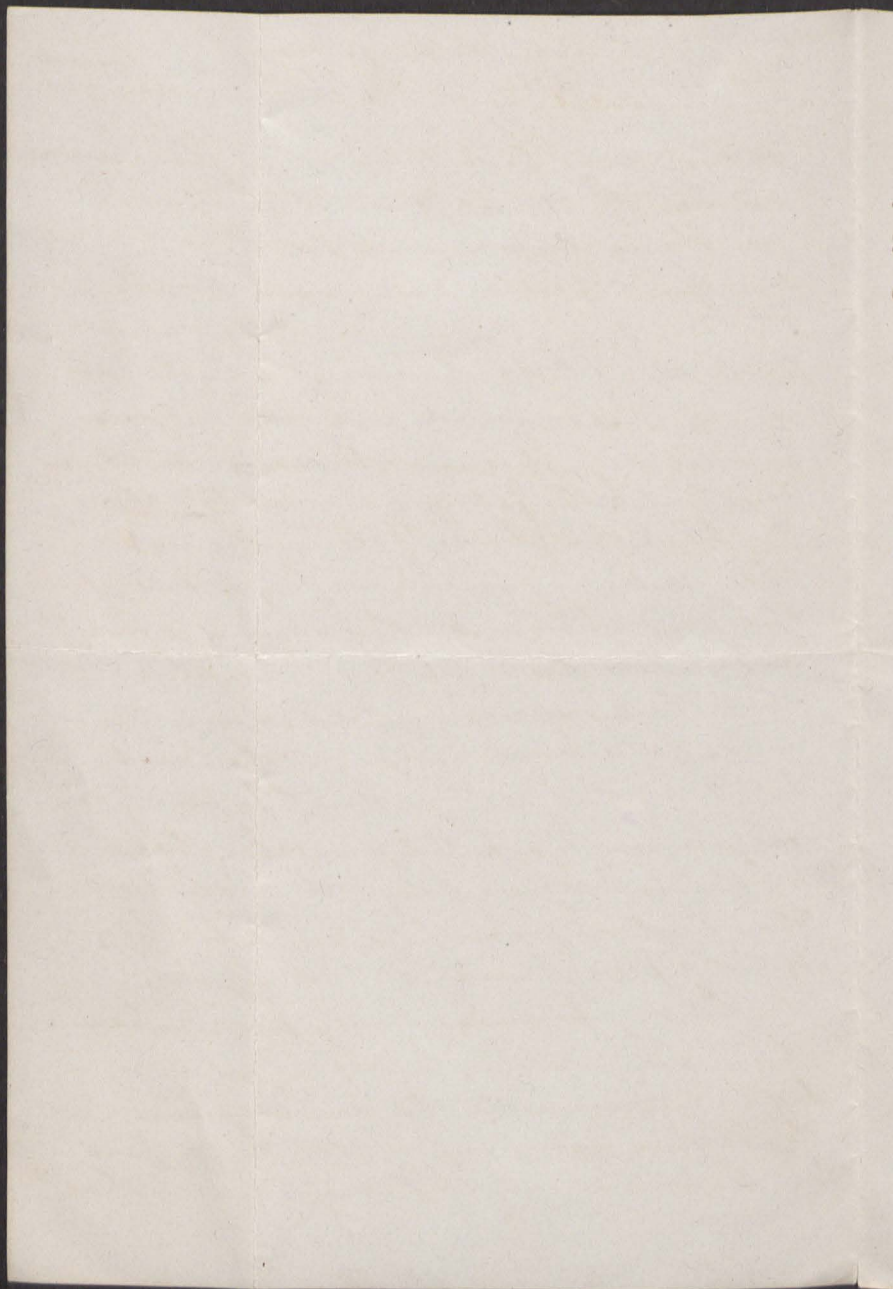


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To My dear Sally & Rebecca Gratz

Forbear my friends, no longer grieve in vain
Nor wish thy sainted parent here again.
Her scene of life & tumult, now is o'er
Her spirit feels no pain, or sorrow more.
Removed from earth to endless joy above
In realms of light, where saints & angels move
Her spotless soul with confidence could rise
To meet its just reward, in kinder skies
And brush the fetters of this mortal clay
To share the glories of eternal day!
Then cease my friends, no longer cease to grieve
The pain which wak'd thy sorrow is divine!
Oh! imitate the Saint you now deplore
That thus prepares afflictions keenest cure,
To heal the mind, and purify the heart.
No doubt that, still, on this life stormy sea
His gracious eye, protects & watches thee.
Nor think, because of thy best guide bereft
Thou hast no joy, no hope, nor comfort left.
If to the "pure in heart" all this is given
Thy lot my friends, is surely fixed in heaven!
Then cease to mourn, thy selfish grief is vain
It can't re-animate the dead again.
Thy Mother rests from earthly trouble free
Her happy spirit still may cling to thee!



Mrs G. Meredith
on
my Mother's death