

THE
FUNERAL.

THE paper black'd a full inch deep,
At every corner seem'd to weep ;
The seal with fearful speed was broke,
When thus the Writer sadly spoke :—
“ Oh Charles, belov'd ! my dear is dead,
“ And every bliss for ever fled ;
“ You and your wife, her constant friend,
“ Her fun'ral rites must now attend.”

The day approach'd ; the solemn bell
In dismal notes rang Laura's knell ;
Charles and his mate in blackness clad,
With rueful thoughts and faces sad
Saw her interr'd—heard “ *dust to dust,* ”
And cry'd—to this all come, and must.
The coaches now in sad array
Pace back the mournful late trod way ;
Whilst floating plumes on shoulders borne,
The dusty lanes and streets adorn.

The widower sad, alone they found,
In sable length upon the ground.
His consolation, Charles essay'd,
And many a weary moment stay'd ;
From Scripture cull'd a sacred store,
And drain'd, from heathenish learned lore,
All that was ever thought or said
To prove we can't call back the dead ;
He sooth'd his tears at ev'ry gush,
And saw at length his sorrows hush.
Oh ! Charles, James cried, thou'rt very kind !
This shall live long within my mind ;—
How shall the friendship I repay
Thou'st prov'd upon this mournful day
Which tore my dearest wife away
And placed her with her kindred clay ?
Charles rub'd his cheek, and thus replied,
With head a little turn'd aside—
Why, dearest James, thou shalt to me
Be just the friend I've been to thee ;
Would Fate grant that, 'tis all I ask,
Be *mine* the SORROW, *thine* the TASK !
