

## FACE TO FACE.

THE years have ripened since that day,  
And Time has garnered every leaf;  
The sun strikes yet aslant the door  
Its mingled beams of joy and grief;  
The orchard tree whose kindly arms  
Bent over you, while full of care,  
Still flings its boughs athwart the path  
Where oft you told your beads of prayer.

Face to face, your soul and mine  
Drank in the joy a mother gives,  
Born of the highest, holiest love  
That stirs all life—in Heaven lives.  
Face to face, our spirits, then,  
Found rapture in the lowliest thing;  
Our dreams were twined, our life was one,  
We touched Heaven's shores on ardent wing.