

And round her tomb no wandering pilgrims cry
 To bones and dust, for everlasting rest.
 Show me her like in the long list of saints,
 Where cloistered nuns low bow before their shrines,
 Whose dark memoirs some wily Jesuit paints
 In all the pious gaude of heroines.
 If by her deeds we estimate her worth,
 And test her by Heaven's law, utility,
 All christian graces in her life shine forth,
 Tinged with the greatness of nobility.
 And in the book of life her name's enrolled
 With all who do in the Redeemer die ;
 Eternity her memoirs will unfold—
 For GOD hath said, her record is on high.
 And in his Heavens she has a purchased place,
 Shining in beauty 'mongst the blood-washed tribe,
 Hymning the anthem of redeeming grace
 To him who laved her in his flowing side.
 But who is he that does her fate decide
 By creeds and reliets, in his purblind light,
 Spitting the venom of sectarian pride—
 " Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?"
 Presume not, then, who fear their GOD, to hate,
 Nor judge them by the accents of a creed—
 They're Christ's free men, let not sectarian pride
 Reproach the moanings of a bruised reed.