

SORROW.

THE room bespoke its inmates poor,
And poor and sad were they,
A little orphaned band had wept
The long, dark night away.

Around a mother's silent form
Were four children fair,
And, oh, it was a touching sight
To see those mourners there.

A little, pale-faced, gentle girl
Was kneeling by the bed,
Her only flower she fondly placed
On the unconscious dead.

Then gently took the icy hand
And kissed the fingers cold,
Laid her young cheek against the dead,
And bitter tear-drops rolled—

Rolled down upon the sunken cheek,
And on what was her shroud,
Folding her arms around her dead
She sobbed her grief aloud.

A boy, the eldest of the group,
Had buried his young brow
Within his folded hands, and not
A moan his grief could show.