

No earthly tears had dimmed thine eye
 No earthly love had claimed a sigh ;
 Thy thoughts 'were on thy risen Lord—
 Thine eyes were resting on His Word—
 When snatched away in fiery air,
 His angel hailed the form afar!
 By clashing elements unscared—
 For life—for death—alike prepared—
Thee not the lightning's startling flash—
Thee not the thunder's pealing crash—
 E'en for an instant could appal—
 Still ready for the Bridegroom's call !
 Thy lamp was trimmed with oil from Heaven
 Thy soul unstained with mortal leaven,—
 And with thy Bible on thy knee,
 Armed with a tenfold panoply !

Thus came that call !—to thee how mild ;
 Albeit to others strange and wild ;
 No "smell of fire" had passed on thee—
 No livid mark was there to see—
 But calm, as slumbering on thy couch,
 (*The Book* thy readiness to touch),
 Softly the spirit passed away—
 Unconscious as at natal day :
 And sprang on high, to second birth,
 All painless as it dawned on earth !
 Ye who her fate so nearly shared,
 Like *her* for *all* fates be prepared !
 Her who had chosen "the better part,
 And given to God her youthful heart ;
 Who from the study of His Word
 Sprang to the presence of her Lord ;
His Book—the last that met her eyes—
His Book—her passport to the skies.
 Death so devoid of mortal leaven—
 Call it not "killed" but "caught to heaven !