

“And the days slipt on, and the years slipt on, and
 I felt in a kind of a dream,
 As I used to do in the noisy school sewing a long
 white seam ;
 Sewing, sewing a long white seam, the whole of the
 summer day,
 When I'd like to have been in the open fields either
 at work or at play.

“But now I feel as I used to feel in the summer eve-
 nings cool,
 When we bairns would meet at the end of the street,
 or edge of the village pool ;
 Or like when I've stood at the gate to wait for father
 home from the town,
 And held him tight by the hand, or held mother
 tight by the gown.

“And I feel to-night as I used to feel when I was a
 little lass,
 When something seem'd alive in the leaves and some-
 thing astir in the grass ;
 And all in the room seems warm and light, and I'm
 pleased to go or to stay ;
 But I've got a word in my heart, Jeanie, that's call-
 ing me away.”

“Oh, what have you seen, Nannie, have you seen a
 blessed sight
 Of angels coming to meet you ; have you heard them
 at dead of night ?”

“Oh nothi
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 “God spea
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“And He's
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“I'm old, J
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 And I knev
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 But if I was
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