

Methinks that the messenger's voice,
 Is that of my loved and my own,
 For should not the minister be
 Our pleader, who now cometh down?
 O, that I might see his bright crown.

How thankful I am that there came
 The thought of that sacred last prayer ;
 For, Blanche, I had nearly forgot,
 'Twill follow you everywhere,
 Singing, under God's sovereign care.

"BY-BYE, LITTLE FLORRIE, BY-BYE."

(Last Words of Uncle James Thayers to his little Niece, Florrie Shaw,
 Sunday morning, August 27th, 1893).

Sit close, little Florrie, sit close,
 While you by my pillow can stay.
 I sent for you, darling, because
 At evening I'm going away.
 Then by, little Florrie, by-bye.

Let me hold your dear little hand
 Whilst I kiss your pretty, round cheek ;
 These lips, little girlie, will rest
 From kissing or speaking next week,
 So by, little Florrie, by-bye.

The old parting-words I will give
 Our little pet girlie once more ;
 They shall sound as clear as a bell,
 As I waive her out of the door,
 By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye.