

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.