

That she must pass from earth ; and round her couch,  
Whereon so white, so still, so beautiful  
She lay, all those who called her "friend" were  
gathered.

Love smoothed her pillow with a noiseless hand ;  
While on her lip meek Resignation laid  
A smile ; and Faith lent brightness to her eye.  
New Hopes, withal, those visitants from above,  
Pilgrimed with sister Hopes, which long had dwelt  
Within the sanctuary of her breast.  
Thus guarded, and supported thus, she died.  
The pure soul, like a snow-flake, melted from  
Her body, and the wings of clustering angels  
Made music as they bore it unto Heaven.

They chose, the youths and maidens chose, a spot  
Hard by the sea,—a hill they chose, whose sides  
Ran down right to the waves ; and on the top,  
Where grass and flowers and shells were inter-  
sprinkled,

They buried her, heaping a mound to mark  
Her grave unto the passing traveller.—