

DE MORTUIS.

(I)

THE DARK HOUR.

The heavenly Voice that night I did not hear,
When, as I watched, His Messenger drew near,
And spake: 'Who gave, retaketh now His own:

Weep not nor fear!

I turned to clasp again my dearest bliss,
Nor heard Death's speech of Faith,—but now I wis
On Earth alone I touched my loved one's lips
With my last kiss.

(II)

THE NEW DAY.

Within God's holy Eden beheld I there
Blown-roses crushed and lovely lilies rare.
'These roses, Lord, what are they?' I inquired.
'The souls of those,' He answered, 'who aspired
'To heights that Martyrs prize.' 'And these,' I cried,
'These lilies, what are they?' 'Young lives that died
'In innocence,' He said,—'My lilies rare!
'Lo, here thine own beloved's soul blooms fair!