

Susan Armstrong

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Miss Susan Armstrong, an elderly maiden lady of this city, died on Wednesday evening last, after months of suffering. Elsewhere is a tribute to her memory, published by a friend.

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Farewell, dour friend! we meet no more!
Last night God's angel, hovering o'er
Your weary sufferings, pitying brought
The blessed rest you longing sought.
As softly flowed the murmuring tide,
Your gentle spirit seemed to glide,
Freed from the hindering grasp of pain,
True tender hearts will miss your face,
Your quiet presence in your place,
Your patient faith that God knew best.
And as I may not hope to stand
Beside your grave, with loving hand
I leave this tribute. May your rest
Be calm and sweet upon His breast-
A compensation for the hours
Of trying anguish, when the powers
Of soul and body both were tried!
Oh, glad for you, at last to hid
Under the shadow of His wing!
At last to listen, as angels sing
Those songs of praise, so sweet and clean
Those rapturous strains you longed to hear!
Farewell, once more, beloved friend-
'Tis hard to say it at the end
Of such long friendship as was ours.
To-day will many lovely flowers
By loving hands be entwined for you;
But no on with a love more true
Than mine will fragrant tribute lay,
Although I must be far away.

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