

LINES

WRITTEN UPON THE DEPARTURE OF

ELIZABETH BRIDGE, OF TOTHAM,

Who fell asleep in Jesus July 4th, 1846, aged 80 years.

(From the Gospel Standard.)

OUR sister's reach'd the happy shore
Of everlasting bliss;
She now contends with sin no more,
Nor hears the serpent hiss.

She views her Saviour's lovely face,
And walks with him in white;
She now beholds that glorious place
She spoke of with delight.

Nothing below on earth could charm,
Or tempt her longer stay;
And death could not her soul alarm—
She long'd to soar away!

She did not fear his cold embrace,
Or Jordan's swelling flood;
She long'd to see Him face to face
Who for her shed his blood.

She'll struggle here with sin no more,
With unbelief or pain;
She's reach'd at last that happy shore;
For her to die was gain.

Her body now has lost its breath—
A wretched lump of clay;
She left it in the arms of death
Until the judgment day.

His love was great, his arm was strong,
That bore her conqueror through;
And now she sings that glorious song
Which is for ever new.

Of his salvation now she sings,
Who wash'd her in his blood;
And with the echo heaven rings—
Salvation unto God!

E. P.

GREAT TOTHAM.