

Do you mind the scene, little girl,
On that fair Sabbath August eve?
I'd been away—pleading with God—
Gaining strength to calmly take leave,
(O, what help Heaven sent me that eve!)

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And do you remember I asked
Had he time for another short prayer,
As this poor little child may soon be
Removed from out of my care.
(It seems there was need for that prayer).

My lips were then near to his own,
His two hands were folded in mine;
"All is well" had come through his lips,
And "My Redeemer is thine;"
Yea, Blanche, I know well He is mine.

O, child, I shall never forget
That prayer which came husky and slow,
"Twas "G-o-d b-l-e-s-s B-l-a-n-c-h-e," the last
request
My belov'd one uttered below.
(I am hearing that prayer just now.)

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And a wonderful calmness comes,
More light on my vision hath fell,
For the sweetest of whispers now says,
"He ordereth all things well"
All things that He doeth is well.