

MEMORIAL LINES.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE REV. FORMERLY CURATE
OF*.

And art thou gone, so suddenly, so soon,
Or e'er thy summer day had reached its noon ?
When last we met, who would not have felt sure,
Thy life's thread would at least with mine endure ?
Yet thou art gone, and I am left. Thine eye
Will smile no more, which smiled so cheerily;
Thy tongue,—unwonted silence chains it now :
The dews of death have settled on thy brow.
The common lot, forsooth ! an oft told tale,
That friends friends lost untimely should bewail ;
And then perhaps forget them ! But to thee
Death's mandate came so wrapped in mystery
That I can ne'er forget it. Not a sound
Marked his approaching footstep ; all around
Reigned peace (as I in thought thy course pursue),
And health, and joy, and hopes of many a hue.
The while that darkling shadow, all unseen,
Stole near and nearer, until 'Thou hast been.'
It wrote of thee as of the ages gone ;
And one was left, all widowed and alone.
Yet mourn not, wife of yesterday, to-day
A widow, as if ruthless death a prey
For aye had made of him thou lovedst best :
For he has found, believe, a surer rest
Than aught, or wife, or child, on earth could prove,—
A loving Father's everlasting love.
Weep on, then ; but let Hope's bright rainbow hues
Unearthly tints upon thy tears diffuse.

M. O.

* was married shortly before leaving for a living in the North of England. He appeared in his usual health and was conversing with his wife, when he fell down dead without any previous appearance of illness. He was a most kind, agreeable man, and a conscientious, attentive clergyman.
* * * *English Paper.*