

No more, with gay, light hearts, we pluck
The trailing, sweet May-bloom,
Alas! we gather oftenest now
Dead leaves from some loved tomb.
The dear old faces! all are missing now,
Or meet us with strange lines upon their brow:

The hands that soothed our childish griefs
Have long since turned to clay;
The feet we loved to walk beside
Have gone another way,
That leadeth past the narrow graveyard sod,—
Past sin and death, unto the "Hills of God."

And yesterday I came and stood
Beside the well-known door,
To see my friend, my life-long friend,
And speak with her once more,
To kiss her lips, one last farewell to say,
Then, sadly satisfied, to go my way.

But all the house was strangely still,
I waited,—then—a hand
Grasped mine with sympathetic clasp,
Easy to understand.
I entered in, to kiss,—a coffin plate!
With eyes too blind to read the name, or date,—
I only knew that I had come *too late*.

St. John, N.B., July 30, 1884.