

Written upon hearing from my Friend
MR. RAKESTRAW,
of the death of his beloved Daughter
MRS. MAKEPEACE,
on board the "Canopus," on her voyage from America.

ONWARD speeds the gallant ship to England and to home,
Whil'st sounds of mirth and laughter ring across the ocean foam ;
Oh, faster beat the loving hearts at thought of distant land
In fancy now they reach the shore, where dear ones eager stand.

But see their speed is slack'ning, and silence deep and strange
Creeps through the Vessel, stem to stern, a weeping group arrange ;
And now the solemn words are spoke, that sink in every heart
And dashing, brilliant, sunny wave in twain is cleft apart.

Sudden the plunge,—and 'neath the sea, a Casket fair is gone,
A jewel brighter, richer far, than Misers' eyes gaze on ;
Down in the deep, the hidden deep, unseen by mortal eyes
There rests, than all unnumbered worlds, by far a greater prize.

No divers skill can e'er restore that sunken joy again,
Nay, to the end of time it must for evermore remain ;
But time shall end and then a voice, a voice of love will say
"Come to thy home, thy glorious home, eternally to stay."

Then from the sea, the raging sea, the sea of storms and calms
Shall rise this prize, this hidden gem, and safe in Angel arms ;
Shall mount aloft beyond the sun, beyond the azure sky,
And with God's people live again, and never, never die.

So be it ;—bitter the smart, and keen the pain,
Parents, your child shall live with you again,
Though now the tears of sorrow swiftly flow
And you must wear the outward garb of woe.

He knows best ;—Husband, the stern decree
Seems hard and cruel to thy loved and thee ;
Gone on a journey ;—does she seem to be ?
Yes ;—where, from pain and grief all hearts are free.

Sisters and Brothers bitterly you weep
To think from you what love the waves now keep ;
The Casket rests 'midst ocean's clammy weeds,
But for the Soul, the wave of sky recedes.

She left her home to gain another shore,
'Twas Heaven ;—where she lives for evermore ;
Her parents face she longed to see again,—
Her Heavenly Father called her, freed from pain.

Her Brother's face she oft' had wished to see ;—
Her elder Brother sought her joyfully ;
Her friends she thought of, stretched her wasted hand,
And clasped theirs gladly in the promised land.

Children on earth, your Mother lives above,
Our Saviour called her to His Home of Love,
Rejoicing, stay, to cheer those left behind
To aching hearts be ever true and kind.

But most in memory keep the loved one gone,
And as you pass the weary way along ;
Commune with her and when you too shall go,
Heaven receive you from this land of woe.

W. W. Wells.



"I will bring again My people from the
depths of the sea."

In Affectionate Remembrance of
Hannah,
The beloved Wife of Paul Makepeace,
Of Boston, America,
Who died May 26th, 1881, on board the steamship
"Canopus," while on her passage to England,
Aged 33 Years.