

THE VERGE OF LIFE.

I'M standing on the verge of life,
Behind me threescore years and ten;
I've had my share of joys and strife,
Shared the same life as most of men.

In youth, like weeds, we riot run,
And squander wide our stores of health
But Nature some day will us dun,
For being lavish with our wealth.

What oft seems pleasant to the eye
Turns out to be wormwood and gall;
The sweetest fruits we oft pass by,
To choose the "apple of the Fall."

How different things now appear,
When all the tinsel's glare is gone!
I wonder, yet I do not fear,
Though beds of down have turned to stone.

Now, at the setting of the sun,
Now, at the curtain's final drop,
I look into the great unknown,
And only can but pray and hope.

September 12th, 1911.