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Unto Death, to whom monarchs
must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies e'now.
Beneath the cold dead, and around
the dark stone
Are the signs of a sceptre, that none
may disown.

10

The first Tabernacle, to Hope we
will build,
And look for the sleepers around us
to rise!
The second to Faith, which ensures
it fulfill'd;
And the third to the Lamb of the great
sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both, when
he rose to the skies.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.
(Communicated.)

"Is there a duty unfulfill'd?"
Miranda calm inquir'd,
Whilst admiration wept applause,
She worship'd, and expir'd.

I watch'd the fluttering pulse of life,
I felt it stop and cease,
Yet on her lips, the parting soul
Diffus'd the smile of peace.

A pause ensued—a solemn pause,
A pause of pious awe,
The triumphs of a Christian faith,
And Christian faith we saw.

Affliction in her big-sworn eye
Restrained the rising tear,
And, while her soul returned to God,
Was dumb with holy fear.

She saw, at least with mental ken,
Angelic forms attend
They seem'd to wipe the dews of
death,
And soothe the tortured friend.

The entrance of the world unseen
From mortal films they clear'd,
And, when the silver cord was loos'd,
Their parting wings she heard.

Ye cold hard hearts, whose stubborn
nerves
Compassion never prest,
Who ne'er with love or pity's tear,
The nobler feelings blest.

Do not the vision's hope supplies,
To soothe affliction scorn,
Well might Miranda's mortal sense
Attract the sons of morn.

The sufferer's mind compos'd serene,
Nor doubt, nor dread avow'd,
But (medicinal succour vain)
To heaven submissive bow'd.

'Tis done—terrestrial duties close,
Enough hath faith been tried;
She broke the sacramental bread,
Received the cup, and—died.

Thou, bright Religion! canst alone,
O'er death's assaults prevail,
Caught on thy radiant shield of faith,
I saw his arrows fail.

Sweet cherub! thou o'er pallid grief
Canst comfort's balm diffuse,
And from the tomb where virtue
sleeps,
To Heaven exalt our views.

Upheld by thee, Miranda clos'd
Serene her spotless life,
And the fond husband to her God
Resigned his angel-wife.

Religious hope dispels the tears,
By grief to memory given,
The love that virtue rear'd on earth,
Is perfected in Heaven.

ERRATA.

Page 331, line 25 from bottom,
after "others," insert "belongs in
some sort, to the profession of per-
sons."

Page 332, line 23 from bottom, af-
ter "same" insert "time."

Page 334, line 6 from top, for
"more" read "mere."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor request frequent communica-
tions from the writer of the excellent re-
flexions commencing at page 390.
He acknowledges a paper on Chrysothem.