

# THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

BY GRANT BALFOUR.

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Her last morn there,  
The orphan girl arose in yonder ward,  
Where she had lain for many weary months :  
The old physician's sympathetic touch  
And voice of hope sincere had made her well.  
And she was proud to feel the power of life  
In heart once weary, and in limb once weak,  
Tho' still, and would remain, a tender plant.  
On prior sunny days, with growing health,  
The girl had risen, and, among the flowers  
Of early June, in soft and shaded walks,  
Inhaled with ease the genial breath of heaven.  
But now, she was to say farewell !

Her scanty toilet did not hinder long,  
And yet she dressed with care, attending last  
To glorious tresses shedding golden light.  
Her face, by suffering chastened into grace  
Of patience, woven with sweet sympathy,  
Appeared, with natural grace, most beautiful.