

Do, dearest mother, put your cool hand on my brow, and do hold it fast ere it part. How fearfully, oh, how fearfully it aches!—and oh, how it thunders!” He sunk backward on the pillow, apparently exhausted. “Gone, gone, gone,” he muttered, —“my mind gone forever. But God’s will be done.”

I rose to leave the room; for I could restrain my feelings no longer.

“Stay, Mr. Lindsay,” said the poet, in a feeble voice. “I hear the rain dashing on the pavement; you must not go till it abates. Would that you could pray beside me! But no; you are not like the dissolute companions who have now all left me, but you are not yet fitted for that; and, alas! I cannot pray for myself. Mother, mother, see that there be prayers at my lykewake; for, —

Her lykewake, it was piously spent  
 In social prayer and praise,  
 Performed by judicious men,  
 Who stricken were in days;  
 And many a heavy, heavy heart,  
 Was in that mournful place,  
 And many a weary, weary thought  
 On her who slept in peace.

They will come all to my lykewake, mother, won’t they? Yes, all, though they have left me now. Yes, and they will come far to see my grave. I was poor, very poor, you know, and they looked down upon me; and I was no son or cousin of theirs, and so they could do nothing for me. Oh, but they might have looked less coldly! But they will all come to my grave, mother; they will come all to my grave; and they will say, ‘Would he were living now, to know how kind we are!’ But they will look as coldly as ever on the living poet beside them, — yes, till