

ever learning with us, and helping on the final consummation.

"The spirits of the loved and the departed  
Are with us, and they tell us of the sky.  
A rest for the bereaved and broken hearted;  
A house not made with hands, a home on high.  
Holy monitions—a mysterious breath—  
A whisper from the marble halls of death.

They have gone from us and the grave is strong,  
Yet in night's silent watches they are near.  
Their voices linger round us, as the song  
Of the sweet skylark lingers on the ear,  
When floating upward in the flush of even,  
Its form is lost to earth and swallowed up in heaven."

The departed are still with us, they have gone but they are still here. Memory restores their faces and forms, the kindly words are not forgotten, imagination vividly pictures their new life and labor. We see them in the works they have left behind, not in material acts as buildings, pictures, furniture and other artificial things, but in men they have made, winning them from sin and leading them to a noble purpose. We see them in their gifts to the individual and community, and their children and friends are with us. A lock of hair, a few lines on paper, a small locket bring tears to our eyes and nerve us for the duties of life, ever keeping the departed in remembrance, but they are nearer to us than any of their personal treasures. As the shadows round us creep, we cry, "O! for a glimpse of Father's face." The aged grandmother sees the little chair where her little boy of long ago sat and as her eyes are wet thinking of him, again she sees the curly head sitting with pencil and slate working out his sum. We are not antagonistic to the departed or they toward us, as the Blackfoot Indians believe, but we are in agreement with them. They are ours still, and we love them as of old. They are all here.