

The truth, that painter, bard, and sage,
 Even in Earth's cold and changeful clime,
 Plant for their deathless heritage
 The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
 Of which the coming life is made
 And fill our Future's atmosphere
 With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be
 We weave with colors all our own,
 And in the field of Destiny
 We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
 The shadows which it gathered here,
 And painted on the eternal wall
 The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
 On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
 Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
 Has vanished from his side?

Oh no! — We live our life again:
 Or warmly touched or coldly dim
 The pictures of the Past remain, —
 Man's works shall follow him!

1842.

MEMORIALS.

LUCY HOOPER.*

THEY tell me, Lucy, thou art dead —
 That all of thee we loved and cherished,
 Has with the summer roses perished:
 And left, as its young beauty fled,
 An ashen memory in its stead —
 The twilight of a parted day
 Whose fading light is cold and vain:
 The heart's faint echo of a strain
 Of low, sweet music passed away.
 That true and loving heart — that gift
 Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,
 Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,
 Its sunny light on all around,
 Affinities which only could
 Cleave to the pure, the true, and good;
 And sympathies which found no rest,
 Save with the loveliest and best.
 Of them — of thee remains there naught
 But sorrow in the mourner's breast? —
 A shadow in the land of thought?
 No! — Even *my* weak and trembling faith

* Died at Brooklyn, L.I., on the 1st of 8th mo., 1841, aged twenty-four years.

Can lift for thee the veil which doubt
 And human fear have drawn about
 The all-awaiting scene of death.
 Even as thou wast I see thee still;
 And, save the absence of all ill,
 And pain and weariness, which here
 Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,
 The same as when, two summers back,
 Beside our childhood's Merrimaek,
 I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
 Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
 And heard thy low, soft voice alone
 Midst lapse of waters, and the tone
 Of pine leaves by the west-wind blown,
 There's not a charm of soul or brow —
 Of all we knew and loved in thee —
 But lives in holier beauty now,
 Baptized in immortality!
 Not mine the sad and freezing dream
 Of souls that, with their earthly mould,
 Cast off the loves and joys of old —
 Unbodied — like a pale moonbeam,
 As pure, as passionless, and cold;
 Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,
 Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
 Life's myriads blending into one —
 In blank annihilation blest;
 Dust-atoms of the infinite —
 Sparks scattered from the central light,
 And winning back through mortal pain
 Their old unconsciousness again.
 No! — I have FRIENDS in Spirit Land —
 Not shadows in a shadowy band,
 Not *others*, but *themselves* are they.

And still I think of them the same
 As when the Master's summons came;
 Their change — the holy morn-light breaking
 Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking —
 A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee midst the household graves,
 Where father, brother, sister lie;
 Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,
 Above thee bends the summer sky.
 Thy own loved church in sadness read
 Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,
 And blessed and hallowed with her prayer
 The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.
 That church, whose rites and liturgy,
 Sublime and old, were truth to thee,
 Undoubted to thy bosom taken,
 As symbols of a faith unshaken.
 Even I, of simpler views, could feel
 The beauty of thy trust and zeal;
 And, owning not thy creed, could see
 How deep a truth it seemed to thee,
 And how thy fervent heart had thrown
 O'er all, a coloring of its own,
 And kindled up, intense and warm,
 A life in every rite and form,
 As, when on Chebar's banks of old,
 The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,
 A spirit filled the vast machine —
 A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell! A little time, and we
 Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,
 One after one shall follow thee

As pilgrims through the gate of fear,
Which opens on eternity.
Yet shall we cherish not the less
All that is left our hearts meanwhile;
The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight when the sun has set —
A sweet and tender radiance yet.
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong —
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty
Which blended in thy song.
All lovely things by thee beloved,
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee;
These green hills, where thy childhood roved —
Yon river winding to the sea —
The sunset light of autumn eves
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves
Of rainbow-tinted woods, —
These, in our view, shall henceforth take
A tenderer meaning for thy sake;
And all thou loved'st of earth and sky,
Seem sacred to thy memory.

1841.

—•—

CHANNING.*

Nor vainly did old poets tell,
Nor vainly did old genius paint
God's great and crowning miracle —
The hero and the saint!

* The last time I saw DR. CHANNING was in the summer of 1841, when, in company with my English friend, JOSEPH STURGE, so

For even in a faithless day
Can we our sainted ones discern;
And feel, while with them on the way,
Our hearts within us burn.

And thus the common tongue and pen
Which, world-wide, echo CHANNING'S fame,
As one of Heaven's anointed men,
Have sanctified his name.

In vain shall Rome her portals bar,
And shut from him her saintly prize,
Whom, in the world's great calendar,
All men shall canonize.

By Narragansett's sunny bay,
Beneath his green embowering wood,
To me it seems but yesterday
Since at his side I stood.

The slopes lay green with summer rains,
The western wind blew fresh and free,
And glimmered down the orchard lanes
The white surf of the sea.

With us was one, who, calm and true,
Life's highest purpose understood,
And like his blessed Master knew
The joy of doing good.

well known for his philanthropic labors and liberal political opinions, I visited him at his summer residence on Rhode Island. In recalling the impressions of that visit, it can scarcely be necessary to say that I have no reference to the peculiar religious opinions of a man, whose life, beautifully and truly manifested above the atmosphere of sect, is now the world's common legacy.

Unlearned, unknown to lettered fame,
 Yet on the lips of England's poor
 And toiling millions dwelt his name,
 With blessings evermore.

Unknown to power or place, yet where
 The sun looks o'er the Carib sea,
 It blended with the freeman's prayer
 And song of jubilee.

He told of England's sin and wrong —
 The ills her suffering children know —
 The squalor of the city's throng —
 The green field's want and woe.

O'er Channing's face the tenderness
 Of sympathetic sorrow stole
 Like a still shadow, passionless,
 The sorrow of the soul.

But, when the generous Briton told
 How hearts were answering to his own,
 And Freedom's rising murmur rolled
 Up to the dull-eared throne,

I saw, methought, a glad surprise
 Thrill through that frail and pain-worn frame,
 And kindling in those deep, calm eyes
 A still and earnest flame.

His few, brief words were such as move
 The human heart — the Faith-sown seeds
 Which ripen in the soil of love
 To high heroic deeds.

No bars of sect or clime were felt —
 The Babel strife of tongues had ceased, —
 And at one common altar knelt
 The Quaker and the priest.

And not in vain: with strength renewed,
 And zeal refreshed, and hope less dim,
 For that brief meeting, each pursued
 The path allotted him.

How echoes yet each Western hill
 And vale with Channing's dying word!
 How are the hearts of freemen still
 By that great warning stirred!

The stranger treads his native soil,
 And pleads with zeal unfelt before
 The honest right of British toil,
 The claim of England's poor.

Before him time-wrought barriers fall,
 Old fears subside, old hatreds melt,
 And, stretching o'er the sea's blue wall,
 The Saxon greets the Celt.

The yeoman on the Scottish lines,
 The Sheffield grinder, worn and grim,
 The delver in the Cornwall mines,
 Look up with hope to him.

Swart smiters of the glowing steel,
 Dark feeders of the forge's flame,
 Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,
 Repeat his honored name.

And thus the influence of that hour
Of converse on Rhode Island's strand,
Lives in the calm, resistless power
Which moves our father-land.

God blesses still the generous thought,
And still the fitting word He speeds,
And Truth, at His requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave?
What dust upon the spirit lies?
God keeps the sacred life He gave —
The prophet never dies!

1844.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES B. STORRS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

[“He fell a martyr to the interests of his colored brethren. For many months did that mighty man of God apply his discriminating and gigantic mind to the subject of Slavery and its remedy; and, when his soul could no longer contain his holy indignation against the upholders and apologists of this unrighteous system, he gave vent to his aching heart, and poured forth his clear thoughts and holy feelings in such deep and soul-entrancing eloquence, that other men, whom he would fain in his humble modesty acknowledge his superiors, sat at his feet and looked up as children to a parent.” — *Correspondent of the “Liberator,”* 16th of 11th mo., 1833.]

THOU hast fallen in thine armor,
Thou martyr of the Lord!
With thy last breath crying — “Onward!”
And thy hand upon the sword.

The haughty heart derideth,
And the sinful lip reviles,
But the blessing of the perishing
Around thy pillow smiles!

When to our cup of trembling
The added drop is given,
And the long suspended thunder
Falls terribly from Heaven, —
When a new and fearful freedom
Is proffered of the Lord
To the slow consuming Famine —
The Pestilence and Sword! —

When the refuges of Falsehood
Shall be swept away in wrath,
And the temple shall be shaken,
With its idol, to the earth, —
Shall not thy words of warning
Be all remembered then?
And thy now unheeded message
Burn in the hearts of men?

Oppression's hand may scatter
Its nettles on thy tomb,
And even Christian bosoms
Deny thy memory room;
For lying lips shall torture
Thy mercy into crime,
And the slanderer shall flourish
As the bay-tree for a time.

But, where the south wind lingers
On Carolina's pines,
Or, falls the careless sunbeam

Down Georgia's golden mines, —
 Where now beneath his burden
 The toiling slave is driven, —
 Where now a tyrant's mockery
 Is offered unto Heaven, —

Where Mammon hath its altars
 Wet o'er with human blood,
 And pride and lust debases
 The workmanship of God —
 There shall thy praise be spoken,
 Redeemed from Falsehood's ban,
 When the fetters shall be broken,
 And the *slave* shall be a *man*!

Joy to thy spirit, brother!
 A thousand hearts are warm —
 A thousand kindred bosoms
 Are baring to the storm.
 What though red-handed Violence
 With secret Fraud combine,
 The wall of fire is round us —
 Our Present Help was thine!

Lo — the waking up of nations,
 From Slavery's fatal sleep —
 The murmur of a Universe —
 Deep calling unto Deep!
 Joy to thy spirit, brother!
 On every wind of heaven
 The onward cheer and summons
 Of FREEDOM'S VOICE is given!

Glory to God for ever!
 Beyond the despot's will

The soul of Freedom liveth
 Imperishable still.
 The words which thou hast uttered
 Are of that soul a part,
 And the good seed thou hast scattered
 Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,
 And the trials yet to come —
 In the shadow of the prison,
 Or the cruel martyrdom —
 We will think of thee, O brother!
 And thy sainted name shall be
 In the blessing of the captive,
 And the anthem of the free.

1834.

—♦—
 LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF S. OLIVER TORREY, SECRETARY OF THE
 BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

GONE before us, O our brother,
 To the spirit-land!
 Vainly look we for another
 In thy place to stand.
 Who shall offer youth and beauty
 On the wasting shrine
 Of a stern and lofty duty,
 With a faith like thine?

Oh! thy gentle smile of greeting
 Who again shall see?
 Who amidst the solemn meeting
 Gaze again on thee? —

Who, when peril gathers o'er us,
Wear so calm a brow?
Who, with evil men before us,
So serene as thou?

Early hath the spoiler found thee,
Brother of our love!
Autumn's faded earth around thee
And its storms above!
Evermore that turf lie lightly,
And, with future showers,
O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly
Blow the summer flowers!

In the locks thy forehead gracing,
Not a silvery streak;
Nor a line of sorrow's tracing
On thy fair young cheek;
Eyes of light and lips of roses,
Such as Hylas wore —
Over all that curtain closes,
Which shall rise no more!

Will the vigil Love is keeping
Round that grave of thine,
Mournfully, like Jazer weeping
Over Sibmah's vine* —
Will the pleasant memories, swelling
Gentle hearts, of thee,
In the spirit's distant dwelling
All unheeded be?

* "O vine of Sibmah! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer!" — *Jeremiah* xlviii. 32.

If the spirit ever gazes,
From its journeyings, back;
If the immortal ever traces
O'er its mortal track;
Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us
Sometimes on our way,
And, in hours of sadness, greet us
As a spirit may?

Peace be with thee, O our brother,
In the spirit-land!
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.
Unto Truth and Freedom giving
All thy early powers,
Be thy virtues with the living,
And thy spirit ours!

1837.

A LAMENT.

"The parted spirit,
Knoweth it not our sorrow? Answereth not
Its blessing to our tears?"

THE circle is broken — one seat is forsaken, —
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken —
One heart from among us no longer shall thrill
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.

Weep! — lonely and lowly, are slumbering now
The light of her glances, the pride of her brow,
Weep! — sadly and long shall we listen in vain
To hear the soft tones of her welcome again.

Give our tears to the dead! For humanity's claim
From its silence and darkness is ever the same;
The hope of that World whose existence is bliss
May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this.

For, oh! if one glance the freed spirit can throw
On the scene of its troubled probation below,
Than the pride of the marble—the pomp of the
dead—
To that glance will be dearer the tears which we
shed.

Oh, who can forget the mild light of her smile,
Over lips moved with music and feeling the while—
The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like, and
clear,
In the glow of its gladness—the shade of its tear.

And the charm of her features, while over the whole
Played the hues of the heart and the sunshine of
soul,—
And the tones of her voice, like the music which
seems
Murmured low in our ears by the Angel of dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories hold
Those treasures of feeling, more precious than
gold—
The love and the kindness and pity which gave
Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths for the
grave!

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,
Unmoved from its purpose by censure and blame,

While vainly alike on her eye and her ear
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jesting and
jeer.

How true to our hearts was that beautiful sleeper!
With smiles for the joyful, with tears for the
weeper!—

Yet, evermore prompt, whether mournful or gay,
With warnings in love to the passing astray.

For, though spotless herself, she could sorrow for
them
Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure gem;
And a sigh or a tear could the erring reprove,
And the sting of reproof was still tempered by
love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,
As a star that is lost when the day-light is given,
As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.

1834.

—♦—
DANIEL WHEELER.

[DANIEL WHEELER, a minister of the Society of Friends, and who had labored in the cause of his Divine Master in Great Britain, Russia, and the islands of the Pacific, died in New York, in the spring of 1840, while on a religious visit to this country.]

Oh, dearly loved!
And worthy of our love!— No more
Thy aged form shall rise before
The hushed and waiting worshipper,

In meek obedience utterance giving
 To words of truth, so fresh and living,
 That, even to the inward sense,
 They bore unquestioned evidence
 Of an anointed Messenger!
 Or, bowing down thy silver hair
 In reverent awfulness of prayer—
 The world, its time and sense, shut out—
 The brightness of Faith's holy trance
 Gathered upon thy countenance,
 As if each lingering cloud of doubt—
 The cold, dark shadows resting here
 In Time's unluminous atmosphere—
 Were lifted by an angel's hand,
 And through them on thy spiritual eye
 Shone down the blessedness on high,
 The glory of the Better Land!

 The oak has fallen!
 While, meet for no good work, the vine
 May yet its worthless branches twine.
 Who knoweth not that with thee fell
 A great man in our Israel?
 Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,
 Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,
 And in thy hand retaining yet
 The pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell!
 Unharmed and safe, where, wild and free,
 Across the Neva's cold morass
 The breezes from the Frozen Sea
 With winter's arrowy keenness pass;
 Or, where the unwarning tropic gale
 Smote to the waves thy tattered sail,
 Or, where the noon-hour's fervid heat

Against Tahiti's mountains beat;
 The same mysterious hand which gave
 Deliverance upon land and wave,
 Tempered for thee the blasts which blew
 Ladaga's frozen surface o'er,
 And blessed for thee the baleful dew
 Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,
 Beneath this sunny heaven of ours,
 Midst our soft airs and opening flowers
 Hath given thee a grave!

 His will be done,
 Who seeth not as man, whose way
 Is not as ours!—'T is well with thee!
 Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay
 Disquieted thy closing day,
 But, evermore, thy soul could say,
 “My Father careth still for me!”
 Called from thy hearth and home— from her,
 The last bud on thy household tree,
 The last dear one to minister
 In duty and in love to thee,
 From all which nature holdeth dear,
 Feeble with years and worn with pain,
 To seek our distant land again,
 Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing
 The things which should befall thee here,
 Whether for labor or for death,
 In child-like trust serenely going
 To that last trial of thy faith!

 Oh, far away,
 Where never shines our Northern star
 On that dark waste which Balboa saw

From Darien's mountains stretching far,
So strange, heaven-broad, and lone, that there
With forehead to its damp wind bare

He bent his mailed knee in awe ;
In many an isle whose coral feet
The surges of that ocean beat,
In thy palm shadows, Oahu,
And Honolulu's silver bay,
Amidst Owhyhee's hills of blue,
And Taro-plains of Tooboonai,
Are gentle hearts, which long shall be
Sad as our own at thought of thee, —
Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,
Whose souls in weariness and need
Were strengthened and refreshed by thine,
For, blessed by our Father's hand,

Was thy deep love and tender care,
Thy ministry and fervent prayer —
Grateful as Eschol's clustered vine
To Israel in a weary land !

And they who drew
By thousands round thee, in the hour
Of prayerful waiting, hushed and deep,
That He who bade the islands keep
Silence before Him, might renew
Their strength with His unslumbering power,
They too shall mourn that thou art gone,
That never more thy aged lip
Shall soothe the weak, the erring warn,
Of those who first, rejoicing, heard
Through thee the Gospel's glorious word —
Seals of thy true apostleship.
And, if the brightest diadem,

Whose gems of glory purely burn
Around the ransomed ones in bliss,
Be evermore reserved for them
Who here, through toil and sorrow, turn
Many to righteousness, —
May we not think of thee, as wearing
That star-like crown of light, and bearing,
Amidst Heaven's white and blissful band,
The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand ;
And joining with a seraph's tongue
In that new song the elders sung,
Ascribing to its blessed Giver
Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever !

Farewell !

And though the ways of Zion mourn
When her strong ones are called away,
Who like thyself have calmly borne
The heat and burden of the day,
Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth
His ancient watch around us keepeth ;
Still sent from His creating hand,
New witnesses for Truth shall stand —
New instruments to sound abroad
The Gospel of a risen Lord ;
To gather to the fold once more,
The desolate and gone astray,
The scattered of a cloudy day,
And Zion's broken walls restore !
And, through the travail and the toil
Of true obedience, minister
Beauty for ashes, and the oil
Of joy for mourning, unto her !
So shall her holy bounds increase

With walls of praise and gates of peace :
 So shall the Vine, which martyr tears
 And blood sustained in other years,
 With fresher life be clothed upon ;
 And to the world in beauty show
 Like the rose-plant of Jericho,
 And glorious as Lebanon !

1847.

DANIEL NEALL.

I.

FRIEND of the Slave, and yet the friend of all ;
 Lover of peace, yet ever foremost, when
 The need of battling Freedom called for men
 To plant the banner on the outer wall ;
 Gentle and kindly, ever at distress
 Melted to more than woman's tenderness,
 Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post
 Fronting the violence of a maddened host,
 Like some gray rock from which the waves are
 tossed !
 Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not
 The faith of one whose walk and word were
 right —
 Who tranquilly in Life's great task-field wrought,
 And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught
 A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white :
 Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own
 Leaving to Time and Truth and Penitence alone.

II.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,
 A true and brave and downright honest man ! —

He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
 Nor in the church with hypocritic face
 Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace ;
 Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
 What others talked of while their hands were still :
 And, while " Lord, Lord ! " the pious tyrants cried,
 Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
 In acts than words, was simply *DOING GOOD*.
 So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
 That, by his loss alone we know its worth,
 And feel how true a man has walked with us on
 earth.

6th month 6th, 1846.

TO MY FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF
 HIS SISTER.*

THINE is a grief, the depth of which another
 May never know ;
 Yet, o'er the waters, O, my stricken brother !
 To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding
 Thy hand in mine ;
 With even the weakness of my soul upholding
 The strength of thine.

* SOPHIA STURGE, sister of JOSEPH STURGE, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died in the 6th mo., 1845. She was the colleague, counsellor, and ever ready helpmate of her brother in all his vast designs of beneficence. The *Birmingham Pilot* says of her: "Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended, than in this excellent woman."

I never knew, like thee, the dear departed ;
 I stood not by
 When, in calm trust, the pure and tranquil-hearted
 Lay down to die.

And on thy ears my words of weak condoling
 Must vainly fall :
 The funeral bell which in thy heart is tolling,
 Sounds over all !

I will not mock thee with the poor world's common
 And heartless phrase,
 Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman
 With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,
 God's angels come
 Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
 The soul sits dumb !

Yet, would I say what thy own heart approveth :
 Our Father's will,
 Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,
 Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
 Hath evil wrought :
 Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel —
 The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
 What He hath given ;
 They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
 As in His heaven.

And she is with thee; in thy path of trial
 She walketh yet ;
 Still with the baptism of thy self-denial
 Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother ! Lo, the fields of harvest
 Lie white in view !
 She lives and loves thee, and the God thou servest
 To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle ! — England's toil-worn peas-
 ants
 Thy call abide ;
 And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy presence,
 Shall glean beside !

1845.

 GONE.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given ;
 And glows once more with Angel-steps
 The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend whose smile
 Made brighter summer hours,
 Amid the frosts of autumn time
 Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
 Forewarned us of decay ;
 No shadow from the Silent Land
 Fell around our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
 As sinks behind the hill
 The glory of a setting star —
 Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed —
 Eternal as the sky;
 And like the brook's low song, her voice —
 A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
 The changing of her sphere,
 To give to Heaven a Shining One,
 Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
 Fell on us like the dew;
 And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
 Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
 Were in her very look;
 We read her face, as one who reads
 A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,
 To which our hearts could move;
 The breathing of an inward psalm;
 A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
 And by the hearth-fire's light;
 We pause beside her door to hear
 Once more her sweet "Good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
 Her smile no longer cheers;
 A dimness on the stars of night,
 Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
 One thought hath reconciled;
 That He whose love exceedeth ours
 Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,
 And let her henceforth be
 A messenger of love between
 Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
 Between us and the wrong,
 And her dear memory serve to make
 Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
 Distrusted all her powers,
 May welcome to her holier home
 The well beloved of ours.