

IN MEMORIAM.

H. S. P.

"Her mirth the world required ;
She bathed it in smiles of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired—
And now they let her be."

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A SPIRIT as sweet, beneath the skies,
As e'er drew mortal breath ;
A fair, bright spirit—in her eyes
The look of early death !

O the cold, indifferent hearts that move
Along life's common ways !
But with thee, O sweetest ! there was Love,
Its tenderest blame and praise.