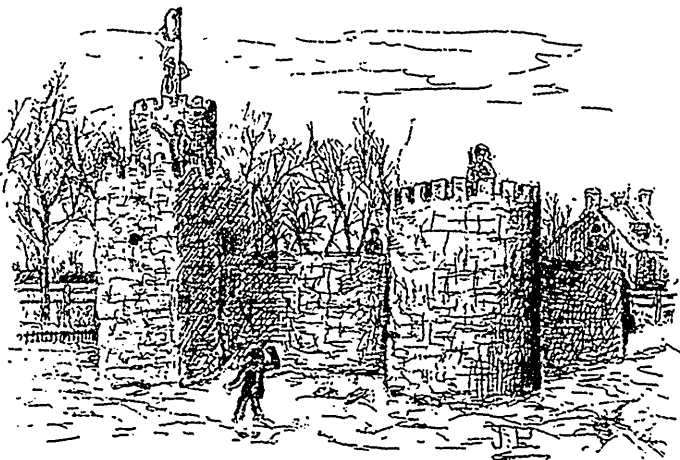


What matters it the length of prayer ?  
 For be it short or be it long,  
 Our " God be with you " He will hear,  
 Above the sweetest angel song ;  
 God knows the answer to our prayer,  
 And only this our hearts can tell,  
 That meet we here or meet we there,  
 He is with us—all is well.

" God bless you !" from our hearts we say,  
 Farewell to you ! the word seems weak,  
 But all last words are had to speak.  
 When this our last good bye is said,  
 How will the grasses be as green,  
 Or smile the sun as bright o'erhead ?  
 So sweet, dear friends, the days have been!  
 'Twill seem so dark when good bye's said.

God grant our future may make plain  
 To all below, to all above,  
 That holy counsels were not vain,  
 Nor vain was sacrificing love.  
 Good bye ! Good bye ! our tears flow fast,  
 But sweet is sunshine after rain ;  
 We know that all life's happy past,  
 In Heaven will be ours again.

L. T.



THE SNOW FORT, 1888.