

" Oh, I'm so warm and sleepy; no more hunger
and pain.

Just to rest for a moment; was ever rest such
a joy?

Ha, what was that? I'll swear it! Somebody
shook me again;

Somebody seemed to whisper: " Fight to the
last, my boy."

Fight! that's right, I must struggle. I know
that to rest means death.

Death! but then what does death mean?—ease
from a world of strife.

Life has been none too pleasant; yet with my
failing breath

Still and still must I struggle, fight for the
gift of life.

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Seems that I must be dreaming; here is the old
home trail;

Yonder a light is gleaming; oh, I know it so
well!

The air is scented with clover; the cattle wait
by the rail;

Father is through with the milking; there goes
the supper bell.

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