

Heaven would grant him the realization of the darling dream of his pure young life. It was otherwise ordained. If ever an angel spirit lay hidden within a human vessel, that angel spirit lived and loved in the person of the sainted Michael Keane. Peace to his ashes.

## I.

I gazed upon his pallid face and marked his fireless eye,  
And saw with untold anguish that death's cold grasp  
    was nigh.  
Oh, the bitter grief that wrung my heart no tongue or  
    pen can tell,  
For none I loved, could ever love, so fondly or so well.

## II.

Returned and smiled—a holy fire lit up his dying eye—  
“Ah, weep not, dearest, weep not, 'tis not so hard to  
    die;  
Oh, 'tis beautiful to die, in sooth, for one whose chas-  
    tened soul  
Is yearning fondly, sweetly yearning, for the wearied  
    pilgrim's goal !

## III.

“Hark ! hear you not the Angels singing ; oh how  
    sweet their songs of love.  
They come to take my spirit to God's bright home  
    above.”  
He spake no more—Death stopped his words—oh !  
    gentlest and the best,  
May Angels sing thy happy soul to her eterna' rest !