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a b c A thought of death

To die! This warm heart to be still
and cold forever; these limbs that
are so active now - to lie motionless
in the coffin; these eyes to be closed on
all they have loved - still closed, though
passionate kisses and tears should fall
upon them. It is a strange thought!

What would the soul be doing ~~then~~
then? What would it think of the few
real mourners who bent above the
worn-out tenement it had left forever?
How would it look upon those who
had heaped curses upon that uncon-
scious head in life, and who came
to gloat over their work, when hate,
and anger and revenge would do
no more.

(over)