

Love whispered, "Surely 'tis not so."
God said, "Trust Me, thy God am I.

"I gave, and when I will I take,
"My will on earth this one hath wrought,
"From pain to bliss I her translate,
"A change transcending human thought."

Lov'd one, we give thee back to God,
Farewell! Our loss thy gain assures,
Thy thorny road so bravely trod,
How rich the promise it secures.

We know in mind thy call we'll hear
Oft in the lonely midnight hour.
'Tis better,—blighted blossom here,
To be in Heaven a lovely flower.

We know the care so long bestow'd—
(No human care more tender given)
Will leave us many a heavy hour,
But—blessed thought—thou art in Heaven.

The heart of love and care is there,
The home of love at last is thine,
Farewell! farewell! 'tis hard to spare
For brighter settings jewels fine.

But Heav'n to us is realer now,
Our hearts henceforth will be afar
Beyond Death's dark mysterious veil,
For hearts are where their treasures are.

With deepest sympathy,

H. A. MARCH.

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