followed I fain would clasp
his hand."

NIGHT.

A peaceful stillness reigneth, and the stars
Shed their soft light

Over the tired world. No sound now mars
The calm of night.