

"THE BLESSED DEAD."

(ALL SAINTS' DAY, NOVEMBER 1ST.)

"The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead."-RUTH i. 8.

OW oft we wish, with vain but passionate longing,
That the dead past might but be lived again,
When sweetest memories round our hearts are thronging
Of dear ones now at rest from sin and pain!

We loved them well—perchance at times too blindly; With tender touch we soothed the fevered brow: But did we always deal with them as kindly As, if it might, our love would tend them now?

Were there no hasty words in anger spoken?
No gentle deeds of love left all undone?
Where was our sympathy with spirits broken?
GOD pardon all our faults through Christ His Son!

Dear Saints of GOD! your warfare now is ended, Your toil and tribulation all are o'er; In pastures green, by the Good Shepherd tended, Ye rest from all your labours evermore!

Rough billows crossed, ye now have reached the Haven That ye desired with straining eyes to see; Your last sweet words are on our hearts engraven: When shall we gain your perfect victory?

"A little while"—for days and years are speeding
Their onward flight, and we your bliss shall share
In God's dear Land of rest and peace exceeding;
Oh, how we long to go and meet you there!
R. H. B.

X. 11.]