

## TO THE MEMORY OF DR. BOULTER,

## ONE OF STIRLING'S PIONEER Pillars.

"Friend after friend departs ;  
Who hath not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end."

—MONTGOMERY.

**B**EHOLD in the gloom of destruction and doom,  
Even nations have dwindled away ;  
And the fairest flower of the maple tree bower,  
Must unsparingly meet with decay.

Thus links are undone and this wreath is for one,—  
A neighbor most honest and true,  
Removed from this clime through the portals of time,  
To the grandest eternal review.

Too tender and pure he could hardly endure,  
Life's battles and burdens and tears,  
So like millions more he has gone on before,  
To transcendently beautiful spheres.

New light lit his eye as he bade us good-bye,  
E'er life's feeble pulsations were o'er ;  
In the morning grey then he wandered away  
To that fragrant Elysian shore.

From death's sombre seal there's no court of appeal—  
No retracing the old beaten track ;  
The works of his hand will be seen in the land,  
But when'er shall the wanderer come back ?