

PER AMICA SILENTIA LUNÆ.

A Reverie and a Question.

In the shadowy vale of By-gone Days
I wander to-night alone,
With the dear, brave Hearts of the Long Ago,
Who have passed to the great Unknown.

I see each face, I hear each voice,
I clasp each gladsome hand,
And I own the grace of the dear, brave Hearts,
Who now wait in the Silent Land.

They save my days when at last I faint—
The dear, brave Hearts of Old:
They bring sweet calm in the storm and stress,
As the wearying years unfold.

They rest from toil, and are at peace,—
As I wander with them alone—
Ah, God! shall my fitful life have its end,
When I pass to the great Unknown?