

The while I slowly struggled back to strength,
Which have revealed the wisdom of Thy ways,
And brought me on to broader paths at length.
I thank Thee, Father, for the pain that hath
Opened for me some long un-noticed door,
Nor would I wish to tread more flowery path,
Than He, my Leader, trod for me before.

LIFE'S NEGLECT.

You need not lay upon my grave
The flowers you gave not here.
You need not speak the kindly words,
That once my heart would cheer.
You failed to aid me on the road
Of life, in trials great;
You did not try to give a word
Of help—'tis now too late,
So, then, lay not upon my bier,
The flowers life needed so,
Nor think of me, the kindly thoughts
Denied me, here below;
For if, upon my lonely grave,
You find sweet flowers to lie,
Why could you not have given me them,
Before I had to die?
And those kind words you now may speak,
Above the mould'ring clay,
Should have lit up life's weary path,
E'er I had passed away.
So bring not to my lonely grave,
Sweet flowers to fade thereon,
Nor speak kind words I heard not here,
When I am dead and gone.
When on my grave, your flowers you place,
I'll be through Heaven's gate;
And should you, then, speak kindly words,
They're spoken much too late.