

Poetry.

THE MAID IS NOT DEAD.

Oh ! say not she is dead !
 Breathe not a word so dread !
 Though still and cold the graceful form reclineth.
 Forget the beauteous clay ;
 High in a purer day,
 A more exalted sphere, the spirit shineth.

What though her budding spring
 Has felt the withering
 Of mortal blight and merciless decay !
 What though her young life's morn
 Has darkened in its dawn,
 Ere she had tasted of the golden day !

A nobler, purer life,
 With fadeless beauty rife,
 Of deeper consciousness and richer bloom,
 Has all its fulness shower'd
 On her young soul, and dower'd
 Her being with a bliss which knows no gloom.

Ah ! why so sadly grieve
 That your belov'd should leave
 Its earthly dwelling for a palace fair ?
 Your loss to her has been
 A boundless gain, I ween,
 And heaven is richer for the loss ye bear.

For now another gem
 Glows in the diadem
 Of Him who fills the place with glory-beams ;
 Another precious flower
 Blooms in the blissful bower
 Another lamb feeds by the crystal streams.

Another minstrel flings
 Music from sweet harp-strings ;
 Another star illumines the spirit land.
 Another white robed form
 Basks in the radiance warm ;
 Another seraph joins the sister band.

Ah ! weep, but not in woe,
 Rather should joy-tears flow,
 That your sweet child hath found a house so fair.
 Let hope and faith be strong,
 And ye will both ere long,
 In all her joy and all her glory share.