

TO A MUCH LOVED FRIEND,
ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER AND
FRIEND.

I SEE thee bending meekly to His will
Whose hand has snatched thy heart's delight away ;
How thou dost strive the rising sob to still,
And bow submissive to thy destiny.

'T was hard, with such a heavy grief as thine,
To watch the fading of thy earliest friend ;
But now, beyond the fleeting hours of time,
Those dear ones dwell, where joy shall never end.

When thou art weeping, raise thy weary eye
To yonder starry home, and dry thy tears ;
Thou can'st not tell how soon thy soul may fly
To dwell again with friends of other years.

In the bright sunlight of that better land
No shadows fall ; no hopes are blighted there ;
No cheeks grow pale by time's cold, with'ring hand ;
No voice of lamentation or despair.

Thou art not all forsaken ; time will lend
Thee many bright and happy hours yet ;
Sweet peace her gentle halo shall extend
Across thy path, and teach thee to forget.

Forget—as evening shadows gently fall
Upon thy heart—the storms of other years,
And thou wilt only hear the Angel's call,
Away from this sad world of grief and tears.