

IN MEMORIAM.

Hushed is the voice that once whispered in tones sweet and low,
Pale are the cheeks that once bloomed with life's health-giving glow,
Dimmed are the eyes that once looked on hope's wide-spreading field.
The dying lies dead . . . Earth to earth, dust to dust, we must yield.

She sleeps the sweet sleep of peace. The Christian's calm, peaceful
rest

Awaits her, who sorrowing bore, clasping wearisome, close to her breast,
Life's cross with its earth-burdened sorrows, with meekness, and
patience, and love,

Till released by the message of mercy, that swift sped from Heaven
above.

Let lightly your footsteps fall, lightly, her sleep is the sweet solemn
sleep,

That knows of no earthly awaking,—a slumber most holy and deep.

Cold lies she in death, from death by the Master's atoning grace
won,

When death's dreaded portals unlock, and the life everlasting begun.
Smooth back from her forehead the tresses,—the tresses that kiss from
her face

The deep lines of sorrow and anguish, leaving Heavenly calm in their
place.

Clasped as in prayer are her hands, as when drawing life's brief fitful
breath,

So let them be clasped even now,—even now in the presence of death.
Mourn not for the loss of the loved. Why sorrowful now should we
weep?

The Saviour hath left us a comfort, "The maid is not dead but asleep."
Asleep in the arms of His mercy, secure from the world's sad restraints,
With the throng of the blessed departed, 'mid the ever-blest concourse
of saints.

Oh! Father above, Great Jehovah, Who sits on cloud-canopied throne,
Oh! Jesu, our Saviour most Holy, Whose death for our sins did atone,