

EMIGRAVIT.

In the pride of summer's glory,
When the flowers were bright and gay,
And the little birds sang sweetly
In the trees the livelong day,
Death's swift angel came and bore her
From our midst away.

Earth could ill afford to lose her,
Lose a soul so pure and fair ;
But it is a gain for heaven,
Where she liveth blest fore'er.
And the stars are shining brighter,
Now that she is there.

Yonder in its bloom and beauty
Stands the stately golden-rod,
Seems to whisper, pointing upward
From the dark and grassy sod,
" She is free from care and anguish,
In the peace of God."

Should we wish her here among us,
In this world of strife and pain,
When within her Father's mansion
She may happily remain ?
No: for though we mourn, we will not
Call her back again.