

L. M. Hoag on the Death of his Wife

Lines written by L. M. Hoag in Thomas Maw's summer-house at Needham Market, on the second anniversary of the death of his wife, 6 mo. 17, 1845 :

Oh gloomy Morn ! two lonely years have passed
Since death's dark shadow o'er my way was cast ;
Whose ruthless hand tore from my arms away
The lov'd companion of my youthful day.
Tore from my arms away ! Shall I repine ?
The blow was ordered by a Hand Divine.
He lent the treasure—with it I was blest ;
He took the gift to crown with endless rest.
Oh ! gracious Father all whose ways are kind,
Oh ! sanctify the chastening thus designed.
Now that this dear, this blissful bond is riven,
Lead up my soul and fix my love in Heaven.
Be Thou my guardian, Thou my constant friend,
That when my pilgrimage is at an end,
I may unite with all the ransomed throng
Who in Thy praise pour forth their soul in song.
Beyond all pain—in deathless climes above,
May I unite with her, my sainted love,
In telling of Thy mercies and Thy grace,
Rejoicing ever in Thy glorious face.
But while I tarry in this vale of tears
Guide me by faith and chase away my fears.
Whatever thing I ask, if ill, deny—
And though unasked, whate'er is good, supply.

Lindley Murray Hoag (c. 1808-1880), of Wolfsborough, N.H., visited the British Isles in 1845 and 1853. His first wife, Huldah (Varney) Hoag, died 17 vi. 1843, aged 42. See *Memoir*, 1845 ; *THE JOURNAL*, xiv. 72 ; and elsewhere.