

In vain our fancy strives to paint,
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints
When yielding up their breath.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace them in their flight :
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

Thus much, and this is all we know,
They are completely blest,
Have done with sin, and care and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

While they have gained, we losers are :
We miss them day by day :
But Thou canst ev'ry breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.

We pray, as in Elisha's case,
When great Elijah went,
May double portions of Thy grace
To us who stay be sent !

—ANON.