

written, than that penned by himself for a deceased friend a few days before, and prompted, to ail appearances, by inspiration, to tell of his own death, which then stood at his very threshold.

"Mighty our Church's will
To shield her parting souls from ill,
Jealous of Death she guards them still,
Miserere Domine.

The dearest friends will turn away,
And leave the clay to keep the clay,
Ever and ever she will stay,
Miserere Domine.

Well may they grieve who laid him there,
Where shall they find his equal—where?
Naught can avail him now but prayer,
Miserere Domine.

Friend of my soul farewell to thee,
Thy truth—thy trust—thy chivalry,
As thine so may my last end be,
Miserere Domine."

Requiescat—May he rest in peace.—Amen.

Deo Gratias, April 24, 1868.