

## II.

### IN HEAVENLY PLACES.

Prostrate, a prisoner, from thy quiet room  
Thou rulest firmly, in the household ways  
Thy presence may not 'now; swift as a loom  
Thy busy fingers move; with cheerful phrase  
And look, thy life is as a song of praise.  
What is thy secret, that no shade of gloom  
Darkens thy face? What makes, through weary days,  
This place a palace that were else a tomb?

Though with us still thy living form doth dwell,  
Thou art not here; to some divine retreat,  
Through weariness and pain, thy spirit hath come;  
Thou art not here, within this narrow cell;  
In some celestial chamber thou art at home,  
Seated, like Mary, at the Master's feet.