

'Tis trial—connected with death—
Has borne you away from here ;
Consolation and comfort doth come
When I turn my thoughts to that prayer—
To that prayer, that last dying prayer.

I must settle my thoughts on that prayer,
That prayer I requested for you,
From one who was entering Heaven,
Whose work was well finished and through,
And who died whilst praying for you.

Inside of the palace of peace,
He knew that all praying was o'er,
Hence, halted at one of the gates
To plead for you, child, once more,
Then passed through a glorified door.

He must have seen right into Heaven,
And Christ coming full into view—
With His glorious, welcoming smile—
When asking God's blessing on you,
O, Blanche ! what a rapturous view !

I often think of that last prayer
Which with his glad spirit arose ;
(The lips that then breathed it, are now
Sealed tightly in solemn repose),
I am waiting until they uncloze.

That prayer folded up in three words
Has asked a very great deal
Of comfort, of joy and of bliss,
Which Jesus will surely reveal,
As blessing on blessing you feel.