

Gone from amongst us! Though the aching sight
 Vainly may seek to pierce her bright abode,
 A voice beyond the sepulchre declares :
 " Blest are the dead who slumber in the Lord."
 She is with Jesus,—and that crown of Life,
 The hope of which made all her labours sweet,
 That blood-bought crown, the gift of Jesus' love,
 With joyful praise she casts at Jesus' feet.
 Temptations vex no more ; no care can grieve ;
 Within the mansions of that world of light
 All tears are wiped away, and sorrow seems
 But as a vision of a dreary night,
 Into oblivion's shade long passed away,
 Before the sunshine of an endless day.

Gone from amongst us! Not in hopeless grief,
 Gently we laid her in her narrow bed.
 Where, with returning Spring shall violets blow,
 Like Resurrection hopes above her head,—
 Emblem that she whose dust they mantle o'er,
 In an eternal Spring shall bloom to fade no more.

I. L. B.

OCTOBER 30th, 1857.