

ERS' LAMENT

death, passed by,
 path of gloom ;
 g, and with eagle eye,
 of doom :

atcher's lamplight blazed,
 repose ;
 med with disease, he glazed,
 bled he froze.

o'er that bed of rest,
 air loved one dead ;
 warmed not its breast,
 bed.

ay darling one,
 eless grave ;
 ed at the One
 rust He gave.

be in a mother's heart,
 nd strong,
 ng with affection's art,
 e sundered long.

, I would not recall
 adeless bloom,
 ough it were my all,
 ath and gloom.

But I'll press in memory's hallowed leaf,
 The bud of my opening flower,
 As Eve would have pressed in her hopeless grief,
 A petal from Eden's bower.

And I'll bless the hand that lent it now,
 For the idol of my love,
 Was wont to enshrine itself below,
 But now it's enshrined above.

RESURRECTION.

Come with me this lovely morning,
 To the graveyard's sacred mound ;
 Bring some fragrant little flower,
 For the dear one 'neath the ground.

Do not bring a wild field flower—
 She among them never strayed ;
 No, nor one culled from the garden,
 Flowers with which she never played.

Bring the little grave a flower,
 From the rose beside our bed ;
 That exhaled its kindly odors,
 Round her little living head.

Come away with me this morning,
 To the graveyard's little mound ;
 We may weep as once did Jesus,
 For the dear one 'neath the ground.