

STRONGER THAN DEATH.

Tho' it is all past and over now,
And hardly worth recalling,
Yet I cannot help looking back again
Upon all the useless, bitter pain,
Knowing now it was all in vain,
While quiet tears are falling.

O, fruitless prayers, that could not keep
My love one hour longer !
O clinging arms ! O heart that bled !
O tears that scalded like molten lead !
How I prayed to *die*, because *he* was dead ;
And *death* than *love* was stronger.

I never thought of that wise God
My wild, wild grief offended,
For, numb with pain, I *could* not pray,
I never knew the night from day,
I only knew where my dead love lay,—
The world for me had ended.

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