

14.—EXTREME UNCTION.

65 Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
 Ther's gaps our lives can't never fay in;
 And *thet* world seems so fur from this
 Lef' fur us loafers to grow gray in!

70 * * * *

 Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed 105
 For honour lost an' dear ones wasted,
 But proud, to meet a people proud,
 With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!

75 Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
 An' step that proves ye Victory's daughter! 110
 Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
 Like shipwrecked men's on rafs for water.

80 Come, while our country feels the lift
 Of a gret instinct shoutin' rorwards,
 An' knows *thet* freedom ain't a gift 115
 That tarries long in hans o' cowards!
 Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
 They kissed their cross with lips that quivered,
 An' bring fair wages for brave men,—

85 A nation saved, a race delivered! 120

—J. R. Lowell.

14.—EXTREME UNCTION.

90 Go! leave me, Priest; my soul would be
 Alone with the consoler, Death;
 Far sadder eyes than thine will see
 This crumbling clay yield up its breath;
 These shrivelled hands have deeper stains 5
 Than holy oil can cleanse away,—

95 Hands that have plucked the world's coarse gains
 As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

100 Call, if thou canst, to these gray eyes
 Some faith from youth's traditions wrung; 10
 This fruitless husk which dustward dries
 Has been a heart once, has been young;