

Some sacred feelings seems upon us thrust,
 When coming near the place where lies her dust !
 If aught on earth can holiness unfold,
 It is where Sarah mingles with the mould.
 The joy of grief were ours, could there be joy,
 Where the destroyer has been to destroy.
 Yet so it is, the christian comprehends
 Hope—pointing Heavenwards, tears with triumph blends ;
 The joy of grief is ours, the awe profound,
 To meditate beside her hallow'd mound.
 Upon the disregard, the disrespect,
 Death has for either youth, or age, or sect.
 The usefulness or the attainments made,
 There his unwelcome symbols are displayed,
 And in such numbers as her own to breathe
 The eulogy of her that sleeps beneath.

Upon her pages, pleasing and polite.
 Such marvels as the multitudes delight,
 Or tend to startle, are forbidden room.
 But there in loveliness the lillies bloom,
 And there the dew distilled from Heav'n comes down !
 The sacred favour flowers and foliage own,
 Whilst she,—ah ! yes, the Mayflower's grow and fade
 Upon the grave where SARAH HERBERT's laid.
 Forget-me-not's and Morning Glory's shed
 Their sweet perfumes around her narrow bed ;
 And now and then a transient tear may fall
 On the "Eoliau Harper"—that is all !—