

JAN 10 In Memoriam. 1883

The following lines were written by John Swift of Wayne, in memory of his little niece, Maud L. Birge, daughter of George and Anna Birge, of Austin, Oakland county. Maud was in her twelfth year and after a short but severe attack of typhoid pneumonia died, the 28th day of Dec., 1882.

TO MY ANGEL NIECE,

Yes, Maudie Birge, so happy, bright and gay,
From earth and loving friends has flown
away,

To worlds above, of light, and love, and joy,
Where naught can come to mar, to tempt,
alloy;

Away from sickness, sorrow, grief and pain;
Away from selfish hope and idle gain,
To Him who freely bought and freely gave,
To Him who is "able and willing to save."

"A Christian, was she converted, baptized?"
Oh folly, what nonsense materialized!
"Let all little children come unto me,
Of such, so shall the heav'nly kingdom be."
No sin nor responsible death can come.
Who know not *law* hence *violatè* none;
In heav'n with children, shall *innocence* prove
Full *penance* for others by wick'dness drove.

No, Maud's not dead, though gone, but lives
up there

In a beautiful house of love, of light so fair,
Or dreaming the hours of death away,
She waits the coming of loved ones to say:
"Oh mother this was a brighter Christmas
night
Than e'er my loving grandma brought to
sight;
For here the curfew heard no parting ring,
And Christ's our Captain, Lord, and loving
King."

She'll float like Nautilus in his pearly boat
With arms uplifted, and her hair afloat,
With dove of purest white, that shown upon
the wall,

She'll open wide the creaking door and call
For friends to "soldiers stand and bear the
cross

And count the things of sinful world but
dross;"

Yes come, oh come, this happy New Year's
night

And taste the joys of angel Maud so bright.