

Most gracious when she seemed the most to frown!  
The room I well remember, and the bed  
On which she lay, and all the faces too,  
That crowded dark and mournfully around.  
Her father there and mother, bending, stood;  
And down their aged cheeks fell many drops  
Of bitterness. Her husband, too, was there,  
And brothers, and they wept; her sisters, too,  
Did weep and sorrow, comfortless; and I,  
Too, wept, though not to weeping given; and all  
Within the house was dolorous and sad.  
This I remember well; but better still,  
I do remember, and will ne'er forget,  
The dying eye! That eye alone was bright,  
And brighter grew, as nearer death approached;  
As I have seen the gentle little flower  
Look fairest in the silver beam which fell,  
Reflected from the thunder cloud that soon  
Came down, and o'er the desert scattered far  
And wide its loveliness. She made a sign  
To bring her babe—'twas brought, and by her placed.  
She looked upon its face, that neither smiled  
Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon't; and laid  
Her hand upon its little breast, and sought  
For it, with look that seemed to penetrate  
The heavens, unutterable blessings, such  
As God to dying parents only granted,  
For infants left behind them in the world.  
"God keep my child!" we heard her say, and heard  
No more. The Angel of the Covenant  
Was come, and faithful to his promise, stood,  
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.  
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,  
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused  
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.  
They set as sets the morning star, which goes  
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides  
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,  
But melts away into the light of heaven.

Loves, friendships, hopes, and dear remembrances,  
The kind embracings of the heart, and hours  
Of happy thought, and smiles coming to tears,  
And glories of the heaven and starry cope  
Above, and glories of the earth beneath,—  
These were the rays that wandered through the gloom  
Of mortal life; wells of the wilderness,  
Redeeming features in the face of Time,  
Sweet drops, that made the mixed cup of Earth,  
A palatable draught—too bitter else.