

## In Memoriam.

**Mrs. Lillie Happer Cunningham of Canton, China, entered into rest Dec 9, 1886-**

Beloved friend! They tell me thou art gone,  
Gone home to God; thy faithful work is done,  
The record of thy life on earth complete.  
Into the city, through the gates of pearl,  
Thy ransomed soul has entered, there to be  
“Forever with the Lord.”

Fond Memory turns, with tender, loving touch,  
The pages which the passing years have traced—  
The story of a life of trusting faith;  
Of cheerful, patient hope, enduring love—  
Fit prelude of the brighter life in heaven,  
Which now is thine.

So Early called the rest!  
And earth had much to claim thee long here:  
The home thy presence blessed, the little one  
To train for heaven, the souls to win for Christ,  
The work thou hast so loved—to lead from paths  
Darkened by sin and error to the light,  
The weary, wandering, sinning, hopeless ones.  
Yet, though thine earthly life was glad and bright,  
Earth’ s weariness thou never more shall feel;  
Sickness and pain are now forever past,  
And, faithful unto death, thou hast received  
The crown of life.

No sad farewells were thine,  
Death sent his kindly angel, Sleep, to close  
Thine eyes in peaceful slumber’ s soft embrace;  
So hushed to rest, to bear thee gently home.  
How blest! Unknowing, thus to pass  
From the fond, loving care of earthly friends,  
To angels waiting for thee on the other side;  
To fall asleep on earth, and wake in heaven;  
And while the voices of thee loved of earth  
Still lingered in thine ear, to wake in hear  
“The voice of harpers harping with their harps,”  
And listen to the song the angels sing,  
And know thy loving Savior’ s welcoming voice.  
Such bliss was thine—for thee death had no sting:  
So hath he given his beloved sleep.

No anxious thought was thine.  
The sorrow that has fallen on thy home,  
Cast not its shadow o’ er thy upward path,  
We know not yet the measure of the joy  
That fills thy raptured soul; but this we know—  
Into the bright realms of thy heavenly home  
Our thoughts know net the way to follow thee.  
We cannot see the glories thou dost see,  
Nor hear the sounds that fall upon thine ear,  
Yet even there our love enfolds thee still;  
And while our tears fall fast, we can look up  
With thankful hearts, rejoicing that such earth.  
Memory will keep through all the future years,  
With faithful care the treasures of the past,  
While hope lifts the dark cloud that cats its shade  
Over the present, and beyond we see  
The sunlight shining on the other shore—  
There we know thy welcome waits our coming.—HATTIE NOYES.