



Remember the Dead!

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

WHEN the sere leaf falls,
 When the sad wind calls,
 And the gloom of the tomb o'er earth seems spread;
 Hear the night-birds cry
 From the dark'ning sky:
 "Remember the Dead! Remember the Dead!"
 Each bell that tolls
 For departed souls,
 Swinging thro' cold, gray mists o'erhead,
 Must echo the words
 Of the warning birds:
 "Remember the Dead! Remember the Dead!"
 Afar, the dirge
 Of the sea's dull surge
 On shiv'ring sands, or cliff's bold head,
 Doth mutter and moan
 Thro' the silence lone:
 "Remember the Dead! Remember the Dead!"
 The Dead of the deep,
 The Dead who sleep
 In the graves of earth, or wherever their bed;
 If near or far,
 Under sun or star,
 Remember the Dead! Remember the Dead!
 And the Dead—ah! me,
 Will remember thee,
 Whose prayers their heavenward flight have sped;
 Wouldst, one day, share
 In their glory *There*?
 Then, by day and by night, remember the Dead!