

MUSINGS ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF ELIZABETH HOWE.

Poor hapless girl! What human heart bleeds not
At all the horrors of thy bitter lot!
So young - so fragile—and so doom'd to be
The victim of neglect and misery.
My faith forbids - now thy poor soul is fled,
To offer prayer - we may not for the dead;
Or Christian pity would have bent my knee
To sue for pardon, erring girl! for thee.

As now thy soul sin-lane trembling stands;
Before thy judge, awaiting his commands;
But all is bared in His Omniscient sight,
'Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?'

He blotteth out transgressions' crimson dye,
As cloud on cloud floats o'er the azure sky;
He flings His own bright robe (without a taint)
O'er the lose sinner, and he leaves a saint.

No human aid can aught avail thee now,
In meek submission we can only bow;
Nought can we render but the pitying tear,
Which falls spontaneous on thy lowly bier.

But thy sad mother! We *may* pray that she
May be supported in her grief for thee;
May be directed to the Mighty Rock
That opens freely to the sinner's knock.

And we *may* pray the deep and fervent prayer
That this may warn the erring to beware;
Speak trumpet-tongued to every thoughtless breast,
And Godly sorrow be on each imprest.

Eliza's fate an awful warning brings,
And heaven-born pity in our bosom springs;
Alas! Alas! That such a tale should be
Stamp'd and recorded of humanity.
D___, D_, December 22nd

Cambridge Independent Press 26th December 1846