



"THOU ART AROUND US IN OUR PEACEFUL HOME."

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O
Death!

Day is for mortal care;
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth;
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour—
Its feverish hour—of mirth and song and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.