

God's Acre.

I passed a city of the silent dead,
With all its lifted monuments, o'erhead
 Stooped vaulted blue,
Ragged with cloud wind-rifted all the sky,
And, radiant Queen of midnight mystery,
 The moon peered through.

Above was life ; beneath, the worn-out shell
Of souls too fugitive on earth to dwell,
 Born but for tears ;
And daisies blossomed from the slumbering breast
That once had pulsed with hope, but now at rest
 For long, long years.

They were but pledges, that, when man has bowed
And kissed the cup, his life in love bestowed
 Will burst in bloom,
And Immortality its measure find,
In full development of soul and mind,
 Beyond the tomb.

So, peace, heart, peace ; a breath, and it is done ;
For who can say " I see to-morrow's sun "
 Ere morning breaks ?
Bide thy short hour ; the Guiding Hand will keep
Its vigil over thee, till, after sleep,
 Thy soul awakes.