

JUNE 3rd, 1879.

"SUCH sad, sad news." We say ;  
And the heart bids forth weak tears.  
Our foolish eyes, through their own mists dim,  
Cannot see the resting joy of Him  
Who treads with her the golden way,  
Where the star-lamps pale in the passing ray,  
And the throne uplifted nears.

It came with such high urgency—  
The summons from her King !  
He might not be denied to stay  
Through the weary night, and faint hope of day,  
In that quiet home beside the sea ;  
Who would not charge an angel's wing  
His message to His own to bring.

And we held our dear one lovingly :—  
Ah, the strong, scarred Hand we could not see,  
When one tender touch on her wrist had lain,  
Stayed its faint pulse with ecstasy,  
And made our claspings vain.  
Was there not a whispered name ?  
"Thou art Mine—My wanted one !  
In Our palace that stands by the crystal sea,  
Thy place is ready—up near to Me ;  
The seas of earth ever chafe and moan,  
On her sweetest homes are her shadows thrown,  
And her night must fall the same ;—  
No murmur is heard, no dimness known,  
In My land beyond the sun."

It is sweet to prepare our home  
With Love's close-searching thought,