

# IN MEMORIAM.

Harrington, Kate

*Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine (1854-1882);* Mar 1872; 84, 501; American Periodicals

pg. 251

The light of our home  
Has grown dim since the hour  
It lost the dear presence  
Of Madeline Bower.

Her voice was like music  
That trembles along  
When the last strain is sung  
Of a beautiful song;  
So witchingly mellow  
You'd stand by her side,  
And drink in its echo  
Long after it died.  
Now vainly we list  
At the still twilight hour  
For the notes of our Song Bird—  
Lost Madeline Bower.

Her tresses of light seemed  
O'er marble to flow,  
For her brow could have rivalled  
The purest of snow.  
Ah! none but bereaved ones  
Who've wept o'er the clay,  
Can know of our pangs  
When 'twas hidden away.  
One tress from its sisters  
We severed that hour;  
'Twas all we might claim  
Of sweet Madeline Bower.

Oh, would they could waft us  
Our treasures above—  
Some tender remembrance,  
Some token of love!  
A mystical sign  
That they do not forget!  
A blessed assurance  
They yearn for us yet!

Or is it designed  
That we hear not, nor see  
One trace of our loved ones  
Till death let us free?  
Do we pass through this vale,  
With its shadows and bright,  
That the Glory of Heaven  
May burst on our sight?  
If so, how ecstatic,  
How rapturous the hour  
Our freed souls are welcomed  
By Madeline Bower!

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(*Miss Mary Madeline Bower, Daughter of R. F. Bower, Esq. Died at Keokuk, Iowa.*)

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

SHE perished in beauty  
As withers the rose,  
When its delicate petals  
Begin to unclose.  
She passed from among us  
And left us to pine  
For the treasure we could not  
With calmness resign.