

loss, our greatest gain. Death is but the portal to an inheritance "eternal in the heavens," so that the monologue of Death is:—

"I take all sorrows from the sorrowful,  
 And teach the joyful what it is to joy;  
 I gather in my land-locked harbor's clasp  
 The shattered vessels of a vexed world;  
 And even the tiniest ripple upon life  
 Is to my sublime calm, as tropic storm  
 When other leechcraft fails the breaking brain  
 I only, own the anodyne to still  
 Its eddies into visionless repose  
 The face distorted with life's latest pang  
 I smooth, in passing, with an angel wing  
 And from beneath the quiet eyelids steal  
 The hidden glory of the eyes, to give  
 A new and noble beauty to the rest.  
 Belie me not. The plagues that walk the earth—  
 The wasting pain, the sudden agony  
 Famine, and war, and pestilence, and all  
 The terrors that have darkened round my name—  
 These are the plagues of life—they are not mine,  
 Vex while I tarry, vanish when I come  
 Instantly melting into perfect peace,  
 As at his word, whose master-spirit I am  
 The troubled waters sleep on Galilee  
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 Tender, I am,—not cruel: when I take  
 The shape most hard to human eyes, and pluck  
 The little baby blossom yet unblown  
 'Tis but to graft it on a kindlier stem,  
 And leaping o'er the perilous years of growth,  
 Unswept of sorrow, and unscathed of wrong,  
 Clothe it at once with rich maturity.  
 'Tis I that give a soul to memory;  
 For round the follies of the bad I throw  
 The mantle of a kind forgetfulness;  
 While canonized in dear Love's calendar  
 I sanctify the good for evermore.