

And loud thy rapturous songs arise amid the holy choir,  
 For even here, like his of old, thy lips were touched with fire.  
 Farewell ! we know that thou art blest, and yet our tears will flow,  
 For Zion's sake we hoped that thou wouldst longer dwell below !  
 Love casts its offerings on the sod, which now doth cover thee ;  
 But faith, with joyous eye, looks up thy angel form to see ;  
 And hope illumines with holy light thy mansion in the dust,  
 And waits, till from its cold embrace, immortal life shall burst.

V. G. R.

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From the Oberlin Evangelist.

**On the Death of Elder Marks.**

Haste ! angels have called thee, away to thy home !  
 We may not detain thee, the Spirit says " Come,  
 Come home, wearied spirit, thy works are all done,  
 Thy task is accomplished, thy victory won."

'Tis surely the music of heaven's own choir  
 That has lit up thy soul with undying fire ;  
 The harps of the seraphs have struck on thine ear,  
 And waked a response in thy bosom e'en here.

'Twas the love of thy Savior that sent thee to weep  
 O'er the woes of a world long buried in sleep ;  
 It sent thee to labor, forbade thee to rest,  
 Chased sleep from thine eyes, and repose from thy breast.

It sent thee to weep o'er the young and the gay,  
 And to win back the lovely from death's beaten way ;  
 It taught thee to watch and to mourn over sin,  
 Till the sad heart grew faint, and the wearied eye dim.

And thy spirit with joy took its heavenward way,  
 But a sweet smile it left on its mansion of clay,  
 And the wings of bright angels that still lingered there,  
 Gently brushed from thy brow every vestige of care.

Farewell, then, 'tis meet that the toil-worn should rest,  
 Who have labored and prayed that a world might be blest ;  
 In thy crown of rejoicing gleams many a gem,  
 And the jewels that shine there shall time never dim.

Full many a spirit hath welcomed thee there  
 Thou hast labored and toiled for, and wept over, here ;  
 How joyful that meeting—Ah, well may the song  
 Burst warm from the bosom of that holy throng.

And well may we smile o'er thy perishing clay,  
 And rejoice that thy spirit so soon passed away :  
 Thou hast gone 'mong the holy, the perfect, to dwell,  
 Thou hast gone—and we bid thee a joyful farewell.

M. R. McB.

Oberlin, December, 1845.