

L I N E S

SUGGESTED ON READING "LINES BY PERSOLUS," IN NOVEMBER
NUMBER OF THE "MAPLE LEAF."

Oh, yes! believe it brother,
Thy sister speaks to thee—
The grave claims but the *casket*,
Her *soul* is with the free ;—
Freed from all earthly passions,
Freed from all grief and care,
An angel now in heaven,
She breathes untainted air.

Yet, dream not she forgets thee,
As, with the sinless throng,
She chants to heav'nly music,
The new immortal song.
Down from the jewel'd bulwarks,
Of that blest world on high,
She looks on all thy actions,
With an angel-sister's eye.

And, oh! if, from those mansions,
Sweet messengers of love,
Are sent to guide our footsteps,
And point our souls above,—
How gladly her pure spirit
Flies from the portals bright,
To hover o'er thy pathway,
In sorrow's gloomy night.

Tread softly, brother—softly,
An angel, near thee now,
Watches each wav'ring purpose,
Each shadow on thy brow ;
Notes well each noble struggle,
Each battle for the *right*,
Stirs up thy soul to duty,
And girds thee for the fight.

Ah! well may'st thou look upward,
From the fading hopes of earth,
To that bright realm above thee,
Where endless joys have birth ;—
There, with that angel-sister,
'Tis thine to dwell for aye,
And join with her in praising
'The Light, the Truth, the Way."