

With offered stars her crown to gem,  
She learns the accent of the hymn  
That may not be sung by Seraphim ;  
Its rapture of bliss is sealed to them—  
That is filling the endless silences  
Where unsetting glories rest.

In this little life's chill twilight  
We shall miss her sweet words and strong ;  
Yet for us the stars shall come with night,  
And through all the pitiless heat of the day  
Our hearts must wrestle, and throb, and pray,  
And trust for Evensong.  
Would we take from His heart one joyous thrill  
Who for us bore all the shame ?  
In the still, lifted light of the Sapphire Throne  
That no child of earth may behold alone,  
She hears a voice :—" I will,  
Father, that Mine whom Thou gavest Me  
Be with Me where I am."—  
And while the heavens are swept and bowed  
By the might of the angel-song,  
And veiling their hills as a golden cloud,  
Float by the ransomed throng ;  
She lifts to His an untroubled face,  
That caught of Heaven's light a wondrous grace,  
When It lit earth's frontier dim.  
Home, in the palace of her King !  
Yet in her loyal heart a prayer  
That only may be spoken now,  
With the promised glory on her brow,  
That in fullest service, and sweetest hymn,  
Her love may *still* its tribute bring  
To His—that led her there.

S. G. PROUT, AUTHOR OF "NEVER SAY DIE."