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# AN EPITAPH

For Elizabeth, Wife of Mr. Wm. Larkin, of Great Totham.

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(AN ACROSTIC.)  
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E—NTOMB'D below, by kindred mourn'd, secure from worldly strife,  
L—ies one who was a parent fond, true friend, and faithful wife.  
I—n duty's path to aim to walk, 'twere well if each display'd  
Z—eal like to her's who here by Death—ere pass'd life's noon—was laid.  
A—lthough but humble was the sphere of life in which she moved,  
B—less'd are all those, we're told, who e'en *one* "talent" have improved !  
E—'er—like the good Samaritan—as far as fortune blest,  
T—o her it was the highest joy to "succour the distrest."  
H—ow at her death the villagers lamented would you know,  
L—et but your feet wend to each shed of penury and woe,—  
A—nd the heavy sigh and eyes bedimm'd the fact still yet will show !—  
R—emorseless Death, with her laid here, your shafts but flew in vain ;  
K—ind fate decreed that they should prove but a release from pain.  
I—n realms ne'er scann'd by mortal eye, she's now, we trust, a guest,  
N—ought but ecstatic bliss to share, and Christ's eternal rest !

GREAT TOTHAM.

G. G.

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