

IN MEMORY OF MRS. B.

SHE'S gone from the darkening shades of time
To her celestial home,
She stands a radiant spirit bright,
Before the eternal throne.

She's passed o'er death's dark billows,
Through the shining ports of light,
Entered the rest of glory-land,
Where there is no more night.

She's gone, and rests from labour,
By pure and living streams,
And works of mercy follow her
Up to these heavenly scenes.

Her head to suffering tales of woe,
That oft did listening bow,
Is circled by a coronet,
Of fadeless glory now.

The eye oft moistened with the dews
Of sympathetic tears,
Is fixed unclouded on her Lord,
And a fadeless lustre bears.

The hands that here had finished all,
Now wave the conquering palm,
The voice to us so still in death,
Is singing "Worthy the Lamb."