

THE WISH.

“Spread me a lowly bed,
 Far in some woodland’s solitary shade ;
 And softly there, sweet friend, when I am dead,
 Let me be laid.

Far from the busy throng
 Of the great noisy city, let me sleep
 Where birds trill forth their morn and evening song,
 And fountains leap.

Place there no costly stone,
 To mark my grave, but in its place a ‘flower,’
 That year by year may learn to bud and bloom,
 In sun and shower.

I ask of thee no tear,
 No sigh to wake the echoes of the spot,
 Yet would I have thee sometimes linger near
 When I am not.

And when thy feet no more,
 Shall wander here at morn or eventide,
 I would that thou might’st come, ‘life’s fever o’er,’
 And slumber by my side.”

Dr. C. C. Cox’s beautiful lines on the death of an infant,
 must not be omitted.

“How beautiful and blest
 The infant’s deep repose ;
 How sweetly droops its head to rest,
 Amid the waste of tears.

No autumn chill it knows,
 No storm and wintry sky ;
 From life’s young dream of joy it goes,
 To purer scenes on high.

But yesterday how fair,
 The vernal bud today ;
 The reaper death hath lingered there,
 And swept its bloom away.

Sleep, lovely floweret sleep,
 Beneath the quiet sod,
 Nor let one eyelid o’er thee weep,
 That thou hast passed away.”