

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM
BENWELL, M.A. ¹

THOU camest with kind looks, when on the brink
 Almost of death I strove, and with mild voice
 Didst soothe me, bidding my poor heart rejoice,
 Though smitten sore : Oh, I did little think
 That thou, my friend, wouldst the first victim fall
 To the stern King of Terrors ! Thou didst fly,
 By pity prompted, at the poor man's cry ;
 And soon thyself were stretched beneath the pall,
 Livid infection's prey. The deep distress
 Of her, who best thy inmost bosom knew,
 To whom thy faith was vowed, thy soul was true,
 What powers of faltering language shall express ?
 As friendship bids, I feebly breathe my own,
 And sorrowing say, Pure spirit, thou art gone !

AT MALVERN.

I SHALL behold far off thy towering crest,
 Proud mountain ! from thy heights as slow I stray
 Down through the distant vale my homeward way,
 I shall behold upon thy rugged breast,
 The parting sun sit smiling : me the while
 Escaped the crowd, thoughts full of heaviness
 May visit, as life's bitter losses press
 Hard on my bosom ; but I shall beguile

¹ An accomplished young friend of the author—a poet and a scholar, formerly fellow of Trinity College, Oxford—who died of a typhus fever, caught in administering the sacrament to one of his parishioners. Mr Benwell had only been married eleven weeks when he died.