

POETRY

BY

EUPHEMIA BELLMORE.

A DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

I am dying, mother dying,
Upon this far off shore,
Soon the sands of time shall vanish
And the race of life be o'er.

Soon this sinking form shall slumber
On death's cold and tranquil breast,
Soon shall this weary spirit enter,
Upon its eternal rest.

Mother, can'st thou with my Saviour,
Say "I freely thee forgive,"
All the wanderings, sins and errors,
That have often made thee grieve.