

HATTIE'S LAST NIGHT.

Mrs. Arnold, the dear friend at whose house
 took sick and died, on being asked, "Who
 watch, &c.," said, "No one will need to. They
 will watch with Hattie to-night."

The final hour seemed drawing nigh,
 When she must ford death's chilling stream,
 And things unseen, unfancied try,
 Awakening from earth's shadowy dream.

Friends gentler raised her throbbing head,
 And stilled the children's lightest play ;
 And moved more softly round the bed,
 Where weary, weak, and wan she lay.

But through the stillness and alarms,
 Where death's pale phantoms came and went,
 Unseen, unheard, angelic forms,
 Were hovering on their mission bent.

They gently soothed the sufferer's pain,
 Fanned with their wings her burning face,
 Triumphant showed her last foe slain,
 Through the Redeemer's conquering grace.

Then with adieu to friends, and tears,
 On wings of light, and arms of love ;
 Forever past the reach of fears,
 They wafted her to realms above.

The patient sufferer sweetly sleeps ;
 Her fever's fierce spent fire is o'er ;
 The grave in trust her body keeps,
 Her soul in bliss dwells evermore.