

## IN MEMORIAM

H. S. P.

" Her mirth the world required ;  
She bathed it in smiles of glee,  
But her heart was tired, tired—  
And now they let her be."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A SPIRIT as sweet, beneath the skies,  
As e'er drew mortal breath ;  
A fair, bright spirit—in her eyes  
The look of early death !

O the cold, regardless hearts that move  
Along life's common ways !  
But with thee, O sweetest ! there was Love,  
Its tenderest blame and praise.

And such wondrous graces, rare and free,  
Were gathered to our sight,  
Thou seemest, in my memory,  
A gift of flame and light !