

But oh! how gladly would my toil be borne,
If I that smile on thy dear face could keep!"

"And what is this light that fills mine eyes,
So soft, so radiant, so fair;
That seems from no place to arise,
Yet falleth softly everywhere?"

"'Tis only the light in the East, my child, of the morn-
ing,
The light we both have seen so oft before—
Alas, alas, another day's bright dawning,
I fear together we shall see no more!"

"Hush, mother! The voices are dying now,
And a sweet, sweet peace doth o'er me creep,
And I feel a soft breath on my brow;
Hush, for I fain would fall asleep."

Alas! no need those trembling lips to hush,
No need to beg that sobbing voice be still;
The grief that, falling, all but life doth crush,
On both had set its silent, silent seal.

Full well she knew he felt the eternal morn;
That from his sleep he would no waking know;
The last loved heart that loved her now was gone;
That she from thence alone through life must go.

Oh saddest thought! No more that attic room,
Which scarce the sun for one brief hour could fill,
For her with those bright flowers of joy would bloom,
Which spring from a child's caress and loving
smile.