

In the plain black robes she loved so well
She went to her early rest,
On her lips a smile as sweet, they tell,
As the lillies on her breast.

The busy world ne'er heard her name,
Nor of the souis she won,
By God's great grace from sin and shame,
Before her sands were run.
And to serve one's land is surely well,
And its people's praise is sweet,
But to save a soul from the flames of hell
Is work for an angel meet.

His name shall lead in the unborn years
To deeds of high emprise,
And a nation's love with a people's tears,
Shall his work immortalize.
She brought her works in her fair, white hand
To lay before God's throne,
Where a host of ministering angels stand—
Works done for him alone.

