

No more the sweet smile plays o'er the fair face;
 No more from the form beams the exquisite grace
 That was wont to attract us by some subtle weal
 Which we cannot explain, only know as we feel.

Aye well might they say a regenerate life,
 A child of the kingdom, born out of the strife
 Of the spiritual birth, redeemed and made new;
 And perfected, while here, by the things she passed through.

Time was in her life when she could not control
 The wild wayward passions that seethed in her soul.

The passions of envy, haughtiness, pride,
 Would rush in unchecked and tumultuous tide,
 Like a mad mountain torrent tearing out by the roots
 Trees and plants that bore the more virtuous fruits,
 Or like the terrific cyclone laying flat
 With indiscrimination the good with the bad,

All it chances to meet with in its blind haste
 And leaving its pathway a desolate waste.

But who has not noticed some time in their life

A day that was partly the sport of such strife,

But long before night came, the conflict passed by,

And never a cloud left to trouble the sky,
 And the fair sun sink to its sweet tranquil rest.

Thus, we feel, was Dell's life, the last was the best.

Endowed with such passions to do as they willed

Would wreck any life ere life's work be fulfilled

If it were not that God in his infinite plan
 Had provided a means for the saving of man.

He sends us His Spirit, in whom if we trust
 We partake of his nature, and rise from the dust

Arise by his grace o'er the reaches of sin,
 And make of our household a heaven within.

It is quoted full oft what the ancient bards sung

That those bright shining ones whom the gods love die young,

Thus was she whom we mourn just nearing the time,

When the charms of this earth flower bloom full in their prime,

And yet do we wonder at the long strife
 Our friend fought with death ere she gave up this life.

Oh, who would not be very reluctant, when bid

To some banqueting hall when the tables were spread

With the daintiest viands that earth can afford

And course after course just awaiting the word.

From love the good natured and generous host

At the head of the table a smile at his post,
 Who would not be very reluctant, I say,

To answer a summons that called him away?

But what was that feast when compared with the joy

Of living as Dell lived without any alloy
 Of evil to mar it. Oh, what must have been

The mighty inducement, hidden within
 The closed veil that made itself felt on her mind

Until she could say in her heart, "I'm resigned,"

Even more, "I am eagerly longing to go
 To a home that is better than any below.

The eye hath not seen, and the ear hath not heard,

Nor the half has been told in the Scriptural word,

What is promised to me in this faint foretaste given

Of the joy, and the bliss and the glory of heaven.

But remember, my friends, it is given to none

Who *has* not o'er self the brave victory won,

Who *has* not obtained undisputed control
 Of the passions and lusts that are found in the soul."

Among my acquaintance I know of no life,

That fought braver and with more success in the strife

Than the soul of the one whom we mourn for to-night

Now clothed with the robes of immaculate white,

Having passed from our vision; aye passed through the portals

Of death and passed on to the realms of immortals.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ.

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.—Porteus.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.—Lowell.