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Bessie

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HER LILIES

We stood together in her garden fair
 And watched the sunset flushing all the west.
 A daring zephyr teased her pinks from rest
 and stole their spices from the evening air.
 A robbin called from out the distance clear,
 Thrilling the silence with one sweet, pure note,
 From that dear spot all sorrow seemed remote;
 While she stood near me heaven itself near

As if in gratitude for her kind touch
 How joyfully her flowers seemed to bloom!
 Queen lilies, violets, and such
 As grow for little children—all found room.
 But this was yester year; to-day I save
 A bunch of her white lilies for her grave.

—By Campbell Pendleton.