

"SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO," then!—I shall be with Jesus;
 Yea, with that glorious Father He made known to me;
 Whose love that "passeth knowledge" did from sin release us,
 And who now calls me with Him evermore to be!

"SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO!" my life of trusting ended,—
 For I have trusted Thee, Lord Jesus, day by day;
 And I have sung to others how Thy love transcended
 Earth's noblest joys, in many a brief, but heartfelt lay!

"SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO!" yet I had hoped to linger
 Among Thy chosen ones, to sing yet blither songs;
 For my supremest joy hath been, a humble singer,
 To win fresh trophies to the blood-washed throngs!

"SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO!" yea, it will be "far better"!—
 'Twas always better far to bow to Thy sweet will;
 And I have *trusted*, Saviour, to the very letter,
 Thy well-tried promises,—am *dying*, trusting still!

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And thus she passed away;—so beautiful in dying.
 As she had been in living,—grand in simple faith:
 Her watchword, "*Trust Him*," tells the secret underlying
 Her fragrant life of beauty, her victorious death!

So beautiful! And now she, being dead, yet speaketh!
 Her songs of faith and hope shall never, never die!
 And even by her last, sweet, lifelike words she seeketh
 To prove that *simple trust* will our last foe defy!

Then be it ours to garner, as a peerless treasure,
 Those living words that such a vital courage show;
 Ever to trust in Jesus,—love Him without measure;
 Then, too, *our* song shall be "HOW BEAUTIFUL TO GO!"

EDWIN CHAS. WRENFORD.

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