

Then at that hour when other worlds in view,  
Stern death demands to this you bid adieu.  
With faith unshaken may you meet your doom,  
And sink in gentlest slumbers to the tomb.  
And while no thoughts at life's last dying close,  
With pangs of doubt thy bosom discompose,  
Nor hopes presumptuous of a happier state,  
With daring confidence thy breast elate,  
On wings triumphant may your spirit rise,  
To mix with saints in bliss beyond the skies.

THE END.