

## IN MEMORY OF MARGARETTE,

Daughter of Hon. STAYLEY BROWN, Yarmouth, N. S., a dear friend  
of many years, who died in December, 1864.

GRAVEN on the tablet  
Of each passing year,  
Is a fair and sweet face,  
Gone,—but ever dear.

Mem'ry loves to linger on that cheerful smile,  
One so full of brightness, and so free from guile.

Rich in mental culture,  
Gentle and refined;  
Golden were the treasures  
Of thy well-stored mind:  
Happy recollections, of the day we met,—  
How we loved each other, never to forget.

Still I feel the fond clasp  
Of thy friendly hand;  
Though thou art an angel  
In the spirit land.  
Ah, how grieved I watched thee, fading day by day,  
All love's tender pleadings could not make thee stay.

Wealth and love were nerveless  
In the grasp of death;  
Home lost all its sunlight,  
With thy fleeting breath.  
Oft I trace, in sadness, those dear lines of thine,  
Penned while death was pointing to the end of time: