

The Little White Hearse.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Sombody's baby was buried to-day—
The empty white hearse from the
grave rumbled back,
And the morning, somehow seem-
ed less smiling and gay,
As I paused on the walk while it
crossed on its way,
And a shadow seemed drawn o'er
the sun's golden track.

Somebody's baby was laid out to
rest,
White as a snowdrop and fair to
behold.
And the soft little hands were cross-
ed over the breast,
And the hands and the lips and the
eyelids were pressed
With kisses as hot as the eyelids
were cold.

Somebody saw it go out of their
sight
Under the coffin lid out of the
door.
Somebody finds only darkness and
blight
All through the glory of summer
sunlight,—
Some one whose baby will wak-
en no more.

Somebody's sorrow is making me
weep.
I know not her name, but I echo
her cry
For the dearly bought baby she
longs so to keep
The baby that rode to its long last-
ing sleep
In the little white hearse that
went rumbling by.

I know not her name, but her sor-
row I know
While I passed on the crossing I
lived it once more—
And to my heart surged that river
of woe
That but in the breast of a mother
can flow—
For the little white hearse has
been, too, at my door.

—Demorest's Magazine.