

CHARLES.

Best, tenderest, dearest, next to *her* the best,
For you have trained us in the paths of God ;
We have looked, longed for you, for in our grief
No promises of grace could we recall
Of all the many many that are writ
Within his book ; but now a light has broke,
How full of mercy, on our sinking hearts,
And now with your kind aid we will give thanks,
And will to thanks add our most earnest prayers
For further mercies from his gracious hand.
Complete the work, my God, thou hast begun.
Oh ! for a word, the single word of health
Uttered by thee, a look, a glance, a sign,
That 'tis thy will that she should be restored.
Kneel, kneel, my sister, let us kneel to God,
Our kind instructress, and our gentle friend,
Will lead the way, and then perhaps shall we