

“They were bleached thus white in the mind’s clear light,
Which is deepening day by day ;
Though the hue they have be the hue of the grave,
I wish it not away !
Strength may depart, and youth of heart
May sink into the tomb ;
Little reck I that the flower must die
Before the fruit can bloom.
I have striven hard for my high reward,
Through many a lonely year,
But the goal I reach,—it is mine to teach,—
Stand still, O man, and hear !
I may wreath my name with the brightness of fame,
To shine on history’s pages,
It shall be a gem on the diadem
Of the past, for future ages !
Oh, life is a bliss with a hope like this—
I clasp it as a bride !”
Pale grew his cheeks while the student speaks—
He laid him down and died !