

Pavillioned by mercy and truth
This springtime is even the best,
To be crowned with the garland of,
 youth,
And caught up to the heaven of rest.

No. 29. L. M.

O must we leave thee in the tomb,
Thus in thy youth and beauty's bloom?
Our bleeding hearts all bruised & torn,
Lament and weep, and vainly mourn.

O thou whose accents stilled the sea,
Rebuked tempestous Galilee:
Speak to our souls beside this grave,
And calm them like Genesareth's wave.

One look, the faintest smile of thine,
Can freight our hearts with joys divine,
And in the midst of death and dole
Spread seas of peace around the soul.