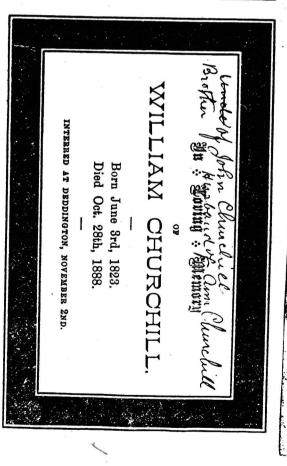


At length she bowed her dying head,
And guardian angels came;
The spirit dropp'd its clay and fled—
Fled off triumphant home.

It is the voice of JESUS that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us,—looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."



In Ever Loving Remembrance of

Duch we loved thee, much we mourn,
Our joys with thee on earth are o'er:
Ob! why should we in anguish weep?

William Churchill,

(Rinnelois +