

Naught can the dying hour so well illume,  
As when the mind may summon backward years,  
And gaze at past events devoid of fears ;  
Imagination rises with a new delight,  
Plumes her quick wings for farthest flight,  
As death fast opens to the fleeting soul,  
The never-ending pleasures of its goal ;  
Slow comes the music of the glad " well done,"  
'Tis caught by him whose race is run,  
Till, to the inner sight, and shining clear,  
The well-known forms of wife and child appear,  
Down, down they glide his Spirit to receive,  
And then the body's breath takes its last heave,  
Forth goes the Soul led to the halls above,  
There to rejoice in one great life of love.

