

Mrs G. W. Walker  
Murray Street  
Tasmania

W9/84/2 (6)  
3 of 3.

In Memory of  
**ISABELLA,**  
THE BELOVED WIFE OF  
**JOHN MATHER,**  
Second Daughter of Mr. Abraham Biggs,  
Who departed this life, 14th day of June, 1863.  
Aged 30 Years and 9 Months.

Her end was peace.

Lines on the Death of  
**ISABELLA,**

The beloved Wife of Mr. JOHN MATHER, and second  
Daughter of Mr. ABRAHAM BIGGS,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, ON THE 14TH JUNE, 1863.

ONCE more my Muse takes up the mournful strain,  
And strikes the minor chords with saddened heart,  
For Death has visited our home again,  
And pierced another with his fatal dart.

Oh! was not *one* enough, insatiate foe!  
But thou must, ere the year rolled round, return  
To cause the burning tears again to flow,  
And make the bleeding hearts again to mourn!

Ah! never more shall we behold those eyes!  
Nor ever gaze upon that loving face!  
Deep in the grave our ISABELLA lies,  
Far from our sight, and snatched from our embrace.

But hark! I hear a sweet celestial strain—  
Do you not hear it, dropping from the sky?  
"Mourn not for me,"—it saith, "your tears are vain,  
"Hushed be the sob, and dried the weeping eye.

"I am not dead, for my Redeemer lives,  
"And while He lives I shall not, *cannot* die;  
"Joined to Himself, *The Life*, my soul derives  
"From that exhaustless Fount a rich supply.

"Could you but for one moment taste *my* joys—  
"List to the notes of my undying song,  
"Would you not rather then with me rejoice,  
"And thankful accents falter on your tongue?

"Here I am safe from sorrow and from strife:  
"Sin, pain, and death reach not this place of rest;  
"All past the tempest of my mortal life,  
"And I am sheltered in my Saviour's breast.

"Would you recal me to earth's pains and woe,  
"Its sins and sorrows, if the choice were given?  
"The very thought might well a shadow throw  
"Just for *one moment* o'er the bliss of Heaven.

"But lo! an object fills my ravished sight,—  
"My blest Redeemer in full glory crowned,  
"Seated upon a throne of dazzling light,  
"Scatters His smiles and blessings all around.

"There must I go and cast my golden crown,  
"In rapturous adoration at His feet—  
"Follow me, as I followed Him alone,  
"And where I am, there too we soon shall meet."—

It ceases.—O! forgive our murmurings, Lord,  
The dark uprisings of the rebel heart—  
The selfish wish, and the repining word,  
The sighs, the tears unsanctified that start.

O Death! where is thy dreaded sting?—O grave!  
A holy light illumines now thy gloom—  
Thanks be to Him who *her* the victory gave,  
Won by His death and rising from the tomb.

George Bullen,  
16th June, 1863.

W9/84/2 (6) 2 of 3