

Yours the sincerity that grips
Fast hold of natures strong and wise;
It thrilled you to your finger-tips,
It set its seal on brow and lips,
And shone within your dark, true eyes.

The throng knew not how rich the store
Of sympathy and trust you had;
Knew not you were, till life was o'er,
God's almoner among His poor,
God's comforter to sick and sad.

Too soon you went—we miss the cheer,
The kindness vouchsafed to all;
The world seems strangely lone and drear
When one whom many hearts hold dear
Fares heavenward ere the shadows fall.

Too soon you went, and yet, maybe,
Your work well done, your task complete,
The soul of you turned longingly
Toward gates of pearl and jasper sea
And fields of Eden rarely sweet.