

Faithful was he aye, I ween,
 Pitiful, and kind, and wise ;
 But in mindful moods I've seen
 Flame enough in those sunk eyes :—
 Praised be Christ, whose timely Hand
 Plucked from out the fire this brand !

Now in dreams ho's many miles
 Hence, he's back in Ireland.
 Ah, how tenderly he smiles,
 Stretching a caressing hand !
 Backward now his memory glides
 To old happy Christmas-tides.

Now once more a loving wifo
 Holds him, now he sees his boys,
 Smiles at all their playful strife,
 All their childish mirth and noise ;—
 Softly now she strokes his hair—
 Ah, their world is very fair !

—Waking, all your loss shall be
 Unforgotten evermore.
 Sleep alone holds these for thee ;
 Sleep then, Brother. To restore
 All your heaven that has died
 Heaven and Hell may be too wide.

Sleep, and dream, and ~~be~~ awhile
 Happy, ~~and rest, once again~~
 Soon you'll wako, and cease to smile,
 And your heart will sink with pain ;
 You will hear the merry town,
 And a weight will press you down.

Hungry-hearted, you will see
 Only the thin shadows fall
 From yon bleak-topped poplar-tree—
 Icy fingers on the wall ;
 You will watch them come and go,
 Telling o'er your count of woo.

—Nay, now, hear me ! how I prate !
 I, a foolish monk and old,
 Maundering o'er a life and fate
 To me unknown, by you untold :
 Yet I know your like to weep
 Soon, so, Brother, this night sleep.

Fredericton, Dec. 17th, 1881.