

Lines

written on the death of the late Alice Hubley.



When first we press'd her to our hearts,
A dark-ey'd, black-hair'd baby then,
We thank'd the Giver of All Good
For all His goodness unto men.

Her childish prattle, how we lov'd
To hear it at the eventide,
When father from his daily toil
Came home to rest his hearth beside.

And when at length a woman grown,
Her long dark lashes veiling eyes
That only looks of love e'er knew
Till anguish took them by surprise,—

We lov'd her better year by year,
New links the chain of love enwove ;
But when Disease had smitten her,
We only learn'd what 'twas to love.

We watch'd earth's tenebrent decay,
The rounded outlines, peak'd by care,
Which lend this evanescent clay
The element by Earth call'd "fair."

But to our eyes more beautiful
She grew at Pain's dark, dreadful shrine,
We saw her spirit piercing through
Earth's shadow, bright and brighter shine.

And when at length she calmly said,
"To-morrow, mamma, I shall die,"

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