

ON THE DEATH OF

Mrs. ANNE GILLISON.

THE deep-toned bell arrests my listening ear,
 And pensive sadness shades the opening year ;
 Chain'd to a bed of languor, and of pain,
 My lyre untuned has lost its wonted strain.
 Yet all its trembling strings o'er Anna's urn,
 Again would vibrate, with my heart would mourn.
 Friend of the good, farewell ! my friend adieu !
 The heart you often cheer'd, must mourn for you,
 Ever was seen your hospitable door,
 Opening to cheer the friendless, feed the poor.
 Oft on my solitary hours this knell,
 By brooding fancy heard, shall sound—farewell !
 Where adulation soothes a rising name,
 The comment marks perhaps a dubious aim,

But from the tomb be cold suspicion fled,
 No pity melts, or flattery sooths the dead.
 So freed—to virtue and affection true,
 The mourning muse this finish'd course would view,
 For points contending be the bigot found,
 Declaring zeal and resting in a sound.
 Truths uncontested here could force impart
 To stamp the Christian's duties on the heart.
 Benevolence thence gave her open smile,
 Sincerity her tongue that spake no guile ;
 Forgiveness there thro' transient anger shone,
 The heart that free from harm, suspected none,
 The tears of wealth in smiles of ease may end,
 But ah ! when poverty has lost a friend,
 Remembrance, that in prosperous days may sleep,
 Must with the sick and poor sad vigils keep.
 Grateful to feeling hearts and friendly eyes,
 Oh quickly let the sheltering pile arise*,
 Where misery most forlorn for years to come,
 Skreen'd from the world's contempt, shall find a
 home.

When winter rages, there in future days,
 Rever'd tradition shall repeat her praise,

* Alluding to a charitable institution, endowed by Mrs. Ann Gillison.

While round their blazing fires these sit and tell,
 What they have heard of her who built that cell.
 Ambitious each to rescue from the grave,
 How good she was, what charities she gave ;
 By faithful records shall her memory shine,
 And still fresh olives round the cypress twine.

Minist'ring angels of the grace of Heaven,
 To you ye poor, the rich and good were given :
 If faithful thus, their treasures they employ,
 Your present comfort yields their future joy.
 When at the voice of All-commanding Power,
 What braved the wreck of time shall be no more ;
 And in one general ruin shall resolve,
 " This globe, and all which it inherit shall dissolve."
 Unfading honors then, and joys unknown,
 Which clouds of witnesses for them have sown.
 Shall He, whose bright example they pursued,
 With these approving words reward imperfect good ;
 " I was an hungred and ye gave me bread." —