

*The following lines were written before dressing  
one December morning after a sleepless night during  
which a friend and neighbor lay between life and  
death.*

## NIGHT AND DAY

The stifling silence of the gloomy night,  
Contrasting strongly with the hours of light,  
Is like unto the Angels Death and Life.

The darkness slowly gathering dark and drear,  
Is like life's end, death drawing near,  
The man departs in peace, above.

Then once again the dawn when bright it breaks  
Is like a new-born child when first he wakes,  
And growing as the brightness, quickly grows to  
man.