

rines,

Lines written on the death of my late daughter, Mrs. Ann Henderson,
of Chatham, Miramichi, who died September 15th 1846.

Fare thee well, but not for ever,
Though a few short years may sever,
Faith lights dispel the hopeless shiver,
Of meeting never.

But thou hast passed death's chilly flood,
Leaning upon the arm of GOD,
Thy only hope the covenant blood,
Where firm thou stood.

Upborne as on a Saviour's wing,
Through the dark vale o'er which the king
Of terrors does his shadows fling,
Nor feared his sting.

Thy hope was not from nature's seeds,
A growth of rank self-righteous weeds,
Pride peccant crop of moral deeds,
No Saviour needs.

Grace taught thee at an early date,
To feel and weep thy fallen state,
And led thee to the mercy seat,
There bade thee wait.