

TO LILY IN HEAVEN.

O Lily, we mourn thy departure,
 We miss thy loved face here below,
 But where the free souls and glad hearts are
 My Lily is blooming, I know.

Oh ! why should I weep for my loved one,
 Though they laid her cold clay 'neath the sod
 I know that her spirit now resteth
 In its home in the palace of God.

But did the cold flood chill with terror
 Thy heart, as thou wast passing o'er,
 Or were thine eyes fixed on the glory
 That shines on that glittering shore.

On the Light which no cloud ever shadeth,
 Where the fields are all green and all vernal,
 Where nought that is beautiful fadeth
 But bloometh for aye and eternal.

E'en the waters we deem cold and bitter,
 Sweet Lily, perchance, did unfold,
 To thee all the sweetness and glory
 That saints, passing over, have told.

Perchance a bright ray of the sunshine
 From Him thou did'st love when below,
 Did light the dark flood with its glory
 This, Lily, we cannot now know.

But, oh ! the frail bark could not founder,
 Though high on its billows did ride,
 The colors were those of the Master
 Whose voice rules the tempest and tide.