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Each year, the flow'rs that knew Spring's life and beauty
O'er-trodden heedlessly, forgotten all, they lie [die;
Forever dead. Not thus, our loved on's pass away
Departing at the sunset--hush of life's long day.
The ruined Tenement of crumbling clay
Is dust again; the Tenant, though, a new-born life
Experiences beyond the realms of death and strife.

Perhaps some souls we most have loved now sadly wait,
In soul-racked agony, before the Heav'nly gate,
Waiting till suff'ring purges them from ev'ry stain,
Longing, pure-souled, God's love and glory to attain.

Poor souls that once with us, life's cares and struggles
In this your darkest hour, we shall remember you, [knew,
Our hearts shall oft pour fourth to God a requiem
That He who suffered for your faults may pardon them.
In that blest hour when ye behold the Master's face
And in its love-lit lines, a true fulfillment trace
Of all your hopes, then plead for us God's needed grace.

J. W. O'KEEFE.