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ONE YEAR IN HEAVEN.

One year among the angels, beloved, thou hast been,
One year has Heaven's white portal shut back the sound of sin,
And yet no voice, no whisper comes floating down from thee
To tell us what glad wonder a year of Heaven may be.

Our hearts before it listen— the beautiful closed gate,
The silence yearns around us, we listen and we wait.
It is the heavenly birthday—on earth thy lilies bloom,
In thine immortal garland canst find for these no room?

Thou lovedst all things lovely when walking with us here,
Now from the heights of Heaven seems earth no longer dear?
We cannot paint thee moving in white-robed state afar,
Nor dream our flower of comfort a cool and distant star.

Heaven is but life made richer, therein can be no loss,
To meet our love and longings thou hast no gulf to cross;
No adamant between uplifts its rocky screen,
A veil before us only thou hast the light serene.

That veil 'twixt earth and Heaven a breath might waft aside,
We breathe one air, beloved, we follow one dear Guide.
Passed into open vision out of our mist and rain,
Thou see'st how sorrow blossoms, how peace is won from pain.

Because we know thee near us, and nearer still to Him
Who fills the cup of being with glory to the brim,
'e will not stain with grieving our fair tho' lesser light,
But cling to thee in spirit as if thou wert in sight.

And as in waves of beauty the swift years come and go,
Upon celestial currents our deeper life shall flow,
Hearing from that sweet country where blightings never came,
Love chimes the hours immortal, in earth and Heaven the same.

—*Detroit Free Press.*