

LINKS IN THE SPIRIT CHAIN.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. F. H. SMITH, ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER.

Touch lightly the harp of a thousand strings, touch gently those cords of love,
For the hand of an angel is tuning its harp, to the song of the choir above.
The hand of an angel! what honor is thine, thy child wears a crown in the skies;
What honor the Master conferreth on thee, to give to thy loved one "the prize."
Behold her 'mid the virgin throng, all pure and holy now,
In radiant raiment ever, before God's throne to bow.
The Master found her ready, her lamp all trimmed and bright;
He had told her He might come, as a stealthy thief by night;
And should He find her waiting, with her raiment girded on,
She should with Him go in to the feast, and sing the bridal song.
The bride of Heaven, oh! can it be, she's wedded to the Lord,
And left one broken heart behind—a heart that she adored!
A heart which in its fervency, had vowed to love her, here;
And she, in all her virgin pride, had taught him he was dear.
Great God! Thy ways are all unknown, mysterious, wise and pure;
Man in his weakness may appoint, but Thy decrees are sure.
All fair and bright and beautiful, in life's first bloom she stood,
The pride of many a loving heart, in her blushing womanhood.
Life had no thorny path for her, all sunshine, song and flowers,
With cherished ones forever near, to while away the hours.
Her boat was launched so gaily, on the troubled sea of life,
We could not think of shipwreck, when all around was bright;
We could not see the Reaper, with his sickle raised on high,
We could not see the ripened fruit was fitted for the sky.
We could not see the Rider, on his horse of pearly white,
And we could not see the angel host, that watched her day and night.
They took her in her beauty, in the strength and pride of youth;
They spared her weeks of anguish, of sickness, oh! forsooth,
They spared her many a heart-ache, life's sure inheritance;
Her white-winged spirit waited its mandate to go hence.
All this was done in wisdom, in tenderness and love:
We must not think of her as dead, but only as above.
We must think of her as living, 'mid scenes of bliss and joy,
Removed from all the ills of life, from all that can annoy.
We must see her crown of glory, her harp with golden strings,
And 'mid the breeze, and bird-song, hear the New Song she sings.
Thou may'st plant the rose, and lily, with myrtle o'er her bed,
And oft beside that cherished mound, repeat the words she said.
But, leave that spot rejoicing; she cannot come to thee,
But ever hear her pleading, "Dear loved ones, come to me."
Thou would'st not have her back to earth, if prayer could make it so;
Submissive say, "Thy will be done," though crushing be the blow.

AUG. 25th, 1862.

MRS. J. S. DARCY.