

No worth of holiness
In self, dared she to own:
Christ was her righteousness,
His worth alone.

No accent of complaint
Her sufferings begot;
Enduring, like a saint,
She murmured not.

For her the glad release,
The recompense of pain,
Sweet, never-ending peace,
Her dying gain.

For her the purpose known,
The mystery of grace,
The chastening of His own,
Seen "face to face."

For her the higher sphere
Of service for Her Lord,
Who meekly served Him here,
In deed and word.

For us the grief, the loss,
The loving heart weighed down,
The bearing of the cross—
For her the crown.

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Grant her among the blest.
O Lord, their robes washed white,
Thine everlasting rest,
Perpetual light!