

XLVIII.

So came the parting. In what better home  
Could come the severance and sorrowing,  
Than here where He, who took from death its sting,  
And filled with light the darkness of the tomb,  
Had dwelt, had lived in human infancy?  
And Lois watched the sun's declining ray—  
Shine on the wall, and pass in gloom away,  
And said "My time is come: behold, I die;  
"Yet would I speak with thee, while yet I may."

XLIX.

"Father and friend! I thank thee for the love  
"Wherewith thou hast transfigured all my being,  
"Lifting my heart to heavenly things, and freeing  
"My soul to commune with the world above.  
"Yet are there doubts that press upon my mind,  
"Misgivings of a fear that haunts me still,  
"And lies upon me as a winter-chill;  
"I turn to thee, oh father, and would find  
"Comfort and guidance in this seeming ill."

L.

"Tell me,—when death is past, and heaven's door  
"Is opened wide, to let the blessed in,  
"—If I, too, am allowed a place to win  
"Among the happy ones who die no more,—  
"How shall I fare when round me then I see  
"The multitudes of saints, the great, the strong,  
"How shall I dare with them to pass along?  
"I am so young, so small;—I fear to be  
"Lost and unnoticed in that mighty throng."