

FAREWELL TRIBUTE AT THE BIER
of
EMILY DEBS-MAILLOUX.

In the zenith of the Spring,
And in the summer of life,
A boreal wind has descended
Upon the garden; chilling its petals,
One by one, to the ground.
But 'tho the flower, in its physical self,
Is no longer visible, still the perfume
Of its being shall permeate
The atmosphere and bring
A new contentment to those who loved it.
Thus our hearts shall be warmed by her memory,
Just as the world is warmed and bathed
In colorful beauty, — 'tho the sun itself has set
In the West — by the glory of its after-glow.

HAMBLETON SHEPPERD