

The garish rain-drops, nature's tears
Fall gently where the marble rears its polished form
And leads the way to Realms of bright illumined day.
—*The Author.*

—
This portrait scan ; with tears 'tis painted
Of Queen so long beloved, now forever sainted.
—*The Author.*

—
A beam in darkness ; let it grow. — *Tennyson.*

—
The age is quickening to the time
That sees Christ's hand in every rhyme. — *The Author.*

—
The Cross she raised to Heaven's dome,
The Cross she bore to every home ;
The Cross she'll love, enraptured soul,
So long as aeons' ages roll. — *The Author.*

—
Do the dead speak ?
Then hear this angel bright
"Let there be peace" ;
God said "Let there light." — *The Author.*

—
And when by death they fall
A lingering light above the pall
Is seen reflected from the Cross. — *The Author.*

—
Thou livest still, good Queen ;
So may this verse
Thy life-long Christ-like love rehearse. — *The Author.*