

And sin? Or, hast thou been thy sister's
guide

In many dark and trying hours? May this
not be

An Angel's work, and thou art still to us
Our human brother? Is life on earth
A preparation for the life to come?

Else why the perfect manhood of our
risen Lord:

Why did He take our nature, if not this,
To teach us how to live? Or, why wear it
In Heaven, if we bear it not before Him
Through eternity?

Or, why these weary years of hope de-
ferred?

This secret longing for the thing that slips
From out our grasp, yet ever points us
Higher. O, why this nameless indefinable
Unrest, which God alone can understand?
O, could we for one brief hour, know, as
we

Shall know when life is past. Could we